

The Elks

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Magazine

MAY, 1931



Albert Payson Terhune • Jack O'Donnell • George Creel



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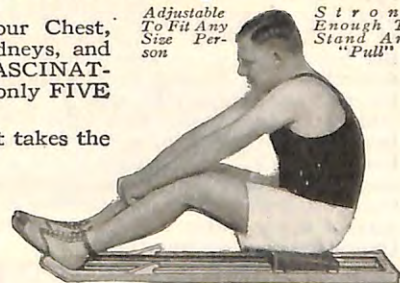
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Something About This Number

TWENTY GRAND, Equipoise, Mate—is it on the cards for one of these three great horses, favorites as this is written, to win the fifty-seventh running of the Kentucky Derby? Or will the most colorful event of the American turf go to some gallant outsider, reckoning not the odds against him? "The Derby of the Century" is what Jack O'Donnell predicts this year's race will be—the most thrilling meeting of thoroughbreds ever to take place at historic Churchill Downs. Rich man, poor man, North, East, South and West will be represented in this great matching of equine speed, courage and stamina. Mr. O'Donnell's article, which begins on page 10, is both a review of the Derby as an institution hallowed among sportsmen, and a forecast of the race which will be run on May 16. We believe it is one of the best of the many fine things he has written for us on his favorite topic—the turf, and the men and horses who make it live.

WHEN Albert Payson Terhune's name appears on a magazine's cover there are hundreds of thousands of men in this broad land who settle themselves down, a happy gleam in their eyes, for what they know will be an hour of good, honest, masculine enjoyment. And if they find he is writing of dogs or of prize-fighters, their happiness is truly blissful. This month **THE ELKS MAGAZINE** has the privilege of presenting to its readers the story of a most unusual leather-pusher, from the typewriter of this distinguished author. "The Very Strong Man, Kwasind," is its title, and you will find it beginning on page 7. A word to the wise—

THE hatpin was once woman's chief weapon of attack and defense; did its passing leave her helpless in crises involving the less resourceful sex? It did not! (Burglariously inclined gentlemen take note.) A girl can still make her mark. One who did is the heroine of George Creel's story, "The Piccolomini Pearls." She made it in a highly original and efficacious manner, with much resultant drama, and to the extreme discomfiture of a very able crook. On what small things does our destiny turn!

NEXT month will bring to an end the tangled, sinister story of "The Mystery of the Glass Bullet," an end to which the installment in this issue is a bloodcurdling prelude. We would almost guarantee that not a reader among you will follow "Smiler" Bunn and his hard-bitten partner across the snake-infested moat to Sow Foon's stronghold, without breaking into a cold sweat.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Nine
Number Twelve

The Elks Magazine

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Joseph T. Fanning
Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD



WHERE INTERESTS MEET, FRIENDSHIPS START

The bond of a common interest is something you see every day in human relations. We feel it keenly as we watch the growing favor for our cars and realize how they are making friends. For evidently a great many people are interested in owning just the kind of cars that we are interested in building. . . . We are interested in cars of utter dependability, of course . . . and so are they. We are interested in cars with something more than average performance; apparently the public is, too. We realize the importance of style

and beauty; we have a healthy respect for the value of safety; a conviction that economy counts; a love of comfort; a weakness, we confess, for many little things that may seem trifles but in the long run mean so much. . . . If you feel as we do you ought to see and drive the Oakland Eight and the Pontiac Six. We'd like to tell you about the new engines, the new Fisher Bodies, the new wheelbases, the new rubber cushioning of the chassis, and many other new features. But after all, what you find out for yourself is what counts.

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 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.

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

Official Circular No. 3

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

*Allentown, Pa.,
April 10, 1931*

MY BROTHERS:

During the past four months I have visited many Lodges. I have met with the greatest cordiality everywhere. I have seen the initiation into the Order of many new members. I have been impressed with the fact that Elkdom is a vital force in America, of increasing importance each year.

The New Officers

I tender to the new officers my heartiest congratulations. You will have the opportunity of rendering a fine service to your Lodge and your service will bring rich rewards to you. You should at once plan a definite program of activity. It is most important to learn the ritual. The meetings of a Lodge in which the officers know the ritual are bound to be well attended. It is usually a sign of trouble in a Lodge when the officers fail to perform the ritualistic work with a great deal of care and perfection.

The Coming Convention

Everywhere plans are being made for attendance at the Seattle Convention. It will be a really great convention. The gates of the hospitable city of Seattle will be thrown wide open. Every variety of entertainment will be furnished. No convention committee has ever worked more faithfully than the one of Seattle to make for a happy and successful reunion. The journey to and from the convention city will take one through the great West over scenic routes of endless charm and thrilling beauty. No one taking the trip to Seattle will be disappointed.

Knute Rockne

The nation was shocked recently at the death of Knute Rockne, a brother Elk, of South Bend, Indiana. Two weeks before his death I had a pleasant meeting with him at Miami. He was a leading exponent of clean sport, and was admired and loved from one end of the country to the other. Millions mourn his passing. It was the passing of a gallant American gentleman. "That we had closely known and loved him," brings us a ray of comfort in the Order as we write the name of Knute Rockne on the tablets of our love and memory.

The Dweller in the Kingdom

I have been asked so often to furnish a copy of a poem I have used to describe one who dwells in our Kingdom that I include it here. I do so with apologies to the author for having taken liberties with his poem. I do not know his name, and I do not have the poem as originally printed. I have changed it in part and added a stanza, and although my version is not good poetry, it describes an Elk.

*If he looks up, instead of down,
He's an Elk;
Wears a smile, no fretful frown,
He's an Elk.
If he's jolly, sometimes fat,
Always wears a man's sized hat;
Take your lead from things like that;
He's an Elk.*

*If he sees some good in all,
He's an Elk;
Lends a hand to those who fall,
He's an Elk.
If he looks you in the eye,
Gives you back a glad reply,
Sometimes shrewd but never sly,
He's an Elk.*

*If he greets you on the road,
He's an Elk;
Helps to bear your heavy load,
He's an Elk.
If he stands right by you, friend,
Helps you all your faults to mend,
Staunch and true until the end,
He's an Elk.*

*Death comes at last, he follows on,
Our brother Elk.
The lights of Heaven upon him dawn,
Our brother Elk.
No need to search the Book of Fate,
The warder there swings wide the gate,
"Come right in, you needn't wait,"
Our brother Elk.*

Sincerely and fraternally,

Lawrence H. Rupp.

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"You've humiliated me and shamed me publicly," blazed Avis Kent. "I never want to see you again"

Two Good Battlers, Who Knew What They Wanted, Settle It Their Own Way

"The Very Strong Man, Kwasind"

By Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

ROBERT DENNING'S hired car ceased to sound like a truck laden with steel rails and came to a joggly stop in front of the Eagle Hotel. This, not merely because the Eagle Hotel was its goal, but because the local driver stopped the groaning machine that he might have a more carefree view of a fist fight which was raging right industriously in the dead center of Walbridge's dusty square.

The driver gazed avidly at the two lanky giants who were pummeling and gouging and kicking each other amid a cloud of thin red-clay dust. He knew both fighters. To him the fight thus had keen personal import.

The car's four passengers eyed the contest as Albert Einstein might view a backward primary school-child's struggle with the multiplication table. Heber Denning, the manager; Con Reardon, his star middle-weight; Joe Devine and Spike Cronan, the

two handlers, would not have given a second glance to such an amateurish exhibition, were it not for certain added features which strewed the bout:—the aforesaid efforts at kicking and at gouging, as well as other mountaineer war-tactics which had a certain mild lure of novelty to these four ring experts.

As they looked, a slight-built man barely of middle height, came sprinting lightly across the square, and clove his way with entire ease through the tight circle of idlers around the space in whose middle the two gladiators battled.

In between the two jumped the newcomer, as though to play the peacemaker. But in almost the same set of gestures he knocked one after the other of them neatly off their feet with a single blow to the jaw of each. Blind with war-lust, they scrambled

up and at each other, only to drop again to earth, this time more heavily.

Heber Denning caught his breath. Here was a shabby mountaineer who hit with a quiet perfection that few pugilists could equal. Con Reardon grinned with sudden appreciation of the interloper's prowess, as he noted that both huge battlers lay inert as the result of the second pair of punches dealt to them.

"Who in blue blazes is that feller?" demanded Reardon.

"That's Jeff Marshall," proudly answered the hired car's driver. "The one they call 'The very strong man, Kwasind,' whatever that means; Avis Kent (she's our new school-teacher) give him that funny name; got it out'n a book of po'try. The boys picked it up and they call it to Jeff. Specially since they find it makes a hit with him, instead of getting him sore. Now me, if anyone was to call me a fool name like that—"

But Denning and Con Reardon were not listening. On tacit dual impulse they were making for the group around the prostrate sluggers. They pierced the clump of spectators just as one of the fallen men was sitting up and as the other opened his eyes and blinked owlishly at his assailant.

"If I'da knowed it was you, Jeff," began the sitter, sniffing his words through a hedge of newly-broken teeth, "I'd never of—"

"Well, you know it's me, now, the two of you," interposed drawlingly the slight man who still stood midway between his victims. "And there's something more for both of you to know: When I get down off the stage a minute ago, Randall tells me you quarreled because both of you wanted to be the one to take Miss Kent to the dance to-morrow night; me not being expected back till day after. Well, you're neither one of you going to take her to that dance nor yet anywheres else. Now nor any time. And you're not going to quarrel over her, either. Nobody is; because I'm aiming to keep every man in this county off quarreling terms about her. She's *my* girl. Don't make me teach that to you any harder'n I've just had to."

THE harangue was delivered with no hint of bluster nor of savagery. A few of its longer words were pronounced with evident carefulness, as though newly acquired. Indeed, the speaker's diction and English were markedly better than those of the other Walbridge denizens whom Denning had heard during his few minutes in the village. Without so much as waiting to see how his oration might be taken by his two victims, Jeff Marshall strolled out of the circle and toward the far corner of the square. Denning fell into step with him.

"Excuse me, friend," began the manager, "but you sure packed some punch."

"Yes," assented Marshall, carelessly, "I always did. I was born that way. Some is—are—born with music in them and some are born artists and the like, so the school-teacher here tells me. She says I was born like Samson. He was a man in the Bible, you know. She says there's every now and then a Samson born. One of them was in a poem by Mister Longfellow. A poem called 'Hiawatha.' I and she read part of it aloud, when she was giving me schooling, evenings. 'The very strong man, Kwasind,' his name was. He was an Indian. And he was stronger than the other redskins, just as I'm stronger than the folks hereabouts. Stranger up here, ain't—aren't—you?" he finished, as if ashamed of his long speech.

"Yes. My name is Denning. I manage a string of fighters. I was on my way to our new training quarters near Louisville, with Con Reardon and a couple of roustabouts, when our train hit a washout, below Sparta. I chartered a seagoing car and we came on, over the mountains. We're stopping at the Eagle Hotel for lunch. That's how I happen to see you wade into that fight, back yonder—I may be wrong about you; but I don't often make that kind of blunder. I think I can shape you into a fighter. Want to sign up with me?"

"Huh?"

"If I'm mistaken and you're no good, I'll pay you for your time and send you back here. If I'm right, there's more fame and more cash for you than you'd make in these mountains in ten thousand years. Want to talk turkey with me? Best say yes."

Marshall turned to eye him, a look of utter disgust on his brown face.

"No," he made answer, "I don't want to talk turkey or anything else with you. A

man down in Alton put that same kind of proposition up to me only a month or two ago; when he saw me push over a truck driver that made chirpy noises at Miss Kent, when I took her to the movies there. Miss Kent says gentlemen don't fight for money. I'm a gentleman. That's all."

"Miss Kent?"

"She took the school, last fall. Taught me, after hours. Miss Avis Kent. I'm going to marry her. I haven't told her yet. I was waiting to see if I could get my price for the strip of mountain foot land on my farm that the railroad wants. Well, I closed the deal, this trip I'm just back from. With what the farm gives me, this money'll be enough for me to marry on. Think I'm going to throw all that away, to be a fighter and to stop being a gentleman? Why, she'd never look at a man that wasn't a gentleman! She said so."

"But come with me, and when you make your pile you can come back here again and be a 'gentleman,'" urged Denning, trying to keep his face straight. "You've got a natural hitting power that not one slugger in a thousand can learn in a lifetime. If you can stand punishment and if you can learn to use your hands, you'll—"

"That'll be all," quietly interrupted Marshall. "I'm not interested in listening to any more. I've been civil to you for quite a spell, because she taught me that a gentleman is civil to everyone and talks pleasant and chatty, even to city folks—'foreigners' we call them in this neck of the woods—that horn in on him. But that'll be all."

With no word of goodbye, he got into action again, this time with a swift stride wholly different from his earlier mountaineer slouch. Denning stared after him and saw he was trying to overtake a slim young woman who had just come out of the schoolhouse at the far end of the square. Then, with a grunt, the manager made his way gloomily back to the Eagle Hotel and to the soggy lunch which awaited him there.

Before the girl had traversed half the length of the square's far border, Jeff Marshall had ranged alongside her. With awkward punctiliousness, he took off his soft hat, in greeting.

"Hello, Avis!" he hailed her, his face shining. "I'm back. Got home two days early. Lord, but it's grand to see you again! The deal's went—gone—through, and I—"

"I heard you were back," answered the girl shortly, not checking her rapid pace, nor so much as looking at the eager face that bent so close to her own. "Jimmy Cottrell just told me, as I was leaving



school. I had sent him out for some new pen points. He told me you were back. And he told me about the disgraceful exhibition out there. He—"

"Disgraceful?" stuttered Jeff, aghast at her iciness. "Dis—? Oh, you mean me having to lay out those two hairy-cars? That wasn't my fault. They had to be licked. They were fighting about—"

"You needn't go on," said Avis. "Jimmy told me. They were fighting about me and making no secret of it. Then you thrashed them, and you told everyone in hearing that I was—that I was—"

THAT you're my girl; and everybody else has got to leave you be?" finished Marshall. "I sure did. And you are. And they have. Besides—"

"Oh!" blazed Avis Kent, white with fury. "OH! And you are the—the creature I've tried so hard to humanize! And all for this! I never want to see you again as long as I live. I never want to hear your wretched name again! You've humiliated me and you've shamed me publicly as I never dreamed anyone—"

"Avis!" gasped the man, dumfounded. "Avis! You've gone crazy! Just because I said you're my girl? But you *are* my girl. I s'posed you knowed—knew that. Everyone else does. Hereabouts, if a lady lets a man take her to shows and buggy-riding and for walks and all that, it doesn't mean but one thing. She's his girl. Him and she are keeping comp'ny. They're aiming to get married to each other. Or, anyhow, they ought to be. I—"

"Here in this barbarous backwoods hole!" she flashed. "So that's what is supposed to

His voice cracked ludicrously. Wheeling about, he broke into a run, heading across the square.

For an instant, Avis Kent watched him, in white wrath. Then her ice-bright eyes misted, unaccountably. She took a hesitant step in the direction whence he had gone. But she faltered, pausing irresolute, striving vainly to remember her just cause for ire and to forget the grimly stricken look in Marshall's eyes.

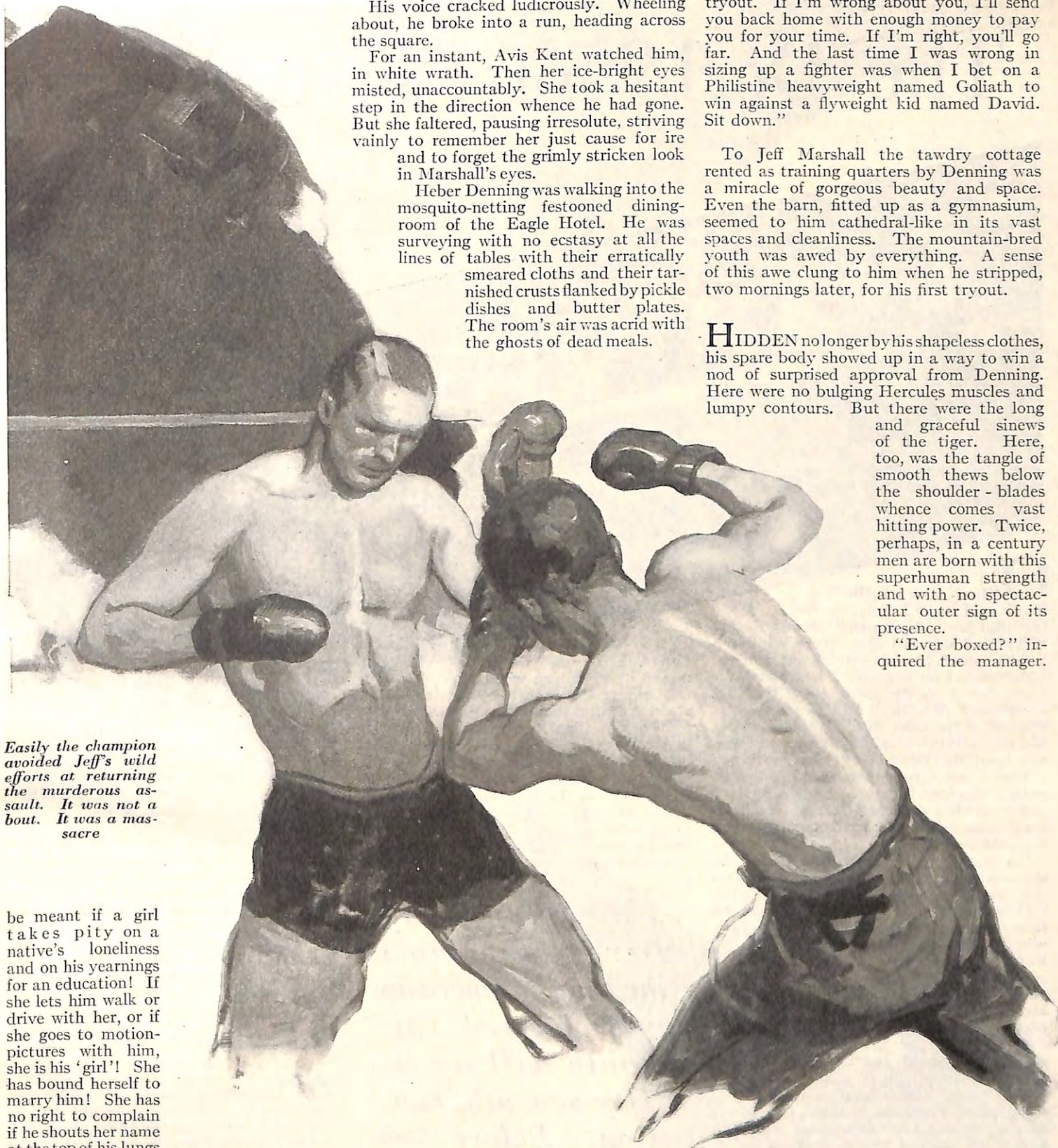
Heber Denning was walking into the mosquito-netting festooned dining-room of the Eagle Hotel. He was surveying with no ecstasy at all the lines of tables with their erratically smeared cloths and their tarnished crusts flanked by pickle dishes and butter plates. The room's air was acrid with the ghosts of dead meals.

tryout. If I'm wrong about you, I'll send you back home with enough money to pay you for your time. If I'm right, you'll go far. And the last time I was wrong in sizing up a fighter was when I bet on a Philistine heavyweight named Goliath to win against a flyweight kid named David. Sit down."

To Jeff Marshall the tawdry cottage rented as training quarters by Denning was a miracle of gorgeous beauty and space. Even the barn, fitted up as a gymnasium, seemed to him cathedral-like in its vast spaces and cleanliness. The mountain-bred youth was awed by everything. A sense of this awe clung to him when he stripped, two mornings later, for his first tryout.

HIDDEN no longer by his shapeless clothes, his spare body showed up in a way to win a nod of surprised approval from Denning. Here were no bulging Hercules muscles and lumpy contours. But there were the long and graceful sinews of the tiger. Here, too, was the tangle of smooth thews below the shoulder-blades whence comes vast hitting power. Twice, perhaps, in a century men are born with this superhuman strength and with no spectacular outer sign of its presence.

"Ever boxed?" inquired the manager.



Easily the champion avoided Jeff's wild efforts at returning the murderous assault. It was not a bout. It was a massacre

be meant if a girl takes pity on a native's loneliness and on his yearnings for an education! If she lets him walk or drive with her, or if she goes to motion-pictures with him, she is his 'girl'! She has bound herself to marry him! She has no right to complain if he shouts her name at the top of his lungs in the square and tells everyone she belongs to him! Oh, I never thought I could feel so degraded, so angry! I've told you I never want to set eyes on you again. This comes of helping an ignorant mountaineer! I've had my lesson. I've—"

"I've had mine, too, I reckon," drawled the man, his soft voice grating like a rusty file, his face bone-gray except for twin bluish dents at the nostril corners. "I—I understand, now. You're a city girl; and I'm a—an 'ignorant mountaineer,' like you said. I'm fit to pass the time with, up here, but I'm not fit to be married to you. If I was rich and had a big name, I'll bet it'd be diferent. That's be another tune to sing, I reckon. And—maybe we'll sing that tune, one of these days. I—I'll—"

As Denning stepped forward, a hand gripped his shoulder and spun the obese manager around as though he were a child. Jeff Marshall was facing him, still bone-gray and starkly grim of visage.

"Listen, you!" grated Jeff. "Were you fooling, back there, when you said there was a chance I could win a pot of real money and a wad of fame, if I'd sign up with you? If you were, you're going out of this hotel feet foremost. Speak up!"

"I was in earnest, all right," replied Denning, uneasy at the other's tone, yet thrilled at the chance of having made so miraculous a find. "Sit down here, with me, while I stun my appetite with that near-food I smell. We'll talk it over. I'll give you a

"The county agent used to try to teach me how to, when I was a youngster," said Jeff. "And I stuck to it longer'n most of the other lads, because I didn't like him much and it was fun to knock him over, accidental like, when I got a chance. But those great big clumsy pillows took most of the fun out of it. Bare hands is what God gave folks to do their hitting with. Not softy cushions."

He eyed with open disfavor the soiled boxing gloves which Devine and Cronan, the two handlers, were taking out of a bag.

"Fists are best, all right," said Denning.

"But the law says you can't fight unless you dress them up. No nude knuckles in

(Continued on page 37)

The Derby of the Century

By
Jack O'Donnell



ONE afternoon in the autumn of 1930 I stood on the beautiful lawn at Churchill Downs, Kentucky, and watched Mrs. Payne Whitney's gallant son of St. Germans-Bonus run the fastest mile ever negotiated by a two-year-old to defeat, by the narrowest of margins, Cornelius V. Whitney's great Equipoise. It was one of the most thrilling horse races I had ever witnessed and, to borrow an expression from Mr. Winchell, "It left me limp."

Beside me stood that grand old warhorse of the American turf—Vernon Sanders, a man who has witnessed thousands of thrilling finishes in his long and honorable career as a turfologist.

"A great race by two great horses," he shouted into my ear, while the huge closing-day crowd lustily cheered the victor. "Think of the race that is in store for the race followers of this country next May when those two hook up with Mate, Siskin, Insko, Vander Pool, and a few other good ones in the Kentucky Derby. Man, I tell you it will be the greatest Derby in the history of the classic—the Derby of the century."

Although I knew that Sanders was high on Twenty Grand, and that he had great respect for Equipoise, it seemed to me that he was taking in a lot of time and territory with that statement. With the Fifty-seventh running of the great American classic only a few weeks away, however, I've come to the conclusion that Vernon Sanders' prediction was just about one hundred per cent correct.

Never since that eventful day in 1875 when the "little red horse"—Aristides—won the first Kentucky Derby, has there been such universal and deep-rooted interest in a horse race as is being shown in the race which will be run at historic Churchill Downs on Saturday afternoon, May 16. In years past the Derby often settled down to a contest between the East and the West. This year, however, it will be a four-point race as North, South, East, and West will be pretty well represented in the big race. And again, as often happens in this race of races,

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thoroughbreds owned by poor men will be out there giving of their courage and stamina against thoroughbreds owned by some of the richest Americans.

About the time that this magazine reaches its subscribers the hegira to Louisville will have commenced. Special trains will be run from New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Cincinnati, and other cities, carrying followers of the Sport of Kings. Already scores of airplanes have been chartered to carry business-sportsmen who cannot get

THE Kentucky Derby, the most thrilling of American turf classics! This month will see its fifty-seventh running. Before you hazard a guess on its outcome read this colorful and authoritative article

away from their desks until the last minute. Down in Kentucky, mountaineers who don their homespuns but once a year to "take in the Derby" will be climbing into their buckboards, or aboard their mules to make the journey to the Downs. One by one, and two by two they'll come, until on Derby

Day afternoon, it is conservatively estimated, more than one hundred thousand lovers of King Horse will be rubbing elbows on the lawns, in the grand stands, the clubhouse and on the infield at the Kentucky track.

The tremendous interest in the 1931 Derby has been reflected in the pre-Derby Day wagering. According to Tom Shaw, America's ace bookmaker, more money was bet in the "winter book" on the coming Derby than ever before was wagered in winter books in the history of the classic. Shaw predicts that close to a million and a quarter will be bet in the mutuel machines at Churchill Downs on Derby Day, breaking the record established in 1928, the year that Reigh Count won the coveted prize, beating Misstep, Toro and nineteen other three-year-olds.

AT the present writing it appears that Cornelius V. Whitney's Equipoise will go to the post favorite in the Derby, with Mrs. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand and A. C. Bostwick's Mate second and third choices, respectively. Equipoise opened favorite in the winter books, Tom Shaw offering 6 to 1 against his chances, while he held Twenty Grand at 8 to 1 and Mate at 12 to 1. Equipoise has demonstrated that he can run on any kind of a track, while Twenty Grand runs his best on a fast strip. Mate, too, runs well on a fast or an off track but finished behind his two great rivals in the Pimlico Futurity late last season.

Equipoise and Twenty Grand, the leading representatives of the East, have beaten each other over the mile and the mile and upward distances and, to the writer, there seems little to choose between them on a fast track. I backed Twenty Grand to beat Mr.



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS



ACME-P. & A.

Whitney's son of Pennant-Swinging in the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes at Churchill Downs last Fall, and I shall string along with him again on Derby Day if the track be fast. The race by no means is sewed up by these three thoroughbreds, and the winter-book odds are not a true indication of the relative merits of the contestants. The Middle West will have a strong contender in Griffin Watkins' stake-winning Insc0; the South will pin its hopes on Vander Pool, which holds a technical decision over Equipoise, while the far West will be rooting for the Nevada Stock Farm's Siskin. Kentucky, which has sent many Derby winners to the post, will be represented by the Shady Brook Farm's bay colt, Pittsburgher; E. R. Bradley's two promising colts, B'ar Hunter and Barometer; C. H. Knebelkamp's Spanish Play, winner of the Louisiana Derby, and some other good ones.

While the "big three"—Equipoise, Twenty Grand and Mate—have been training steadily for the Derby, it is far from certain that even one of them will go to the post on May 16. So many things can happen to a thoroughbred to throw him out of gear. In fact, at this writing, six weeks before the Big Contest, the betting should be five to one that you cannot name a starter. It is certain, however, that out of the hundred and thirty nominated, between twelve and twenty will start, and among these may be a Hindoo, a Spokane, an Old Rosebud, a Black Gold, or a Gal-

lant Fox, out there winging for the \$50,000 prize.

It will take more than the absence of Equipoise or Twenty Grand or Mate to dim the glory of the coming Derby. All three could be missing from the entries on May 16, but the Derby still would be *The Derby*, with all its romance, its traditions, and its thrills. Like the mother Derby, which is run every spring on Epsom Downs, England, it is a fixture which annually churns thrills in the breast of every man and woman in the world who loves a good horse and a clean sport.

The thrill of the Derby begins the moment one boards his means of transport to the famous battle-ground on the outskirts of Louisville. There is but one thought in the minds of the thousands of Derby-bent sportsmen and sportswomen: "Who will win?" You'll hear the question repeated a thousand times on the train that carries you to Louisville. You'll ask it yourself of

the banker who sits next to you in the smoking compartment, the conductor who punches your ticket, the colored porter who brushes your coat and takes your silver tip. And the banker will listen to your opinion and perhaps take your advice on this day and event, although he might laugh at you if you offered him any kind of advice on any other of the 364 days of the year.

If you arrive in Louisville the night before the Derby, and are lucky enough to have a room or a Pullman berth in

which to sleep, you may get some sleep. If you are one of the thousands who'll just take a chance, you'll probably become engaged in a debate with other

Derby enthusiasts in the lobby of some hotel, or in the back room of some once favorite place, whose glory has been dimmed by changes in the Constitution. If you feel that you need something stronger than black coffee, conversation or ginger ale to keep you awake, you'll have no great difficulty in finding it—the night before the Derby. For on Derby Day—and the twenty-four preceding and twenty-four succeeding hours—Louisville dons its pre-Volstead grandeur and does things in the grand manner.

MID-MAY in Kentucky is a delightful season—if it doesn't rain. But rain or shine it's Derby Day, and a little thing like weather won't interfere with your interest or your enthusiasm. The streets will be thronged, taxi-drivers will be making a great hub-bub, tipsters will be peddling their "sure winners," which, somehow, aren't so sure, and on every side you'll hear the question, "Who do you like?" If you're wise you'll eat a hearty breakfast, for once inside the Downs you won't have much chance to do more than grab a hot-dog.

If it is your first Derby you'll get the kick of your life during the hours between breakfast and the finish of the big race. You'll find

(Continued on page 56)



INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTOS

Twenty Grand, favorite, as this was written, with Equipoise and Mate, to win the fifty-seventh Kentucky Derby. In the slanting picture (left above), Gallant Fox, with Earle Sande up, is shown winning the 1930 classic

Love, loot—and lipstick—set off a blast of action

By George Creel

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

IT WAS that peaceful hour of early afternoon when the workers on a morning paper gather for the assignments that will send them forth to assure a nervous world that it is much better to confess the facts than run the risk of a garbled version. Reporters, scattered about the broad expanse of the *News-Chronicle's* local room, were reading their own stories with intense appreciation, while from nearby cubicles came the clack of machines as feature writers and department heads pounded away on their Sunday stuff.

Behind one particular door, with "Society Editor" spread across the frosted glass, Miss Mary Stafford labored amain, acutely conscious of the "deadline's" near approach. Absorbed in her task, she started violently at the sound of a deprecatory cough, and looked up with an expression that might well have been termed jaundiced had the dark eyes been less lovely.

"Oh, Lord!" Fingers poised above the keyboard, she took no pains to hide her dismay. "Are you back again?"

"Only in an official capacity." Phil Wade, draping himself across a corner of the littered desk, smiled placatingly. "As owner and publisher of a great and growing daily, would you have me show no interest in my employees? How else than by close and continuous observation, can I arrive at the exact determinations regarding personnel that mark the true executive? Are they clock-watchers, every ear cocked for the noon day whistle? Or is work a joy with them? Which one is to be rewarded for diligence, and which reprimanded for sloth. And how much better this honest, open approach than the sly peep through keyholes and transoms."

"And me with my page not half done." It was almost a wail. "Won't you please go away? And stay gone with some degree of permanence?"

"Ah!" The exclamation was gloomily

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The Piccolomini Pearls

triumphant. "There you have the real trouble with modern life. *The young woman of the present day refuses to take men in habit forming quantities.* No wonder the Home totters on its foundations. Why wouldn't census takers complain of the lack of fresh material. The lordly male, once an imperative necessity, now stands on his hind legs and begs for odd minutes. Consider my own pitiful position, Mollie darling? Here we've been engaged for months, if not actually days, and all I get is the privilege of seeing your back just before it drops below the horizon."

"We're not engaged," protested Miss Stafford. "At least, I told you that nothing was to be announced until I'd proved to myself and various incredulous friends that I could make my living. You know what all of them said when poor Dad lost everything? That my one chance was to make a rich marriage. Well, I mean to show 'em!" she finished vindictively.

"And what about me?" expostulated Wade. "Is it fair to arouse my domestic in-

stincts and then crush them? Here I am with my hope chest all filled, and on fire to begin with my sewing."

"Your sewing?"

"Certainly. The fleecy little things one hides hurriedly when visitors come in. Please understand, dear! Don't ask me to be more explicit," he begged, covering his face with his hands.

"Phil Wade, you're impossible!" The girl laughed in spite of herself. "Also," she admitted softly, "a good deal of a darling. Now listen, I'll make a bargain with you. Leave me be for the rest of the day, and I'll let you take me up to Columbine Cole's this evening. Her wedding presents are to be on view, and the city desk expects a story. Not for the society page, either," she added proudly. "A real local story."

"I don't know," Wade answered doubtfully. "There's a question of justice involved in a visit to the home of Timothy Cole. Abstract, perhaps, but still vital."

"Get out of here," Mollie ordered. "You're just making talk."

"Making talk? *Me?*" Both square shoulders went up in a shrug of amazement. "Why, I'm known far and wide for my Calvin Coolidges. Baffled by my frozen silence, men and women argue feverishly as to what goes on behind my icy mask. But I refuse to be diverted from the discussion of Mr.





"I guess I'm a fool for laying 'em out this way," Mr. Cole admitted, "but shucks, I knew everybody would want to see 'em"

Phil Wade, entering the tiny apartment that evening, shrank back with a low cry at sight of Miss Stafford, and groped his way as one sud-

denly blinded, feeling about for tables and chairs.

"Like it?" she demanded happily, revolving slowly. "Thank the Lord, Dad's creditors couldn't very well take the clothes off my back."

"Why not? A back like yours doesn't need clothes."

"Thanks for the compliment, Mister," and Mollie dropped him a gay curtsy. "Just for that I won't be a minute." Leaning close to a small wall mirror, she patted a strand of hair into place, and then produced a lipstick.

"STOP!" Springing forward, Wade caught her in his arms. "Hold off until I've chored my chore. Don't, I beg of you, send me out into the world looking like Gyp the Blood." "All right, dearest," cooed the girl, lipstick suspended. "I'll wait until my big strong man has done what's expected of him."

"Honest, I don't see why you do it." Wade, in the car, turned disapproving eyes on the vivid scarlet streak that was Miss Stafford's mouth.

"Why, as I live, it's E. P. Roe," she cried, starting back with a gasp of surprise.

"For thousands of years," he continued sadly, "the whole passion of the race has been concentrated on civilization, but just when we've reached a point where it seems safe to sit down and draw a long breath, women start in daubing their faces with all the enthusiasm of the early Algonquins. It beats me. You don't see men doing it, do you?"

"Of course not," sniffed the girl. "No man, even in his most imaginative moments, ever dreams that his appearance *can* be improved. Women are without that superb confidence. That's why our poor lives are devoted to a hopeful search for better effects."

"But it isn't a better effect, my dearest. Most of the girls I see nowadays look as if they needed a duck press. The result, even when most artistically achieved, is ghastly. A harsh word, I know, but not used unthinkingly. And there's another point. Consider the danger to which men are exposed. Only

(Continued from page 40)

ney, discovered that the sharp little feet had bared a vein of virgin gold. Such was the beginning of the Lucky Strike mine that laid the foundation for the great Cole fortune and the fame attaching to it. My point to this, Mollie dear: Would it not be fairer to save our social attentions for the mule?"

"Feeling as you do," Miss Stafford commented briskly, "we'll let the matter drop, and say no more about it."

"No, no!" Wade came to his feet with a bound. "What's life after all, but a series of compromises?"

"One must always remain true to one's ideals," she insisted. "Besides, I don't think my idea was so very good. Trotting around social functions with your society editor is bound to cause a lot of gossip."

"What about the gossip that's going on now?" The young millionaire's tone oozed injury. "Through every home in the city, through the corridors of every club, goes the whisper. 'She shuns him!' 'What can it be?' asks Dame Rumor. 'Leprosy? Thyroid deficiency? Thinning hair? Or some grave moral defect that her clear eyes have discovered?' No," he declared firmly. "We've got to be seen together. And, of course, dinner goes with our engagement."

"I don't know about dinner."

"NOTHING elaborate, of course," Wade hastened to explain. "Just the usual supplies for an expedition into high society. A few slices of pemmican for ourselves, and dried fish for the sledge dogs."

"All right then. But if you don't go at once, I'm liable to change my mind instantly and irrevocably."

