

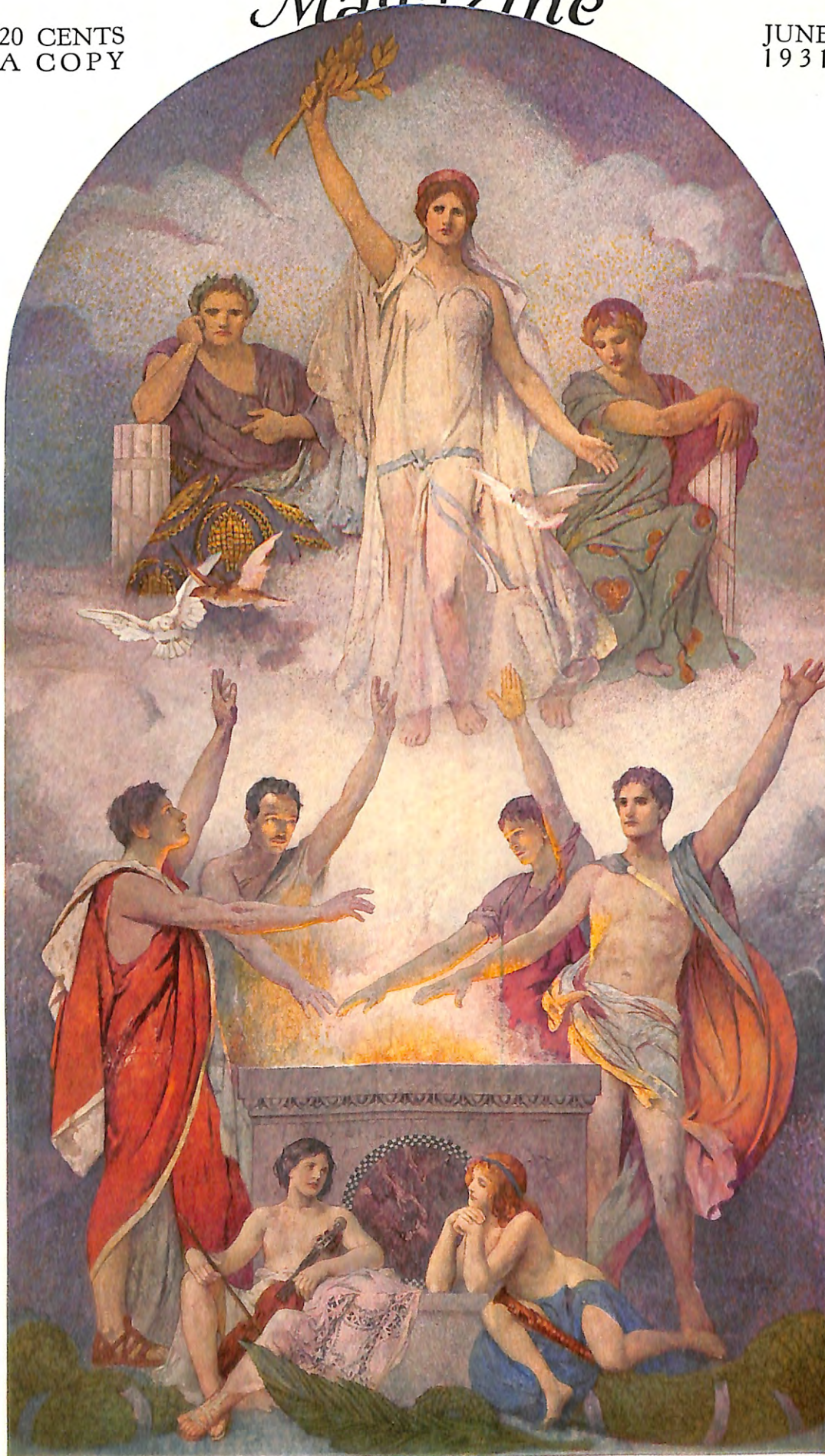
The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magazine

20 CENTS
A COPY

JUNE
1931



Fraternity

From the mural painting by Edwin Howland Blashfield in The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, Ill.

**WIND OR NO WIND...OFF THE FAIR...
OUT OF THE SAND OR THE ROUGH...
REGARDLESS OF SIZE, PRICE OR MAKE**

—the **GREATEST BALL I EVER PLAYED**



“WHO said the new size ball was going to take all the joy out of golf?

“If you play the *right* ball, you’ll be farther off the tee than you ever were—and far deadlier on the putting greens.

“My record breaking 65 at the Miami Country Club during the opening 36 hole play of the international four ball matches on March 8th *proves it*.