Cole. As you may remember," Wade continued, settling himself more comfortably, "the good Timothy was somewhat of a wastrel in his earlier years, showing no larger energy than a willingness to find washing for his wife to do. According to veracious chroniclers, he fared forth on a summer's day to cross one of those rocky ridges that infest the West, and while stopping at noon for a cold collation, hitched his mule to a nearby pine. This animal, feverishly active after the manner of his species, pawed vigorously throughout the rest period, and Mr. Cole, on rising to continue his jour-

Behind the Footlights

George Arliss, Evalyn Knapp and David Manners in "The Millionaire"



Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

Al Jolson (circle) in a dramatic novelty from Berlin called "The Wonder Bar"



Anne Shoemaker,
Lionel Atwill and
Anthony Kemble-
Cooper on Broadway
in "The Silent Witness"

AFTER a four years' absence from the legitimate stage, Al Jolson has returned in "The Wonder Bar." This is a theatrical novelty that delighted several European capitals before it was brought to Broadway, and it's a grand show for Jolson. The Wonder Bar is the name of a Paris café where all the action takes place, with Mr. Jolson as proprietor and chief entertainer. There's a story of sorts concerned with a gigolo and a broken romance, and Rex O'Malley is effective as the heartless gigolo, but first and foremost it's Al's entertainment, and he plays the whole scale from drama to broad comedy with plenty of songs thrown in. It's an intimate show, the apron of the stage extending right out into the audience, and there is no curtain. This

gives Mr. Jolson an opportunity to get acquainted with the customers, and gives the audience the thrill of feeling, somehow, a part of the *dramatis personae*. What with bartenders, waiters, entertainers and cabaret guests there's an impressively long cast, but only a few of them really count. Among those that do are Mr. O'Malley; Patsy Kelley and Al Segal, cabaret entertainers; a troupe of excellent acrobatic dancers, the Audrey Depew Four; and Carol Chilton and Maceo Thomas, jazz dancers. The pace is generally good, due to Jolson's exuberant energy and genius for getting across. He's a great entertainer and makes "The Wonder Bar" a thoroughly enjoyable evening.

Another good play from across the water is among the month's new entries. This

one is an English mystery melodrama from the pens of Jack de Leon and Jack Celestin, called "The Silent Witness." Lionel Atwill is starred, and gives a fine performance. Mr. Atwill has shown a tendency in plays past to do a good deal of rather explosive emoting, but in his present rôle he is splendidly restrained and thoroughly sympathetic as the English baronet who takes upon himself a murder charge in order to save his young son. That's all we'll tell you about the plot, but the cast is excellent, especially Kay Strozzi as a siren, Anthony Kemble-Cooper as the aforementioned son, and Harold de Becker as a cockney taxi-driver whose testimony in the witness stand provides about fifteen minutes of hilarity. "The Silent Witness" is not a

And On the Screen



Gloria Swanson and Monroe Owsley in "Indiscreet"



Bebe Daniels, Dudley Digges and Otto Matieson in "Woman of the World"



Joan Crawford and Guy Kibbee in "Torch Song"

mere succession of shocks and thrills, but a genuinely interesting drama with elements of mystery and suspense, and it is well and ingeniously contrived and staged.

Another good play which we hope to review at greater length next month is Rachael Crothers' comedy "As Husbands Go." It is altogether worth while seeing.

New Movies That Are Recommended

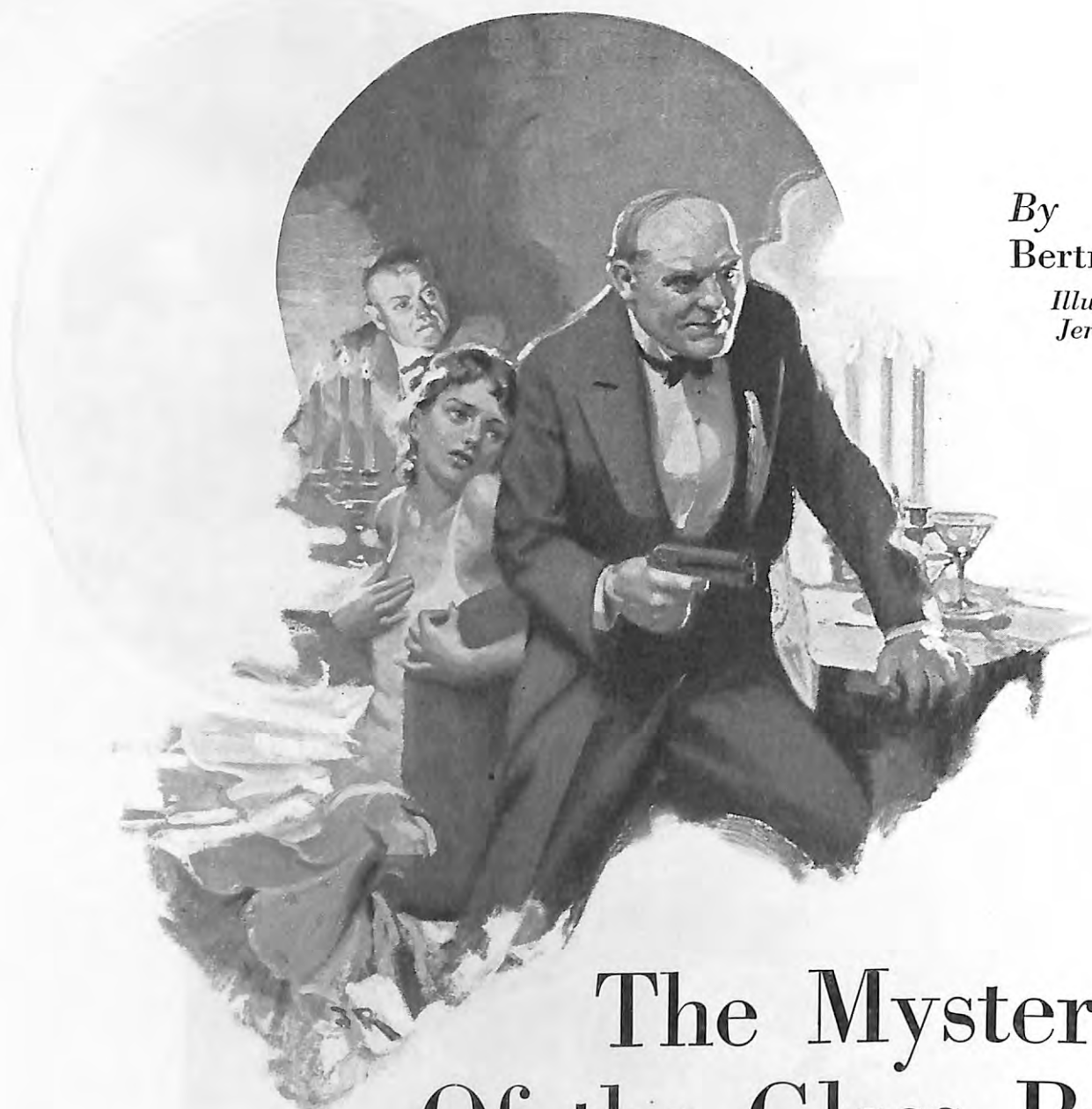
FOR George Arliss to don overalls, as he does in "The Millionaire," is a somewhat startling departure, but in this lowly attire he adds stature to his previous accomplishments and proves his versatility. Here we have Mr. Arliss playing the most appealingly human part he has essayed in the

films, and creating a character that is lovable, sympathetic and, thanks to Booth Tarkington's bright dialogue, sometimes quite waggish. He plays James Alden, founder and head of the Alden Motor Works, who takes an enforced vacation in California under his doctor's orders. There idleness proves so irksome that, unknown to his family, he buys a half interest in a gas station and goes into partnership with Bill Merrick, a young architect without enough money to start his career. They discover in short order that they have been gypped by Peterson, the former owner, and Alden's fighting blood is roused. He makes Bill borrow a thousand dollars from his aunt, and sets out to beat Peterson at his own game. Not only is Mr. Arliss' characteriza-

tion a sheer delight, but it's a good story and the supporting cast is first rate: Florence Arliss as his wife, Evalyn Knapp as his daughter, David Manners as Bill Merrick, and Noah Beery as the swindling Peterson.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S newest rôle is somewhat different in type from anything she has ever done before, and gives her an opportunity for some real emotional acting. She plays the lead in "Torch Song," which was popular on Broadway not so long ago, and has the able support of Neil Hamilton, John Mack Brown and Guy Kibbee, who won high praise in the same comedy rôle when "Torch Song" was on Broadway. It is

(Continued on page 64)



By
Bertram Atkey

Illustrations by
Jerome Rozen

The Mystery Of the Glass Bullet

"T Part V

EN—million—dollars!"

In spite of his determination to interrupt no more, Mr. Bunn was so startled at the magnitude of the sum that he recoiled the words automatically. He caught himself up at once.

"I'm sorry! Go on—what happened then?"

"Colonel Carnac prepared Report No. 2, and that part of the report which dealt with the circumstances of Dick's death was written by my direction—that was one of the rights I had bought. Report No. 2 has been made public in the Press, though the book containing it has not yet been published. The circumstances of Dick's death as related in Report No. 2 are as follows":

But here Mr. Bunn broke in for the last time.

"I know them," he said quietly. "Dick is said, in that report, to have given his ration of water to a poisoned man and lost his own life as a consequence. Is that right?"

Anson Vanesterman nodded.

He still stared steadily at Mr. Bunn—but

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Mr. Bunn knew that he could not see, for the gray eyes were dim with the tears that even the millionaire's iron pride could not quite restrain.

Again Mr. Bunn got up and went across to pick up the photograph of the boy, and again he studied it with a minute and intensely keen regard.

Finally he put it down.

"No! No! Damn it, no!" he half-shouted. "That isn't the face of a man who steals his comrade's last water! It's the face of a man who gives his last water! I say so—and I understand faces!"

Vanesterman spoke unsteadily.

"I, too, said so—in Report No. 2. But I can't prove it!" he said, drearly.

Mr. Bunn's fist came down on the table with a crash. He was really moved. . . .

"Can't you! Well, I will! So help me God Almighty. I'll prove it! And before long, at that!"

He went across and poured himself a whiskey and soda of truly staggering strength—as was his extraordinary custom in moments of extreme mental stress.

"There's something all wrong—as you yourself know—about this. It's too slick—

too easy for them. Their tale is too watertight altogether—it hangs together too perfectly. Yet—now—I can see holes in it as big as torpedo holes in battleships. For instance, if their story is dead straight and true, why did they kill Gene Reyman for knowing the truth. Hey, Vanesterman? Well, now, I'll tell you, though you probably have guessed it for yourself. But it helps me to say it aloud—I like to hear the sound of my own voice giving utterance. Take these Reports. No. 2 is untrue—we can cut that out. No. 1 is Sow Foon's—he's really the mind at the back of this little organization—and if that's a true report, then I'm no judge of a report. So that we've got to come to the conclusion that behind No. 1 Report is another set of facts which are the true facts—and the facts which Gene Reyman discovered, God knows how. They killed him because he knew the real truth and came over here to tell Miss Alison—probably he had hopes about that, hey, my dear?"

Alison nodded.

"He wanted me to marry him in New York. I would not promise—I wish I had. It might have saved his life. I did not

know he had any idea at all that my father was being blackmailed. But he must have had—one never knows what a good newspaper man knows. He evidently set out to find the real truth, and succeeded. He knew that if he could bring me good news—news that he could prove Report No. 1 untrue—I would marry him, if only out of gratitude.” Mr. Bunn nodded.

“RIGHT. That settles it completely in my mind. Report No. 1 is a lie from start to finish.”

Vanesterman nodded.

“I have always felt that—and I have said it. But it had to be *proved* a lie!”

“Well, we’ve decided that Gene Reymar did it—and if it was possible for him, it’s possible for us,” declared Mr. Bunn. “And I’ll go so far as to say that I’ve already got an opening or two in my mind. But I want to work them out a little more carefully before I say any more. How would it be if you rode over and took breakfast with us at Chalkacres tomorrow? My partner and I will have things pretty well cut and dried by then.”

They promised that and so Mr. Bunn left. They wanted him to stay and dine, but he knew better.

On his way down Maiden Fain Manor carriage drive Mr. Bunn met the colorful Lady Cedar, and, seized with a species of inspiration, he stopped the car, greeted her cordially, informed her that she was in a position that threatened shortly to become so perilous that it might even end with her

on a hangman’s drop with a hangman’s rope around her neck. A woman with an easy conscience would have smiled at that genial bit of conversation and contemptuously have dismissed Mr. Bunn as drunk or demented. But the Lady Cedar did neither. On the contrary, she turned the color of stone and all but fainted. She had to snatch at the handle of the car-door to hold herself up on suddenly failing knees.

“What do you mean?” she gasped.

“I’m afraid it will take too long to explain in this public place, my dear,” said Mr. Bunn. “Come along and dine with Mr. Black and me at Chalkacres and we’ll explain over our wine!”

She hesitated, staring at him. He saw the color slowly coming back to her face.

“Oh, very well. That will be nice,” she said. “I expect Alison won’t mind.”

She stepped into the seat beside Mr. Bunn.

“You stopped me to talk in riddles, you know, Mr. Flood,” she said. “And you were a little brutal!”

“You know the answer to those riddles, Cedar,” he replied. “And a little brutality more or less—for your own good—won’t hurt you. Unless I miss my little guess you are used to brutality!”

She covered her face swiftly with her white hands.

“Ah! Ah! Am I not? Such brutality as you cannot guess at!” she said bitterly.

“Now, let’s see what you can do, Sing, my son!” Mr. Bunn said. . . And Sing and MacCorque fought

Mr. Bunn, from the corner of an eye, saw that she was not acting.

“Ah, well, don’t cry about it. You’ll be all right, in care of Mr. Black and myself. Just answer any questions we ask you over dinner—truthfully, mind—and we’ll take care of you!”

She had a pretty virile spirit and, in spite of her fears, it flared up again.

“You are extraordinarily lofty and patronizing, Mr.—er—Flood,” she exclaimed, not untruthfully. “Suppose I stop this car and leave you! As I can—for I imagine you are not kidnapping me!”

Mr. Bunn’s face was set like cement as he promptly stopped the car, reached across her and swung open the door.

“THERE’S your way, Lady Cedar!” he said. “Go if you want to. I’m not kidnapping you. But, before you go, listen to this—that reporter who came during tea at Maiden Fain this afternoon is no reporter. He is, instead, about the best detective at Scotland Yard and he is engaged on the murder of Gene Reymar and Gamekeeper Cooper—not to mention the attempted murders of Messrs. Flood and Black, and their servants Sing and Bloom. . . . And Gene Reymar knew the truth about Dick Vanesterman and the Morsalbana expedition—and, lastly, Cedar, my girl, I know the truth about the truth that Gene Reymar knew! . . . Am I a man to fall out with? I ask you? If you think so—so be it. There’s your way—door open and all! I don’t want



to keep you against your wish! Never did that to a woman in my life!"

For a few seconds she thought.

Then she put out a slim, white hand, and drew the car door shut with a bang.

Her face had softened.

"You carry too many guns for me," she said oddly. "I think you are going to save me from my own folly. Drive on, Mr. Flood! . . . A few seconds ago I hated you. Now I am so grateful that I feel nearer loving you!"

"Yes?" said Mr. Bunn as he trod on his gas. He laughed as the great car leaped forward.

AFTER dinner, the well-fed old adventurer leaned back in his chair, surveying from behind his cigar smoke, his coffee steam and the jewel-like glow of his liqueur brandy.

But he did not survey them too seriously.

For he had promised the Vanestermans good news in the morning, and he was wondering just where he was going to get it.

He was physically comfortable—but that was where the comfort finished. And he was not so sure even of that.

He felt faintly sure that Sing of the slender hands had temporarily put out of action Mr. MacCorque of the strangler's hands. But one swallow is indeed far from creating a summer. There was, behind MacCorque, the grinning Colonel and, no doubt, other aides.

There was, also, Sow Foon, the venom master, and his son—and their aides.

Mr. Bunn renewed his old brandy and felt comforted because the blinds were down, and the curtains drawn close. . . .

It was, he decided, a thankless business, whichever way one cared to look at it. With luck, Anson Vanesterman might be relieved of a blackmail which, formidable, even colossal as it was, yet was no more than a trifling drain on his immense resources. But one could not raise the dead—and no conclusion of the affair but that could make the millionaire happy. . . .

There was no doubt that Sow Foon and Co. had a watertight case against Anson Vanesterman.

He wondered what Vanesterman would do if Yung Foon or the Colonel persisted in including Alison as part of the price of substituting Report No. 2 for Report No. 1; he wondered what truth, if any, Gene Reyman had discovered to make him death-worthy in the eyes of the gang; he wondered many things as he brooded over his coffee and liqueur.

He decided that Lady Cedar might as well be invited bluntly to tell all she knew—though he feared it was not much. And he was right. He broke in on the conversation between the lady and Fortworth, demanding flatly all the information she could give.

Leaning forward, his heavy face red and shining, he demanded this.

"I'm sorry to seem to butt in on a friendly conversation," he said, "but things are just a trifle concentrated, Squire—and if we're going to live through the night we might as well try to begin to understand what's what. I want to ask Lady Cedar to tell us a few things—and to answer a few questions."

But Mr. Bunn's long and patient questioning elicited no more from her than the facts that she had been introduced to the Vanestermans by the Colonel, who, in the main, had been friendly to her in New York. She did not dwell upon the friendliness of the Colonel, nor did Mr. Bunn press her about it. She had borrowed money from the Colonel—on board the liner on which she had made his acquaintance, and later. A good deal of money—so much that the total, compared with a few rather ugly threats, had convinced her that Colonel Carnac was not a man to quarrel with. He had desired her to do certain things—moderately harmless, they had seemed to her, and she had done them.

Chief of these things had been to gain the post of companion to Alison during her stay in England, and to persuade her to select Maiden Fair Manor as a desirable estate to buy as an English residence.

These things she had accomplished, and, subject to certain minor matters, these were all the Colonel required of her.

"Yes?" interrupted Mr. Bunn. "Why did you decline to recognize Gene Reyman when you first saw his dead body being carried out to the police car?"

She nodded to him.

"I thought you would ask that," she said, smiling queerly. "I have thought a good deal about that. Indeed I am not quite sure about it now—but I think it was mainly due to an instinct of self-protection. I knew him. When I saw him brought out from that wood I recognized him at once. But something said to me that I should be wrong to say that I knew him. I did not want to be mixed up in the murder. I mentioned it all to the Colonel. He said I was right—but he insisted on my bringing him round to see you that night. He really has done some good amateur detective work, I believe."

She studied Mr. Bunn with doubtful eyes.

"I knew that Gene Reyman adored Alison Vanesterman. I guessed he had come over here with news of some kind for her. And I suspected that his news meant trouble for us all. But, above all, I did not want to be mixed up in it—for—" her voice became a whisper, "I was afraid—afraid to make a mistake—and I was afraid that he had been killed by Colonel Carnac or one of the Foons!" She caught her breath.

"I don't think you men know what it is to be afraid . . . in the way that I have been afraid for so long . . . of the Colonel, that smiling tiger; of the Foons, those smooth vipers; of MacCorque, the vilest of them all. Yet I could do nothing else. I dared not do a thing that might offend the Colonel. You see, I have no money—except what he allows me . . . Oh, I am no good—no good!" She reached for her liqueur.

"I am poor—poor, you understand. I was afraid to offend the Colonel. Do you think that I would accept the position of companion to anyone if I were not so penniless? I? . . . After all, my grandfather was a Somebody—never mind whom or what—but at least I am entitled to say I am well-bred!"

Mr. Bunn nodded.

"There's a lot of the well-bred who are poor, these days!" he said. "Yet I can't see why you, such a friend of the Colonel's, should be so poor when he has taken, not so long ago, something like a half or a third of ten million dollars—two million pounds—from Anson Vanesterman. Surely—a trifle for you out of that—"

(Continued on page 44)



See If You Can Solve These Baffling Crimes

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*.

THE answer to last month's baffle will be found at the end of this one.



Drawn by Harry Townsend

It was presumed that Lorquist's murderer had sprung upon him while he passed a low line of bushes

The Wilverton Murders

By Lassiter Wren and Randle McKay

THE first of the so-called Wilverton murders occurred some four years ago on a heath near the little town of Wilverton in Sussex, England. On the morning of September 8th, school children who were hunting butterflies on the heath discovered the prostrate body of a man near a low line of scrubby bushes. They hastened to inform the police. The following facts were soon established:

The man had been stabbed through the heart by a knife or dagger, and had evidently been dead for at least seven hours. He was readily identified by townspeople as Axel Lorquist, a Swedish sailor, cousin of a respectable butcher of the town, whose home he was accustomed to visit between voyages. Lorquist was a morose and silent man, often given to heavy drink-

ing. During periods of intoxication he swore so vehemently, so picturesquely, and so irreverently that complaints had been lodged more than once with the Wilverton police. A year previous he had barely escaped jail for such offense. However, he was otherwise an inoffensive individual and investigation failed to reveal the existence of personal enemies, either in Wilverton or on the several ships on which he had been employed.

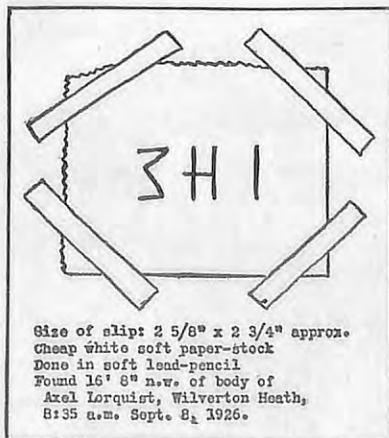
Lorquist had left the house of his cousin, the butcher, about nine o'clock on the night of September 7th, with the remark that he wanted some fresh air. His departure was witnessed by four persons: the butcher and his wife, and two eminently respectable tradesmen, whose reputations were deemed by the police too well established to warrant serious suspicion. It was commonly known that the sailor sometimes walked

about the heath until nearly dawn, and little surprise was expressed by his hosts when he failed to appear for breakfast the following day.

"He has gone on another of those long walks," the butcher remarked to his wife. "We'll see him again to-night."

THE police were unable to distinguish any trace of a footprint in the vicinity of the body, probably because the heath was hard and dry. Neither the sailor's footprints nor those of his assailant were visible. It was presumed, however, that Lorquist's murderer had sprung upon him, probably unaware, while he passed a low line of bushes, and it was presumed by the police that the murderer had stayed at least a moment or two after the killing in order to pin to the victim's coat some sign or message. This was deduced by the finding of a single ordinary pin a few inches from the body, and a few yards away, a small square of paper bearing certain roughly formed characters, which completely puzzled the local detectives. It might have been torn from a sheet, or from a notebook. The writing was in pencil.

(Continued on page 39)



The paper, mounted and described

Size of slip: 2 5/8" x 2 3/4" approx.
Cheap white soft paper-stock
Done in soft lead-pencil
Found 16' 8" n.w. of body of
Axel Lorquist, Wilverton Heath,
8:35 a.m. Sept. 8, 1926.

Radio Rambles—Tune in!



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

MY, my—the postman is getting hunchbacked from carrying mail to me—but he is happy, and so am I. Fire away with your questions—but please be specific. Tell me the stations to which you listen, and I will help take you behind the scenes. All questions are answered, but sometimes it takes time before space is available.

Sincerely,

Gladys Shaw Erskine.

Irene Beasley

Irene Beasley, (below) of C. B. S., calls herself the "long lean gal from Dixie." She's a personality singer and her aura extends a long, long way through the microphone. Don't you love her Virginia accent—or is it Texas, Tennessee, or Mississippi? Every state in the South is claiming her, and they should all be proud



Uncle Abe and David

Fans listening in over the N. B. C. networks chuckle over the checker games between the very nasal Down East Yanks, "Uncle Abe and David." Uncle Abe is played by Phillips Lord, (left) and David by Arthur Allen. When a "Nor'easter" sweeps down from Labrador, it's enough to give anyone a blue nose, sez Uncle Abe. Phillips Lord is also the one and only Seth Parker, about whom so many letters have been received



Irene Bordoni

Irene Bordoni was born in Corsica, and she rules the field of comedy like Miss Napoleon. Her laughter sways more hearts than ever did the sword of the great French Emperor. You hear Irene over the Columbia Broadcasting System in the Coty program, in which she is known as "The Coty Play-girl"—Those who hear her and don't see her miss a great deal. "Zat sharm" is a little more potent when you can watch the Bordoni in action



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



Art Gilman

Art Gilman (above) spends every evening in a morgue, prior to his doleful singing. That's to get the right atmosphere for a mournful dirge. They say he plays only on the black keys, and prefers a raisin bread-line, but, as Art said at the last wake in the C. B. S. studio, "You can't dunk raisin bread"

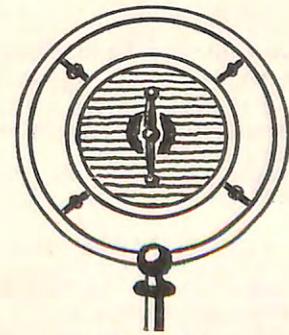
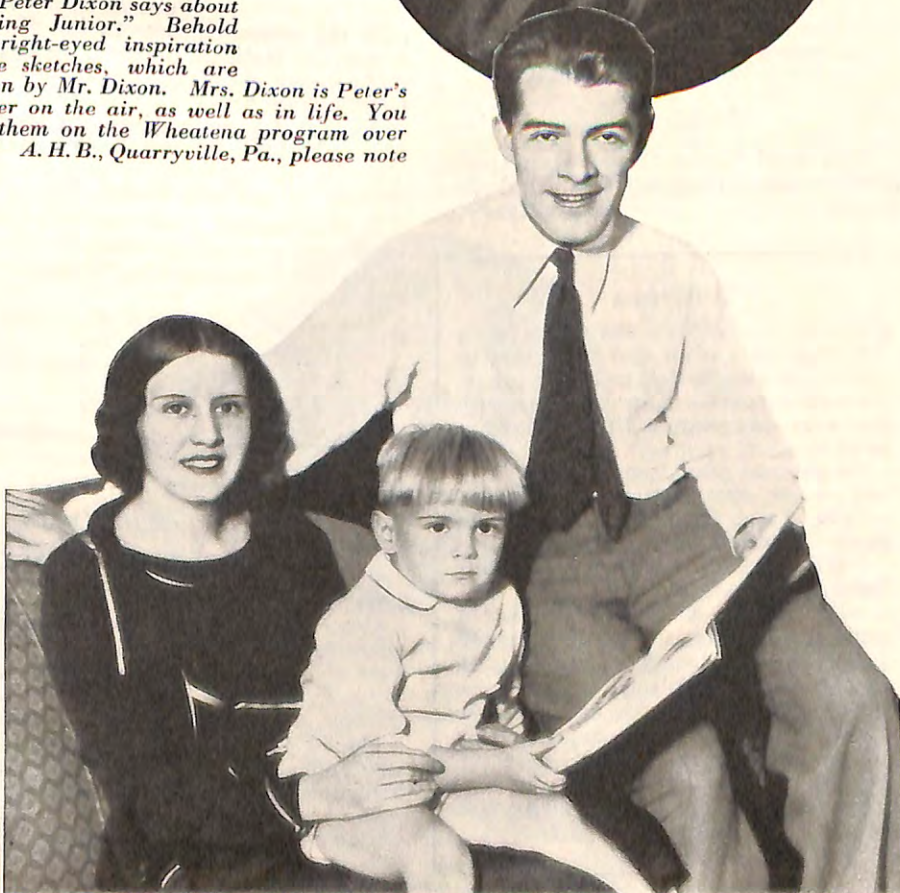


Frank Moulan

Frank Moulan, (left) of the original cast of "The Sultan of Sulu," takes the leading part in the Radio version of the same play, over the N. B. C. blue network for Philco. He is one of the best-beloved and most popular of all the Gilbert and Sullivan actors. Everybody who knows Gilbert and Sullivan knows Moulan. He has the unique power of projecting the same lovable, laughable personality over the air that the public has grown to love over the footlights

The Dixons

"And a little child shall lead them" — into the Radio — is what Peter Dixon says about "Raising Junior." Behold the bright-eyed inspiration of the sketches, which are written by Mr. Dixon. Mrs. Dixon is Peter's partner on the air, as well as in life. You hear them on the Wheatena program over WJZ. A. H. B., Quarryville, Pa., please note



ELKS:

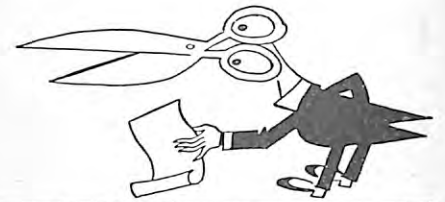
*Listen in for the
Eleven o'Clock Chimes
and
Auld Lang Syne
Played by symphony orchestras
over these stations
Every Monday Night
at Eleven o'Clock
(Your Time)*

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| KPO
San Francisco, Cal. | WMCA
New York, N. Y. |
| KOMO
Seattle, Wash. | KWK
St. Louis, Mo. |
| KLZ
Denver, Col. | WNAC
Boston, Mass. |
| KSTP
St. Paul, Minn. | KNX
Los Angeles, Cal. |
| KYW
Chicago, Ill. | WJR
Detroit, Mich. |





SHEAR NONSENSE



A Good One on Him

There was the absent-minded professor's wife who found the professor kissing one of his prettiest and youngest students, and she laughed and laughed because she knew the professor was so absent-minded.

—Green Goat.

A Growling Success

"It's time to get dog licenses again. You keep a dog, don't you?"

"No. If we hear a noise in the night, we bark ourselves."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

And Then Another

A doctor says he often wonders how much sleep the average man really wants. Just another five minutes! —Passing Show.

Brewding Over Misfortune

First tramp on park bench: "What's worryin' you to-day, 'Erbert?"

Second tramp on same park bench: "I found a recipe for 'ome made beer, an' I got no 'ome."

—Smith's Weekly.

The Attraction King

A Warsaw woman is seeking a divorce on the grounds that her husband has eleven sweethearts. She wants to sever relations with the magnetic Pole.

—Judge.

More Charged Than Batteries

Auto Salesman: "Jones just tried to make me believe that he's driven his flivver for five years and never paid a cent for repairs. Do you believe that?"

Garage Man: "I'll say I do. I made the repairs."

—Boston Beanpot.

She Should Shay Sho

Indignant Wife (to incoming husband): "What does the clock say?"

Husband: "It says 'tick-tock,' and doggies shay 'bow-wow,' and cows shay



"Hey, you!"
"Who, me?"

—Cornell Widow.

'moo-moo,' and little pussy-cats shay 'meow-meow.' Now are you shatisfied?"

—Toronto Globe.

Balkie Stars

With most movie actors, when they're asked to take a dangerous rôle, it's doubles or quits.

—College Humor.

Ravenous

CUFFY HANKINS was tenant of a small part of a rice plantation in North Carolina, which he cultivated on his own account. After a particularly fine crop one year, a friend congratulated him.

"I suppose you done made a killin' wid yo rice, Brother Hankins."

"No," said Cuffy, "I didn't do so good. De ducks nigh et it all up."

"What ducks? I ain't heard nothin' 'bout no ducks."

"Well," said Cuffy, "you know I rents fum Mr. Hooper an' gits my rashins fum him. An' den, when de rice is all crapped, he sells it fo' me. Well, when he gits de money fo' de rice, den he say he got ter deduck fo' de rent, an' deduck fo' de taxes, an' deduck fo' de meat an' homny, an' deduck for dis an' dat. An' when he gits thru, de ducks done nigh et up all my rice."

—Fred Harper.



Vanishing American

"Make a sentence using the word evanescent."

"Well, well, well, evanescent my old friend Charlie!"

—Judge.

By a Torpedo

If they ever take a gangster for a ride in a motor boat, they'll probably say he was put-put-put-put on the spot.

—Life.

Remote Control

"Have you ever driven a car?" the lady applicant for a license was asked.

"One hundred and twenty thousand miles," put in her husband, who was standing near, "and never had her hand on the wheel."

—The Crossroads.

Josh No Monopolist

"With a single stroke of a brush,"

said the school-teacher, taking his class around the National Gallery, "Joshua Reynolds could change a smiling face to a frowning face."

"So can my mother," said a small boy near by.

—Iowa Frivol.

Turn About

A kind-hearted gentleman saw a little boy trying to reach the doorbell. He rang the bell for him, then said, "What now, my little man?"

"Run like hell," said the little boy. "That's what I'm going to do."

—Iowa Frivol.

Or Another Car

Safe driving at a moderate speed requires nothing but self-control and a strong rear bumper.

—Dubuque American Tribune.

The Dead and the Quick

Old Customer: "What's become of that assistant you had, Mr. Parks? Not defunct, I hope?"

Grocer: "That he has, mum; with every penny 'e could lay his 'ands on."

—Vanity Fair.

His Silence Golden

She: "Jack, I was wrong to treat you the way I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, for being so angry with you all last week?"

He: "Sure! That's all right. I saved \$22 while we weren't on speaking terms."

—The Bull's Eye.



UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

With David Lawrence In Washington

The Business Capital of America—Restraint, Regulation and Information

WHEN Congress goes home, does the government stop functioning? So much emphasis is placed upon the work of our national legislature that people sometimes forget there are two other branches of the government—the executive and the judicial—that nowadays there are at least ten men exercising authority on behalf of the President, namely, the heads of departments, and that the courts are every day making business law.

We have a habit, too, of waving aside the "commissions" as if they were all transient and incidental, when, as a matter of fact, we should draw a distinction between fact-finding tribunals which come and go with every administration and the permanent commissions which have broad enough power to turn business upside down over-night.

What is often not realized is that four hundred and thirty-five men can legislate, but they cannot administer. Nor can they act in a judicial capacity in controversies that arise over the laws they have made.

Washington has truly become the business capital of America whether Congress is in session or adjourned. New York and Chicago may lay claim to financial power and business control. But the National Capital applies the restraint, regulates the fairness or unfairness of competition, and plays an ever-increasing part in the gathering of information from all over the world wherewith to help itself.

To many business men, government is just so much interference with order and

progress. To others, it is a great arm of cooperative endeavor which furnishes them facts and figures as well as the latest news on trends for their guidance. It is impossible to visualize what is going on in Washington every day. The newspaper reporters are mostly interested in the soldier bonus, or the drought, or prohibition. The correspondents of the trade papers follow the news of their commodities in the sundry places in government where regularly there is a flow of information for their respective industries. And there is scarcely a commodity known or a business or a trade which does not have a point of contact of some kind with government.

The petroleum industry has been talking about curtailment of production and wondering whether the Anti-Trust Laws would be invoked against them. And lately there has been as interesting a controversy as we have had in years on the subject of rationing imports so as to stabilize the oil supply in domestic United States.

Take coal. With the Bureau of Mines active in collecting information about coal mining, we have one phase of that industry, but recently the Interstate Commerce Commission has been dealing with factors of competition involved in the railroads' charge for transporting coal.

Now, that same Commission is wrestling with the whole problem of railroad competition. This means bus and truck transportation and freight rates generally.

Then there are always new problems such as the regulation of power transmission across State lines, and the handling of hydro-

electric projects on navigable streams, which the new Federal Power Commission must work out.

And if you are ever in doubt about what goes on to keep Washington busy when Congress is away, take a look at what the Federal Trade Commission does from day to day. If it isn't investigating the financial technicalities of the power industry, it is inquiring into the operations of chain stores and companies, and all complaints on unfair competition in business.

Hardly a day passes that the owners of radio stations are not in the National Capital either trying to get a wave length assured or permits that will give them increased range—for the government really takes the position that it virtually owns the air, and hence licenses it to the stations.

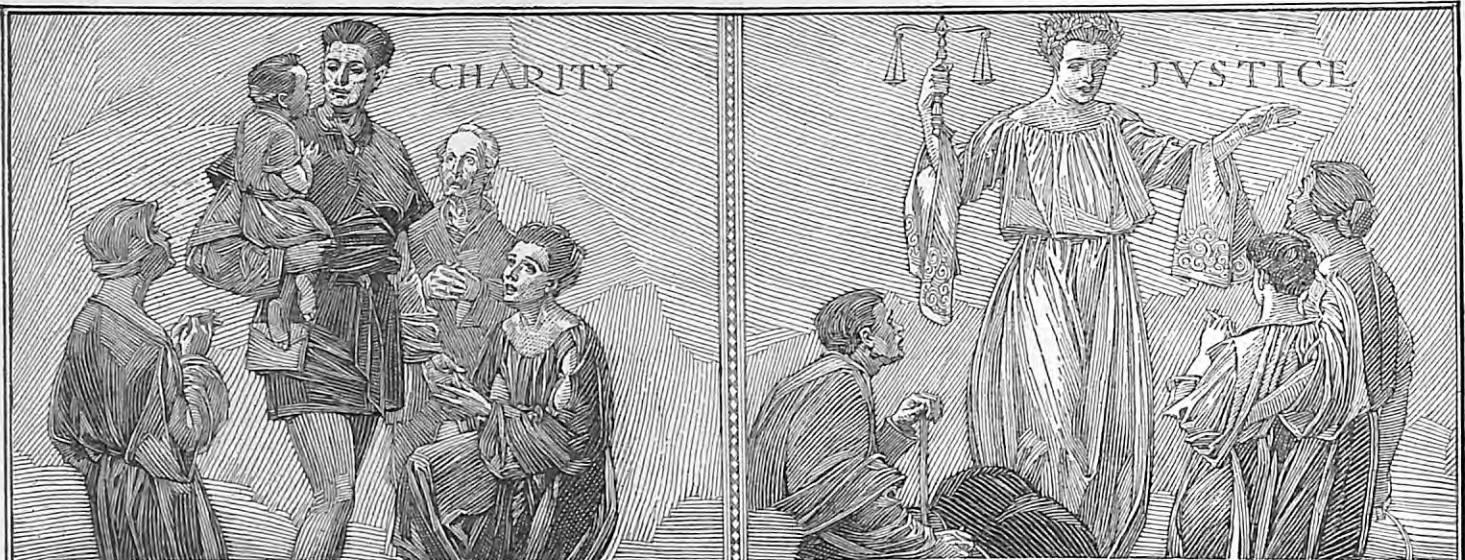
FARMING may not be a business in the manufacturing sense, but it has all sorts of ramifications. The offices of the Federal Farm Board have been thronged with applicants for loans, lawyers disentangling problems arising out of the lending of huge sums of money, and representatives of cooperative farm organizations.

There is a steady stream of people at the Bureau of Internal Revenue, and dozens of conference rooms in which lawyers and clients and tax experts go into a huddle, trying to figure out whether the government has overcharged somebody or whether the taxpayer needs a course of instruction in accounting or whether some overzealous government expert has a lot to learn about the way a particular business happens to be run.

Many of these conferences are secret—that is, information is given in confidence or is asked for with the understanding that it will not be made public. Bankers come and go to the Comptroller's office in the

(Continued on page 42)





EDITORIAL

A REBUKE TO PESSIMISM

THE parade that is held each year as part of the program of the Grand Lodge Convention has come to be an outstanding feature of this national gathering of Elks. It is quite natural that it should be. The spectacular display is pleasing to the eye; the music of the many bands is inspiring; the fluttering flags, with their formal escorts, quicken patriotic emotions; and the marching hosts are impressive by their very numbers.

If this were all, however, the annual parade might still be accounted of dubious value as compared with its expense and the incident labors involved. But when it is realized that it is also a distinctive evidence of the power and prestige of the Order, of the loyalty and enthusiasm of its membership; that it is a symbolic exemplification of the Fraternity's purposes and aspirations; and that it effectively presents to the public the fine personnel of its members from all parts of the country; then its real importance is apparent. It becomes an event distinctly worth while to the Order.

But this year an opportunity is presented to make this particular feature of the Convention not only of great value to the Fraternity itself, but also of exceptional service to the whole country. Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, in his recent circular, calls attention to the unusual opportunity, and forcefully appeals to the subordinate Lodges to avail themselves of it.

After referring to the psychological aspect of present business conditions, and to the too prevalent pessimistic state of mind, tending to unwarranted commercial apathy, he states:

"Therefore, it is up to Elkdom to lead the nation out of the doldrums. It is incumbent upon the greatest of all American fraternities to demon-

strate in no uncertain manner that the Order, unaffected by 'cycles of depression,' spells prosperity and progress.

The Grand Lodge parade in Seattle next July offers the medium through which and by which there shall be given to the nation convincing and indisputable demonstration of our faith and solidarity. . . . No single action which this Order can take will have a greater tendency to banish the bugaboo of 'hard times.'"

It is pleasing to note that his spirited call to this truly patriotic service is meeting with eager response from Lodges throughout the country. It is earnestly hoped that the parade in Seattle will be the largest, most colorful, and most inspiring ever held by the Order of Elks. And this hope is expressed in the abiding confidence that such a pageant will constitute a most effective rebuke to pessimism.

FIGHT AGAINST FACTIONS

IN EVERY subordinate Lodge there will inevitably develop differences of opinion among its members. These relate to questions of policy, as to suggested fraternal activities, as to proposed building plans, and the thousand and one matters about which men may honestly hold variant views. This is as wholesome as it is natural. It bespeaks interest and independence of thought.

If the differing opinions be frankly expressed and thoughtfully considered by all the members; if opponents be courteous and generous in their mutual attitudes; and if the decision be accepted with good grace; then not only will no harm be done, but conditions will be all the better for the experience.

But if impatience be displayed toward those holding opposing views; if arguments earnestly advanced be brushed aside instead of being



Decorations by Franklin Booth

seriously met and considered; if personalities be injected into what should be wholly impersonal; if victors become exultant and losers resentful; then there is developed a situation fraught with gravest danger. Those winning in such a spirit are likely to regard themselves as having a special tie to bind them together in the consideration of all Lodge matters. Such losers are equally apt to think they have a common cause forcing them to combine defensively or aggressively in future discussions. This leads to factions among the members, the most unfortunate condition which can exist in any Lodge.

The formation and growth of such factions should be fought with intelligence and diplomacy by the thoughtful leaders of the Lodge. And the most effective method of doing this is the calm, cool, earnest and persistently renewed reminder, aptly suggested to both sides, that a Lodge of Elks is a fraternal body. When its affairs are being considered, it is not a disputatious meeting of business competitors, nor a contention between unfriendly rivals. It is a conference of real brothers looking to an end in which they each have the same interest, and toward which they entertain the same purpose, the well-being of the Lodge.

If this fact be kept in mind, and it be recalled that the same fraternal relationships and obligations will continue, whatever decision is reached, irritating incidents will be avoided. Soreness will not follow. The foundations for factions will not be laid.

The newly elected officers can address themselves to no problem of greater usefulness or importance than the harmonizing of factions that may exist in their Lodges, and the ever-watchful guarding against the development of such festering sores.

OUR NATIONAL MEMORIAL

WHEN the Grand Lodge convenes in Seattle in July, the National Memorial Headquarters Commission contemplate presenting their final report. The splendid Memorial in Chicago will have been completed, the placing of the wonderful bronze groups, Patriotism and Fraternity respectively, by Adolph Weinman, constituting the final artistic embellishment. While the building has been in use, and open to the public for several years, it has only been during the past year that several of the chief art features have been installed.

Those who have had opportunity to inspect the magnificent Memorial will realize the impossibility of adequate description without the constant use of superlatives. In a brief sentence, summing up the opinions of competent judges, it must be accorded high place among the most beautiful structures of the world.

Elks everywhere naturally feel a keen pride in this fraternal tribute to their many brothers who served and sacrificed in the World War, in the erection and maintenance of which each one of them may claim an equal share. It is a national shrine of the Order which every member should visit in a spirit of patriotic and fraternal devotion.

It is suggested that those members from the East who anticipate attending the Grand Lodge Session in Seattle in July should, if possible, arrange their route and schedule so as to permit such a visit. It will repay whatever time and expense are involved; and it will prove an inspirational experience.

No one can behold the perfection of its beauty and realize its significance without a thrill of patriotic emotion. No member can do so without becoming a better Elk, with a renewed loyalty and devotion to the Order and all for which it stands, here so effectively expressed.

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Its Golden Jubilee

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, instituted on March 20, 1881, the first unit of the Order in the Hoosier State, a few weeks ago marked its fifty years of vigorous existence with a Golden Jubilee celebration, that drew to its hospitable Home a host of members and their well-wishers from all over the country. Of the seven surviving charter members, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, former Postmaster-General Harry S. New, James V. Cook, John Jay Curtis, Eugene A. Cooper, Past Grand Tiler George W. June, and Charles F. Cleveland, only Mr. Curtis and Mr. Cooper were absent.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning acted as toastmaster during the program of speeches following the banquet which marked the climax of the occasion. After the address of welcome by Exalted Ruler Earl C. Wolf, Mr. Fanning spoke of the significance of Indianapolis Lodge's half-century of life and then introduced charter member James V. Cook, who made a most telling address. He was followed by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, who spoke of the work of the Grand Lodge, by Grand Treasurer Lloyd R. Maxwell, and by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who, as the personal representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, made the principal address of the evening. Harry J. Armstrong, a member of Chicago Lodge, No. 4, and of the original "Jolly Corks," then delivered the Eleven o'Clock Toast.

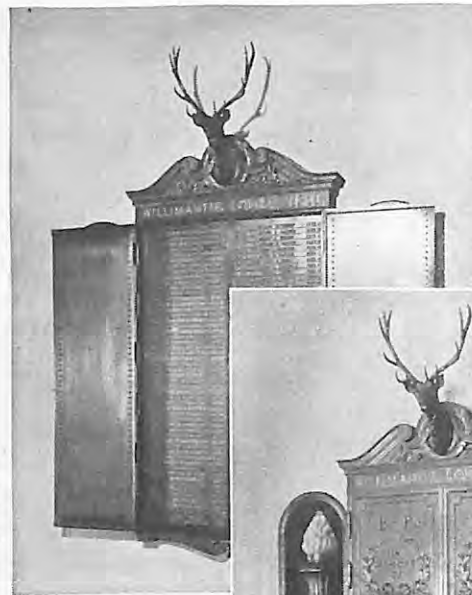
Judge Michael Feinberg, Exalted Ruler of No. 4, upon the resumption of the speeches, presented No. 13, on behalf of his Lodge, with a beautiful guest register in commemoration of that day, fifty years before, when the total membership of the Order was 1,339, and the officers of Chicago Lodge journeyed through a blizzard to institute Indianapolis Lodge. Former Postmaster-General New then reviewed the fifty years of his membership in No. 13, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Hubert S. Riley paid tribute to the charter members. Past Exalted Ruler Thomas L. Hughes then spoke, and was followed by Everett Irish, member of the Board of Trustees of No. 13, who presented Honorary Life Memberships to those of the charter members who had not previously been voted them, the Messrs. Curtis, Cook, Cleveland and Cooper. These were awarded in recognition of distinguished services to the Lodge during its long life.

Telegrams and letters from individuals and Lodges throughout the nation, congratulating No. 13 on its half-century of achievement, were read by Mr. Fanning. A beautiful floral piece sent by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, decorated the banquet table.

Antigo, Wis., Elks Dedicate New Home; Grand Secretary Present

In the presence of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and two hundred other Elks, including many prominent in the affairs of the Order, the new \$45,000 Home of Antigo, Wis., Lodge, No. 662, was dedicated recently on the day of the thirtieth anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. Among the distinguished guests attending the ceremonies, besides Grand Secretary Masters, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Broughton and J. H.

The dignified and beautiful tablet erected by Willimantic, Conn., Elks in memory of members of their Lodge no longer living



Wallis, and E. W. Mackey, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. Preceding the dedicatory services a three-course dinner was served. Past Exalted Ruler Earl J. Plantz, of Antigo Lodge, officiated as toastmaster. Addresses were made by Grand Secretary Masters, District Deputies Broughton and Wallis, President Mackey, of the State Association, Exalted Ruler Elmer Nelson of the Lodge, and by members of the building committee. At a meeting following the dedication exercises, a class of forty candidates, the largest in the Lodge's history, was initiated by the officers. Their conduct of the ceremonies was impressive.

Judge E. C. Kramer, of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge Dies

Judge Edward C. Kramer, for some twenty-five years a member of East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, died recently in his home in East St. Louis. Judge Kramer took great interest in the work of the Order and was beloved and admired by a host of Elks of the State and the county. For nearly fifty years Judge Kramer had been engaged in the practice of law, during twenty-six of which he had been continuously associated with his brother, R. J. Kramer and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, under the firm name of Kramer & Campbell. He was a former President of the Illinois Bar Association, and stood high in the practice of his profession in the State.

Crack Drill Team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge Plans Convention Tour

Under the auspices of the Drill Team of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, a fifteen-day trip, with stop-overs, to the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle, has been planned. The schedule is so arranged that any Elks or friends of the party wishing to do so may join the train at Chicago. On the return trip the plans call for a passage through the Canadian mountains, with stop-overs at such picturesque points as Vancouver, Lake Louise and Banff.

Princeton, Ky., Elks Receive Visit From District Deputy Stevens

One of the most pleasant and memorable occasions in the history of Princeton, Ky., Lodge, No. 1115, was the recent gathering of members at the Lodge's new Home to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Philip Stevens, on the occasion of his home-coming visit. District Deputy Stevens was, a short time ago, elected Exalted Ruler of Princeton Lodge for the third consecutive term, a distinction achieved by no other member of the Lodge, and is the first member of No. 1115 to be appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. In addition to the attendance of a large number of members of Princeton Lodge, delegations from Hopkinsville and Madisonville Lodges were present. A class of seven candidates,



designated as "The Philip Stevens Class," was initiated. W. L. Cash, Mayor of Princeton, and a Past Exalted Ruler of Princeton Lodge, welcomed the assemblage and highly complimented the work and progress of the Lodge. After the business session and initiation ceremonies, a buffet supper was served.

Pocatello, Ida., Lodge Sponsors Boxing Bouts for Charity

Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674, sponsored recently the championship boxing bouts of the Amateur Athletic Union of that State. The profits earned by the presentation of the event are to be devoted to the Lodge's fund for charitable enterprises.

Orange, N. J., Elks Feel Loss of Past Trustee P. J. Flaherty

Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, suffered recently a loss deeply felt by every member, in the death of Past Trustee Patrick J. Flaherty, to whose guidance, during its early days, the Lodge ascribes much of its present soundness of organization.

Stamford, Conn., Elks Vote \$5,000 For Food and Fuel for Needy

Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899, appropriated recently \$5,000 for the provision of food and fuel for needy families in its community. For the distribution of the supplies, the Lodge has obtained, near its Home, a storehouse from which weekly dispensations are made.

Sonora, Calif., Lodge Is Instituted Before 750 Members of the Order

In the presence of some 750 members of the Order, representing many Lodges of the California, East Central, District, Sonora Lodge was instituted recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank H. Pratt, as No. 1587 of the Order. Among the prominent Elks of the State attending the ceremonies were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred. B. Mellmann and Delmar R. Jacobs Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harry A. Kimball and F. E. Dayton and Governor James A. Rolph of California, a member of San Francisco

Lodge, No. 3. The officers of Modesto Lodge, No. 1282, initiated a class of fifteen candidates for the new Lodge. The total membership of Sonora Lodge, including those initiated at the meeting and members affiliated by dimit, is 108. At the election of officers, Harry B. Hoffman was chosen Exalted Ruler and Paul H. Suter, Secretary. A few days after the Lodge's institution it issued the first edition of its official organ, "The Hill Billies," in mimeograph. Hereafter it will appear in regular printed form.

Minstrel Show for Red Cross Given By Sacramento, Calif., Lodge

For the benefit of the Red Cross Drought Relief Fund, a minstrel show, sponsored and produced by members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, was given recently at a local theatre. Before the curtain rose, every seat was sold and only standing room could be had. So successful was the entertainment that the Lodge was able to arrange other benefit performances in near-by towns.

Richmond, Va., Elks Induct Record Class of 89 into Lodge

In the presence of Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, and of an assemblage of its own members which taxed the capacity of its Lodge room, Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, initiated at a recent meeting eighty-nine candidates. This was the largest single group of members ever inducted into the Lodge. In honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, the class was denominated "The Lawrence H. Rupp Class."

Warsaw, Ind., Lodge Initiates Class of Twelve Candidates

A class of twelve candidates was initiated recently by the officers of Warsaw, Ind., Lodge, No. 802, before an attendance of 125 members. Prior to the meeting a banquet was served in the dining-room to over 200 Elks, including visitors from Fort Wayne, Garrett, Wabash, Columbia City, Goshen and Peru Lodges. The visitors highly praised the initiatory work of the officers.

Bristol, Pa., Lodge Sponsors Unit Of Sea Scouts and Christens Ship

Bristol, Pa., Lodge, No. 970, held recently in its Lodge room the ceremonies incident to the presentation of a charter from the national organization of the Boy Scouts of America to a troop of Sea Scouts. At the same time, the Bristol Elks took part in the christening of the youngsters' Sea Scout Ship, "Elks." This vessel consists of a replica within a large room in the city of the upper part of a ship, including a bridge, a chart room and other characteristically marine compartments and fittings. The exercises marking the bestowal of the charter and the christening were picturesque in the extreme, including an impersonation of Father Neptune and the usage of a ritual and manners symbolic of the sea. The organization of the Sea Scouts comprises the older members of the eight Boy Scout troops of Bristol. Its object is



The scene of the second annual Elks Charity Frolic promoted recently by Yankton, S. D., Lodge, just before the start of festivities. The affair proved a pronounced success

to preserve in these boys, grown too large for further active interest in their ordinary scouting, the wholesome enthusiasm engendered by the Scout idea.

Alameda, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Twenty-fifth Anniversary

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary recently. Three hundred and seventy members of the Order attended the affair, a banquet at the Hotel Alameda. Prominent among the features of the occasion was an interestingly presented history of the fraternity, given by Judge Homer R. Spence. Past Exalted Ruler William E. Varcoe, a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, presided as toastmaster during the festivities.

Every Past Head of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge Attends Meeting

Every living Past Exalted Ruler of Crawfordsville, Ind., Lodge, No. 483, attended Past Exalted Rulers' Night, observed recently at the Home. Over two hundred members of the Lodge were present to celebrate the occasion. Following the meeting a buffet luncheon was served.

Silver Anniversary Observed by North Attleboro, Mass., Elks

Three hundred members of North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge, No. 1011, together with several prominent visiting members of the Order, recently participated in the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. It was one of the largest and most enthusiastic meetings held at the Home of No. 1011

in several years. Among the distinguished Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morton G. Sartoris, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph D. Irvine, Hugh McNeill and Thomas E. McCaffrey and President William E. Earle and Secretary Jeremiah J. Hourin, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. The exercises opened with a banquet served in Red Men's hall, during the course of which addresses were made by Past Exalted Ruler Charles F. Martin and several of the guests. A business session at the Lodge Home ensued.

District Deputy Broughton Finishes Tour Before Undergoing Operation

Postponing drastic treatment for appendicitis until he had completed his official visitations of the Lodges under his supervision, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton of Wisconsin, Northeast, recently was forced to submit to an operation. This he underwent at St. Nicholas Hospital in Sheboygan. Reports upon Mr. Broughton's condition, published in *The Sheboygan Press*, of which he is editor, are favorable. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to wish him both a prompt and complete recovery.

Buy Buddy Poppies This Year to Help Disabled War Veterans

THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to urge upon all members of the Order to extend again this year, as they so generously have extended in the past, their support of the Buddy Poppy Sale sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States. The sale will take place the week of Memorial Day. The proceeds from purchases of these little scarlet flowers, the handiwork of disabled ex-Service men in government hospitals, are devoted to the alleviation of distress among helpless veterans and their families. One particular institution to benefit from the profits of the Buddy Poppy Sale is the National Home for Widows and Orphans of Ex-Service Men, at Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Omaha, Neb., Lodge Has Forty-fifth Birthday; District Deputy Visits

Among the activities participated in recently by the members of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 30, were a reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Guy N. Henninger and the celebration of the Lodge's forty-fifth anniversary. On the occasion of his official visit to their Home, District Deputy Henninger was warmly greeted by an enthusiastic assemblage of members. Notable among the guests attending the affair was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Amos Ginn, of Nebraska, South. At a meeting held prior to the District Deputy's visit the members celebrated the forty-fifth anniversary of the institution of the Lodge. There was present



The Police Department Band of Birmingham, Ala., which was inducted in a body a short time ago into Lodge No. 79 in that city. The band is celebrated throughout the State

for the festivities a numerous gathering of "Old Timers" including two of the four living charter members.

Chaplain of Portland, Me., Lodge Has Served Thirty-three Years

With the reelection recently of John P. Welch to the post of Chaplain of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, its members point to their belief that this officer is distinctive in length of services among the officers of other Lodges of the State. Mr. Welch has been Chaplain of the Portland Elks for thirty-three years. In recognition of his value to the Lodge he was, several years ago, made a life member. He is seventy years of age.

Pawhuska, Okla., Lodge Begins Fund for New Home

Pawhuska, Okla., Lodge, No. 1177, recently established a building fund with which it expects to erect in the near future a new Home. With the more spacious accommodations afforded by the new building, the members will be at an even better advantage than heretofore to offer hospitality to visiting Elks. Pawhuska Lodge is situated in a country noted for its splendid hunting and fishing.

Butte, Mont., Lodge Holds Celebration Honoring Harry A. Gallwey

In honor of Harry A. Gallwey, one of its most distinguished and loyal members, Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, recently held a celebration upon the thirtieth anniversary of his installation as Exalted Ruler. The occasion, in the charge of District Court Judge Frank L. Riley, was designated "Harry Gallwey Night," and it was marked by the attendance of hundreds of members of the Order, including every Past Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge still residing in Montana. In addition, a legion of prominent Elks, in the State and elsewhere, sent felicitations to the guest of honor. A few of those from whom messages were received were Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Rush L. Holland,

James G. McFarland, Charles H. Grakelow and Murray Hulbert; and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters. As a token of its appreciation of Mr. Gallwey's devotion to the Lodge, its members presented to him in the course of the evening a life-membership card of gold. Entertainment, including selections by the Butte Mines Band, and singing and dancing performances, followed the business session of the Lodge. Upon the event of "Harry Gallwey Night," the *Montana Standard*, a Butte journal, said later in an editorial: "The Butte Lodge of Elks performed a merited service which has the heart-felt endorsement of the entire community when it conspicuously honored H. A. Gallwey. . . . Distinguished as he has been among his brethren of the Elks, Senator Gallwey (Mr. Gallwey was formerly a State Senator) is not held in greater esteem among that select circle than he is in the community at large. . . . May his vigorous activity and his personal charm continue to be a source of inspiration and pleasure to Butte and to all his friends for many, many years."

Notables Among Many Elks at Burbank, Calif., for Dedication of New Home

Elks from every Lodge in southern California attended recently the dedication ceremonies of the beautiful new Home of Burbank Lodge, No. 1497, whose cornerstone Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp laid last October. Among the four hundred and fifty members present at the banquet in the dining-room of the new Home and at the exercises which followed were Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy B. Witman, and Horace S. Williamson, President of the California State Elks Association. The Home, located

within two blocks of the center of the city, occupies the whole of a lot of 100 by 55 feet. It is of stucco, with a one-story front and a two-story rear section. Included among its attractive features are the lobby, the library, the ladies' lounge, game and billiard rooms, the Lodge room, extending over the entire second floor; a banquet hall and gymnasium.

Asbury Park, N.J., Lodge Wins Back Old Members at "Old Timers' Night"

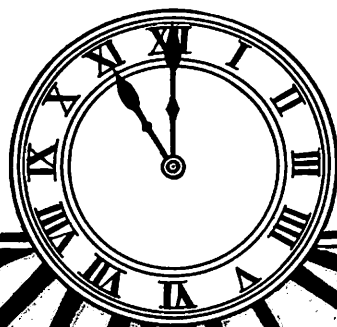
In order to re-create a hearty fraternal enthusiasm among members who only infrequently had attended meetings or visited the Home, Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, recently arranged an "Old Timers' Night," comprising among its attractions a roast-beef supper and a three-part vaudeville show performed by members of the Lodge. To this affair all members were invited, regardless of their delinquencies in the matter of regular attendance or the payment of dues. Six hundred in all responded, and there was noted a consequent large proportion of applications for reinstatement.

District Deputy Makes Homecoming Visit to Hobart, Okla., Lodge

Interest in "Old Timers' Night," observed by Hobart, Okla., Lodge, No. 881, was enhanced by its coincidence with the homecoming official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Harter. The initiation of a class of candidates, splendid addresses by a number of Past Exalted Rulers and the presence of many Elks from neighboring Lodges were features of the occasion. The attendance in all amounted to seventy-five.

District Deputy Mitchell Pays Visit to Evansville, Ind., Lodge

Evansville, Ind., Lodge, No. 116, recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Milo B. Mitchell. Past Exalted Rulers' Night was observed in connection with the event. Preceding the meeting a magnificent dinner was served to all past and present officers and guests. W. C. Groebl,



KOMO Seattle, Wash.

KSTP St. Paul, Minn.

WJR Detroit, Mich.

WMCA New York, N.Y.

KYW Chicago, Ill.

KWK St. Louis, Mo.

KLZ Denver, Col.

KPO San Francisco, Cal.

KNX Los Angeles, Cal.

WNAC Boston, Mass.

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



FREDERICK BURKETT

The officers of Sonora, Calif., Lodge No. 1587, instituted a short time ago

Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association, was among the distinguished visitors present. Delegations from Boonville, Vincennes, Mt. Vernon and Linton Lodges were in attendance. Following the meeting a social session and supper was enjoyed.

Past Exalted Rulers Initiate Class For Richmond, Ind., Lodge

Under the auspices of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association, a class of candidates was initiated recently at the Home of Richmond Lodge, No. 649. Every chair was occupied by a Past Exalted Ruler. Two charter members of No. 649, John F. Thompson and Elmer E. Eggemeyer, were among those to take part in the ritualistic ceremonies.

Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge Member is Appointed Judge of City Court

Harry L. Nuese, for a quarter-century a member of Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, was appointed recently Judge of the City Court of Buffalo. Judge Nuese was graduated from Cornell University in 1906. He was for three years Director of the Legal Aid Bureau and later, for fourteen years, associated with the District Attorney's Office in Buffalo.

T. C. Donnell, a Founder of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, Dies

Dr. T. C. Donnell, one of the charter members and first Exalted Ruler of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, and a physician of note in his city, died recently in San Bernardino. In fraternal circles Dr. Donnell was best known as one of the organizers, in 1903, of Long Beach Lodge. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Anna Donnell. To her, to the members of Long Beach Lodge, and to his host of friends in California, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to express its sincere sympathy for their loss.

Palo Alto, Calif., Elks Provide Entertainment for Veterans

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471, recently gave an entertainment for the patients at the United States Veterans' Hospital of that city. This was one of a series of vaudeville shows and concerts given by the Elks each month for the past two years for the veterans.

District Deputy R. W. McCarty Dies At Home in Frankfort, Ind.

Ralph Waldo McCarty, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Indiana, North Central, died recently at his home in Frankfort. His passing was both sudden and unexpected, for Mr. McCarty was only forty-three years of age and, both in his fraternal activities and in his professional capacity of advertising manager of the Frankfort Morning Times, he had of late

shown no diminution of his customary energy. An enthusiastic and universally popular Elk, Mr. McCarty was a member of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560. In addition to his widow, Mrs. Helen McCarty, four children survive him: William C., Betty Jean, Mary Helen and Sue McCarty. To these immediate members of his family, to his host of friends in Frankfort and many other Lodges in Indiana and to those without the order no less devoted to him, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to express its profound sympathy for their loss.

Miami, Fla., Lodge Initiates Clergymen of Three Faiths

In the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, the officers of Miami, Fla., Lodge, No. 948, recently initiated a class of candidates, among whom were three clergymen of three different faiths. They were Rabbi Jacob H. Kaplan, Father William Barry, and the Reverend Don G. Henshaw, a Protestant minister. In honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, the class was denominated "The Walter P. Andrews Class."

G. M. Calvert, Blind War Veteran, Heads Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge

Syracuse, N. Y., Lodge, No. 31, elected to the post of Exalted Ruler recently a veteran of the World War who was blinded as the result of injuries received from machine-gun fire at Chateau-Thierry, in 1918. He is George M. Calvert, and previous to his being selected for the highest office at the command of his Lodge,

he had served as Lecturing Knight. The honor lately bestowed upon him comes as a consequence of his many years of exceptional and zealous interest in the affairs of Syracuse Lodge and of the Order elsewhere in the State. In addition to his fraternal activities, Mr. Calvert has been associated with the work of the Disabled Veterans of the World War in the capacity of State Commander.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Will Return From Seattle Through Panama Canal

In addition to the members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, who are to attend the Grand Lodge Convention, in Seattle, in July, and to a large delegation of Elks from New England Lodges, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, announced recently its decision to return from the Pacific Coast by way of the Panama Canal. Present plans of the Brooklyn Elks call for a departure from Los Angeles, on July 20, aboard the Panama-Pacific liner *California*. Seven days later will see them at the Canal, where elaborate preparations for their entertainment, as well as that of the Bronx and New England Elks, are being made by the two Canal Zone Lodges, No. 1414 and No. 1542.

Lewiston, Me., Elks Ritualistic Team Wins State Championship

In the ritualistic contest conducted recently at the Home of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, by the Maine State Elks Association, Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, won the championship of the Lodges of the State, defeating last year's winner, Sanford Lodge, No. 1479, by a slight margin in the scoring. To the victorious team Past President C. Dwight Stevens awarded the trophy emblematic of the championship, a cup donated by the Portland Maine Publishing Company. President Wilfred P. Perry and Secretary Edward R. Twomey, of the Association, were in charge of the competitions. Among the officials assisting them were Arthur C. Labbe, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester C. Ayer. The championship cup is to remain in the custody of Lewiston Lodge for a year. Thereafter it must be competed for again. It will become the permanent property of a Lodge only upon its being won by the same Lodge three years in succession.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Elks Will Conduct Senior Track Championship Games

The Metropolitan Association of the Amateur Athletic Union awarded recently to Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, authority to conduct the Metropolitan Senior Track and Field Championships for 1931. This event will take place June 20, and it will mark the formal opening of



Simple, striking and modern is the new Home of Burbank, Calif., Lodge, recently dedicated

the new \$300,000 athletic stadium erected by the city of Mt. Vernon. From a sporting standpoint, these games are this year of especial importance, inasmuch as the Amateur Athletic Union has ruled that the winners in the several contests shall be considered qualified to enter the final tryouts for the American Olympic Team for 1932, to be held at Kansas City, Mo.

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Warren G. Sayre Dies

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Warren G. Sayre, to whom the Order will long be indebted for his invaluable work upon its constitution and charters, and one of the most prominent men in the public life of Indiana for many years, died recently at his home in Wabash, after an illness of two months. Although, on account of his eighty-six years and his decline in health for the last year or more, Mr. Sayre's passing was not unexpected, its occurrence came none the less as a severe shock to his multitude of devoted friends both within and without the fraternity which he so diligently and so ably had served. He was a charter member of his Lodge, Wabash Lodge, No. 471, officiating first as its Exalted Ruler in 1890 to complete the unfinished term of Charles Baker. So creditable was his administration that he was elected to the post for two additional successive periods. In 1903 and again in 1904 Mr. Sayre was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Charters. The following two years he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Special Committee on Constitution Revision. The Grand Lodge in 1908 elected him Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight and in 1909 Grand Esteemed Leading Knight. That Mr. Sayre was able to devote the energy and the thought that he did to the affairs of his fraternity is the more remarkable in consideration of the fullness of his enterprises and duties in professional and public life. Two years after he was graduated from Union College in Schenectady, N. Y., he was elected, in 1867, Mayor of Wabash, an office he was destined to occupy for four consecutive terms, until his resignation of it in 1875. In this year he was named State Senator, representing jointly Wabash and Kosciusko Counties. In 1884 Mr. Sayre was elected Representative to the Legislature for the same two districts, and in 1886, when they were made a unit, his constituents in them returned him to the House. The following year, as Speaker, he earned, for his staunch stand in safeguarding the funds of the State, the sobriquet of "Watchdog of the Public Treasury." This reputation for integrity brought his election to the Legis-

lature twice again, in 1902 and 1904. With the passing of this service Mr. Sayre's public career ended, although once later, in 1916, he entered the political lists as a candidate for Governor. He then returned to his private law practice. Members of his immediate family who survive him are his widow; his son, Daniel Sayre; a granddaughter, Mrs. Henriette Sayre; two great-grandchildren, Midshipman E. R. McClung, jr.; and Miss Anne Sayre McClung; and two step-children, Mrs. Charles Huff and Dr. Thomas K. Davis. Funeral services for Mr. Sayre were held from his home. Burial was in Falls Cemetery. In the ceremonies incident to this, members of his Lodge took part. The Grand Lodge was represented by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. Ray Miner, and the Indiana State Elks Association by its President, Fred A. Wiecking. Messages of condolence and eulogy were received from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; from Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and a host of other Elks of distinguished rank. To the members of Mr. Sayre's family and of his Lodge, and to his legion of devoted friends in public and private life, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend herewith its sincere sympathy for the loss they have suffered in his death.

Lincoln, Ill., Elks Hold Clinic For Crippled Children

Two incidents of special interest to the members of Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, to take place recently were the holding of a clinic for crippled children, and the reception of an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. E. Phillips. The District Deputy, in speaking to the Lodge at its formal session, remarked particularly upon the value of the work its members were performing in behalf of crippled children. At the clinic, held at the Deaconess Hospital a few days later, fifteen cases were treated by the orthopaedic specialists in charge.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge Unveils Memorial to District Deputy Fisher

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, unveiled, a short time ago, a memorial tablet in honor of the late Louis A. Fisher, District Deputy Exalted Ruler, who lost his life last summer in an automobile accident. Organ and vocal music were a part of the ceremonial incident to the event. The act of unveiling was performed by the late District Deputy's brother, Alex Fisher. Past Exalted Ruler Charles S. Hart, who was appointed, upon Mr. Fisher's

death, to serve as District Deputy for the unexpired remainder of his term, delivered the address of eulogy.

Carnegie, Pa., Elks Mourn Passing Of Secretary Albert J. Gabig

Members of Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, are mourning the loss of their Secretary, Albert J. Gabig, who died recently after a brief illness. In addition to his secretaryship in the Lodge, Mr. Gabig held similar posts in the Carnegie Board of Health and Chamber of Commerce. Funeral services according to the ritual of the Order were held for Mr. Gabig at the Lodge Home. These were followed by an ecclesiastical ceremony at St. Luke's Church.

Governor at Lansing, Mich., Lodge When District Deputy Calls

Notables of the Order and of the State government attended the meeting of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, recently when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Dickson Brown made an official visitation there. Present at the session, besides Mr. Brown, were Governor Wilber M. Brucker, Grand Trustee John K. Burch, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Byron O. Smith, and Past President Joseph Schnitzler, of the Michigan State Elks Association, all of whom addressed the Lodge.

Greenville, S. C., Lodge to Feed Fifty Needy Citizens Once Daily

Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, in cooperation with the Family Service Bureau of the Red Cross of its city, recently voted to serve, once a day, in the dining-room of its Home, a substantial meal for from thirty to fifty destitute members of the community. Tickets for these meals are to be distributed by the Red Cross. The financing of this definitely beneficial relief measure is to be borne by the Lodge and its members. E. M. Wharton, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on the Good of the Order, has been placed in charge of the buying and details of the financial arrangements.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson Visits Adams, Mass., Lodge

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, had the pleasure recently of entertaining two notable members of the Order, when Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and President William E. Earle, of the Massachusetts State Elks (Continued on page 64)

Past Grand Trustee Robert A. Gordon

ROBERT A. GORDON, member of the Board of Grand Trustees for five years, during the last of which he served as its Chairman, died recently of a sudden paralytic attack at his home in Atlanta, Ga., at the age of sixty-one.

Known as "Uncle Bob" to his fellow members in Lodge No. 78 in Atlanta, Mr. Gordon was one of the best-beloved figures in its life. He was, in 1912, Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, completing an unexpired term in that office; and in 1914 he was awarded Honorary Life Membership for distinguished services rendered. In 1913 and again in 1914 Mr. Gordon was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, and in 1916 he was made a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations. His election to the Board of Grand Trustees came in 1921, and extended until 1925, when he acted as Chairman.

Not only for his fraternal activities, but also for his career in the public and business life of Atlanta, Mr. Gordon was widely known. After serving as Councilman and Alderman and as a member of the Police Commission of the city, he was on two occasions Mayor, *pro-tem*, of Atlanta.

In his commercial enterprises he won a pronounced success. He was the head of a large furniture and carpet company in Atlanta with branches, at the time of his retirement two



years ago, in Miami and Jacksonville, Florida. It was noteworthy of Mr. Gordon's business methods that they were exceptionally generous. During the period of distress in his city following the conflagration there in 1917, he canceled the debts of many persons whom he knew to be in need and assisted, with his private funds, a large number of others.

Funeral services, attended by the members of Mr. Gordon's Lodge and a host of civic and business leaders of the city, were held at a chapel in Atlanta. Among the active pallbearers was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, and among the honorary pallbearers was Mayor James L. Key. The Patrol of Atlanta Lodge acted as escort to the body, and the funeral services of the Order were conducted by the officers of No. 78, in addition to the ecclesiastical ceremony. Interment was in West View Cemetery.

Surviving Mr. Gordon are his widow, Mrs. May Will Gordon; a daughter, Mrs. Joseph R. Cook; two sons, James Francis Gordon and William Henry Gordon; a brother, Sidney Gordon; a sister, Mrs. D. J. Hichaberry, and three grandchildren.

To these immediate members of Mr. Gordon's family, to the members of his Lodge and to his legion of devoted friends elsewhere, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy for their loss.

Office of the
Grand Esquire

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

Official Circular Number Three

*1227 Bank of America Building,
Los Angeles, California,
April 4, 1931*

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

SANDING of the rails with liberal quantities of American grit and determination has resulted in overcoming slipping driving wheels, and the National Prosperity Special which has had considerable difficulty in negotiating the long, hard climb over the grade of depression to the summit of normalcy is again forging ahead with perfect traction, a clear track, and popping safety valves.

From every quarter of the domain of Elkdom have come communications breathing the spirit of optimism and pledging unqualified cooperation in making the forthcoming Grand Lodge Parade in Seattle the greatest demonstration in the history of American fraternities.

When this circular shall have come to your attention, the stage will have been set at Seattle for what gives promise of being the premier convention of the Order and a gathering which will be recorded as heralding the advent of a new and greater era of prosperity.

In a pageant of the size and magnitude which we anticipate at Seattle, cooperation and coordination are prime requisites for smooth functioning and advance information as to participation therein is absolutely essential.

Therefore, there is being sent to every subordinate Lodge, State Association and District Deputy, a questionnaire which should be answered immediately. If all of the data required can not be furnished at this time, please give such information as is available. If there is nothing to report, so advise, because we can not take anything for granted, and your humble servant is not gifted with telepathic vision.

The greatest tribute which could be paid to the Better Parades Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association has been the adoption *in toto* of the rules and regulations formulated by them for the Atlantic City Reunion Parade, which are hereinafter quoted. These rules will be strictly enforced.

1. Strict decorum. Conduct that will be in keeping with that of an Elk and a gentleman. No smoking or indiscriminate talking in line. No waving or shouting to spectators: no display of hip flasks. Immediate withdrawal of a marcher in an intoxicated condition; uniform marching ranks.
2. All marchers in military dress or other uniform costume. The elimination of the stale, worn-out and overdone "DARK COAT, WHITE TROUSERS, STRAW HAT, PURPLE BAND AND CANE" outfit.
3. NO LADY MARCHERS. Lady participants must be placed in decorated cars or on floats.
4. NO COLORED FLAG BEARERS.
5. To have your members make an appearance that will call forth the respect and commendation of the spectators. This will bring credit to your Lodge and the Order in general. PUBLIC APPROVAL IS AN ASSET OF WHICH WE CANNOT HAVE TOO MUCH!
6. Exalted Rulers, Esquires and Chairmen of Parade Committees will be held strictly accountable for the enforcement of the above parade rules.

Expressing sincere appreciation for the helpful suggestions received and the support promised I subscribe myself,

Fraternally yours,

J. J. Dayle

Grand Esquire.



ASAHEL CURTIS

The city of Seattle to-day, with its impressive sky-line and magnificent waterfront, and its backdrop of snow-capped mountains

1931 Grand Lodge Convention At Seattle, Wash.

Bulletin No. 4

Band, Drum, and Drum and Bugle Corps Contests

REGULATIONS governing the band, drum, and drum and bugle corps contests at the Seattle Convention next July have been promulgated as follows:

1. The contests will be open to all bands, drum, and drum and bugle corps, all of whose members are Elks in good standing.

2. The basis of scoring will be at the discretion of three judges, whose decision will be final.

3. Drawing for positions will occur at the contest field, thirty minutes prior to the contest, the dates and hours to be specified in the official program.

4. Each band will play a march of its own choice, but will not be judged on it. Judges will base their decision on the overtures hereinafter referred to.

5. Competing bands will be classified on the following basis:

- Class A—bands of 35 or more pieces;
Class B—bands under 35 pieces.

6. Each Class A band must play one of the following overtures, published by Carl Fischer, New York:

- (1) "Ruy Blas" Mendelssohn
(Catalogue No. 99)

Or

- (2) "La Forza del Destino" Verdi
(The Force of Destiny)
(Catalogue No. J-296)

7. Each Class B band must play one of the following overtures, published by Carl Fischer, New York:

- (1) "Fest" Leutner
(Catalogue No. 136)

Or

- (2) "King Mydas" R. Eilenberg
(Catalogue No. 1461)

8. Drum, and drum and bugle corps will be judged on cadence, precision, appearance, uniforms, general effect, intonation and attack.

9. Suitable prizes will be announced in the official program.

THOSE Elks and their friends who visit Seattle will find that this bustling modern city has a background that is romantic and glamorous in the extreme.

History may be said to have begun in this section of the world when the adventurous Greek navigator, whose real name was Apostolos Valerianos, but who, as an emissary of the

Ritualistic Contest for the National Championship

Prizes

First—The \$1,000 Grand Lodge Cup, to be held by the winning team for the year. Also, through the courtesy of the Seattle Convention Committee, \$150.00 in cash.

Second—\$75.00 in cash. Third—\$25.00 in cash. (It is possible that the above amounts may be added to)

Time

Eliminations—July 6, 2 p.m.

Finals—July 7, 2 p.m.

Place

Lodge room in the Home of Seattle Lodge.

Entries

The entries of teams eligible to compete must be filed with the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, David Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Fla., not later than June 1st.

Information

For rules and other information write to Chairman Sholtz or to any member of the Committee.

All Elks

are cordially invited to attend both the preliminary and final contests, especially those subordinate Lodge officers interested in finer exemplification of the ritual.

Crown of Spain, has come down through the annals of time as Juan de Fuca, stumbled upon the Strait now bearing his name while questing the mythical Western Passage to India. In our matter-of-fact world of to-day we are thrilled by the mental vision of the little ship of three hundred years ago, sailing through the unknown strait and uncharted waters of a forest-girt sea, with its mysterious and magically beautiful sentinels of eternal snow, now known as Puget Sound.

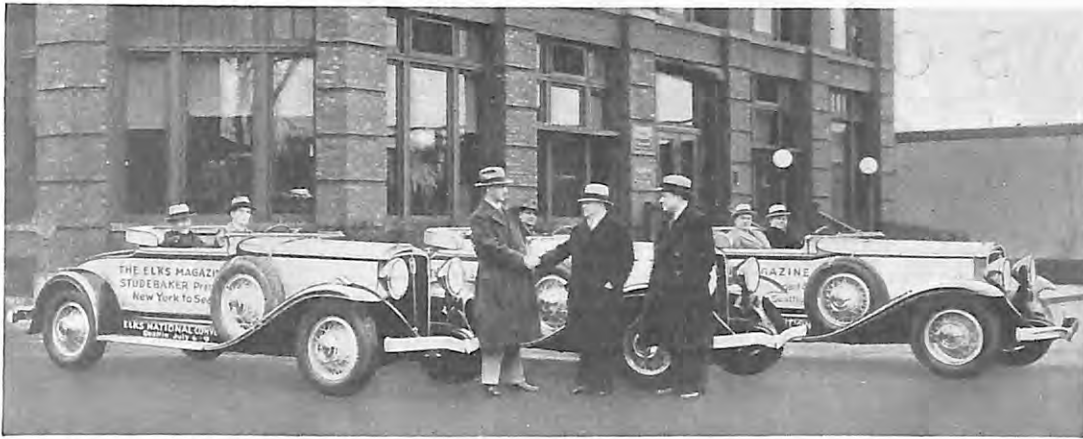
It was not until 200 years later, when Spain, pushing from the south to further her interests, ready to tilt with England over these virgin lands, that Captain George Vancouver, with his two English sloops-of-war, entered the land-enclosed sea on the three-fold mission of science, commerce and diplomacy. Successful in his mission, he it was who explored, surveyed and bestowed, in honor of friends and crew, so many of the names with which the world is now familiar—Puget Sound, Mounts Baker and Rainier, and on down through the long list. Even the huge, delectable crustacean of these inland waters was named for Dungeness of old England.

Following the explorers came the venturesome wilderness pathfinders, the fur companies, with their factors, their trappers and traders, and after them, via covered wagon and plodding oxen, the courageous men and women of one of the most stirring emigrations of all history. So it was that on a lowering Autumn day in 1851 a little group of men and women landed on what is now known as Alki Point, one of the embracements of the splendid harbor that serves to-day's Seattle of close to half a million.

Firm in their belief in the future, Seattle's founders called their settlement New York, a name that the trappers and traders derisively dubbed Alki, Chinook for "by-and-by," little realizing that under a slightly changed site and the nomenclature of a friendly and sagacious Indian chief, those pioneers' dreams would be realized in the New York of the Pacific Northwest.

Literally hewn from out the forest, life was far from a path of roses for the infant city. Always there lurked in the background the dangers of the impenetrable wilderness, the menace of unfriendly natives and of wild beasts. Yet withal the settlement grew into a village, a town, and finally into a city of modest mien. Ships found their way to its harbor, and carried back to the outside world the finest timber yet known. Always with the growth of the city there was developed the spirit of its builders—in home, in church and in school.

(Continued on page 56)



Officials of South Bend Lodge representing The Elks Magazine accept transcontinental roadsters from executives of Studebaker Corporation. In foreground, left to right, J. M. Cleary, Sales Manager for Studebaker, Exalted Ruler H. A. Richwine, and G. D. Keller, Manager Studebaker branches. Seated in cars, left to right—Car 1: G. Eberhart, Jr., Exalted Ruler-elect, with R. McAuliff, Loyal Knight. Car 2: E. N. Blake, of South Bend Lodge. Car 3: E. R. Nelson and Charles Miltenberger

The Good-will Fleet Is Off Again

The Elks Magazine Purple and White Fleet leaves New York May 11th, destined for the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle July 6-9, where formal reception is planned by eminent Grand and Subordinate Lodge officials

THE enthusiastic receptions given by the subordinate Lodges to THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleets of 1929 and 1930 result in another transcontinental good-will tour, this year in cooperation with the Studebaker Corporation of America. Three cars are being used, each painted with the Elks official Purple and White as in previous years. The cars are the new President Eight free-wheeling Studebaker Roadsters and will be piloted by members of the Order representing THE ELKS MAGAZINE on a mission of good-will to nearly two hundred Lodges on three different transcontinental routes. Leaving New York City May 11th they proceed 'cross country to Seattle, Washington, and are destined to arrive there the opening day of the Grand Lodge Conven-

tion, July 6th. At the conclusion of the Tour the cars will have covered more than seventeen thousand miles. Arrangements have been made for short broadcast talks at various points along the routes, at which times the pilots will report progress of their respective cars and will extend an invitation to all members of the Order within hearing to attend the Grand Lodge Convention.

In the transcontinental tour of 1930 more than three hundred thousand lines of favorable publicity were secured for the Grand Lodge Convention, the Order in general and THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and it is expected that this year's run will be even more favorably received by the local press in the cities where the cars will visit.

The routes of the 1931 Good-will Fleet are as

follows—Car No. 1 proceeds from New York into New England as far as Springfield, Massachusetts, where it swings west back into New York State to Buffalo and into Ohio with a turn north and west again through the fertile prairies and thriving communities of the great northwest. Car No. 2 penetrates the interior via a middle route through New Jersey, Pennsylvania and the middle-west, entering California at Stockton, where it turns north and runs along the west coast to Seattle. Car No. 3 follows the southern sea-board route, making many stops at southern Lodges and enters Texas at Texarkana, whence it proceeds through New Mexico and Arizona to San Diego, California. Taking a northern route it follows the west coast and joins Car No. 2 at Portland Oregon, and so enters Seattle.



News of the State Associations

Idaho

AMONG the features planned for the convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, to be held at Lewiston, under the auspices of Lewiston Lodge, No. 896, on July 2, 3 and 4, will be the Fourth of July address by Governor C. Ben Ross of Idaho. This and the ritualistic contest for the State championship, which will follow immediately, will climax the three-day convention. The plans of the committee in charge of the convention include also arrangements for the holding of the ritualistic championship of the State. This will take place upon the opening day of the assembly. The program of events comprises, in addition to the features already mentioned, two parades. One will be the regular daylight parade, to be held in the morning and to precede a series of band concerts and drill team contests. The other is to be a spectacular night parade, in which uniformed drill teams, drum and bugle corps will participate with exhibitions of special maneuvers. It will terminate at the dance pavilions where a monster ball is to be held.

Indiana

OVER thirty officers and committee chairmen, and many other members of the Order, recently attended the annual mid-winter meeting of the Indiana State Elks Association at the Hotel Antlers at Indianapolis. Among the distinguished guests present on this occasion were Grand Inner Guard John F. Holliday; Fred Cunningham, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; and Past Presidents Harry Lowenthal and Clyde Hunter, of the Association. President Fred A. Wiecking presided at the several sessions held during the two-day meeting. Subjects brought up for discussion included two of considerable interest. One of these was a report of the Ritualistic Committee. This report, which was adopted by a unanimous vote, embodies new rules and regu-

lations for the conduct of contests held each year at the State Convention for the Joseph T. Fanning Cup. In addition to the trophy, the sum of \$250 was voted from the Association's general fund as an additional award to those Lodges competing and placing in the contest. There will be three prizes divided as follows: \$125 for the first prize, \$75 for the second, and \$25 for the third. The remaining \$25 will be used for the purchase of individual recognition emblems for the members of the team winning first place. Another report read and adopted at the meeting was that of the Social Welfare and Community Service Committee. Designed to be of aid to the boys and girls of Indiana who, because of a lack of proper home influence, are brought before the Juvenile Courts as delinquents, the plan calls for a committee to be appointed in each subordinate Lodge of the State to work in conjunction with the Juvenile Court in solving these cases. Thus, it is hoped, many of the children will be saved from being committed to State institutions. The Social and Community Welfare Committee submitted a supplementary plan by which a committee of wives of members of Lodges be appointed to assist the courts in looking after the girls brought up before them.

Nebraska

IN cooperation with the Rehabilitation Division of the Department of Vocational Education of the State, the Nebraska State Elks Association recently conducted its third crippled children's clinic. It was held at Grand Island, and its scope included patients not only from the jurisdiction of Lodge No. 604 in that city, but also from the jurisdictions of Hastings Lodge, No. 159, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195, and North Platte Lodge, No. 985. Two orthopedic specialists from Omaha were among the sixty doctors who contributed their services. Thirty nurses assisted them. Of these twenty-one were of the staff of St. Francis Hospital, in Grand

Island. This institution also furnished medical supplies for the clinic. The number of children examined was 106, bringing the total of patients similarly attended by the State Elks Association and the State organization up to 219. In addition to the Elks representatives present at the clinic, delegations were in attendance from the Rotary Club, the American Legion and the American Red Cross.

New Jersey

THE third quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Bound Brook Lodge, No. 1388, was attended by over three hundred Elks, representing about forty Lodges of the State. Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Chairman of the Advisory and Membership Committee of the Association, was present. In his address, Mr. Guenther reported that great interest was being taken by the citizens and the newspapers of New Jersey in the work the Elks were performing in behalf of the crippled children. It was also reported by the Crippled Children's Committee that nearly all the Lodges have now completed the re-examination of the children needing this service. At the close of the meeting it was announced that the Association's Convention will be held June 19 and 20, at Long Branch.

Minnesota

REPORTS of a favorable progress accomplished by several Lodges in the State in enterprises in behalf of crippled children were presented at the spring meeting of the Minnesota State Elks Association, held at the Home of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, recently. Subsequently the delegates present voted in favor of a motion to instruct the Association's committee on crippled children to meet with corresponding committees of the State House of Representatives and Senate for the purpose of furthering legislation helpful to the cause of

(Continued on page 62)

Elks National Foundation

Bulletin

THE Elks National Foundation has entered a new epoch in its development as an institution of our Order. Until February of this year, the efforts of the Foundation Trustees had been confined to promotion and fund raising. At a meeting of the Board of Foundation Trustees held in New York, February 14th, however, it appeared that the accumulation of income from the investment of the principal fund was sufficient to warrant distribution. Therefore, it was determined that part of the available income should be distributed at once for the purpose of assisting worthy philanthropies which were being conducted by groups of subordinate Lodges in different parts of the country, and concerning which applications for assistance had been filed with the Board. These first distributions will go into New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Illinois, and will be used to further well-organized activities for the relief of crippled children, and for affording educational advantages to worthy young men and young women.

Since the Board was most conservative in its appropriation for this first distribution, it will be possible to make another distribution before the Grand Lodge Session in July, and it is expected that this will be done at the June meeting of the Board.

It is a very great pleasure for the Foundation Trustees to announce that a symbolic certificate, evidencing fully-paid subscription of \$1,000 or more as an Honorary Founder of the Elks National Foundation, has been issued to the following:

Honorary Founders (Individual)

Certificates Nos. 1, Joseph T. Fanning, P.G.E.R., Indianapolis, No. 13; 2, Robert S. Barrett, Alexandria, No. 758; 3, George C. Pumphrey, Washington, No. 15; 4, J. Ford Zietlow, Aberdeen, No. 1046; 5, Raymond Benjamin, P.G.E.R., Napa, No. 832; 6, Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, No. 299; 7, William W. Mountain, P.G.E.R., Flint, No. 222; 8, William E. Drislane, Albany, No. 49; 9, Lloyd Maxwell, Marshalltown, No. 312; 11, Lawrence H. Rupp, G.E.R., Allentown, No. 130; 12, Thomas L. Hughes, Indianapolis, No. 13; 13, Murray Hulbert, P.G.E.R., New York, No. 1; 14, William H. Leahy, San Francisco, No. 3; 15, Charles E. Pickett, P.G.E.R., Waterloo, No. 290; 16, Lew H. Wentz, Ponca City, No. 1522.

Subordinate Lodge

Certificate Nos. L-1, New York Lodge, No. 1; L-2, San Francisco Lodge, No. 3; L-3, Queensborough Lodge, No. 878; L-4, Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485; L-5, Newark Lodge, No. 21; L-6, Freeport Lodge, No. 1253; L-7, Greenville Lodge, No. 858; L-8, Danbury Lodge, No. 120; L-9, St. Louis Lodge, No. 9; L-10, Derby Lodge, No. 571; L-11, South Bend Lodge, No. 235; L-12, Elmira Lodge, No. 62; L-13, Bronx Lodge, No. 871; L-14, Louisville Lodge, No. 8; L-15, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22; L-16, West Haven Lodge, No. 1537; L-17, Peekskill Lodge, No. 744; L-18, Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794; L-19, Cleveland Lodge, No. 18; L-20, East Orange Lodge, No. 630; L-21, Chattanooga

Lodge, No. 91; L-22, Albany Lodge, No. 49; L-23, Norwich Lodge, No. 430; L-24, Chicago Lodge, No. 4; L-25, Jersey City Lodge, No. 211; L-26, White Plains Lodge, No. 535; L-27, Manila Lodge, No. 761; L-28, Lawrence Lodge, No. 65; L-29, Medford Lodge, No. 915; L-30, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046; L-31, Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5; L-32, Ogdensburg Lodge, No. 772; L-33, Springfield Lodge, No. 61; L-34, Everett Lodge, No. 642; L-35, Quincy Lodge, No. 943; L-36, Hartford Lodge, No. 19; L-37, Springfield Lodge, No. 158; L-38, Kittinging Lodge, No. 203; L-39, Lansford Lodge, No. 1337; L-40, Lowell Lodge, No. 87; L-41, Hudson Lodge, No. 787; L-42, Orange Lodge, No. 135; L-43, Brookline Lodge, No. 886; L-44, Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289; L-45, Torrington Lodge, No. 372; L-46, Prescott Lodge, No. 330; L-47, Toledo Lodge, No. 53; L-48, Madison Lodge, No. 1465; L-49, Providence Lodge, No. 14; L-50, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414.

State Association

Certificates Nos. A-1, Pennsylvania Elks Association (donated \$2,500.00); A-2, New Jersey Elks Association; A-3, Virginia State Elks Association.

Fraternally,

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, *Chairman*
RAYMOND BENJAMIN, *Vice-Chairman*
MURRAY HULBERT, *Secretary*
JAMES G. MCFARLAND, *Treasurer*
EDWARD RICHTOR
CHARLES H. GRAKELOW

When the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived for his visit to Tucson, Ariz., Lodge (below) he was greeted by a welcoming delegation and provided with a key to the city and a police motorcycle escort



Distinguished among the initiates inducted when Mr. Rupp called upon Columbia, S. C., Lodge was Governor Ira C. Blackwood. He is shown (at the left) second from the right, next to the Grand Exalted Ruler

SARGEANT



BUEHMAN

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

BOTH seaboard and inland States were the scene during March of the official visits to subordinate Lodges of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. His journeys in the course of that period, beginning in South Carolina, carried him from there into Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arizona, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Virginia.

Mr. Rupp's initial call was upon Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1100, where, on March 4, he witnessed the induction of twenty-six candidates, one of whom was Governor Ira C. Blackwood. Present also upon this occasion were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and E. M. Wharton, former member, of the Grand Lodge Committee on Good of the Order.

Upon the next day the Grand Exalted Ruler entered upon a tour of Lodges in Florida, visiting Daytona Lodge, No. 1141, upon the 5th; Miami Lodge, No. 948, and Fort Lauderdale Lodge, No. 1517, upon the 6th; Sarasota Lodge, No. 1519, and Tampa Lodge, No. 708, upon the 7th; Orlando Lodge, No. 1079, upon the 8th; and upon the 9th, Jacksonville Lodge, No. 221. In the course of these calls Mr. Rupp was accompanied by Grand Tiler L. F. McCready, David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Arthur C. O'Hea and James J. Fernandez. At the Tampa Lodge meeting Governor Doyle E. Carlton tendered to the Grand Exalted Ruler an official welcome to the State.

Visits to three Lodges in as many different States came next. Columbus, Ga., Lodge greeted Mr. Rupp upon the evening of the 9th. Birmingham, Ala., Lodge welcomed him upon the following day with a street parade and was

The South, the Southwest and the East Welcome Mr. Rupp

his host at luncheon, dinner and, later, at the formal Lodge session. The 11th found the Grand Exalted Ruler the guest of Gulfport, Miss., Lodge, No. 978. Others of distinction present included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Rightor, Lieutenant-Governor Bidwell Adams, and William Estopinal, President of the Mississippi State Elks Association.

The Elks of Louisiana received Mr. Rupp on the 12th at New Orleans Lodge, No. 30, where two Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, Mr. Rightor and Colonel John P. Sullivan, the present Exalted Ruler of No. 30, were among those to make him welcome; and upon the 13th at Alexandria Lodge, No. 546.

Crossing into Texas, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Houston Lodge, No. 151, the following day and, on the 15th, three Lodges in the northern part of the State: Dallas Lodge, No. 71, Ft. Worth Lodge, No. 124, and Ranger Lodge, No. 1373. He arrived the next afternoon by plane at El Paso where in the evening he called upon Lodge No. 187.

Upon March 17 began a journey through Arizona, in the plans for which Mr. Rupp was assisted by Jacob Gunst, Past Exalted Ruler of Tucson Lodge, No. 385, and Chairman of the Arizona State Hospital Tubercular Committee.

The initial of the series of calls, made upon the first day of the trip, was to Mr. Gunst's Lodge. During this, municipal, patriotic and civic organizations turned out to do honor to the head of the Order. At the Lodge meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler had the pleasure of seeing 150 new members inducted. The following day, the 18th, saw two visitations made, one, in the morning, to Nogales Lodge, No. 1397, and the other, in the evening, to Phoenix Lodge, No. 335. With his calls upon Prescott Lodge, No. 330, and upon Flagstaff Lodge, No. 499, on the 19th and upon Winslow Lodge, No. 536, on the 21st, Mr. Rupp concluded his tour of the State.

Returning eastward, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 23rd of the month, motoring from there upon the following day to call upon the membership of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69. Here he was joined by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and President John F. Nugent of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, who, together with a group of other prominent Elks of the State, accompanied him upon his remaining visits in Pennsylvania. These were to Kittanning Lodge, No. 203, on the 25th; to Etna Lodge, No. 932, on the 26th; and to Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12, on the 27th, where Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener was among those to greet him. Features of the Pennsylvania tour were exceptionally large attendances and classes of initiates.

With calls upon Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, upon the 29th, where forty-five candidates were initiated; and upon Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, upon the 31st, where 100 more were made members of the Order, the Grand Exalted Ruler terminated the month's travels.



The members of Alexandria, La., Lodge, with Mr. Rupp (in the center) upon the occasion of his visit there



For general sports and country wear, there is a wide variety of turn-outs, the most popular of which is the combining of flannel trousers with odd jackets or sweaters

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

THIS is the time of the year when men all over the country are thinking of the great open spaces and going to those places and doing those things which are in some way or another connected with sport. In no country in the world, perhaps, are sports more popular than in the United States, and certainly in no other country are there as many enthusiasts. Every one goes in for some form of sport, whether it is golf, tennis or horse-back riding, but for the average person golf is perhaps the most popular. Consequently, to most men sports clothes are synonymous with golf clothes, whether one actually plays golf or shows his interest in this old Scottish game merely by being in the gallery following some important match.

In recent years there has been a gradual simplification of sports clothes. In effect, sports clothes consist of the type of clothes a man would wear in the country or on the golf course. The fabrics are different from those of which town clothes are made—the colors are lighter and there is a greater latitude in the selection of accessories.

Regardless of what a man's preference may be in the way of sport, his wardrobe is incomplete unless it includes a suit of some roughish material such as tweed, homespun or Shetland. Such a suit is indispensable because it can be worn on so many different occasions. For traveling, motoring or general country wear, no fabric is as practical or as economical as a tweed or a homespun. Not only do they stand up well under rough wear and tear, but actually the more evidences of wear they show the better they look. Now this is not a recommendation for men to go about in shabby looking clothes, but the fact remains that for sports wear no man looks as though he belonged in the picture if he appears to be too dressed up.

Gray and brown are the colors for sport and country wear. These colors come in many

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different shades ranging from the very light to the darker shades, although the most popular tones are the medium shades. In addition to the brown and gray shades, the heather and lovat mixtures in gray-blue and gray-green are also much in demand. These latter colors are recommended because they offer a contrast to the colors worn in town for general day wear and also because they are becoming to practically every one.

For country and sports clothes, the single-breasted coat is correct. The double-breasted coat, because it has a more formal appearance, is correct only for town wear, except in the case of a double-breasted coat in blue or gray worn with white flannel trousers. The coat of a sport suit should be of the two or three button variety, and should be cut full enough to allow of the utmost ease and comfort in movement. A coat that is cut too close to the figure looks out of place, and actually is not a sensible garment when one considers the activity of outdoor life.

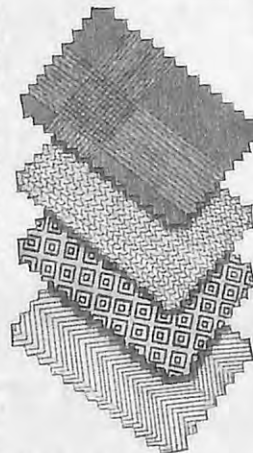
A single-breasted waistcoat, naturally, is correct with a country suit, while the trousers should be cut along full, generous lines and finished with a cuff. Also, the length of the trousers should be just above the break of the instep. Long, flapping trousers never look neat and are impractical, as well, because they interfere with one's movements.

In this connection it is interesting to note that knickers are

seldom worn nowadays. Even for golf they have practically passed out of existence. Knickers are and always will be practical for golfing, but their widespread popularity of a few years ago is now a thing of the past. Possibly their fading from the picture was due to the fact that the drug-store athletes—that strange group of people who went about in knickers on the slightest excuse but, more often than not, without any excuse at all—ran them into the ground. Or, it may be that the average man felt that he could not be bothered by changing from long trousers to knickers and golf hose when he was in a hurry to get out to the golf course for a round of nine or eighteen holes before dinner. But the fact remains that they are no longer worn except in isolated cases.

In place of knickers a man now wears either trousers to match his coat, or flannel trousers. The flannel trousers may blend in color with the coat or be of a contrasting shade. White flannel trousers are not recommended because they show the soil too quickly. In gray or tan, the medium tones are suggested because they are practical and smart from every point of view.

In going around a golf course many men prefer to do without a coat, especially in summer. Depending on the condition of the weather a man may play in his shirt sleeves or in a sweater or windbreaker, provided he does not wear a cloth coat. This is entirely a matter of individual preference. Some men like a pull-on sweater either with or without sleeves. Others prefer a cardigan jacket, which is merely another name for



A few of the more popular types of patterns favored in fabrics with a roughish nap for sports and country suits

the sweater made like a coat. Again, and especially in cool weather, the windbreaker is preferable. There is much to be said in favor of this garment. It may be made of leather or suede or chamois skin, but in any case it is an ideal protection in cold and damp weather, and is light enough and fits loosely enough so as not to interfere with one's game.

The question of color enters into the selection of a sweater. In any event the color chosen should be one that is becoming to the wearer and which, at the same time, will harmonize with the color of the trousers worn. Generally speaking, if tan or brown trousers are worn, either a camel's hair sweater in the natural color, or an in-between color of blue or green will be found the best choice. If gray trousers are worn, sweaters in various shades of blue or gray will be an excellent choice.

AND speaking of color, in country and sports clothes a man can almost go the limit, provided not too many bright colors are worn at the same time. When worn outdoors with suits that are rather light in color, the more vivid shades do not seem as bizarre as they would be when worn in town with darker clothes. The sun seems to call for lighter and brighter colors. For instance, one of the new accessories for sports wear is the striped sweater shown on the figure in the illustration. Known as the Riviera sport shirt, it is an adaptation of the type of shirt worn by the Basque fishermen. The stripes are blue or red on a white ground or white stripes on a blue ground—and while it is perhaps more suitable for a younger man or one with rather a slender figure, it is an excellent example of the type of sweater that can be worn for any outdoor sport.

Shirts and neckties, too, come in for their share of color attention. White or colored shirts with soft attached collars are the best type for sport wear. If a colored shirt is worn, care should be taken that it harmonizes with the suit as well as the necktie, whereas, when a white shirt is worn, the color of the necktie will depend only on the color of the suit.

Neckties for sports wear offer the widest possible choice both in fabric, color and pattern. The lighter weight silks, such as foulard, are recommended not only because they are cooler than a heavier silk but because they look cooler. This is a point that many men overlook when buying their clothes. Clothes for summer wear should have the appearance of being cool as well as actually being cool to wear. There are also to be had washable silk ties which continue to hold their shape and to look well even after many trips to the laundry, as well as linen and cotton ties. These ties come in the very lightest shades, but as they are so easily cleaned they are, in the long run, as practical as ties in darker shades.

While the vogue for small-patterned neckwear continues, there is an ever growing trend toward the gaily striped tie, and this summer will see as

many of them worn as the small-patterned designs. Stripes of every description will be popular—ranging from fine stripes to novelty cluster stripes, and including the always popular club and regimental stripes.

Belts, braces and garters also come in for their contribution to a man's sport ensemble. There are many novelty belts in various combinations of leather or in contrasting colors of the same leather, such as the new Exeter belt which has an ingenious cross pattern resembling an X interwoven in white on black or tan leather. Then there is the popular braided belt which is decidedly a sport accessory. For sheer novelty, however, the most outstanding belt of the season is the belt known as "Airweave"—a belt made of knotted cord copied from the hand-knotted cord belts made by sailors the world over.

While braces are seldom worn with golf clothes, they are worn frequently with another version of sports clothes—the clothes worn after a man has finished his game and has had his shower and is staying on at the club. This is the familiar turn-out of white flannel trousers worn with an odd coat. A new brace has recently appeared in the shops which, while made of shirting material, such as madras, is strong enough to give splendid wear and is decidedly cool for summer. The colors of the braces are in the same colors of blue and tan and gray of which summer sports shirts are so often made.

The shoes and socks for sportswear, too, are different from those worn in town. For golf, some men prefer a spiked leather sole and heel, while others stick to the crepe leather sole and heel. One of the most popular models for active sports wear is the moccasin, or Norwegian type of shoe, shown in the illustration. It is extremely comfortable to wear and, due to its construction, is as water-proof as it is possible to make any shoe—an advantage which cannot be overlooked.

Brown leather is by far the most popular for sports shoes—not only for its wearing

qualities but because it does not scuff up as easily as black leather. The shoe may be in one shade of brown or two contrasting shades of brown. Brown and white shoes, too, are often seen and they are undeniably smart looking. However, they never look well unless they are well cleaned, and as this requires a certain amount of care and trouble, they are not generally worn so much for golf as they are in conjunction with white flannel trousers and odd coats.

In view of the fact that many inquiries have been received asking for specific color combinations, the following suggestions are offered for smart color combinations in sports clothes. The effectiveness of these combinations depends, largely, upon whether they are individually becoming to the wearer and also on the actual tones of the colors. However, if a man will stick to what is known as the "true" colors and avoid the "off" shades, he may have every assurance that the effect will be pleasing and harmonious.

Combination for Gray Suit

- Hat:* Gray snap-brim or fine black and white check cap.
- Shirt:* White with collar attached.
- Tie:* Blue and white foulard or linen.
- Sweater:* Gray or white.
- Belt:* Gray reptile skin or blue and white striped webbing backed with leather.
- Hose:* Gray to match suit, or brown to match shoes.

Shoes: Dark brown.

Combination for Brown Suit

- Hat:* Brown snap-brim or brown or tan cap.
- Shirt:* Blue with collar attached.
- Tie:* Blue and white, blue and tan, or yellow.
- Sweater:* Gendarme blue.
- Belt:* Lizard or crocodile leather in tan.
- Hose:* To match sweater or brown.
- Shoes:* Dark brown.

Combination for Heather Mixture Suit

- Hat:* Green or gray snap-brim or gray cap.
- Shirt:* White or cream color.
- Tie:* Green and white.
- Sweater:* Lovat or bottle green.
- Belt:* Tan braided leather.
- Hose:* Lovat or bottle green or brown.
- Shoes:* Dark brown.



There is no more practical jacket for active sports wear than the windbreaker made of chamois or suede skin. It provides adequate warmth and protection and is at the same time light enough so as not to interfere with one's game

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.

"The Very Strong Man, Kwasind"

(Continued from page 9)

the ring. It isn't proper, any more. You can use these things as well as you could use your bare hands; as soon as you get the hang of them. Slip on this pair. I'll help you, if you've forgotten how."

In the aggrieved soul of Jeff Marshall—"the very strong man, Kwasind"—burned agonizingly the memory of the love he had lost; and his resolve, common to every discarded suitor since the birth of time, to win wealth and renown which should make his sweetheart rue her cruelty to so great a celebrity. He set his teeth and worked his unaccustomed hands into the impending gloves.

"Cronan here is going to box a couple of rounds with you," explained Denning, as one of the handlers drew on the mates to Marshall's gloves. "I can see what promise you've got by the way you can stand up to him. Just forget all you know about kicking and kneeling and gouging. Those things will get you thrown out of any ring. Hit above the belt. Remember that, too. Hit and keep on hitting. And protect yourself against Cronan the best you can. Nobody's going to razz you. . . . Time!"

A little to the manager's surprise and much to his delight, Marshall showed no comic awkwardness in his advance toward the waiting

Cronan. The rudimentary boxing lessons, acquired from a long suffering county agent who had tried to interest Walbridge boys in fair fighting, had not been wasted. Jeff came forward easily and dropped into a regulation posture of defense.

Cronan danced toward him, merrily avid to make a monkey of the drawling backwoodsman. Cronan himself had reached a tolerably formidable position in the ranks of pork-and-bean middle-weights before Denning had annexed his services at more regular pay than his few and precarious fights could win for him. It would be

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fun to haze this uncouth boob. More, it promised to be a joyously safe pastime.

Forward Cronan pranced, flicking a smart left punch to Marshall's mouth, and following it by a righthander to the heart—a stiff right delivered beneath Jeff's uplited guard.

Back he danced, then came in again. A second time his left smacked Marshall's unprotected face, before the mountaineer's guard could come up. At the same time the novice struck. With the speed of a smiting tiger his left fist flew forward and upward. It caught the unexpected Cronan flush on the point of the jaw. There was a sound like the crack of a pistol. Cronan's knees turned to tallow. He lurched forward on his face. Nor did he come to his senses again for a full two minutes.

"Humh!" ejaculated Jeff, well pleased, as he grinned down at the lifeless lump on the canvas. "A body can get a wee peckle of fun out of these pillows, after all, if he handles them right. Won't there be any more boxing till he comes to? Most generally, though, they don't come to, for quite a spell, when I swat them like that."

DENNING and the other handler were working skilfully over the senseless Cronan. Con Reardon, from his seat on a packing box, looked with new interest at the novice.

Reardon, for two years, had held the middle-weight championship of the West. He was a terrific hitter, and was unusually fast. As this newcomer was a mere welterweight, his prowess roused no jealousy in the champion's heart. Yet Marshall's frank exultation in what he had just done irked Reardon enough to make him yearn to destroy some of that cockiness.

"It will do the hick a lot of good to get a beating up, before he grows a swelled head," Reardon confided to the manager, as Cronan was helped to a bench by his fellow handler. "Let me put on the gloves with him for a couple of rounds. If we don't give him the lesson, right off, he'll think he can lay out anyone, with a single punch. How about it?"

Denning thought for a moment. Then he nodded.

"You're on," he assented. "Only don't cut him to pieces so bad that it'll scare him for keeps. Just enough to show him up. I want to see if he can stand punishment. He didn't get any from poor Cronan. There wasn't time. Say, but that lad carries a punch!"

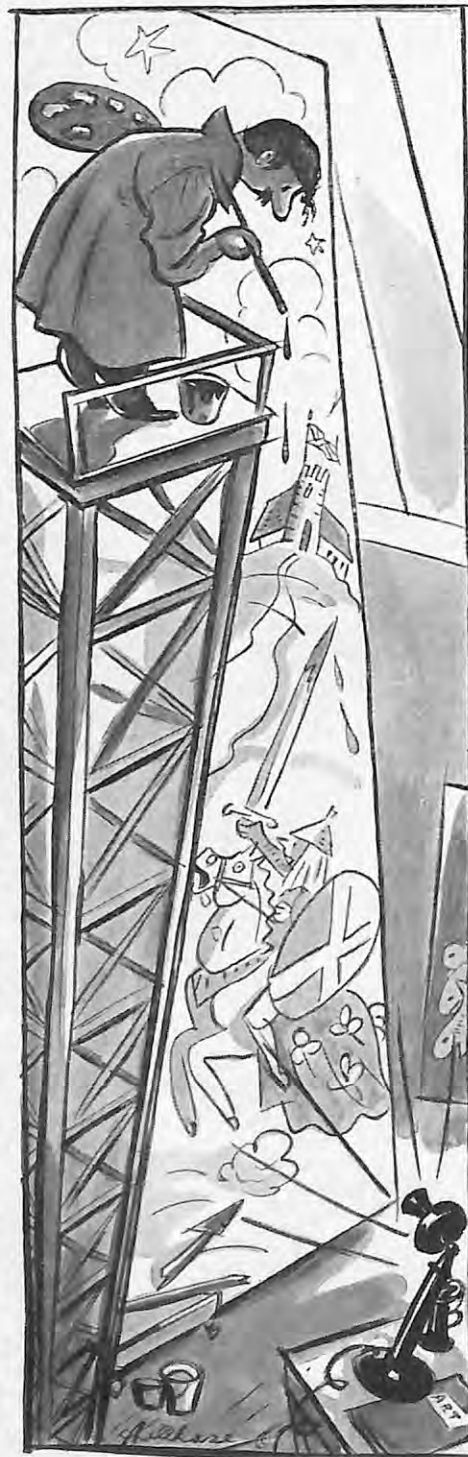
In the impromptu ring, a few minutes thereafter Jeff Marshall and the champion came together. Reardon was the taller by two inches and the heavier by thirteen pounds. Blithely had Jeff accepted the chance to box again. This mode of winning wealth and fame promised to be good fun. And his sore heart welcomed morbidly a chance for fun.

Smugly confident from his ridiculously easy victory over Cronan, the mountaineer opened proceedings by darting forward and hitting with the same wildcat swiftness for Reardon's jaw. But Reardon was not there. However, the champion was everywhere else. His left banged sickeningly into Jeff's face. Instantly thereafter his left and right were beating a murderous tattoo against Marshall's body.

Jeff took advantage of his adversary's nearness to slash fiercely at his seemingly unguarded face. Again Reardon was not there. Again, before Jeff knew what it was all about, Reardon's right and left had smashed bruisingly against Marshall's jaw. The double punch would have floored the average professional. For Reardon had no intention at all of obeying Denning's commands as to gentleness. He was there to score a clean knockout which should extract all the newborn humptiousness from the lucky conqueror of Con's lifelong friend, Cronan.

Right and left crashed Reardon's fists to the jaw. Back jumped Marshall, partly of his own volition, but more from the impact of those two punches. But he kept his feet; nor did he seem so much as dazed. Instantly he braced himself to charge in.

But Reardon would not have it so. He was after his novice opponent with all the strength and skill and hitting power he possessed. His fists tattooed on Jeff's ill-guarded ribs and heart and wind. He hammered and pounded Marshall's jaw and nose and mouth. Easily the champion avoided Jeff's wild efforts at stemming



"If I answer that phone it's a creditor, if I don't it's a blonde"

and returning the murderous assault. It was not a bout. It was a massacre.

At first Denning had stepped forward to stop the slaughter. Then he halted, and backed over to his bench again. On his fat features incredulous wonder and joy were stamped. This raw mountaineer had something beyond superhuman strength. He had the still rarer quality of standing frightful punishment without ill effects; without even flinching.

The fusillade of knockout blows did not knock him out. They did nothing more than batter him. Twice he was slugged to the floor. Both times he was up again with the resilience of a new rubber ball, by the time he fairly hit the canvas. Back and forth the awful cataract of blows sent him. But ever he was in the fray again with that same amazing speed.

Denning's grin waxed broader. The two handlers peered in goggle-eyed astonishment. Reardon, vexed by this failure of his effort to demolish the novice, threw more and more zest into his whirlwind assault.

Meantime, Jeff Marshall was thinking as calmly and as shrewdly as if he were working out a problem in crop-rotation. He did not enjoy

being bashed about like this, with no chance to get back at his elusive antagonist. It was something outside his experience. And he planned method after method for changing the course of the bout. Presently his idea was formed.

He noted that Reardon "set himself" when he delivered a brace of those thudding jaw-blows that stung and jarred so pesteringly. When Reardon was "set," he could not dance at once out of reach.

An instant afterward Reardon got his opponent where he wanted him. Bracing himself on both feet he drove left and right, in lightning succession, to Marshall's chin.

As he did so, Jeff struck. It was a lashing out of his right fist, with all its confusing speed and unbelievable force.

It caught Reardon fully extended and with his jaw momentarily open to an attack he had no reason to expect. Immediately, Con covered up and made as though to dance away. But before he could bring in his outflung arms or hustle his braced legs into motion, the wildcat-swift punch had done its work.

Marshall's right landed on the champion's chin, perhaps an inch to the left of the jaw point. Face forward—surest sign of a complete knockout—Con Reardon slumped to the floor, even as had Cronan. There for nearly half a minute he lay. It was the first complete knockout of the champion's long stellar career. And it had been achieved by a country lout who had not had twenty boxing lessons in all.

"He's there!" mouthed Denning rapturously, as he helped the dizzy and raging champion to his feet. "Marshall's there! He's got a punch that no man of his weight ever packed since the world began. He can stand more punishment than old Grimm himself. And he knows how to use his brains. Teach him to box and get him a little ring experience; and there's not a man, living, up to a hundred and sixty pounds, that can last five rounds against him. He's the world wonder we're always dreaming about and never finding. I tell you, there was never anything like him. And he'll be sewed up with a ten-year contract with me, as quick as I can phone a lawyer. Was you asking what hit you, Con? It was the future welter-and-middleweight champion of the world. Better men than you are going to ask what hit them."

THAT was the beginning. No Derby winner's trainers ever wrought one-half as hard over their horse as did Heber Denning and his staff over the glum-faced mountaineer paragon. Ensued days and weeks of such grueling work and tutoring that Jeff Marshall sickened of it at first and then began to feel a fierce delight in it.

Step by step he was taught the finer points of boxing and of ring craftsmanship. To the hickory-hard body was imparted new suppleness, new speed, new endurance. Jeff absorbed instructions with the rapidity of a born fighter. Daily he was less and less the untutored backwoods paragon and more and more the finished product—the impossibly perfect fighting machine.

At Jeff's own sourly ironic request Denning gave him the ring name of "Kid Kwasind."

A minor fight was arranged for him with a moderately good second-rate welterweight. Contrary to public belief, almost no fighter travels far on the reputation of winning in the first round. The crowd wants its money's worth, in time as well as in action. Wherefore, Denning commanded Jeff to toy with his adversary for the first four rounds; merely boxing with him and pulling his own punches.

"Kid Kwasind" obeyed; although even those pulled punches had his foe reeling and weakened. In the fifth round, acting on orders, Kwasind planted the right punch in the right place. And the other man's seconds had to drag their beaten contender to his corner, long after the referee's count of ten had ended.

Fight followed fight; Denning wisely pitting his protégé each time with an antagonist only a little better than the predecessor. The bouts ranged from four to six rounds in length, before Jeff landed the lethal punch which could as well have been delivered at the outset.

There was an odd quality to "Kid Kwasind" which caught the public's fickle taste. He became a drawing card. Never had he been defeated. Never had he been in a moment's dis-

tress during any of his bouts. Always there was a fatal element to the knockout punch; a deadliness which thrilled the spectators. The sporting editors began to take up the mountaineer nonpareil, finding him picturesque copy.

Denning played fair. Already Jeff had more money in a month than ever before he had seen in a year. Vistas of fortune were opening up before him. Glumly, in no way elated by his sudden notoriety, Marshall did his work. His heart was like cold lead; except for that one tiny smoulder of morbid resolve to let Avis Kent know one day what she had lost. He banked his money; and he fought his successive and successful battles.

At last, by sheer matchmaking genius and by statecraft and by a heavy cash outlay in the right places, Heber Denning landed a longed-for bout with Spike Toccato.

"This is the whole thing, Kid," he raved blissfully to Marshall. "This is what we've been after. Lick Toccato, and the doors of Madison Square Garden are wide open to you; with the 'Welcome' sign on the mat. Lick him, and it takes you to New York for your next fight. They can't help letting you in there. Two Garden fights, if you win them (and there's not a human fighter who can stop you!), and you challenge the champion for the welterweight title of the world. Yes, and the welterweight champ can't stop you any more than old Cronan could. Then we clean up on that title; and when we milk it dry we'll go after the middleweight title, and we'll get that. You fighting twelve pounds under the middleweight champ and knocking him for a goal. Boy, we'll wade so deep in money that we'll have French fried thousand-dollar bills for breakfast."

"Yes," agreed the uninterested Jeff.

"It all hung on our landing this Toccato go. And we've landed it. Lick him next month, and the rest of the way is greased. Benny Leonard and Tunney together never had such a name as you're due to have. No, nor yet such a bank-roll."

Calmly, without the remotest excitement, Kid Kwasind listened to the threnody. With as little excitement, but with his eternal conscientiousness, he began to train for the fight with the redoubtable Spike Toccato. The Louisville Cestus Club won the bid for the bout. Back to his first training quarters near Louisville the mountaineer was taken to make ready for the battle.

One day, just before the date set for the fight, Denning brought Jeff a copy of a Louisville evening paper, whose sporting editor had spent the preceding afternoon at the gym. Half of the sporting page was taken up with an interview with Kid Kwasind and with various carefully posed snapshots of him at rest and in action. The story itself was bristling with superlatives.

Jeff Marshall studied the pictures. Then with painful slowness and care he read and reread the sporting editor's exuberant story about himself and his prowess and his undoubted future of world supremacy and fortune. For the first time in six months he laughed aloud.

Then, as soon as he was alone, he cut out from the page two pictures which limned him stripped to the waist. These he tore up. He folded the rest of the glowing eulogy and stuck it into an envelop and addressed and stamped and mailed it.

"Maybe she thought I was fourflushing when I told her I might some day be rich and big," he muttered, under his breath. "But print can't lie. Neither can pictures. I'll show her. . . . And I'd give it all for just one nice word from her," he ended miserably.

THE Kwasind-Toccato fight was scheduled for ten o'clock on the evening of March 24. It was the main go of the night. Before nine o'clock Jeff was in his dressing-room under the arena of the Cestus Athletic Club. Obsequiously, the handlers helped him undress and to get into his tights and his fighting shoes. Then Marshall stretched himself out at full length on the rubbing table; the most unconcerned man in the stuffy little room.

"I'll get me a snooze for half an hour," he told Denning. "I always have more snap to me if I can sleep just before a fight. Chase on, if you want to, and see that lightweight prelim you was telling me about. So long."

He shut his eyes; no more excited over the coming battle than if it were a gymnasium training bout. Denning and the handlers shut the door behind them and went up to the ringside. They were accustomed to this habit of Jeff's to precede a fight with a refreshing half-hour doze—such as in earlier years Jim Jeffries had enjoyed at the same crucial times.

As peacefully as a drowsy child, Jeff Marshall slipped into dreamless sleep. But almost instantly he was aroused by someone coming into the dressing-room. It was the boy who did odd jobs around the training quarters.

"Telegram for Mr. Denning," announced the boy. "I thought he'd want to have it quick, so I brought it over. I brought along the evening mail, too."

"He's up in a ringside box," said Jeff. "Take it to him. You can leave the mail here. He'd rather watch that prelim than read bills and circulars."

The boy set down the small sheaf of letters on a corner of the rubbing table, and departed with the telegram. Jeff rolled lazily on his face to continue his nap. His elbow touched the little pile of letters. They slithered to the floor. Grumbling, he leaned over and scooped them up, glancing unconcernedly at the addresses.

Half an hour later Denning and the handlers hustled back to the dressing-room, to give their man his final preparations and instructions for the fight. Not to wake Marshall too suddenly from his nap, Denning pushed open the door softly, and peered in.

The dressing-room was empty.

Nor could a hysterically frenzied search and a barrage of telephone calls discover the whereabouts of the man who that evening was to have fought the deciding bout of his golden career. Jeff Marshall, alias Kid Kwasind, had vanished, seemingly, from the face of the earth. The papers were full of the mystery. The police were set to work. Denning was on the verge of a nervous smash. The city was combed. There were wild tales of kidnapers who had crept into the unguarded dressing-room and had stolen the peerless fighter, in order to cash in on bets on the bout. Everyone had a theory. Nobody knew anything.

This until, a week after, the soul-crushed Heber Denning received a letter, at the training quarters. With wabbling fingers he gripped the single creased sheet of foolscap, and read:

"Friend Denning:

"Maybe you have been wondering what became of me that night. Danny Warren brought the mail and there was a letter for me and it was from the lady named Avis Kent I left Walbridge on account of and she had been trying for pretty near a year to find where I was and she never knew till she got a newspaper piece I sent her. Then she wrote to me right off.

"Her letter said how she had been terribly sorry for the things she said to me that day and she said she really was my girl all the time only she did not know she was my girl till I went away and she saw how unhappy it made her to have me go away. And the letter said she was still my girl if I wanted to come back home and marry her and that she had not ever cared for anybody but only me and I could go right on being a fighter if I wanted to but she would be a million (1,000,000) times happier if I would be a gentleman again and if I and she could just live together on my farm instead of me being a fighter.

"I did not have but only barely time enough to dress and to hop the 10.02 train for Walbridge or I would of left word for you about it. I would of written to you sooner only we did not get back from our wedding tour in Cincinnati till this P. M. I did not know any folks could be as happy as I and she are. Hoping these few lines will find you the same.

Yours very respectfully,

Mr. Jefferson S. Marshall."

The ruled page slipped from Denning's shaky fingers. Half aloud, the manager addressed an invisible listener.

"The best ever!" he gurgled. "Nothing on earth could lick him. Nothing but a half-size kid of a girl. The—very strong man, Kwasind. And—and—and the very stronger woman, Avis!"

The Wilverton Murders

(Continued from page 19)

"The square of paper had not been pierced by the pin, but it seems clear that it was the murderer's intention to fasten it to the coat," ran Constable Durham's report, "using the pin which we found near the body. Perhaps he was frightened away before he could do so."

In the absence of any other clues whatsoever, the little square of paper became of the utmost importance. It was carefully examined by the local authorities and subsequently mounted on a card for preservation. The card, bearing the identifying caption written by the Wilverton police head, is reproduced on page 19.

The detectives of the Wilverton police headquarters were divided in their opinion of the meaning of the square of paper. One group held that the writer had intended to indicate simply: 3HI, which might be regarded as one of the number-and-letter combinations sometimes used to designate espionage operatives or spies, as one might write X32 or 7TY instead of the name of the secret agent. The head of the Wilverton police agreed with this theory and subsequently started an investigation into Lorquist's past life in the hope of finding that he had enemies among the espionage systems of foreign governments. He considered it a tenable theory that the murderer was indeed a

secret agent known by the symbol: 3HI, that he had settled some old wartime score with the Swede and had started, in bravado, to put his secret sign on the body, and had been frightened off, possibly by the appearance of some other person.

"Why on earth should the killer have wished to put his code name, or sign, on the body, supposing that is what it is?" asked the mayor.

"It is conceivable that he wanted to get it into the newspapers, and thus inform somebody of the fact—some comrade who would read of it in the news and understand the significance of the killing."

But this view of the chief of police did not satisfy the other group of detectives. They held that the presence of the square of paper and the pin near the body was a mere coincidence.

Four weeks went by and not a significant fact was turned up by the investigations. Lorquist had no spy record that could be found. To all appearances the murder was unsolvable. Then came another crime which set the Wilverton police at their wits' end.

On an extremely rainy night of October, while making his rounds by the spacious lawns of the principal church of Wilverton, Constable

George Kelsey stumbled across the prostrate body of a man half hidden by neighboring bushes. The man was dead. He had been stabbed in a manner similar to that employed in the murder of Axel Lorquist. To his horror and amazement, the constable recognized the victim as Thomas Gwynn, an elderly and almost invalid man who had lived in Wilverton for thirty years, apparently as harmless and peaceful a citizen as could be imagined. Three pounds and six shillings and a gold watch rested undisturbed in the pockets of the dead man's clothes. It could scarcely have been robbery, thought Kelsey. He continued his search of the body before summoning help and was thunder-struck to find, pinned to the victim's coat, a square of paper similar to that found near the body of the Swedish sailor a month before.

Kelsey found the square of paper only loosely pinned to the center of Gwynn's coat, just below the top button, and immediately removed it after noting its exact position. He wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief in a vain attempt to preserve what he thought might exist upon the paper in the nature of fingerprints. The paper was of the same com-

(Continued on page 40)

(Continued from page 39)

mon, cheap, soft kind, however, and had not retained any prints, as a hard enameled paper stock might conceivably have done. Careful scrutiny at police headquarters failed to reveal any other distinguishing facts about the clue, except that the similar characters were unquestionably in the same handwriting as those on the paper square already found near the body of Lorquist, the first victim. The pinhole was exactly in the center of the square.

The Wilverton police were shocked as never before, and a frenzy of investigation followed. The chief of police abandoned his theory of "an espionage killing" and searched for local enemies of the murdered Gwynn. Gwynn, however, no more than the first victim, Lorquist, had incurred any special enmity that was discoverable. He was favorably known as a bachelor of quiet and studious nature, a former professor of philosophy at a small Scotch college who had inherited a small estate when a young man and had retired to live a leisurely life in the little Sussex town. He was the author of several unimportant monographs in defense of free-thinking which had appeared in obscure philosophical journals a few months previous to his death, and was known as a man of independent views. He kept but one servant, an elderly woman, lived unostentatiously, and in general led an inconspicuous life. His few friends were unable to account for the atrocious crime, and searching investigation by the police led nowhere toward a suspect who might be accused.

In despair, the mayor of Wilverton sent an urgent request to Scotland Yard for expert assistance in solving the mystery, and in answer to the request Inspector Albert Marquard was dispatched to head an immediate and thorough investigation.

The inspector came direct to the office of the chief of police and called at once for the two squares of paper. The police produced them. The slip found pinned to the coat of the murdered Gwynn had been mounted on cardboard for preservation, in the same manner in which the first paper square had been mounted. Marquard examined both cardboards for a few seconds and noted that they were practically identical, except that the second square had a pinhole through the center while the first had none. He did not seem to think that it was necessary to examine both (and so it proved), but was content to study the first, as reproduced on page 10. He came quickly to a conclusion, and promptly told the chief of police some salient characteristics of the writer, and pronounced the writer to be the murderer. It was



One of Southern California's flower-bordered boulevards

sufficient information to enable the police, by some searching, to locate and arrest the murderer.

What could you have done under the circumstances to aid the Wilverton police? The questions to be answered are:

1. What was the real meaning of the marks on the square of paper?
2. What did this lead Marquard to suspect regarding the murderer and his motive?

Answers to "Who Killed Kenneth Pine?" Last Month's Baffle

1. High-Heels (not No-Heels as Lieutenant MacComber thought) killed Pine, the pirate.

It is logically deduced that High-Heels was a man, not a woman, as Lieutenant MacComber wrongly inferred, for the map shows that High-Heels came in close conflict with Low-Heels whereas No-Heels stood aside—in all probability for the purpose of watching. It was more reasonable to suppose, therefore, that High-Heels was a man.

2. Captain Hough was inclined to exonerate

that the normal difference in length of stride between man and woman might be eliminated under these particular circumstances.

Specific questioning of Reamer and his house guests brought out that Douglas Wharton (French Courtier) had paid marked attention to Miss Darnley (Greek Dancing Girl) during the evening.

Detectives sent to Wharton's home discovered that he had never arrived there from the masquerade. Miss Darnley also was found missing from her parents' home. The obvious course of watching the ports was resorted to, but without result. However, as a result of the hue and cry raised, the pair were caught at the marriage-license bureau in a Canadian city four days later, and were extradited soon afterward.

Wharton pleaded not guilty, claiming that a facetious bout with weapons while both were intoxicated had ended in the accidental wounding of Pine. He was strongly supported by Miss Darnley's testimony. The jury, however, took a contrary view of the matter, and Wharton subsequently served a six-year term in prison following conviction of manslaughter.

The Piccolomini Pearls

(Continued from page 13)

last year more than five million cases of painters' colic were reported. I'm surprised that Mr. Hoover hasn't appointed a commission."

"Too bad," murmured Mollie, clucking sympathetically. "However, it isn't as if men couldn't guard themselves. Why, you've moved me to such an extent that I'm going to help all I can. From now on, dear one, a handshake will be our most intimate approach."

"Oh, but I wasn't thinking of myself," Wade explained quickly. "Danger draws me like a magnet. The greater the peril the greater the fascination. How's this for proof?"

"Who would have thought it!" exclaimed Mollie, somewhat breathless from the embrace. "A regular cave man! And I've been thinking of you as my little Rutherford B. Hayes."

Timothy Cole made no secret of his pleasure at sight of Phil Wade and Mollie Stafford. Both moved in a circle with which he had no contact

save by aspiration, and while the young society editor attempted to make it plain that her visit was strictly in the line of duty, the bonanza king brushed the remark aside as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, and hailed the pair as friends of his bosom. The wedding presents, he informed them, were laid out in the art gallery on the third floor, and he'd be up himself as soon as he'd seen about the wine.

"Carry the keys myself." This was a confidential whisper for Wade's private ear. "I've got some stuff I wouldn't take chances on with Bishop Cannon or Mrs. Ella Boole."

"Another injustice." After a swing around the walls, crowded with canvases, Wade shook his head gloomily. "You've only got to visit any American art gallery to see that Rembrandt was the first man to go in for mass production, yet look how Henry Ford gets all the credit."

"Never mind the pictures," ordered Mollie.

"We're here to look at the presents. Honest, did you ever in all your life see the like?" Her eyes, as she spoke, swept a horseshoe effect in tables, all loaded to the groaning point with every imaginable article that called for the lavish use of gold, silver, platinum and precious stones.

"Good news for Mr. Hoover, at any rate," commented Wade. "The gigantic task of exchanging all these choice gifts will provide work for every idle man and woman in the country."

"Well, there's one present that won't be exchanged," she assured him. "The Piccolomini pearls! They say old Tim gave up close to a million—oh, Mr. Cole," Mollie broke off suddenly at sight of her host. "Where are the pearls? I simply can't wait to see them. And you'll let me take them up in my hands, won't you?"

"Surest thing you know," he answered ex-

pensively. "They're over there on the table by the door."

Quite a crowd barred approach, but Mr. Cole, first satisfying himself that none of the gaping men and women was of large importance, briskly elbowed a way through, and lifted the heavy purple cords that guarded the world-famous string from too close approach. Even the imperturbable Wade gasped with admiration as he looked, for not all he knew of the Piccolomini pearls had prepared him for their beauty. Marvelously matched, each one a perfect sphere, their translucent white glowed warmly with a rose lustre lovely enough to have been stolen from the world's first dawn.

"I guess I'm a fool for laying 'em out this way," Mr. Cole admitted, "but shucks, I knew everybody would want to see 'em, and anyhow, it isn't as if they weren't being watched. That big fellow there by the door is a detective."

"You don't tell me," courteously observed Wade. "Except for the feet, hands, face and clothes, one would take him for a poet. Or an essayist, at least."

The man in question, catching Mr. Cole's glance, smiled assuringly. His position, Wade noticed, was admirably chosen, for not only did it enable him to check all those that entered the gallery, but the pearls themselves were almost directly under his eyes. The young newspaper owner, himself an athlete of some distinction, noted the spread of shoulder, the flat hips, the easy poise of the huge body, and mentally put him down as a tough customer in a brawl.

"I guess you know who the Piccolominis were, don't you?" genially inquired Mr. Cole.

"Yes, indeed," Wade nodded energetically. "I don't suppose that there was a richer or more respected family in all Italy until the father got to drinking. They tell me it was his habit of smoking in bed that set Sienna on fire. That's where we get the expression, burnt Sienna."

"There's nothing more interesting than history," Mr. Cole agreed, somewhat vague as to eye. "Well, make yourself at home, you two. Got to watch that wine."

"Oh, Phil!" Mollie Stafford, reluctantly enough, drew clear of the crowd. "Oh, *Phill*! To think of that awful little creature owning all that beauty!"

"Since you've brought the matter up," Wade confessed, "I must be honest, and tell you that I don't care for pearls myself. You know, of course, that they're a morbid growth, indicating disease in the oyster, and while it may be rank sentimentality, I can't help thinking of the poor little bivalve, and—"

"To have a string like that! It's the only thing I ever really wanted."

"There's still another objection," Wade insisted. "Somewhat unpleasant, perhaps, but your attitude forces me to be frank. As I understand it, pearls retain their lustre only by being worn continuously, and right smack up against the human body at that. In the case of gems as old as these, how can you possibly tell what company they kept? Who, for instance, did they sleep with last? The sanitary soul shrinks back involuntarily. Now, synthetic rubies," and his tone brightened, "are different. They're made fresh every day. From the oven to consumer. You may not like them at first, my darling, but when little ones come to our home, as they will, think how soothing to know that you have guarded them against contagion."

"Bosh!" Her eyes shining feverishly, Miss Stafford left his

side and pushed back into the crowd about the jewels.

"For heaven's sake, girl, come on away and let's go home." Wade followed imploringly.

"You're plain pearl drunk."

"I think I am," she admitted, laughing uncertainly. "But just one more look, Phil. Honest."

Wade agreed with a nod, but after five minutes, stepped forward determinedly. Just as he reached out to tug Mollie's elbow, however, the room went pitch dark. The excited babble of voices, hushing for an instant, rose still more shrilly, with here and there a note of hysteria.

"Everybody stand still." A bull voice rang high above the uproar. "Right where you are until I find the switch."

A click, and again the gallery flooded with light. The detective, standing with one finger still on the button, glared around with set, menacing face.

"Who turned off the lights?" he demanded harshly.

"Damn the lights!" Mr. Cole's voice, rising to high C, broke off into a falsetto screech. "The pearls! They're gone!" Standing above the table that had held the famous Piccolomini string, he pointed with shaking hand to an empty velvet pad.

"SURE they're gone," growled the big man. "What did you think all the darkness was for? But don't worry," he added reassuringly. "A slick trick, but it won't get far. Nobody's left the room, and nobody's going to leave it. Now, Mr. Cole, you come over here and stand by the door while I go down and telephone the station for a bunch of men. Everybody here is goin' to be searched. And searched good."

"Wait just a minute." Miss Stafford's voice rose clear, although a trifle panicky.

"Nonsense, Mollie!" Wade put an authoritative hand on her arm. "This isn't your show, old dear." His tone, for all its attempt at lightness, carried a nervous note, and his face showed white under the tan.

"Let her talk if she wants to," boomed the detective. "Go on, miss."

"I was going to say," quavered the girl, "that I think—I feel sure—I can find out who took the pearls without a search or fuss of any kind."

"What's that?" The representative of the law was plainly startled. "And how're you going to do it?"

"Well, if you'll have everybody stand in line—"

"Oh, Lord! I thought you knew something!" The big man groaned his contempt. "Lissen, miss. We got no time to be foolin' with Sherlock Holmes stuff. Come on, Mr. Cole. Take the door while I go—"

"You wait!" Timothy Cole raised a commanding hand. "Give the young lady a chance. What's your idea, Miss Stafford?"

"I want every man in the room to stand over there against the wall," Mollie ordered bravely. "The women needn't bother."

"All right! All right!" The detective shook his head irritably. "Get a move on, you guys. Line up and make it snappy. Now, lady, do your stuff."

Wade was the first to take position and swung wide of the man on his right. As the girl approached, he whispered through lips that never moved. "Slip them to me, Mollie. For God's sake, slip them to me."

"Why, Phil!" Stopping stock still, she stared at him with all the hurt of the world in her eyes.

"My error." Comforted by the look, Wade instantly lost his haggard apprehensiveness. "You may fire when you are ready, Gridley."

Mollie, resolute and more assured, went behind the line, and moved slowly down its length, making what was obviously a painstaking examination of each back. Reaching the foot, she paused, plainly puzzled, and then worked up to Wade again, this time closer to the line, and leaning forward as if to pierce through shrouding cloth down to shoulder blades.

"Well?" The voice of the detective broke the stillness with a harsh jar.

"I'm sorry." Mollie threw her hands wide in a gesture of defeat. "I can't understand why, but there's something wrong."

"All right, then." The big man permitted himself a short bark of contemptuous laughter. "Now that the amateur turn's all over, we can get back to business." Briskly, confidently, he took charge of the situation. "Come on, Mr. Cole. Watch the door, and don't let nobody out. *Nobody!* And keep an eye on that electric switch. I'm telephoning the station to send up a bunch of men. It won't take me five minutes."

Mollie moved forward as if to present a new petition, but stopped disconsolately. As the detective turned, however, reaching for the door knob, she seemed seized by a sudden flash of inspiration.

"Just one more minute," she cried excitedly.

"Another hunch, huh?" disgustedly growled the big man, swinging back.

"This time it's a good one, Phil!" Swiftly catching Wade by the lapel, she pulled down his head and whispered furiously.

"Righto!" He saluted snappily, and advanced upon his host with even more than his usual gayety of manner. "Mr. Cole," he announced, "Miss Stafford has a real clue. Nothing as important as cigar ashes, of course, or the impression of a foot in the hardwood floor, but indubitably a clue. With your permission, I'll make use of the telephone, too. Suppose we go together?" he suggested amiably, turning to the detective.

"Not much you don't." The sleuth's thin lips curled derisively. "You'll stay right here. That's orders, Mr. Cole. And when I come back, laddie, you'll be the first one we search. You and the little lady."

"Just as you say." The low bow was almost submissive, but as the detective swung around to the door again, Phil Wade's six feet of bone and muscle hit him with all the fury of a leopard's leap. Down they went in a tangle, the detective using language that betrayed an intimate acquaintance with more than one kind of life. For a few seconds, his athletic build amply justified itself. But when the smoke of battle cleared, he lay face flat on the floor, and the young newspaper owner, perched triumphantly in the exact centre of his back, was possessed of what is technically known as a hammerlock.

"Make any false move," he cautioned, somewhat breathlessly, "and I'll be under (Continued on page 42)



Don't worry about it, Alfred, it's a floater!

(Continued from page 41)

the painful necessity of breaking your damned arm. Search him, Mollie."

Miss Stafford, enthusiastically enough, advanced to the assigned task, and after painstaking exploration of two or three pockets, drew forth the Piccolomini pearls with a proud flourish.

"Good gosh!" Mr. Cole's eyes bulged a foot beyond the normal. "Why, why—he's a detective."

"Yeah?" drawled Wade. "Call up the police station, and I'm willing to bet you'll find that the genuine article was slugged somewhere on the way, or dosed with knock-out drops in his favorite speak-easy. Proceed, Mollie. Weary not with well doing. Lift his gun while you're about it."

The flat automatic firmly in his grasp, Mr. Wade rose to his feet, and, with an elaborate

manner, graciously motioned his prisoner to do the same.

"Thanks!" The ex-detective stood up, experimented gingerly with the arm that had been manhandled, and then dusted the knees of his trousers. Now that he had dropped his imitation of a plain clothes' man, they saw that the eyes were cold and hard, and the whole face strangely predatory. "If questions are in order," he continued calmly, "I'd like to ask one."

"After counting the nos," murmured Wade, "the ayes seem to have it."

"How did you catch on, miss?" The crook, turning to Mollie was plainly curious. "Darned if I can figure it out."

"Well, it was really quite simple. I did it with my lipstick." Out of the corner of her eye, the girl flicked Wade with a triumphant look.

"Your lipstick!" Mr. Cole drew close as if unable to believe his ears.

"Exactly," declared Mollie. "No, I'm not fooling. You see," she laughed, "I happened to be making a fresh application just as the lights went out. And as I felt a man's body pushing by me, snatching for something, quite instinctively, I drew the rouge right across his back. That," she explained, "was why I went behind the paraded gentlemen. And when I failed to find any red line, I didn't know what to think. But when you started to go out the door, turning your back to me for the first time—" breaking off, she finished her narrative with a brilliant smile and the most grateful of bows.

"I apologize." In the car, as they rode home, Wade's voice oozed a profound contrition. "Never, no, never, give up your lipstick, my darling. Think of the money we can save by not having to install a burglar alarm or keep a watchdog."

With David Lawrence in Washington

(Continued from page 23)

Treasury or drop in at the Federal Reserve Board. The investment bankers run over from New York to find out what the Department of State thinks about a foreign loan. It isn't that the government has the right to approve or disapprove loans to foreign countries but it does reserve the privilege of knowing what they are all about so that if they do conflict with the diplomacy of the United States the bankers can be persuaded, perhaps, to refrain from extending aid where it will not help the interests of our country.

There are literally scores of places in Washington where business men are in consultation from day to day, sometimes ironing out points of friction and sometimes getting aid in their marketing and distribution problems. The manufacturers of food products are called on the carpet if their labels are not a proper statement of what the package contains, and the same holds true of patent medicines and other preparations. The government is constantly proceeding against those who offer fake cures or those who try to use the mails to extort money by misrepresentation.

Every year sees some new commission, or perhaps a strengthening of an old commission. The Tariff Commission, for example, is getting under way with its exhaustive studies of costs of production abroad.

These commissions are not part of the executive establishment as is commonly assumed—

they are responsible directly to Congress. The President, of course, has the right to appoint the personnel, subject to confirmation by the Senate, but when once the appointments are made all these commissions feel that they are acting for and on behalf of both Houses of Congress in interpreting the powers bestowed upon them by law.

Perhaps the greatest function of the non-congressional part of our government has to do with the interpretation of law. The courts, of course, attempt to clear up ambiguities and protect the interests of those who think that Congress may have transcended its Constitutional prerogative. But the biggest and most far-reaching power of all is that which gives the different bureaus, commissions and departments of government the authority to write "regulations." These are not merely principles. They are the administrative codes, the actual working formulas, whereby the wishes of Congress are carried out.

Naturally, if a bureau is arbitrary and exceeds its powers, the citizen can go into the courts for protection and if that doesn't succeed he can always go to Congress and petition that body for redress through the repeal or the strengthening of a particular provision of law.

It seems as if there are more regulations than there are laws, because every statute is susceptible of different interpretations, and discretionary power must always be exercised carefully. The

tax laws are executed through hundreds of regulations—the prohibition laws have brought hundreds more. These regulations, of course, can be changed at will if they prove unreasonable and they can be abandoned if they do not work. They can't be nullified except with congressional consent.

But regulations are the basic work of the executive branch of the government and the administrative commissions. It is because of a fear that an official of the executive branch of the government may be amenable to political influence or that he may be too much under the thumb of a Chief Executive that Congress has in the last decade been creating commissions. The latter are usually of a bi-partisan character. This means a check by one political party on the acts of the other. It also means an individual balancing and counter-balancing of points of view. Commissions are bound to grow in number as long as Congress is jealous of its power and anxious to keep bureaucracy from becoming too arbitrary.

It must not be thought, however, that the principal reason why business men come to government is to get relief from the regulatory side of government. More often nowadays, they come to get cooperation. The government has a vast influence in bringing discordant elements together and in recent years has been particularly helpful in standardization of products and in trade practice conferences.



View near Lakes Martha and Marguerite in the Olympic Mountains

ABRAHAM CURTIS

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Alton B. Crimm, Ilion, N. Y.

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 of puzzles: Christopher Brennan, Jr., Danielson, Conn.; H. L. Cook, Elizabeth, N. J.; Nina G. Crandon, Charles City, Ia.; Helen Peters, Denver, Colo.; and Orpha C. Thompson, Beloit, Wis.

What many business men want, of course, is guidance from the government so that they will not run into legal difficulties. They do not want to violate Anti-Trust Laws yet economic conditions require them to consider mergers and amalgamations. As yet, no federal tribunal has arisen which will examine a proposed merger and promise immunity. Business still takes its chances with the courts as the final arbiter. The real difficulty seems to be that a proposed merger is all right on paper when it is brought to a government office for examination and then when immunity is given the details of it might be worked out in such a fashion as to bring monopoly and hardship on competitors. When some constructive genius figures out a way by which the government can be safeguarded if it does give advance advice, progress will be made toward a policy of sanctioning mergers and consolidations in the public interest.

Twenty years of observation of business men and their ways of approaching government have convinced me that most of them want to do the right thing and want to conduct their businesses within the law and in a spirit of fairness. Even those with legitimate projects too often get into difficulties because they do not adopt simple and straightforward methods of dealing with government. Thus, the first thought of those unfamiliar with government processes is to think of political pull and influence. There certainly are some parts of the government where politics plays a real part. But there are dozens of instances in which big companies and important individuals have hurt their cases by dragging politics into them.

THE average government official is not only conscientious but he leans over backward to protect Uncle Sam's interests. When he sees a politician coming in the door with a business man, he begins to wonder if something isn't wrong. The mere fact that a Senator or a Member of the House of Representatives comes along to "introduce" a constituent may mean a courteous hearing, but it doesn't always leave a good taste. Some of the most complicated problems that business men have had to face in their contact with government have been straightened out in a few minutes when the president of a company came alone and sat down with a government official and put all his cards on the table. For there are officials who would rather lose their jobs than surrender to undue influence of any kind.

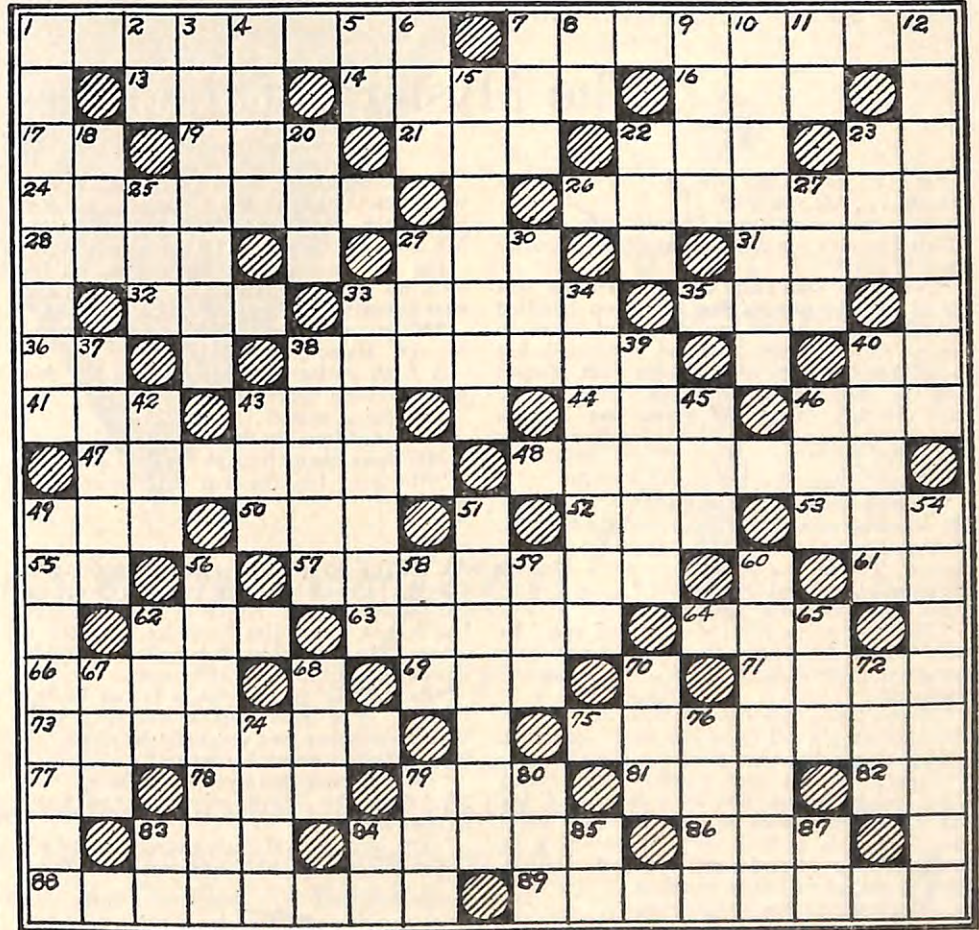
Perhaps one of the biggest mistakes a business man sometimes makes is in assuming that just because an unimposing individual sits in a dingy looking office or carries some title that stamps him immediately as a subordinate, he can be handled by any kind of a messenger sent from the headquarters of that business. What the outside world doesn't realize is that the man who for the moment exercises the power of Uncle Sam is to all intents and purposes the final authority because usually recommendations from the subordinate are accepted higher up. It is rare that a case is reviewed by a department head and a decision is overruled. So a proper respect for and a considerable frankness with the man down the line in government is just as essential as an intelligent presentation of the case in point. Government officials are human but they are not corrupt. They may be susceptible to persuasion if the people who come before them are convincing and earnest, but they are not accustomed to being bulldozed or treated with condescension.

Lobbying, of course, is a term associated with a rule with efforts to influence the legislative bodies of our country. It is of doubtful value, as many business men have already discovered. One of the most successful lobbyists in Washington said this to me the other day:

"Why, the blank industry paid out hundreds of thousands of dollars to lobbyists—both sides of it were extravagant—during the tariff debate. And every bit of it was wasted. The issue was decided long before this particular schedule ever came up for discussion. The result would have been exactly the same if not a nickel had been expended."

Subterranean methods and maneuvers are likely to prove more harmful than beneficial. Many an organization nowadays, however, prefers to plead its case in the open. At the public

(Continued on page 44)



Across

- 1—Attempt
- 7—Positive
- 13—Sphere
- 14—Compel
- 16—Geographical drawing
- 17—Part of verb "to be"
- 19—Animal famous for its teeth
- 21—Wager
- 22—Female bird
- 23—Personal pronoun
- 24—Prosper
- 26—The line bounding a figure
- 28—Chair
- 29—Pull laboriously
- 31—Level
- 32—Modern
- 33—To adjust for distinct vision
- 35—Period of time
- 36—Conjunction
- 38—Rulers
- 40—Preposition
- 41—Short slumber
- 43—Top
- 44—Lubricant
- 46—Shed tears
- 47—Liberate
- 48—Public vehicle
- 49—Transgression
- 50—Equal to the standard
- 52—To make old
- 53—Decay
- 55—Towards
- 57—Crossed open work of wood
- 61—Negative
- 62—Discern

- 63—To wash by draining
- 64—Possessive pronoun
- 66—Close
- 69—Consumed
- 71—Memorandum
- 73—Clamorous censure
- 75—Alike
- 77—Indefinite article
- 78—Increase
- 79—Disseminate
- 81—Fleshy part near the teeth
- 82—Male parent
- 83—A card with a single spot
- 84—A tendon
- 86—Total
- 88—Behavior
- 89—Dwelling

- 25—Metal container
- 27—Eggs
- 29—Undressed piece of timber
- 30—Firearm
- 33—Relating to a united group of States
- 34—Organ of digestion
- 37—Wireless apparatus
- 38—Competitor
- 39—Burn slightly
- 40—The malicious firing of property

Down

- 1—Act of sending out
- 2—Accomplish
- 3—Constructed
- 4—Competent
- 5—Concerning
- 6—Steal
- 7—Perform
- 8—Exist
- 9—A sign
- 10—Portable light
- 11—On high
- 12—Infinite duration
- 15—Decreased
- 18—To institute legal proceedings
- 20—Small barrel
- 22—Fiery
- 23—Tint

- 42—Writing instrument
- 43—Margin
- 45—Falsehood
- 46—Mongrel dog
- 49—Criterion
- 51—Depot
- 54—Liberal
- 56—Large open balcony
- 58—Beverage
- 59—Frozen fluid
- 60—The least quantity
- 62—Cyst
- 65—Sun
- 67—Contraction of even
- 68—A passing fashion
- 70—Toupee
- 72—Strike lightly
- 74—Conception
- 76—Meditate
- 79—Term of respect
- 80—Soaked with water
- 83—Plural personal pronoun
- 84—Therefore
- 85—Us
- 87—Myself

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 55

(Continued from page 43)

hearings or in carefully prepared written presentations, they exercise their Constitutional right of petition. There is nothing wrong with the writing of a letter to every Member of Congress—they expect it. But there is everything wrong from the Congressional point of view in stimulating artificially a wave of telegrams, letters and similarly worded petitions.

As for the officials in the executive branch of the government, they are less likely to be bothered with lobbyists. But there has grown up a method of attempting to influence them through the personal friendship of former employees of the government. Even this has its

drawbacks. The individual who leaves the government and comes back to argue a case for a private company with knowledge gained about that particular controversy while in the government service is not likely to be given an uproarious welcome by his former colleagues. The ethics that have grown up rather require that the former government employee may use his general knowledge and background but he seldom will become a part of a litigation or dispute in which he at one time represented the government's interests.

The tendency is more and more in the direction of square dealing between business and government. Much progress has been made in the last decade in getting government officials to under-

stand that general prosperity can be promoted only by making the economic laws work and by limiting government interference to the most extreme cases of abuse.

Government interference is of two kinds: that which comes from a desire to correct inequities as between individuals or companies or industries where the laws of the land specifically require the correction of monopoly or unfair competition; and that which is prompted by the political pressure exerted upon Congress by groups which seek by one way or another to bring about a redistribution of wealth. The conflict between the economic mind and the political mind is by no means diminishing. But that's a controversy all by itself.

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 18)

"What!" said Lady Cedar. "Two million pounds! . . . Are you mad?"

"No, not very mad," said Mr. Bunn. "Didn't he give you anything at all of his shark's share of that?"

"Nothing," said Lady Cedar. "He has lent me all told the colossal sum of fifteen hundred pounds—after all the trouble I had taken to become Alison's companion and to persuade her to get her father to buy Maiden Fain Manor! You see, they wanted the place Alison was to have for her change of scene—her English visit—somewhere not too far from Sow Foon's place. . . ."

"Why?" demanded Fortworth, heavily.

"I don't know—any more than I know why Mr. Vanesterman should have paid the Colonel, or Sow Foon, or both, that gigantic sum of money. Ten million dollars, you said! But, in the name of common sense, why?"

Mr. Bunn looked at her keenly.

"That's what we are trying to find out," he said—mildly, for he saw that she knew nothing about the method or grounds of the enormous blackmail.

"Haven't you any idea at all of any reason why they should kill Gene Reymar?" he asked.

Lady Cedar shook her head.

"None. Except that possibly they feared Alison might accept him as a husband. She was rather interested in him in New York! The Colonel is in love with Alison—why, he threatened to strangle me—gripped me—the other night when I intervened as he was becoming too assiduous to Alison!"

Mr. Bunn smiled—widely, genuinely, profusely. He rose.

"Yes, my dear, you are a good sort. You may have had a rough passage till now, but you've kept more of your—your natural nice thinking—than you know.

"And I sum you up as a very charming sportswoman who has been more sinned against than sinning—*what the devil's that!*"

He turned like a startled tiger. His arm flickered and, miraculously, there appeared in his great fist, a big, blued automatic pistol.

Somebody was knocking violently at the big main door.

They could feel the walls of the room vibrate to that furious summons.

"Who's that—at this hour of the night?" growled Fortworth, rising.

The door opened to admit Mr. Ferdinand Bloom, pale and in terror.

"There's something—I mean somebody, knocking at the door, sir!" he said, one hand gripping the door post.

"Why advertise it to us? Go and see who it is!" roared Fortworth.

Bloom swayed.

"No, sir. I'm sorry, sir. It can't be done—I—I'm scared, sir!"

"What d'ye mean 'scared'? You're tight—not scared! What is there to be scared of, man?"

But before Bloom could answer he was, as it were, plucked out of the picture by someone behind him—Sing, the "Old Indestructible," as Mr. Bunn oftentimes called his super-valet.

His neck was swollen enormously, his lips torn, his ears torn, but his deep slanting eyes were glittering with a queer light as he spoke.

"Bloom allee same dlunk—and flightened, Master! He no good! Me going!"

A fresh outburst of knocking on the door jarred through the house.

"Me going, master!"

He turned from the door. Mr. Bunn swung through the door after him.

"Me going too, damn it all!" he said emphatically.

A STALK-LEGGED but tubby man reeled into the hall as Sing swung back the door. He, too, bore abundant marks of recent personal battle, but these, like Sing, he appeared to ignore. His frightful hands hung low at his sides like clamps at the end of steel ropes.

"Lady Cedar Blanchesson is in this house," he said, in a queer, hoarse, uncertain tenor that nevertheless was uncannily ferocious. "I have called to escort her home!"

"Ah, you have, have you? *You have!*" said Mr. Bunn, his fingers gripped round Sing's slender wrist.

"You have a royal chance of escorting Lady Cedar home, my lad," continued Mr. Bunn,

flushing slightly. "You'll have to learn how to talk to folk a little more after the rate, MacCorque, before you find anybody likely to consign a lady to your care at this hour of the ni—keep those hands down, you alligator!" he roared suddenly, and stepped back.

"Master—" implored the Chink avidly at his side.

"Oh, all right," said Mr. Bunn, suddenly, and released his grip on Sing's wrist. "Settle it among yourselves, you tigers!"

He stared, muttering, as MacCorque and Sing eyed each other.

"I'm fey—that's what I am. This means another inquest one way or the other. But Sing's got the lad's measure—for a fortune! Good luck to him! This night sees the finish of this affair—I know it—for I'm as fey as the devil. And glad I am—"

He broke off as Sing, having given Strangler MacCorque room and time to enter further into the big hall, banged the door to and wheeled like a fierce but slightly invalid cat on MacCorque, not less fierce and at least as invalid.

They gripped.

Mr. Bunn stepped quite clear of them. He had entirely made up his mind about them. If Sing could win without his help, good. If he couldn't Mr. Bunn had decided, quite deliberately, to shoot MacCorque before the man could strangle Sing. For Sing was valuable to Mr. Bunn—and MacCorque was a blot on the face of the earth, valueless.

Mr. Bunn was worked up to cruelty point. His blood, so to express it, was running red-hot in his veins—though within ten minutes it was to be like ice.

"Now, let's see what you can do, Sing, my son!" he said—and Sing and MacCorque fought.

They fought like two invalid old gentlemen.

That made it horrible.

They had come within a fraction of killing each other earlier that afternoon.

Now each meant to make a craftsmanlike job of it.

They were locked—like two very tired, and rather rheumatic old gentlemen fighting to kill. They swayed weakly, they reeled and fell together. Sing was succeeding in keeping those dreadful hands clear of his throat. For a few minutes they wrought feebly—then suddenly Sing's ladylike but steel-sinewed hands dropped the coarse-grained, ugly murderous hands of the killer, and flashed to MacCorque's swollen throat. . . .

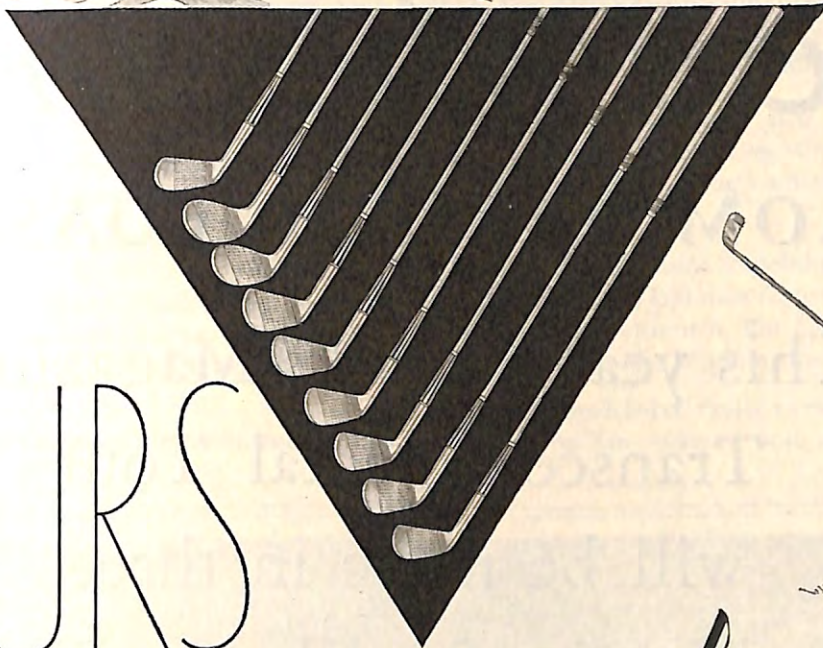
In a few seconds MacCorque was hooting for mercy—squealing for it—gasping for it—whispering for it. Mr. Bunn relented—it was ugly. Better let the law have him, after all.

"Enough, Sing . . . damn you, come off him!"

Mr. Bunn dragged his man back, and leaned over MacCorque. "Are you satisfied, you hound?"

(Continued on page 48)

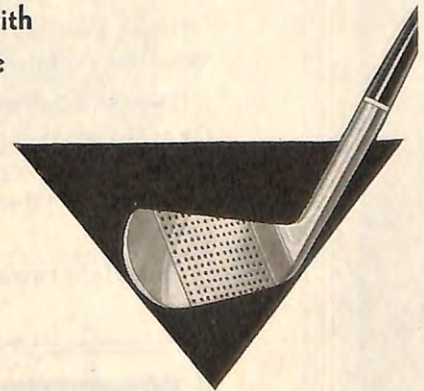




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free wheeling

FROM COAST TO COAST!

This year the Elks Magazine
Transcontinental Tour
will be made in three
Free Wheeling Studebaker Eights

CARRYING the Elks Convention spirit to the hundreds of Elks Clubs on the way, three Elks Magazine transcontinental tour cars will leave New York City May 10. They will travel by three different routes, to meet in Seattle, Washington, in time for the B. P. O. E. National Convention July 6.

These three cars will be the Studebaker Free Wheeling President Eight roadsters, pictured below.

They will deliver many more miles than are paid for at the gas pumps—and their *twin* speedometers will prove this with increasing emphasis as each of the three 10,000-mile runs draws near its finish at Seattle.

One of the two speedometers on each car will be

connected at the engine, the other at the conventional point, back of the transmission. Thus, the first will register miles of *engine* work, while the second will show the familiar *road* miles.

The difference will be FREE WHEELING MILES—miles which cost nothing, because Momentum provides the power. And, based on thousands of miles of officially certified test runs, this difference—this FREE mileage—will be not less than 20 per cent!

Think of it! Ten thousand miles of travel, with only 8,000 miles of expense! One free mile for every five!

Two years ago, the Elks Transcontinental Tour was made in President Eight Roadsters—the same



in every detail as the President Eights that set eleven world records, eighteen international records, and hold more American stock car records than all other makes combined. The Free Wheeling President Eights of this year's tour are of the same championship caliber—but they have the added advantage of Free Wheeling with positive gear control, the greatest automotive advancement since the electric starter.

America's two finest motor cars—Pierce-Arrow and Lincoln—have adopted Free Wheeling, as introduced by Studebaker. Public safety directors and highway commissioners everywhere, after driving the cars, have acclaimed Free Wheeling's safety advantages.

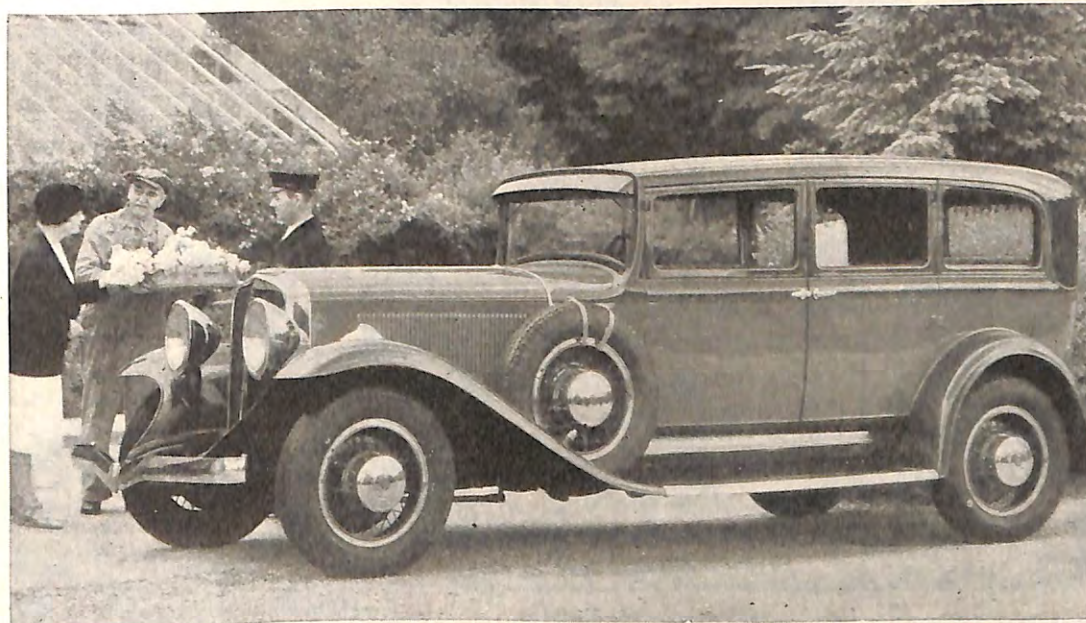
You shift at will between high and second, back

and forth, quietly at any speed, without touching the clutch. You travel smoothly and silently in any gear, because of costlier helical gears. Full engine braking power is always and instantly available.

You experience an utterly new and thrilling sensation when you drive a Free Wheeling Studebaker, because Free Wheeling is a new and different kind of motoring.

When the Elks Magazine-Studebaker Free Wheeling Transcontinental President Eight comes to your town, be sure to welcome it. But, before it comes, ride in and drive a Free Wheeling Studebaker.

Ask your Studebaker dealer to take you for a demonstration run—without cost or obligation.



Studebaker President Eight State Sedan for Five, \$1995, at the factory

Official records prove the Free Wheeling President Eight Economy Champion of America! First place in the recent Gilmore-Wrightwood Annual Economy Run for Women Drivers, was won by a Free Wheeling Studebaker President Eight—Second place going to a Studebaker Six, also with Free Wheeling. Forty cars of 20 different makes, from the cheapest to the most luxurious, competed.

There is a Free Wheeling Studebaker for every purse. The Champion President Eight, \$1850 to \$2600—The famous Commander Eight, \$1585 to \$1730—The popular Dictator Eight, \$1095 to \$1250 and the Studebaker Six, world's lowest priced car with Free Wheeling, \$845 to \$995.

STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS... PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

(Continued from page 44)

Lady Cedar is not for you! Get up and get out!" But MacCorque rolled his head from side to side and said nothing. Never again would he get up and get out from anywhere.

"By God, Sing, you've killed him! He's going to—"

But the telephone bell yelled like a thing demented—or so it seemed to Mr. Bunn.

He hurried to the instrument.

It was the butler at Maiden Fain who spoke—an uneasy man—even scared—so scared that he made several false starts before he could acquaint Mr. Bunn with the news that Miss Alison and Mr. Vanesterman were missing.

"Missing, man—what d'ye mean, missing!"

"Gone, sir. A note came for them just as they finished dinner. Miss Alison ordered her light car and they drove off. They took no chauffeur—one of the men had gone off duty, probably into the town, the other had gone to bed early with a cold. Miss Alison drove. They did not say where they were going. About a quarter of an hour ago a note came for me from Mr. Vanesterman in which he says he and Miss Alison have been called suddenly to America, and instructing me to carry on under Lady Blanchesson until I receive fresh instructions. There is no address on the note. I am a little uncomfortable about it, sir—what with these murders lately. There's a note for Lady Blanchesson waiting here, too. The lodge keeper says he saw her driving out from Maiden Fain with you, and so I ventured to telephone to ask if she is at Chalkacres Hall sir—"

"Hold on," said Mr. Bunn. He beckoned Lady Cedar, explained about the note awaiting her, and gave place at the telephone for her.

"It is Lady Blanchesson speaking, Bolton," she said, and continued without hesitation. "Open the note and read it to me now."

It was, Mr. Bunn noted, with some satisfaction, pretty clear proof that she was not very deeply entangled with the gang. She would never have risked allowing a sealed note for her to be read by the butler if she had feared the contents being known to others.

But the message in her note was much the same as that in the butler's.

Alison Vanesterman wrote—in a pencil scrawl evidently scribbled in haste—that they were urgently summoned to America and asked her to carry on as usual till they returned.

Lady Cedar's face went taut as she listened.

"Read it again, Bolton!" she said, listened a second, then, "Begin again!" she ordered.

"Very well," she said presently. "You will carry on just as usual, please. I shall be home very soon. I don't think you need be uneasy. Everything seems quite normal. Mr. Vanesterman is accustomed to make up his mind very quickly. Good night, Bolton."

But her face was blanched as she turned from the telephone to the partners.

"There's something wrong!" she said.

"How d'you know?" asked Fortworth.

"That note began 'Dearest Cedar.' Alison Vanesterman never in her life wrote me a letter or note of any description in which she called me 'Cedar.' She had a little, affectionate, intimate sort of nickname, pet name, whatever you call it, for me, which she always used when writing a personal note of this sort. It was only in conversation before other people that she called me

'Cedar' . . . I—you know—" her fine eyes were full of a keen anxiety and something like terror as she concluded—"I don't believe Alison Vanesterman wrote that note at all!"

"Then who did?" asked Mr. Bunn.

She stared at him strangely. There was no mistaking the fear in her eyes now.

"I don't know, of course—but I have an instinct that it was either Colonel Carnac or Yung Foon!" she said. "Both of them are mad about her—neither would hesitate to kidnap her if he thought it might help him—for—"

She checked, and her face went whiter still. "Or it may have been Sow Foon himself!" Mr. Bunn told himself.

He hit on that idea. "Suppose something—"



Here comes the bride!

that detective from Scotland Yard—or the police—has alarmed him and he decides that—that—"

He finished it silently.

"That the Vanestermans are better out of the way!"

He scowled thoughtfully.

"Yes," he said. "That would be possible—once the police get on to Sow Foon, Anson Vanesterman would be a deadly dangerous witness against him! I don't like it. We must get a move on. Get the car out, Squire!"

Fortworth glanced at Lady Cedar.

"Where are you going?" he growled. "To Sow Foon's! Fight our way in and search there!"

Lady Cedar started.

"You can't get in there. It's impossible—it's designed as much to keep people out as to keep the snakes in! The only entrance is barred at night! I know that."

MR. BUNN'S mind flashed back to that yawning Russell's viper, to those sluggish, poisonous beasts, the puff adders, to the huge black mamba with a head like a blunt, poisoned lance, to the hooded cobras he had seen—and his skin crawled on his body.

"You cannot—you simply cannot cross that moat place at night in the dark," shuddered Cedar Blanchesson. "I know it—I've heard Yung Foon talk of it. On such a hot night as this that pit will be crawling—carpeted—with

the vile beasts—huge things—'specimens!' Yung Foon called them . . . Oh, you can't! It would be sheer madness! It's not the vipers that strike low—you could protect yourselves from those with high boots or leather leggings—it's the mambas—the black mambas that can strike a man on horseback—and the hamadryads, the great king cobras, it's those you can't hope to escape!"

She shuddered again.

"You can't get through!"

Mr. Bunn and his partner stared oddly at each other.

Then Smiler shrugged.

"It makes me feel sick," he said slowly, "but just as sure as God I'm going through!"

He grinned like a tormented man.

"Going through!" he repeated in a queer mechanical voice. "They are white—a good sort of people those Vanestermans—me, I can tell 'em a mile off—and I tell you, I believe their lives are in danger—like ours. . . ."

He poured a whiskey large enough to stun an ordinary man and touched the bell.

"May as well give the old indestructible a chance to come along," he muttered, thought a moment and stepped to the door.

Sing, the "old indestructible," was lying quite unconscious across the body of MacCorque.

Mr. Bunn went to the door leading to the servants' hall and bawled metallically to Bloom. He made a hasty examination of the Chinaman, and sighed with relief as he rose.

"Nothing broken, thank God—but his neck's twice its right size. All those glands are swollen up, I suppose."

His eye fell on the enormous, muscular hands of MacCorque, now lying limp on the floor, and he shrugged.

"I'd as soon have my neck in a vise!" he said. "Help Sing to bed, Bloom," he ordered the butler. "And he can have anything he wants that there is in the house."

He turned back to Lady Cedar and his partner, took out his automatic and made sure that it was loaded.

"I'll borrow yours, too, Squire, while I'm at it. I may need it if I get through the zoological gardens."

Fortworth stared.

"Huh, I guess I shall be needing it myself," he said.

"You! How d'ye mean?" demanded Mr. Bunn.

"What d'ye mean, 'how do I mean?'" snarled the Squire. "D'you figure I'm not coming? D'you sum it up that I'm letting you go alone?"

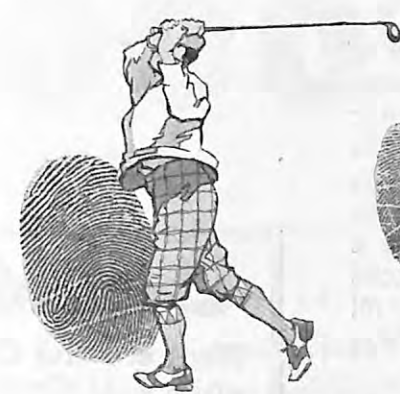
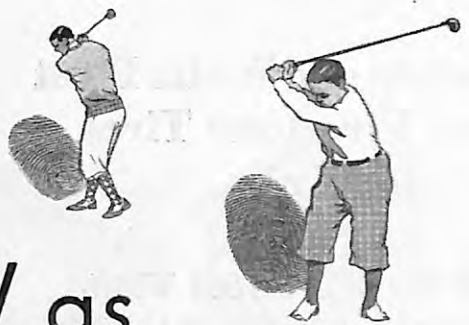
Mr. Bunn shook his head.

"In the old way, no, certainly not! I should expect you to come along. But now, with you practically a married man—that's right, I understand, ain't it, Cedar, my girl?—you're exempt from this little affair."

"Exempt hell," roared Fortworth. "I guess Cedar would pretty soon drop me into the discard if I were that like of a turntail. No, I'm coming, if only to look after you! If Cedar wouldn't let me, d'ye think I'd have any use for her? And if I sneaked out on the strength of a proposal of marriage which you regard as accepted before I've had the pluck to make it, damn it all, d'you think Cedar, God bless her,

(Continued on page 52)

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GOLF CLUBS

Elks' Purple and White Fleet Choose Firestone Tires for Trip

COAST-TO-COAST GOOD WILL
TOUR WILL START MAY 15th

Forecast New Record for Tire Safety and Endurance

WHEN the three Studebaker roadsters of the "Elks Magazine" purple and white fleet take off May 15th, from New York over three trans-continental routes on their way to the Elks National Convention at Seattle, Washington, there will be a Firestone Gum-Dipped Tire on every wheel. This will be a severe, gruelling test for tires, but Firestone Tires are veterans at long grinds, holding all world's records on road and track for safety, speed and endurance.

Strenuous Routes

One car will travel the Northern route, through Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Paul, Bismarck, Helena, Spokane and Seattle, stopping in every community where there is an Elks' Lodge.

A second car leaves New York for Scranton, Wheeling, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cedar Rapids and Denver, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, Portland and Seattle.

The third car takes the Southern route through Philadelphia, Washington, Richmond, Nashville, Memphis, Dallas, Yuma, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Salem and Seattle.

Firestones Hold All World's Records

For eleven consecutive years, Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have won the 500-mile Indianapolis Endurance Race.

And too, were on the winning cars in the Pike's Peak Race—where a slip meant death! And too, they were on the G. M. C. Truck carrying a two-ton load, that hung up the coast-to-coast endurance record.

They were on the Studebaker Car, which on the board track in Atlantic City went 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes! And they ran 71,251 miles on a Detroit taxicab before the first tire was replaced.

Small wonder Firestone Tires were chosen to equip the Elks Purple and White Fleet! Such remarkable performances have well earned for them this high recognition.

Watch for the brilliant purple and white Studebaker Car when it blazes the trans-continental Elks Trail through your town! Wish the boys luck on their long pull! And don't forget—On to Seattle for the 1931 Convention!



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Firestone Way	Mail Order House Way
Do have . . . Organization a special and undivided interest in developing and making Firestone Tires better.—Every employee a stockholder.	Do NOT have a special or undivided interest in tires.
Do have . . . Rubber our own men select and buy rubber direct from plantations. Have our own rubber preparation plant and warehouse in Singapore. Have our own large rubber plantations in Liberia.	Do NOT have a rubber preparation plant or warehouse—dependent on others to buy on the rubber exchange or other markets, passing thru many hands with profits and expenses of handling.
Do have . . . Cotton our own men select and buy cotton of best staple. Have our own bonded cotton warehouse. Have our own most efficient cord fabric mills.	Do NOT have a bonded cotton warehouse or cord fabric mills—dependent on others to buy and manufacture, passing thru many hands, with profits and expenses of handling.
Do have . . . Factory our own tire factories—most efficient in the world—daily capacity 75,000 tires— EVERY TIRE MADE IN THESE FACTORIES BEARS THE NAME "FIRESTONE."	Do NOT have a tire factory. They are dependent on those who, for the profits, will risk making Special Brand tires, possibly hoping these tires will not do too well in competition against tires they make and sell under their own name.
Do have . . . Warehouses our own warehouses to supply our Service Dealers and Service Stores.	Do have their own warehouses to supply their retail department stores.
Do have . . . Car Owners 25,000 experienced Service Dealers and Service Stores where car owners can buy Firestone Tires and get service.	Do have retail department stores and millions of expensive mail order catalogs. Car owners can buy tires over the counter or order by mail.

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More Rubber Vol.	172 cu. in.	161 cu. in.
More Weight	16.99 lbs.	15.73 lbs.
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More Plies at Tread	6 plies	5 plies
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COMPARE THESE PRICES

AUTOMOBILE Manufacturers do not take chances with special brand tires. Why should you take the risk when you can save money by buying Firestone quality Oldfield type from our dealers and in addition get their service?

We list below the leading replacement sizes.

MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	OUR CASH PRICE, EACH	★ SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE	MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE	OUR CASH PRICE, EACH	★ SPECIAL BRAND MAIL ORDER TIRE
Ford	4.40-21	\$4.98	\$4.98	Buick	5.25-21	\$8.57	\$8.57
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.60	5.60	Auburn	5.50-18	8.75	8.75
Chevrolet	4.50-21	5.69	5.69	Jordan			
Ford	4.75-19	6.65	6.65	Reo	5.50-19	8.90	8.90
Ford							
Chevrolet	4.75-20	6.75	6.75	Gardner	6.00-18	11.20	11.20
Whippet							
Erskine	5.00-19	6.98	6.98	Marmon	6.00-19	11.40	11.40
Plymouth							
Chandler	5.00-20	7.10	7.10	Oakland	6.00-20	11.50	11.50
DeSoto							
Dodge	5.25-18	7.90	7.90	Peerless	6.00-21	11.65	11.65
Durant							
Graham-Paige	6.50-20	13.10	13.10	Studebaker	7.00-20	15.35	15.35
Pontiac							
Roosevelt				Chrysler			
Willys-Knight				Viking			
Essex				Franklin			
Nash				Hudson			
Marquette				Hupmobile			
Oldsmobile				LaSalle			
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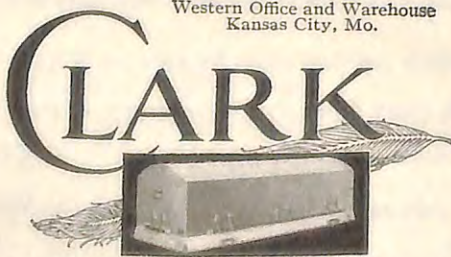
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. In what country is Monte Carlo?
2. Threats of deportation have been made against Al Capone. Why cannot they be carried out?
3. What is Janet Gaynor's legal name?
4. What is a Schnauzer?
5. Who was Mata Hari?
6. What is the world's record for the mile run?
7. Next to London, what is the largest city in Great Britain?
8. Of what baseball team is Arthur (The Great) Shires a member?
9. Who was Vice-President of the United States during Taft's administration?
10. Who wrote "Peter Pan"?
11. What is the right pronunciation of the word "flaccid"?
12. Where did the game of ping-pong originate?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 57)

(Continued from page 48)

would have any use for me! No, she wouldn't! Would you, Cedar?"

Lady Cedar stared at them white-faced and said:

"It is certain death!"

Mr. Bunn shrugged.

"Well, so it goes. We'd better be going to have a look at this certain death. Can do no good by stopping here . . . Maybe, if we put on our riding boots, wrap sacks round our things and don't let our hands dangle, we shan't come across any of Sow Foon's fancy serpents that can reach high enough to hurt us!"

"Huh! Can but try!" grunted Fortworth. "Try anything once—and once only!"

He went out mumbling something about his riding boots.

"He's not what you might call a blandishing sort of gent," said Mr. Bunn to Lady Cedar. "Now, my dear, just make us each a good stiff whiskey and soda apiece while we get our boots on. Whiskey's good for snakes!"

Quietly Lady Cedar did as she was told. She no longer tried to dissuade them, for she understood men and she knew that nothing she could say would stop them.

They intended to cross that moat of vipers—she knew it.

Meekly, she prepared their drinks, as requested.

HALF an hour later the two old adventurers were prowling like wolves around Sow Foon's stronghold, Friarsmark House.

It was intensely dark, very hot, and the night was utterly still.

More than once they climbed the wall above the moat, and leaned over to survey the house, and to listen. Two sides of the house were in darkness; one side showed three lighted ground-floor windows; the remaining side showed only the built-on annex they had noticed before, lighted.

"I should say that's Sow's private laboratory or study or whatever you care to call it—and that Sow is there now," said Mr. Bunn. "We'll make for that—and somehow we've got to get him covered dead safe before he knows we're here."

They slid to the ground again, shapeless in their armor of sacking.

"Remember, old man—we've got to be rough to-night, for once in a way. If in doubt, shoot! See that?"

"Yes, of course I see it, damn—"

Fortworth snapped it off short as a low voice came at them out of the impenetrable darkness.

"You can't get there, my friends! . . . All right! I'm Wheel—Detective-Inspector Wheel of Scotland Yard! Not a reporter, as you thought this afternoon."

They heard him chuckle, unseen.

Mr. Bunn spoke into the darkness.

"If you hadn't given your name in a voice I recognized, you'd have been a dead man by now, Inspector. You ought to be more careful!"

A shadow—a blackness slightly darker than the gloom about them—moved nearer.

"Yes? . . . I spoke to save your lives. I overheard you. You aren't the only ones watching Sow Foon, you know. But you can't get at him to-night. He's guarded by—some things—some things he understands better than we do. To-morrow I shall have a search warrant. Leave it for to-night—but come and help me to-morrow if you like."

"It can't be done, Inspector," said Mr. Bunn. "We believe there are two friends of ours there—the Vanestermans! The Foons kidnapped them to-night. They're there now, we think—God knows where they'll be to-morrow. It's now or never! . . . Sow Foon may have a dozen different bolt holes from this place—he or his son may have left an hour ago—more—we've got to see now! Now or never!"

"But, man alive, you can't get to the house. The main entrance is barred with a big steel gate—very handsome, but stained steel nevertheless. And there's an armed man on guard—a sort of lodge keeper. And the only other way in is across the moat—and the moat is crawling—carpeted—with big venomous snakes. Good God! Can't you smell them now? It would be suicide!"

"Shut up—unless you want to see a man sick in the dark," snarled Fortworth.

"We're going over," said Mr. Bunn. "Are you coming?"

"Coming! How the hell can I come—me, with nothing but a pair of rubber-soled running shoes and thin flannel trousers on," asked the detective. "What are you men wearing?"

"Leather riding boots and sacks!" said Smiler. "You stand by the main entrance and watch out. Shoot quick if you have to. Don't hesitate or they'll get you! I've got all the evidence you'll need for these blackguards! But for God's sake don't shoot us! Can't expect a man clad in flannels to come—suicide that would be—but, mark you, Inspector, we do expect you to keep your eyes open! At the same time, these people have got silent weapons that are wickeder than plain guns. So—if in doubt, shoot! It'll be you or them!"

He felt the detective grip his arm.

"But—there'll be a moon in an hour! Wait for it."

"No time," said Mr. Bunn, curtly.

The detective must have known that to be true for he answered, after a pause—

"Very well—go to it. I'll do my best! . . ."

Mr. Bunn and Fortworth dropped into the moat together, Smiler's right hand gripping Fortworth's left.

"Hold up, man! For God's sake—"

He pulled hard and Fortworth was safely on his feet. Mr. Bunn felt the sweat run down his face. If either of them fell now it was very easily possible that he might fall face down on some uneasy coiled death only too ready to strike.

"Straight for the laboratory, Squire. Go slowish—feel for your footing. The place is full of rocks," breathed Smiler and stepped forward.

He trod on something soft, yet lithe, and, in a flash, two hammer blows beat with a brutal force on his leg.

It was a double death-stroke. But he felt no prick, no pain. The stout leather had held.

There was a thick, hoarse, unspeakable hiss in the blackness at his feet . . . a faint rustle and silence.

"God! What was it?"

"One of the snakes! But he wasn't man enough for the leather! . . . Nothing like leather!" said Mr. Bunn. "Come on!"

Hand in hand they moved towards the lighted windows. They seemed frightfully far off. For some yards they went without event. Then a thing uttered a clear, almost whistling hiss high in the air before them and they froze where they stood.

"If that thing hits, one of us is gone! His head's high up!" thought Mr. Bunn swiftly and fought down a frantic desire to turn and bolt for the wall.

But the beast did not strike. It went away—they heard its thin, ugly hissing as it went.

Slowly they groped on. From a little to their left a gross ugliness of hissing rose—a sibilant chorus of death—

"Right! Right! *Quick!* Keep your hands up!"

MR. BUNN, bathed in cold perspiration, dragged his partner to the right away from that hideous menace low down on their left.

He stumbled on an unexpected boulder as he turned, thrust out a hand to save himself from falling, felt it touch a swiftly pouring, dry, smooth thing like a silky rope, and snatched it back with a shocking oath of sheer horror.

But this thing did not strike—or if it struck it missed, for he felt nothing.

He drew in his breath.

"So far, so good!" he heard himself say to his partner—and it seemed to him that his voice was like that of a dying parrot.

"Stand still for a second, Squire. I feel damned bad. It's no good making a rush for it. Shuffle your feet a little—not *too* loud. It may scare 'em out of the way!"

He began to mark time gently with his own feet, for it had come to him that somewhere he had read or heard that snakes will always get out of the way when they hear shod feet coming—except mambas, puff-adders, and hama-dryads.

"Now, old man—*forward!*"

They went forward—hand in hand like two children lost in the dark.

And nothing more moved—nothing hissed—not one of the rocks upon which the beasts basked in the sunshine intervened. It was, for the second half of their traverse of the moat, as if they walked on an innocent, green lawn in full daylight.

They clambered up the far side of the moat.

"Done it!" exulted Mr. Bunn as he slid over the low wall.

"Done it, yes, we've—oh, my God!"

Fortworth groaned, snatching his hand from that of his partner.

"Ah, you swine—"

He seemed to fight something in the darkness—something that struck and swirled and was gone.

"He's got me—in the groin and twice in the hand!" said Fortworth. "It was as big as a fire-hose!" he added, like a man sobbing.

Mr. Bunn grabbed twice for his partner's hand before he seized it.

"There's an antidote!—a serum!" he hissed very low. "Keep cool for just a second or two. Sow Foon can put you right! Come on! *Quick!*"

They headed for the lighted annex. There was a glass door to it—and it was open. No doubt for the sake of the comparative coolness of the night air and in serene confidence of his impregnability Sow Foon had opened it.

It was a miracle—yet because, as he had truly said, he was "fey" to-night, it was, uncannily, exactly what Mr. Bunn had hoped for.

He dropped his partner's arm, ran in, and jammed his pistol into the grim-lined face of Sow Foon, the venom-master.

His appearance must have been dreadful—for Sow Foon quailed back from him like a man who sees an appalling vision.

"Watch the other door," snarled Mr. Bunn over his shoulder to his partner. "Kill anybody but the Vanestermans that enters! . . ."

(Continued on page 54)



Both are the Same Age

—WHY THE DIFFERENCE

TWENTY years ago these two men might have passed for twins. But not today. Yet both are forty years old.

One man seems only a little over thirty. He still retains the alert eye and the springy step of a youngster. He has the poise and the forcefulness that go with good health.

You would unhesitatingly set the second man's age at fifty or above. Forehead and eyes are etched with wrinkles. The mouth droops with discontent and growing despair.

What has happened during those important twenty years?

Would it surprise you to know that constipation can undermine health beyond repair. Not only does it dull the keen edge of each day, but it cuts down your precious *earning* years.

When the system is constantly clogged, poisons are formed. These may penetrate your entire body. Headaches, dizziness, loss of appetite and energy, spells of depression are a few of the results. Even serious disease may develop.

It seems too bad—when there is such a pleasant way to avoid this condition. Just eat a delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. This supplies the roughage needed for proper elimination. Two tablespoonfuls daily are guaranteed to relieve and prevent both temporary and recurring constipation. In stubborn cases use ALL-BRAN with each meal.

This natural, safe way is far better than using laxatives, which are so often harmful and habit-forming.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN is thoroughly enjoyable. Delicious with milk or cream, fruits or honey added. Sprinkle it over other cereals, in soups, on salads. Have your wife make it up into fluffy bran muffins, breads, omelets.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also furnishes iron to build up your blood. Served everywhere—restaurants, hotels, dining cars. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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Present Position.....
Address.....

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(Continued from page 53)

His eyes on the venom-master, he heard Fortworth reel to the inner door, cursing bitterly. "Sow Foon," said Mr. Bunn. "Listen! We—have crossed—your—moat. The—place—where—the snakes—are. My friend—that—man—was—bitten. Give him—now—an anti-dote—a serum—immediately—or—I—will—kill you!"

He forced himself to speak slowly, with a sharp and careful distinctness—for time was too terribly short for any mistake.

Sow Foon's face looked like that of a man, or a devil, ten thousand years old, as he stepped back a little.

And his smile was that of some obscene idol in a far temple.

"No!" he said. "I care nothing for the life of a thief by night—a burglar. I know you—pryers—listeners—embroilers—detectives! No! He has been bitten. It is good—let him die!"

HE stepped back one sharp pace and suddenly swept a row of bottles from a shelf to smash on the tiled floor. It was the mad and malevolent act of an infuriated snake that bites itself in impotent fury.

"There are the serums!" he said, "and your friend is a dead man!"

He smiled malignantly. He had realized that, now he had been tracked, there was no hope for him. Nothing now could save him from the gallows except some quicker death—such a death as he saw in the hard jade eyes of the man who had tracked him.

There was no time to talk. Mr. Bunn pressed his trigger and smashed the man's left arm.

"Stand up! Stand up, you foreign dog!" he said as Sow Foon reeled and recovered. "Give me a serum or you die even before my friend!"

"What is life to me!" whispered Sow Foon. "The serums are all destroyed!"

Mr. Bunn read the stark truth in the man's bitter eyes.

"Give me the serum—and go scot-free!" he bargained, his voice thinning with despair. "It is too late!"

Mr. Bunn pressed his trigger again and Sow Foon's right arm jerked like the arm of a marionette. He staggered. His eyes closed. Yet, indomitably, he opened them again. For this man was unconquerable.

"For the last time, Sow Foon—the serum!" Like a man fainting, Sow Foon shook his head.

"Foreign devil—they are gone—every one!"

"So be it!" said Mr. Bunn—and shot him dead where he stood.

"Damn you, you murderer!" sobbed Smiler, flung his pistol at the dead man's head, and swung round to his partner.

He expected to see Fortworth writhing in agony on the floor.

But, instead, he was standing taut and eager at the half-opened inner door.

"Look out, man! They're coming!" he shouted wildly.

Mr. Bunn reeled back to snatch up his pistol from the pool of blood in which it lay. Dimly, at the back of his mind, behind the red mist of murderous anger that had enveloped all his mental faculties he was aware that something was odd and unexpected about Fortworth. He had been bitten savagely by one of the monstrous poison bearers and normally he should by now be very near his terrible and, lacking the antidote, inevitable death.

But he was not. Instead, he was peering through the half-opened door of the laboratory, fierce and intent, with his pistol poised in his outstretched right hand, itself very much like the menacing head of a huge snake—except that it was stained with blood from the fang punctures.

No man bitten by a deadly snake ever looked less like dying than Fortworth.

Even as Mr. Bunn joined him, something smashed lightly on the edge of the door an inch from Fortworth's head. It was one of those hideous glass bullets.

Yung Foon peered round an angle of the corridor wall to see the effect of his shot and Fortworth fired swiftly. It was a lucky snap rather than a deliberately good shot, for Yung Foon came pitching out from behind his angle to collapse across the floor of the corridor, shot through the neck. The bullet must have cut the great jugular vein, for he seemed to spout a red veil of blood as he fell.

Another face showed from behind the angle for the fraction of a second.

It snapped back as the corridor reverberated to the double roar of the pistols, and two bullets from the adventurers tore a chunk of plaster from the edge of the wall angle.

There was a pause, and Mr. Bunn, coughing in the reek of smoke stared at his partner strangely.

"You—you ought to be half dead—hey?" he said oddly. "If that beast had been poisonous you'd be dying right here! . . . How d'ye feel?"

"Fine!" roared Fortworth, exalted as ever by the fighting. "I'm too tough for any damn snake!" he bellowed glaring with excitement. (There was a better explanation of the seeming miracle than that—but it was not till they were cooler that they thought of it.)

"Good old partner—" began Mr. Bunn. "What's that? A trap! Look out for tricks—and if you see a hand with a thing like a big rubber ball in it jump back for your life and bang the door. They've got a kind of knock-out gas!" he explained hastily, staring at a white handkerchief attached like a flag to a stick which had just been thrust from the angle.

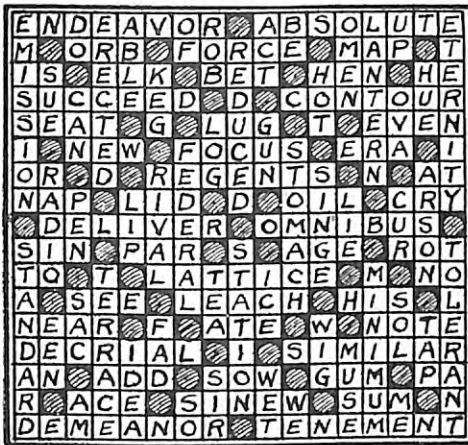
"The white flag! They want to call it a day— whoever they are."



"He keeps seeing dots before his eyes, Doctor, and trying to sign on them"

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)



He bawled down the corridor that they saw the flag and ordered those who were exhibiting it to put their hands high above their heads and walk into the corridor.

"If you don't want to fight, you won't get hurt," he shouted. "But the place is surrounded by police, and you can take your choice. Fight to your finish—or surrender. Please yourselves!"

A man stepped into the corridor, followed by several others. Mr. Bunn summed them all up at a glance. They were manservants led by their chief, obviously an English butler. One or two had a foreign look, but none had the appearance of being out-and-out scoundrels.

They were all badly scared, and they gave the partners no trouble at all.

Mr. Bunn and Fortworth saw that before they had spoken a dozen words.

"All right—you can explain yourselves to the police later," said Mr. Bunn curtly. "What I want to know is whether Mr. and Miss Vanesterman are in this house!"

The butler nodded. "Lead the way to them, my friend," said Mr. Bunn, and as the man turned he pressed the muzzle of his pistol into the butler's back just under the left shoulderblade.

"It's a pistol pressing against you," he said dourly, his left hand heavy on the man's shoulder. "Understand!" he went on. "No tricks. If you're straight, you're safe! If anyone tries any tricks, I'll see that you go west, at any rate. Get on!"

They moved off, Fortworth following, walking sideways, his eyes on the others behind him. They would have picked up Yung Foon's body, but—

"Leave it lie for the police," growled Fortworth. At the next door Fortworth stopped Mr. Bunn.

"Just a minute!" he said, opened the door, and instructed the servants to go in and wait there until he returned.

He looked—and was—too formidable and dangerous to disobey.

They went in quietly. He locked the door and rejoined his partner.

"They're tame enough!" he said. "Go ahead."

The butler, pallid from the stress of the steel barrel at the back of his heart, guided them to a small drawing-room, very luxuriously furnished.

Alison and Anson Vanesterman were there.

BOTH seemed to be sound asleep—Alison was lying on a great couch, nestled among the big cushions. She looked little and frail, pale and strangely childlike. One hand lay palm upward on the couch, half-open. The other was half-hidden under her white cheek.

Anson Vanesterman lay lax in an easy chair. He too was very white, and his tattooed hands dangled limply down over the chair.

The room was extraordinarily still—and somehow odd. Mr. Bunn saw that it had no windows and, for all its air of comfort, the bright electric light showed that it was dusty and uncared-for. The corners of the ceiling were full of cobwebs.

(Continued on page 56)

HIS ONLY EXERCISE IS AT HIS MEALS YET HE HAS "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



LIKE a lot of us who enjoy the good things of life, he's not as active as he used to be. And, while his feet are great weight-carriers, you could hardly call him athletic.

Nevertheless, this easy-going epicure has an annoying case of "Athlete's Foot." It hardly seems the correct thing for a man of his standing to be bothered with that rash-like eruption,* that moist white skin, between his toes. He'd forget it if he could, but it intrudes. There's itching—and twinges—which can effectively spoil a business day. And he doesn't even know what to call it, or how to get rid of it.

Are YOU guarding against this stealthy infection, so easily tracked into homes?

"Athlete's Foot" may attack any of us,* no matter how immaculate, because it persists in the cleanest places. A tiny vegetable parasite, *tinea trichophyton*, generally causes this ringworm infection and it thrives in the very places where we go for cleanliness—on the edges of showers and swimming pools; on locker-and dressing-room floors;

***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.

in gymnasiums. And it is continually tracked into countless homes.

It may live and thrive for months in your own spick-and-span bathroom; in the mat; on any damp floors. And it causes infection and re-infection with great persistence. That is why so many people have "Athlete's Foot" that you see mention of it in the papers everywhere. New facts about the spread of "Athlete's Foot," says the San Francisco Examiner, show that among 3,100 freshmen at one of the large universities, 53% suffered from the disease. And The Scientific American reports that "Athlete's Foot" has come to be a commonly known condition. Again, the U. S. Public Health Service says that "at least half of all adults suffer from it at some time." There is small doubt that today this ringworm germ is a menace to everyone.

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 clinics have confirmed 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. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



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**It tells you, step by step,
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I HAVE shown thousands of fellows like you the way to secure the well paid, permanent Civil Service jobs they now hold. And the very FIRST step they took was to send for my FREE BOOK. Get it quick! It tells you exactly what I would, if you came to see me in Rochester. Page by page this book tells you EVERYTHING you want to know about getting a Government Position. Here are a few "high spots":

Page 4 Tells What Uncle Sam Pays

He's the finest, squarest boss in the world. You don't have to worry all the time about layoffs and being "fired." HARD TIMES DO NOT AFFECT THE GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEE; and he gets an average of \$200 a year more than other workers. Railway Postal Clerks start at \$1,350 a year and can work up to higher paid jobs. My book gives salaries of every branch.

Page 9 Tells How You Pick Your Job

Pick the job you want; I'll help you get it. You can work in your home town, travel or work in Washington, D. C. Uncle Sam has openings everywhere.

Page 12 Tells How I Prepare You Quickly

For eight years I was Official Examiner of the Civil Service Commission, so I know just what kind of questions are asked. You can depend upon me to help you to pass HIGH, and be offered one of the FIRST jobs open.

Page 16 Tells About Raises Every Year

You don't have to take the boss's vague promise of a raise—and never get it. You can depend on your increase from Uncle Sam. Read all about this BIG ADVANTAGE in my FREE BOOK.

Page 18 Tells About Vacations with Pay

In some branches you get up to 30 days with pay every year, and up to 30 days' sick leave. See my book for full information on this liberal plan.

Page 10 Tells About Civil Service Pensions

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(Continued from page 55)

An odd room—a sinister room. An ugly thrill went like a blade of ice down Mr. Bunn's spine as he stared at the Vanestermans. "Hold this man!" he said to Fortworth and stepped swiftly to Alison. His teeth were set and his hard eyes glaring—for he feared that they were dead.

Dead! He turned to Fortworth as he went—rather as a tiger turns to snarl over its shoulder. "Hold him! Watch him!" said Smiler. Fortworth felt the man quail and shudder at the menace in his partner's voice. . . . He bent over the girl, and shook her gently. "Alison—it's all right, my dear. Wake up!" But she did not wake up.

Mr. Bunn watched her with a curious hungry intentness, and then he saw that she was breathing quite naturally, quite easily and regularly. He rose and crossed over to Anson Vanesterman. He, too, was breathing normally. Mr. Bunn beamed.

"All right. They're drugged." He lifted Vanesterman's eyelid, sniffed at his half-opened lips, felt his pulse. "They will be all right. They're not deep down," he said oddly and thought for a moment.

"The sooner we get the Inspector in here the better," he said, and eyed the butler somberly. "Send one of your men to show my friend the way to the main entrance," he said. "And come back here."

"Very good, sir." "There's a steel gate. Have you got the key?" "The man at the lodge has the key, sir. He is a queer character—he—"

"Will he give it up to your man when he demands it?" "When he knows what has occurred here I think he will, sir."

Fortworth jerked his shoulders impatiently. "You can leave him to me!" he said brusquely. "Get on!"

The butler went out, Fortworth on his heels like a grizzly.

The butler was back within a few minutes. "Any more fighting men in the house?" asked Smiler.

"No, sir." "Where's Colonel Carnac?" "I understand from Mr. Yung Foon that the Colonel left some hours ago, sir."

1931 Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle, Wash.

(Continued from page 32)

The years passed calmly, till on a day in June, 1889, an overturned glue pot in a workman's shop carried flaming disaster in its wake. In less than six hours the entire business area of sixty blocks was destroyed. Yet, was Seattle downhearted? She was not. Her work was reduced to ashes, but not her spirit. A few of her people suggested that the fund then waiting to be sent for the Johnstown Flood relief should be used at home, a suggestion that was unanimously voted down.

With such intrepidity of purpose it could not be otherwise than that out of the ruins a bigger and a greater Seattle sprang into being, prospering and thriving as commerce and trade developed, until that day when "Gold! Gold!" ran from lip to lip, as miners with full pokes related their tales of Northland treasure. Straight-

Mr. Bunn thought. "Ever seen visitors like this before?" he asked.

The butler hesitated. "Once only, sir. . . . None of the servants were allowed to enter this room on any account whatever."

"Huh! They missed nothing. It's a bad room."

He sniffed. "I don't like the air in here. Is there a good room next door?"

"Yes, sir—the morning room. Very bright and comfortable."

"And windows?" "Yes, sir."

"Show me the way."

Mr. Bunn picked up Alison in his great arms as gently as if she were eggshell porcelain, or a delicate child, carried her into the room adjoining, laid her on a couch there, threw wide open all the windows, and fetched Anson Vanesterman.

Then he hesitated a moment, eyeing the butler.

"YOU look as if you might be straight," he said presently. "I hope you are. You're doing yourself no harm, my man. Scotland Yard will be here in a minute or two and time's short for you to—pile up a few points for yourself. So—for your own sake, not mine—if there's anything odd you've noticed about this house while you've been here—and that's how long—"

"Just on six months, sir—the Professor's son, Mr. Yung Foon, engaged me in London—"

"Have you ever noticed anything odd about this place? If you have, tell me—quick! It will pay you!"

The butler glanced around the room. He was frightened. For a moment it looked as if he wanted to escape. But a second later he seemed to have thought better of it, for he said:

"I understand, sir. Yes, sir, there is something odd about the house. Very odd, sir, if I may say so."

Mr. Bunn looked up sharply. His jade eyes narrowed.

"Then say it quick, my lad—and come clean!" The butler blanched at the threat in Mr. Bunn's voice and began to speak almost desperately fast.

(To be concluded)

The Derby of the Century

(Continued from page 11)

yourself talking horse, familiarly, with men and women you never saw before and may never see again. Even the twenty-minute street-car ride to the track—less than that if you go by taxi, out Third or Seventh Avenue—will thrill you, for it takes you through an historic part of Louisville, past once-famous mansions and notable landmarks.

The Downs itself, when you first glimpse it, will thrill you to your toes. If you know American turf history, you'll recognize many of the names of past Derby winners on boards that face the paddock. A few will hold your gaze while a flood of memories sweep over you. You'll see the name Spokane, winner of the Derby in

away the young city, as the gateway of that rich storehouse, teemed with activity, the provisioning and the outfitting of prospectors, such as the world has seldom witnessed.

So it is, that with her wonderful climate, her environment of great natural resources—her coal and lumber, her dairies and fruits, her hinterland of vast grain fields and orchards, the fish of her waterways netting many millions annually, yet more lustre was added to the young metropolis to make her what she now is, a city of beautiful homes and splendid structures, broad thoroughfares and winding boulevards, placid lakes and charming parks and unequalled harbor facilities of both salt and fresh water.

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

1880—the Derby which has been immortalized in story and song. In case you don't know the details of that historic contest, it might be best not to ask a Kentuckian for them. Spokane, you see, broke the hearts and bent the pocket-books of a great many Kentuckians back there in '89 when he defeated Proctor Knott. Proctor Knott, named after the Governor of the State, was owned by Sam Bryant, grandfather of Bryant Ott, who is pointing two candidates for the 1931 contest. Spokane had come out of the West as a member of the Montana Stable owned by Mr. Armstrong. The previous autumn Proctor Knott had won the first Futurity run in New York—the same Futurity now grown to such

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 52)

1. In the principality of Monaco.
2. Because he is a native American.
3. Mrs. Lydell Peck.
4. A breed of dog.
5. A woman spy employed by Germany and executed by France during the war.
6. 4 minutes, 10²/₅ seconds, made by Paavo Nurmi.
7. Glasgow, Scotland.
8. The Milwaukee team.
9. James S. Sherman.
10. James M. Barrie.
11. Flak-sid.
12. In England.

a famous race at Belmont Park. He was the pet of the public, and with Pike Barnes in the saddle he looked like a sure thing to win the Derby. The Kentuckians installed him as favorite at 1 to 3. He flattered his backers at the start, going into a three lengths lead before reaching the stands and increasing this to five lengths on the back stretch, fighting for his head.

It looked as if all the backers of Proctor Knott had to do was walk up and collect their wagers. Spokane, in fourth place, going up the back stretch, was running easily, however, and when the field turned for home, Jockey Kiley made his move. Proctor Knott was tiring and he bolted to the outside rail. Seeing his advantage Kiley "went to the bat" and Spokane bounded forward. Barnes got Proctor Knott straightened out again, and the big crowd witnessed a great duel down the stretch. Just as they reached the wire, Spokane stuck his nose in front, winning the decision.

Among the witnesses of that great race was Frank James, the younger of the famous James brothers. It is said that he wagered heavily on the Western representative and that he subsequently backed Spokane in the Clark Stakes, and in the American Derby at Chicago, in both of which events Spokane defeated Proctor Knott.

If you are one of those who believe that better horses are bred across the Atlantic than in this country you'll have to look carefully to find the name of an imported Derby winner. There's one there, however, that will reward you—Omar Khayyam, the great son of Marco, who won the Derby in 1917.

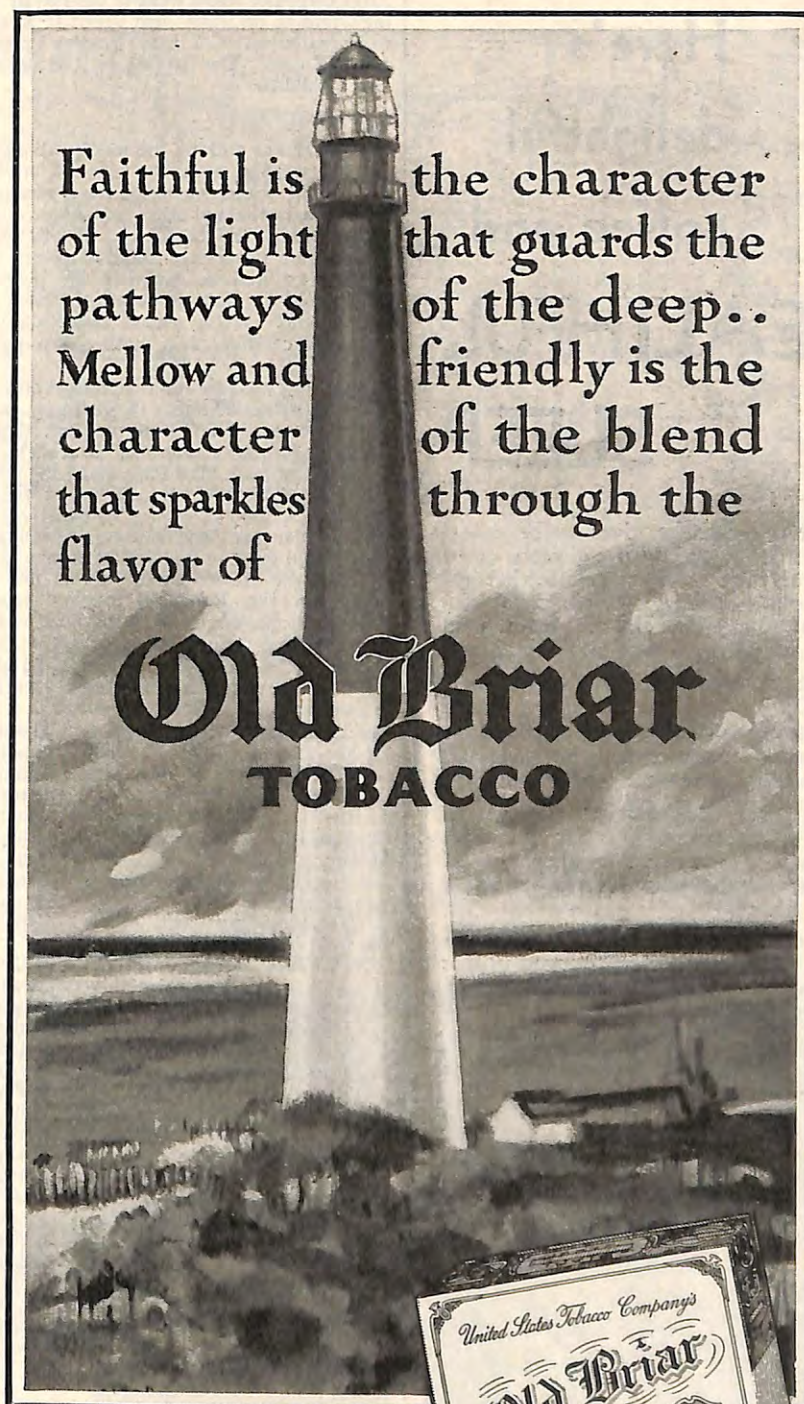
THE first time I ever saw Omar Khayyam, if you'll pardon the digression, was down at New Orleans a few months before he was shipped to Kentucky to meet Ticket, Midway, and a dozen other good ones. He was a splendid looking chestnut, hard to fault, and showed a flash of speed that impressed everybody who had watched him work.

On Derby Day I was unable to decide whether I liked him or Midway best. While trying to reach a decision, I bumped into Charley Ellison, the famous plunger of that day. Although a close-mouthed man, Ellison, who labored under the erroneous belief that he was indebted to me, answered, "Omar Khayyam all the way!" when I asked him what he liked. I've forgotten who was favorite in that race, but I do recall that Omar paid eight or nine to one. Although many imported thoroughbreds have tried for the Derby, Omar was the only one that ever annexed the coveted prize.

There are many who maintain that the greatest, most thrilling Derby to date was that won by Spokane. But I hold with that great, even if sentimental, army which points to the 1924 race which was won by that gallant and courageous son of Black Toney—Useeit—the little black colt that died with his shoes on down at New Orleans. I refer to Black Gold, whose life from the day he was foaled to the day that he gave his life for his owner, is one of the most romantic and pathetic stories of the American turf.

To get the proper perspective on Black Gold, we must go back a number of years to the plains of Oklahoma where a man and a woman, both part Indian, owned a little mare named Useeit, which could run a fast five furlongs. The man and the woman—their name was Hoots—loved Useeit, and, it is related, when Hoots was dying he told his wife he believed the mare would foal

(Continued on page 58)



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(Continued from page 57)

a colt that would win the Kentucky Derby. After Old Man Hoots went to the Happy Hunting Grounds, his widow sent Useeit to Kentucky to be mated with Col. E. R. Bradley's good sire, Black Toney. The harvest of that union was Black Gold.

THERE was nothing spectacular about Black Gold's campaign as a two-year-old, but he did well in the winter racing of 1924, winning the Louisiana Derby and other important off-season events. His trainer, Hanly Webb, also an Oklahoman and a close friend of Hoots during the latter's lifetime, shared in the belief that Black Gold was destined to win the great American classic. Webb nursed the son of Black Toney as carefully as a mother does her first-born.

The track was fast and the greatest crowd that had ever witnessed a race in Kentucky gathered at the Downs. There were nineteen thoroughbreds, including Chilhowee, Bracadale, Beau Butler, Altawood, Mad Play, and King Gorin II, in the field that went to the post that day. Owing to a flood of money sent in by wealthy Indians, oil men, and ranchers of Oklahoma, Black Gold went to post a nine to five favorite.

When the starter cried, "Come on!" Earl Sande on the Rancocas Stable's Bracadale hustled his mount to the front, just as he had Zev the year before, and many in the huge throng in the stands and on the lawns believed Bracadale would make every post a winning one. Where was Black Gold, the favorite? At the quarter the little black colt was about fifth. He lost ground going to the half, dropping back to sixth place. The weak-hearted among his supporters began to groan. He improved his position a bit at the three-quarters, going into third position, but it seemed that Jockey J. D. Mooney had made his move a bit too soon, for the colt seemed to weaken under the strain going into the stretch.

"He's dropping back! He's beaten!" cried the faint-hearted.

As the field started down that last long quarter of a mile stretch—the stretch wherein races are lost and won—a cheer went up from the stands.

"There he comes! Black Gold! Black Gold!" The son of Black Toney—Useeit got clear of the leaders—and four horses were in front of him then!—and came like a streak down the middle of the track. At the eighth pole he was still fourth, but he had turned loose a burst of speed which would not be denied. A sixteenth of a mile from the wire he was almost on even terms with the leaders. Four horses—Black Gold, Chilhowee, Bracadale and Beau Butler—were running neck and neck, their respective jockeys using every bit of their skill and strength to help their mounts along. Thus they flashed under the wire. None but those in line with the finish could even guess the winner. Then the winner's number went up.

"Black Gold! Black Gold!" cried the hysterical multitude.

Old Man Hoots' dream had come true. A son of the little sprinter, Useeit, had won a Kentucky Derby.

Did it matter much that the placing judges made a mistake in awarding the minor honors? They were correct in giving the place to Chilhowee but erred in awarding third honors to Edward R. Bradley's Beau Butler instead of to Bracadale. The mistake was excusable only on the ground that the Bradley colors and those of Rancocas were somewhat similar, and because of the closeness of the thrilling finish.

When Jockey Mooney brought the gallant little colt back to the winner's ring and a floral horseshoe was hung around the winner's neck, it seemed that the cup of romance was filled to overflowing. But not quite. Assisted by track officials, a quiet, unostentatious little woman came into the judges' stand to receive the gold trophy which always goes to the owner of the Derby winner.

Smiling happily, but with all the poise and dignity of a Queen of royal lineage, she listened to the presentation speech, and then electrified that little group of dignitaries surrounding her with one of the most intelligent and coherent acceptance speeches ever uttered in the judges' stand at Churchill Downs.

Later that year, at Latonia, when Sarazen defeated Epinard in the Third International

Special, the highly cultured and refined Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt was almost overcome with excitement and joy when called upon to make a similar speech of acceptance.

The Kentucky Derby of 1931 may, and probably will, equal or eclipse the Derby of 1924, but I doubt if it will approach it in romantic interest or in such a thrilling finish.

Only two jockeys in the long history of the Kentucky Classic have ridden three winners—Isaac Murphy, one of the greatest money riders of all time; and our own Earl Sande, who rode the great Gallant Fox in all of his races last year. Last fall Sande told me it was one of his greatest ambitions to break into the four-time-winner column and that if he were offered a good mount in the 1931 Derby he would accept it with alacrity. His contract-employer, William Woodward, chairman of the New York Jockey Club and owner of Gallant Fox, nominated five candidates for Derby honors, and it may be that his trainer, "Sunny Jim" Fitzsimmons, may whip Ormesby, his chief Derby hope, into shape for the big race. Ormesby is a bay colt by Sir Galahad III-Chewink. He started twelve times as a two-year-old, winning three races, including the Babylon Handicap, and finishing third twice, and unplaced seven times. He ran an impressive race in the Junior Champion Stakes, finishing third to Twenty Grand and Equipoise, after bearing out all through the stretch. Ormesby lengthened out and has done very well through the winter. If he makes the same relative improvement from two-year-old to three-year-old form that Gallant Fox did, he will shape up as a vital factor in the Derby, and Sande will have a chance to realize his life's ambition to head the list of Derby-winning jockeys of all time.

While several jockeys have ridden two Derby winners, and a few owners have sent more than one Derby winner to the post, only one man living has been the owner and breeder of horses that twice have finished one-two in the Kentucky classic. That man is Col. Edward Riley Bradley, master of Idle Hour Stock Farm. The first of these notable occasions was in 1921 when Behave Yourself and Black Servant finished first and second respectively, and the second in 1926 when the great Bubbling Over won and Bagen-baggage took the place.

If you look over the list of 130 candidates for this year's Derby you will find that only four fillies were nominated. This may be due to the fact that only once in the fifty-six years that the Derby has been run has it been won by a filly. Back in 1915, Regret, the daughter of that great sire, Broomstick, which died in March of this year, accomplished the feat.

FAVORITES, incidentally, have fared well in the Derby, having won approximately 45 per cent of them. This is a remarkably high percentage, in view of the fact that only 30 per cent of favorites win at the average race meeting and that 40 per cent is unusual. Occasionally a second-rater wins the big contest, and when he does he pays a juicy price. The longest-priced of these surprise victors was Donerail, the 1913 winner, who beat such good ones as Ten Point and Gowell. Donerail paid \$184.00 for \$2, or a little better than 91 to 1. That race, however, comes pretty close to being the turf's greatest joke. Buxton, aboard the favorite, Ten Point, thought he had the race well in hand as the field entered the stretch. He had his mount on the rail and was watching the filly Gowell, the one he feared. Roscoe Goose, one of the cleverest riders of that day, took Donerail into the stretch very wide, going almost to the outside rail. He went to the whip with great vigor, and Donerail gave all he had, running along on the outside almost brushing the elbows of spectators leaning on the fence. Buxton, overconfident of victory and failing to see the despised outsider on the other side of the track, let his mount coast and Donerail just got up in time to win the decision. Buxton was the "Goat" of that Derby.

Getting back to the Derby of 1931: If Equipoise, Twenty Grand, Mate, Siskin, Insko, Ormesby, Anchors Aweigh, Vander Pool, Oswego and Pittsburgher start, and the race is truly run, it is safe to predict that it will be packed with thrills from start to finish. If it is run over a muddy track, Equipoise probably will win. If over a fast oval, then I predict that Twenty Grand will win the Kentucky Derby of the Century!

What Fourteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 63)



An Apology to Uncle Sam

IN OUR ENTHUSIASM TO DEVELOP interesting subjects for Elks readers, we evolved the idea of a baseball contest in the last issue, in which we offered a small prize to Elks who would successfully guess the right order in which the teams in the National and the American Leagues would finish at the end of the season. Although no commercial angles were involved, and we had nothing to sell, in our announcement we unwittingly went contrary to

Section 473 of the Postal Law pertaining to the offering of prizes on guessing or estimating contests.

THE postal authorities very courteously advised us of our error as well as counseled us on the manner in which this contest can be promoted in future issues by requiring that a letter be written by the contestant stating why he

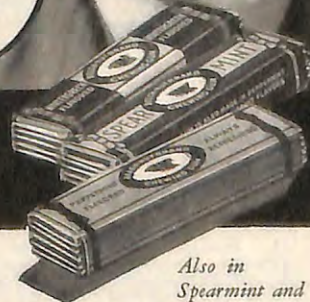
thinks the teams will finish in the order named, the prizes to depend upon the best estimates and letters written, in the opinion of the judges. With this in view, we have discontinued the contest announced in the April issue, and we shall not be able to give the prizes in the contest. But in the June issue we plan to run another baseball contest which will include these features, and which will be entirely in accord with the postal regulations.



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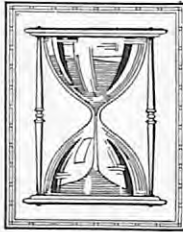


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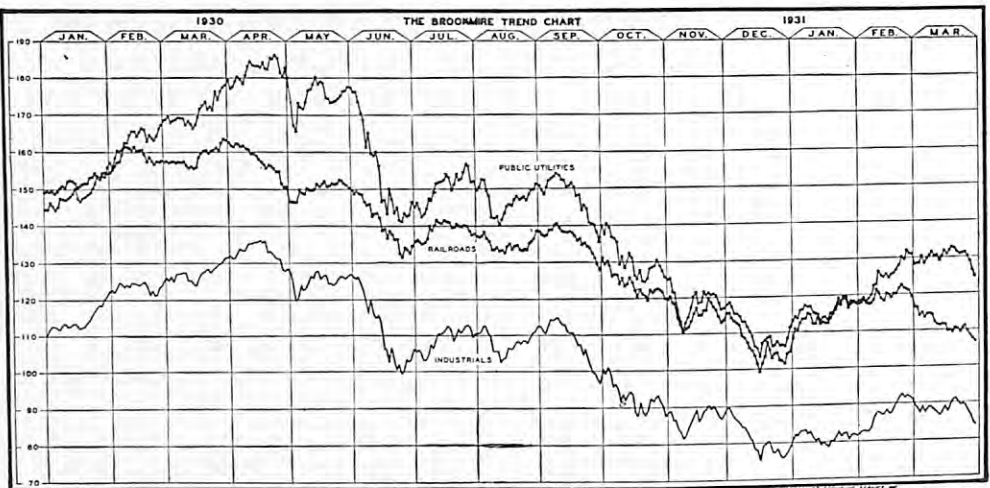
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Industries That May Lead the Next Bull Market

By P. H. Bollinger

Director of Investment Research Department, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

THOUGH there may be some who look upon economics as the science of business, business and economics (as generally understood by American business men) are by no means synonymous terms. Even to-day with an economist as President, business men are prone to dismiss economics as theory—adding (as did their fathers and grandfathers before them) that it is all very beautiful in theory, but in business it is the ability to outsmart your competitor that counts. "Business demands results," say they. "What can an economist know about the hard realities of business?"

How can an economist chart such a world of reality—for if we would believe the average business man, economists live in a world where nothing happens except according to chart. When economists warned, nearly two years ago, that the business curve had turned downward, most business men scoffed at the idea. "Why," said they, "business cycles have been done away with. This theory is as old-fashioned and just as out of date as the mid-Victorian what-not, and the rose-spangled Brussels carpet. You fellows are a wet blanket." So did most business men brush aside the warnings.

Even in 1930 it was almost impossible to sell bad news—just as now, after eighteen months of depression, it is extremely difficult to sell good news. To-day, when opportunities are in the making—opportunities that may not come again for a decade—business men are prone to say—"business is in the doldrums and may stay there for a year or more." The stock market, they will tell you, has turned upward, but they are quick to add "it did this last fall and turned down again in June, and fell for more than eight months. It may, it probably will again."

To the economist who studies facts, the action of the market is quite clear. Following the initial period of liquidation, such as that experienced in late 1929, the succeeding advance is usually marked by two distinct phases. The first represents the rebound from overliquidation, which is often stimulated by easy money. In 1930, this phase was represented by an unusually wide advance which culminated in April of that year. The end of this advance was quite apparent to experienced economists—though it was not apparent to many business men who, a few months later, found themselves in a falling commodity market with ruinous inventories.

The second phase of the advance, and also the period of transition between the first and second phases, is governed by business developments. The character of this transition period is extremely difficult to foresee. If business, as it often does, continues to decline or hesitates too long in resuming the up-trend, a sizable recession in securities may mark this transition period. Security prices sometimes react to lower levels than were seen in the previous period of liquida-

tion, though this is the exception rather than the rule. This exception, however, characterized the decline which started in April, 1930, and continued until late December. Security prices reached a lower level than was witnessed in the panic-selling in November, 1929.

The reasons for the severe decline during the transition period beginning in April, 1930, were fairly obvious. Values were badly inflated—more so than in any period of the past. Then, too, disappointment over the failure of business to rally in the spring of 1930 was extremely great. Every effort was put forward by the administration to speed up public-works construction and gain the cooperation of railway and business executives in maintaining operations at levels which, perhaps, were inconsistent with good business judgment. But it soon became apparent that artificial stimulation was futile.

Forecasting a Matter of Wide Experience

I DO not wish to convey the idea that business forecasting is an exact science—for it is not. It is rather an art, and as such involves the judgment and experience in weighing the various influences which combine to shape the trend of affairs. To illustrate in a very simple way the relationship existing between the course of business and the trend of security prices take, for example, the railway situation in 1930. The wise investor, or one who was soundly guided, sold his railroad stocks early in 1930. At that time the foreign situation was distinctly clouded—exports were falling. This seriously affected the movement of freight to seaboard. The general drop in business restricted the movement of raw and finished products. The severe drought in the central west wiped out millions of bushels of grain, resulting in lowered transportation or, as the economist expresses it, "fall in car-loadings." The increase in the number of pipe lines reduced the amount of oil hauled in tank cars. The increase in the movement of passengers and finished goods by motor-coach and truck, over the highly developed network of concrete roadways, reduced still further the revenue of the railroads. These and other economic factors made it quite apparent that the railroads of the country would suffer, during 1930 and 1931, a drastic decline in earnings. It required no great amount of vision to foresee—under such conditions—dividend cuts, and even the passing of dividends.

What About the Future?

BUT now that all this bad news is behind us, what of the future? The business men who have been consistently wrong are now in many cases willing to listen to the economist. "Yes," they say, "he must have something on the ball, for at least he was right and we were wrong. He



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saved millions for those who were willing to listen to his arguments.”

Opportunities in the Making

It is now possible to say quite definitely that the transition period that began in April, 1930, is drawing to an end. In fact, the lows in prices of common stocks reached last December may prove to have been the bottom. This is by no means certain, however. Many of the better-grade securities are still selling very high on average earnings. Furthermore, definite business recovery is not yet in evidence, though the decline has been halted. It is not of great importance to the long-term investors, however, to know whether the December lows will prove to have been the bottom or whether still lower prices will be witnessed within the next few months. They may rest assured that present levels afford an unusual opportunity for gradual accumulation of a good list of reasonably priced common stocks. Careful selection is an absolute necessity, as many stocks are still selling out of line with intrinsic values.

The proper stocks to buy now are not necessarily those that have done best since November, 1929. The tobacco and food stocks represent industries which do not suffer greatly in periods of business depression. But, just as these industries did not feel the depression to the same extent that many others do, neither will they share so greatly when prosperity returns. Therefore, it is good investment procedure to hold certain stocks during the period of uncertainty, and then to abandon them for others representative of thoroughly deflated industries, when general business recovery is at hand.

This shifting process can be carried out methodically. Some industries are quick to show improvement from depression, while others lag. A good example of an industry which turns early is the automobile industry. Competitive conditions in this industry had reached such an acute state months before business in general went over the top, that profit margins of the leading companies were not being maintained even with volume increasing. This situation was reflected in what might be termed the beginning of a bear market in the motor stocks one year before the drastic liquidation in the



P. H. Bollinger, of the Brookmire Economic Service

general security markets. When the stock market did break, the troubles of the automobile industry were multiplied. Numerous cancellations of orders and a sharp contraction in the prospective buyer market resulted. Drastic liquidation in the motor industry followed. Production declined until, in November, output was only one-fifth of that at the peak of prosperity in 1929. A turn was bound to come. Progress, since the lows of October and November, has been more than seasonal in the motor industry. Improvement will probably continue through 1932. This is an industry in which investors should place a part of their funds now, if they have not already done so.

Two other groups of stocks, representative of
(Continued on page 62)



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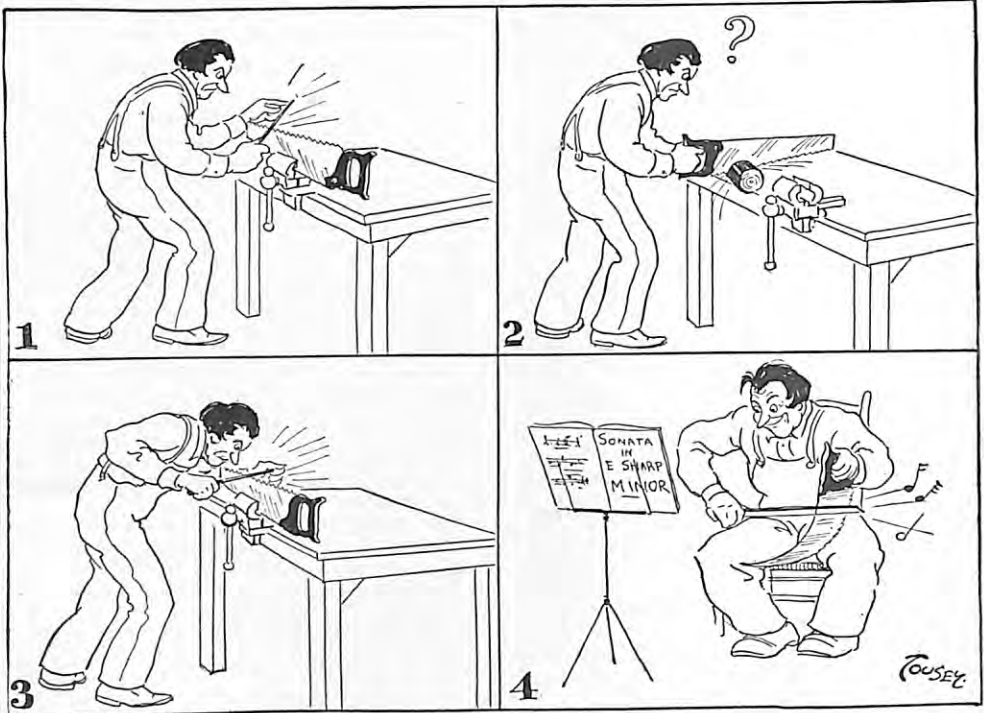
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leading and growing industries, which are worthy of investors' consideration are the electrical equipments and chemicals. It is characteristic of these industries that profitable operations continue long after those of many other industries are feeling the full force of depression. In the case of the electrical equipment industry, large orders are accumulated in the preceding period of prosperity, and the projects started by those placing such orders must be carried to completion. This permits the electrical equipment manufacturers to continue a high rate of operations in filling orders already on their books. Eventually, the backlog disappears and then operations must be drastically curtailed.

Chemical prices resist deflation. As a result, profitable operations continue for many months after the crest in general business has been passed. Probably the best explanation for this phenomenon is that chemicals are sold on contract. Individual producers are reluctant to be the first in giving their customers concessions, and the lower prices are slow in appearing. Naturally, an artificial situation of this kind cannot continue indefinitely; the less favorably situated producers will finally begin making contracts at lower than advertised prices and their more substantial competitors are then forced to follow suit. Such a condition exists at the present time.

Just as the chemical and electrical equipment industries are late in feeling the full force of depression, their recovery also lags behind that of many other industries. In fact, both of these

industries depend on demand from a wide range of other industries, so that recovery is dependent on general improvement. Then, too, in the case of chemicals, the lower prices once established carry over after business improvement has actually appeared.

It is the opinion of the author that both chemical and electrical equipment business has about reached the low ebb. The bottom in both should be witnessed in the second quarter of 1931. Needless to say, investments in stocks of the leading companies in these industries, made before definite signs of revival in their respective businesses are apparent, will prove extremely profitable during the coming cycle improvement in business and the stock market.

The utility industry is one which is not seriously affected by business depression, and still one which stands to gain substantially when improvement in general business takes place. Some attention must be given, however, to the high-price earnings ratios of the better utility stocks. The long-time trend to higher earnings in many cases has already been discounted well into the future. The element of danger in placing funds in stocks selling twenty to thirty times earnings is obviously great. Furthermore, the utilities are probably facing closer governmental supervision in the future. But the stocks of operating companies, whose properties are located in the fastest growing centers of population offer big opportunities. Several of the large operating companies located in and about New York City fall in this group.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

disabled boys and girls. Among other business transacted at the meeting was a decision to hold the annual Convention of the Association on August 7 and 8 at Hibbing; and the determination of the official route to be taken by members of the Association in journeying to the Grand Lodge Convention, where Elks from every part of the country will gather in Seattle in July.

Kansas

EXHIBITIONS by the several military organizations stationed at Ft. Riley, a golf tournament and other contests will be features of the social aspect of the twenty-sixth annual convention of the Kansas State Elks Association, to be held at Junction City May 28 and 29. A prominent part of the business to be transacted is expected to be that concerned with the Association's student loan fund, an institution of unusual general interest among the Elks of the State of Kansas.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places and on the dates named below:

- Alabama, at Birmingham, May 18-19.
- Idaho, at Lewiston, June 2-3-4.
- Indiana, at South Bend, June 3-4.
- Kansas, at Junction City, May 28-29.
- Kentucky, at Louisville, May 25-26-27.
- Massachusetts, at Pemberton, June 6-7-8.
- Michigan, at South Haven, June 22-23.
- Nebraska, at Omaha, in June.
- New Jersey, at Long Branch, June 19-20.
- New Mexico, at Tucumcari, May 15-16.
- North Dakota, at Fargo, in June.
- Oregon, at Ashland, June 30-July 1-2.
- South Carolina, at Charleston, in June.
- South Dakota, at Brookings, June 8-9.
- Texas, at Galveston, May 22-23-24.
- Utah, at Price, June 5-6.
- Vermont, at Barré, in October.
- Virginia, at Danville, June 15-16.
- Washington, at Seattle, July 5-6.

Answers to Your Radio Questions

R. L. C., Dover, N. J.: Didn't you see the last issue? Mercy me! Can't a fella make a blunder and get away with it? No. Phil and Joe Cook are not brothers. Tell the man who wins the bet that I want half the profit. I started the argument, didn't I?

P. S. It's all the fault of the Press Relations, anyhow. Burr Cook is his brother, but Joe is no relation.

C. B., Augusta, Ga.: The Revellers Quartet is composed of James Melton, Lewis James, Elliot Shaw, and Wilfred Glenn. Frank Black is their director. Yes, Jimmy Melton's picture is worth framing. I will hold a rogues' gallery of Revellers in another issue. They are all worth looking at.

R. M., Sacramento, Calif.: Yes, Toscha Seidel was a guest artist for Atwater Kent. He was born in Odessa, and studied with the famous Leopold Auer. No, he doesn't take his violin to bed with him—the insurance company has to take some risk.

D. L. V., New Orleans, La.: "Uncle Bob" Sherwood is the last of the Barnum and Bailey clowns, and was one of the world's best acrobats. Henry Ford gave him one of his first Model Ts. And the first time he met Herbert Hoover was back in Iowa, when Herbie was too sick to carry water for a ticket, and Uncle Bob went to see him.

N. McL., Houston, Tex.: You're right. Ted

Husing knows his sporting vocabulary, because he's played baseball, football, and basketball. After you've played the last two games, you learn something about the manly art of boxing. That P. S. about the California flowers wasn't nice. Graham knows his fauna and flora, and he even made a real scrap out of the Stribling-Sharkey fight down at Miami. Everybody loves him, anyway.

J. O'M., Chicago: Edwin Breen is the same artist that was featured on the Edison records. His father and John McCormack were intimate friends, and Edwin got good advice from John and his accompanist, Edwin Schneider. Breen is one of the few artists who can get the right technique into a Gaelic song—at least, so my Irish friends around the studios tell me.

G. E. J., Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.: Thank you for your letter, and for your compliment. To overcome your huskiness, control the breath from the diaphragm, and don't smoke.

W. H. E., Morristown, N. J.: Of course I have heard John White sing his cowboy songs. Look for a picture and write-up in a later issue.

R. M. H., Boston Chapter Order of De Molay: Thank you for your letter. You have told me more about Sidney J. Paine than I ever knew before. However, I will try to find out more about him, and secure a picture for publication.

(Continued on page 64)

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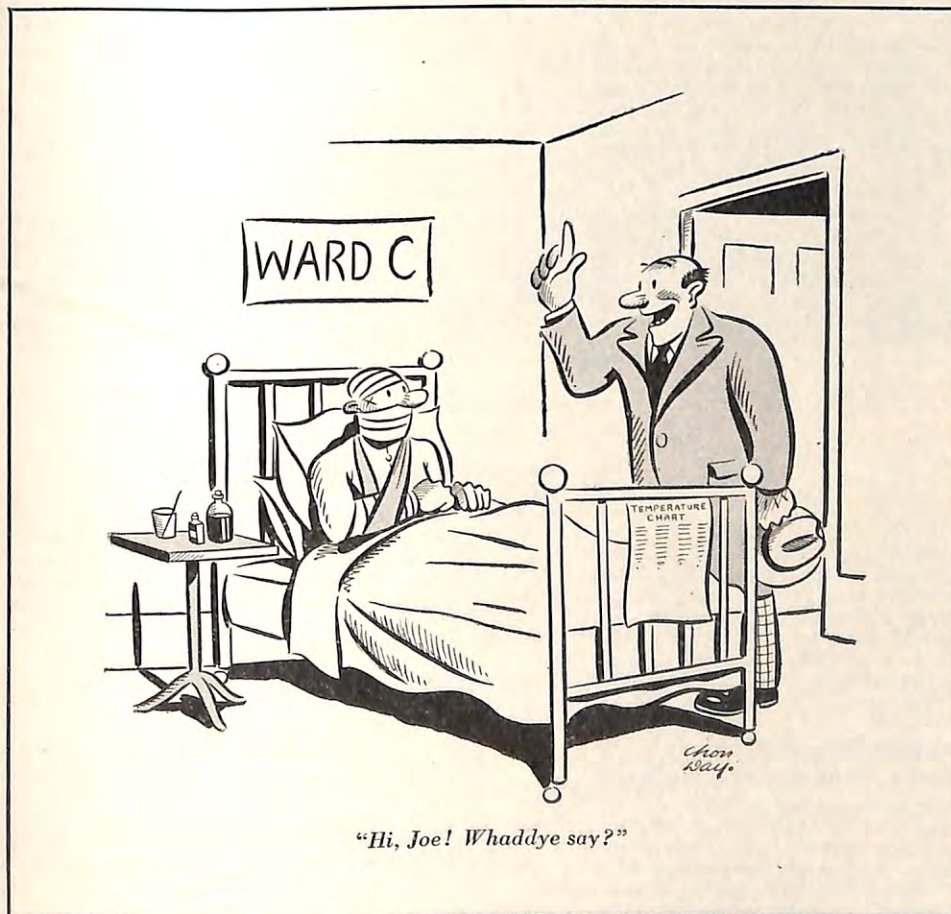
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"Hi, Joe! Whaddye say?"

Answers to "What Fourteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. The general store sign, being seen from the inside, should read backward.
2. The A in general has no cross-bar.
3. The first lady on left has eyeglass lenses of different shapes.
4. The first lady on left has a broken necklace.
5. The first lady on left has a ring on the outside of her glove.
6. The clock hands are off-center.
7. The no trust sign has only one hanger to support it.
8. The lady with the fur collar has her coat buttoned the wrong way.
9. The clerk has no bar on his glasses.
10. The lady talking to clerk has no polka dots on her right sleeve.
11. The calendar has a ten-year-old date.
12. The scales with nothing on them indicate a weight of 3½ pounds.
13. The potato sack is full of bananas.
14. The potatoes in the box at the left are not sold by the pound.

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

(Continued from page 63)

J. C., Grand Rapids: The violinist who plays the part of Don Amazo is among the ten leading virtuosi of the world. For the present I can't tell you his true name, for he prefers to wear the cloak of anonymity. Some day you will hear his name revealed, and then you can say, "I told you so."

H. C., Paterson, N. J.: Perhaps you are from Naples, eh? Neapolitan Days is an old favorite. Giuseppe di Benedetto is the director, and his splendid tenor voice is one of the features of the hour. Dolores Cassanelli, of film fame, is the other singer. The accordionist is none other than Joe Biviano, and to make our story complete, the ensemble is the Padadino Mandolin Quartet. At one time your editor was the central announcer on this delightful program.

R. M., Iliion, N. Y.: To you and many others, I express my regret that my friend "Cheerio" prefers to be "incog," at least for the present. But he is neither a cripple nor a blind man. He gets up early so the camera men and reporters can't catch him. He'd better watch out or he's liable to meet the press boys on their way home after they've put the first edition to bed. I told you in the last issue the names of the canaries on his program.

A. H. B., Quarryville, Pa., and M. C., Free-

port, N. Y.: Peter Dixon and his wife play in "Raising Junior," and Peter writes his own stories. Take a look at the young inspiration in Radio Rambles.

G. M. W., Columbus, Ohio: The "cute" girl who used to say "Oh, Phillips Carlin," is Marcella Shields, who played in the "Two Troupers" with Helene Handin. This feature is on the air again over N. B. C.

A Reader of your section: A photograph of Lowell Thomas and news about him will be in a forthcoming issue.

A. O'R., Memphis, Tenn.: David Ross is very popular not only with Memphians, but also with New Yorkers—a photograph and thumbnail sketch will follow later.

L. F. H., Schenectady, N. Y.: "Who's Who in Radio" was published from 152 West Forty-second Street, New York City. Graham McNamee seems to me to be very popular among his associates, of whom I am one. He lives in a charming penthouse apartment in upper New York, with his wife—and who knows but that a lot of Graham's popularity accrues to Josephine, for she is a very charming lady.

To all other questioners: I will try to answer as many as possible in the next issue.

G. S. E.

Behind the Footlights and on the Screen

(Continued from page 15)

the story of a cabaret entertainer, Ivy Stevens. She is brutally deserted by her lover, a young traveling salesman, and in her despair she is saved from suicide by a Salvation Army worker, who nurses her back to an interest in living, and Ivy becomes a Salvation Army Lass. Months later she meets her former lover in a small-town hotel, and the results of that meeting you must see yourself. It is a moving story and well played.

"Indiscreet" is the title of Gloria Swanson's latest vehicle which was written by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson. Jerry Trent (Miss Swanson), madly in love with Tony Blake (Ben Lyon), has just set herself to the blissful contemplation of orange blossoms and Europe when a large monkey-wrench is thrown in the path of true love by her sister's announcement of her betrothal to Jim Woodward (Monroe Owsley), an unworthy young man and a former sweetheart of Jerry's. Jerry's active

determination to prevent the inevitable tragedy of this match puts her own romance in serious jeopardy for a time. But in the end there is a desperate two-cab race for a departing ocean liner that ends in lovers' meeting.

Dashiell Hammett's novel, "The Maltese Falcon," has been made into a picture, christened "Woman of the World" and starring Bebe Daniels. It is an exciting tale of mystery and intrigue involving two private detectives and a gang which includes Miss Daniels and Dudley Digges. A statuette of a bird, dating from the time of the Crusades, and filled with precious stones, has aroused the cupidity of the gang. In their double-crossing efforts to obtain possession of the bird, three murders are committed. All three crimes are finally solved by the young detective, played by Ricardo Cortez, but his victory costs him the lovely but faithless girl he has fallen in love with.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 30)

Association visited there. Both of these prominent Elks spoke at the Lodge meeting. Mr. Nicholson reviewing and praising the growth of Adams Lodge during the last fifteen years, and Mr. Earle dwelling upon the activities of the Association of which he is the head. A buffet supper and reception followed the termination of the formal session.

District Deputy Merriam Visits Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge

On the occasion of an official visit by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Merriam to Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, recently, a class of thirty-nine candidates was initiated. This large number of new members is particularly noteworthy in that Idaho Springs has a population of only 1200.

Past President Maerkle, of Ohio State Elks Association, Dies

Fred W. Maerkle, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, died recently of a sudden attack of paralysis. Active and successful in business, as senior member of a large real-estate firm in Cleveland, Mr. Maerkle gave no less energy and enthusiasm to the affairs of the Order. He was one of the organizers and a charter member of Lorain Lodge, No. 1301, and later was its Exalted Ruler. His election to the presidency of his State's Elks Association came in 1928. THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to

take this occasion to extend its sincere condolences to those of his family who survive him, and to the members of Lorain Lodge and of the State Association for the loss they have suffered in Mr. Maerkle's passing.

News of the Order From Far and Near

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Milo B. Mitchell made an official visit recently to Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge.

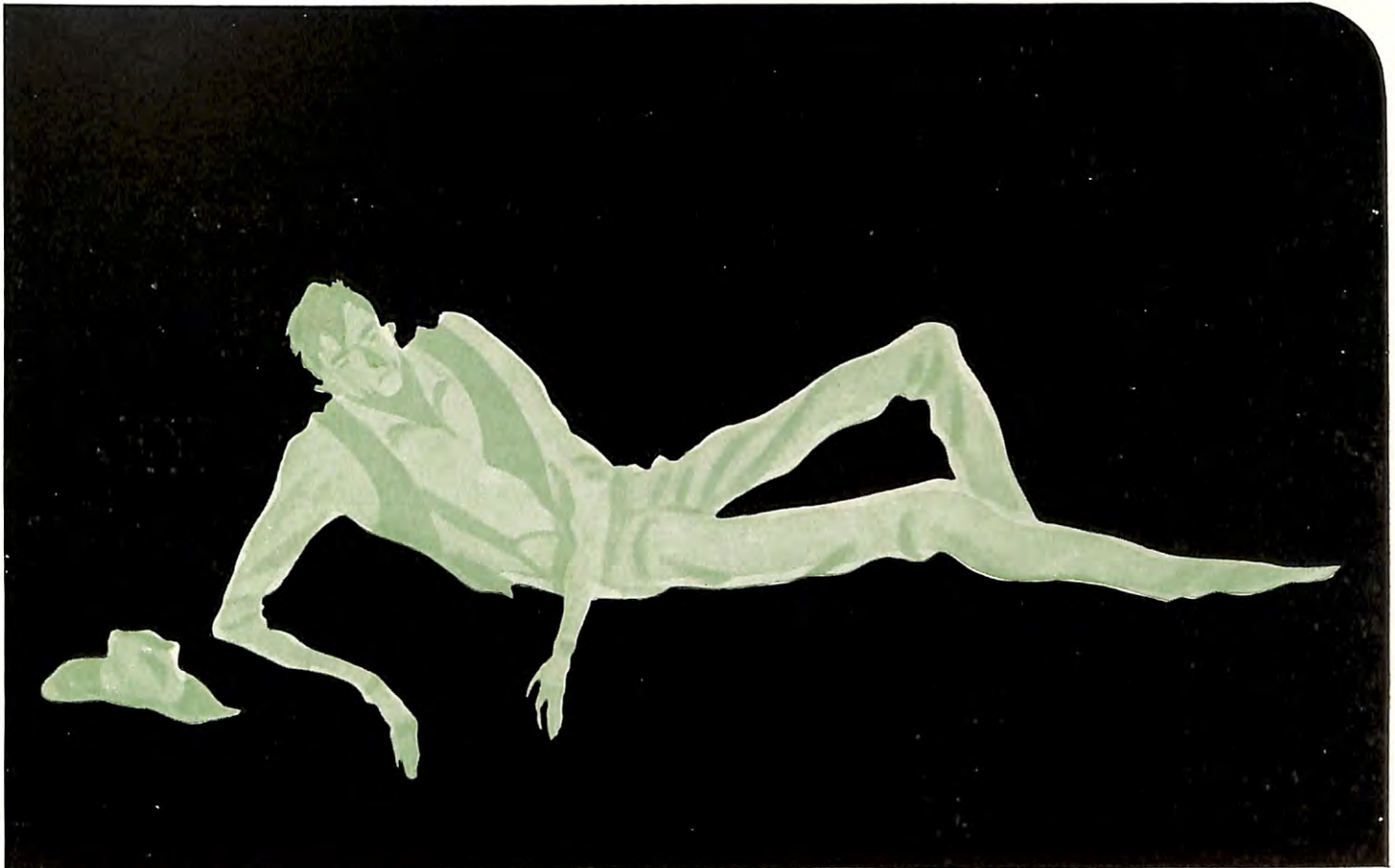
One hundred and thirty members of Bucyrus, Ohio, Lodge, recently attended the annual Roll Call Night.

When William Sherwood was installed recently as Tiler of Evansville, Ind., Lodge, it was for the forty-fifth consecutive time he has held that post in his Lodge.

Over two hundred members of Linton, Ind., Lodge recently attended the celebration on the occasion of the completion of a new heating plant for the Home. A venison dinner was served after the ceremonies.

In the presence of William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association, Middletown, N. Y., Lodge recently initiated a class of six candidates into the Order.

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● And right there you have one of the greatest achievements in the oil industry. Years of refining experience produced the idea and worked it out. Tremendous expenditures for exclusive refining equipment put the idea into operation. As a result, Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubrication in every gallon—instead of three quarts and a quart of waste. That's why we say "You get an extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State Motor Oil." That's why, to-day, *Quaker State is the largest selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

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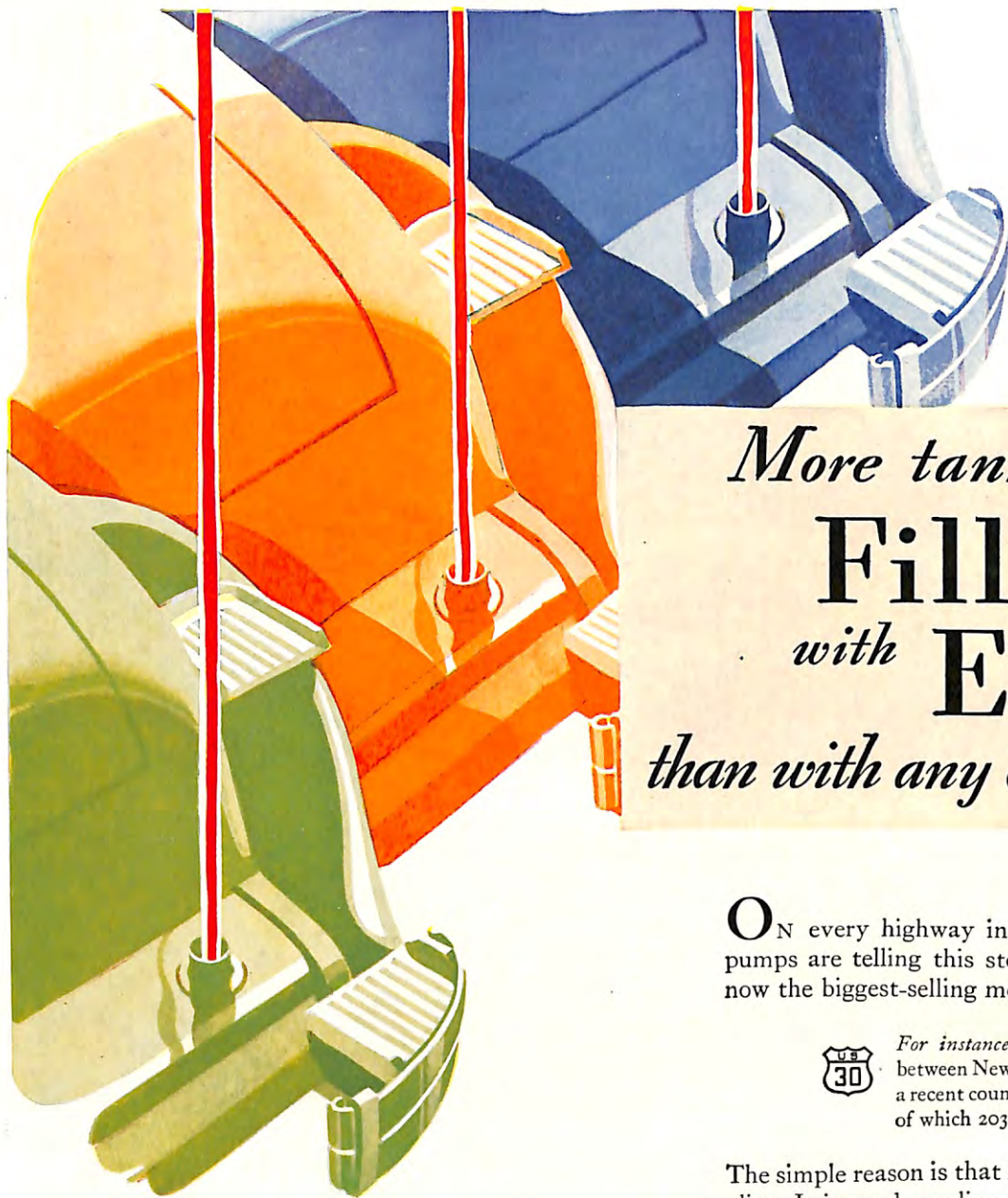
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ON every highway in the country, gasoline pumps are telling this story: Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest-selling motor fuel.



For instance: On the Lincoln Highway between New York City and Philadelphia, a recent count showed 655 gasoline pumps, of which 203, or 31%, were Ethyl pumps.

The simple reason is that Ethyl is more than gasoline. It is good gasoline plus Ethyl fluid, which means: gasoline plus *combustion control*.

Inside the engine the Ethyl fluid prevents the uneven explosions of gasoline that cause power-waste, "knock" and over-heating. It holds combustion to the steady, powerful smoothness that develops the best performance of your car.

Ninety-five leading oil refiners testify to the importance of controlled combustion. They spent millions to equip plants to mix Ethyl fluid with gasoline and install pumps in filling stations to sell Ethyl Gasoline.

Stop at any Ethyl pump and see how controlled combustion helps your motor. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.