“The new high tension WILSON HOL-HI is the greatest ball I ever hit—wind or no wind.

“Off the tee it cracks like a rifle. Your shots are crisp and clean. On the fairway it sits up good and high, where you can get a clean hit. With this ball on fairway, rough or sand, there is practically no such thing as a bad lie. And on the green it goes right where you send it—true as a die.

“My hunch is that before the season is much older you’ll see practically all the crack shots playing this new high tension WILSON HOL-HI. They’ll HAVE to—or we fellows who have got onto it will lick ’em consistently.

“One thing I know. Regardless of whether you play the usual business man’s in-and-out game, or take your golf seriously, as sure as you’re alive this great ball will take strokes off your game—and plenty.”

Gene Sarazen

THE NEW WILSON

HOL-HI

**WILL CUT STROKES
OFF YOUR GAME
... TOO!**

Sarazen’s 66 On Last Round Wins La Gorce Open

Miami Beach, Fla., March 21.—Gene Sarazen sank birdies at all points on this well-trapped course today to win the \$15,000 La Gorce open, one of golfdom’s wealthiest purses, with 282 after it looked as if he could do no better than tie Tommy Armour, Detroit, with 285. The finish was typical of Sarazen’s last minute scoring rushes.

Breaking a tie that ran up to the 68th hole, Gene picked up a stroke a hole on the last three of the 72 to win the match and its \$5,000 first money after leading the field through the first two days of play.

Gene sank eight birdies in the last 18 holes, to place him three strokes in the lead of Armour. His last 18 holes was accomplished with a brilliant 32-34—66. . . . Gene’s scores for the tournament were 68-71-77-66—282.

Sarazen, Farrell Set Records In Best Ball Golf

Miami, Fla., March 8—Gene Sarazen whizzed around the Miami Country Club course today with a record smashing 18 hole 65 as he and Johnny Farrell swamped their opponents, 6 and 5, in the opening 36 hole play of the \$5,000 international four ball matches. Sarazen and Farrell also set a new record of 62 as they defeated Willie Klein and Tom Kerrigan.

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GOLF EQUIPMENT

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Sarazen Plays WILSON HOL-HI Exclusively

IN both of these tournaments, as well as in the Florida West Coast Open, where he established the lowest record ever made by any Pro with the new size ball (67-72-68-71—278) Gene Sarazen was playing the new WILSON HOL-HI.

This marvelous ball, because of a newly perfected Wilson method of moulding and winding the center under greatly increased tension, has made his drives little short of phenomenal and given to his putting, deadly accuracy.

If you like a low score and really mean to improve your game, you too will like the new WILSON HOL-HI.

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under a limited
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\$10
a year

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Newark, N. J.—A new type of limited protection covering both Sickness and Accidents at a cost of less than 3 cents a day has been announced by the North American Accident Insurance Company with offices at 135 Wallach Building, Newark, New Jersey.

Men and women between the ages of 16 and 70 are eligible. No medical examination is required. The sum of \$10,000 is paid for stated accidental death, \$10,000 for loss of hands, feet or eyesight and \$25.00 weekly benefit for stated accidents or sickness. Doctor's Bills, Hospital Benefit, Emergency Benefit, and other liberal features to help in time of need—all clearly shown in policy.

Free booklet entitled "Cash or Sympathy," explains this amazing \$10.00 a year policy. Write for your FREE copy today to the North American Accident Insurance Co., 135 Wallach Building, Newark, N. J.

For less than 3c a day you can protect those near and dear to you!

SUPPOSE you meet with an accident or sickness *tonight*—will your income continue? Remember, few escape without accident—and none of us can tell what tomorrow holds for us. While you are reading this warning somewhere some ghastly tragedy, flood or fire, some automobile or train disaster, is taking its toll of human life or limb.

**NOW IS THE TIME TO
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If you suddenly become ill—would your income stop? What if you suffered from lobar pneumonia, an appendicitis operation, or any of the many common ills which are covered in this unusual policy; wouldn't you rest easier and convalesce more quickly if you knew that our company stood ready to help lift from your shoulders the distressing financial burdens in case of a personal tragedy? *Protect yourself Now!*

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Something About This Number

THE cover design this month is a reproduction of one of the three magnificent murals by Edwin Howland Blashfield, the noted American painter, which embellish the west lobby of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, Ill. Entitled "Fraternity," the four male figures in the foreground are depicted taking an oath of Brotherly Love at a flaming altar. The female figure above, with the olive branch, is the incarnation of peace and harmony, while the two supporting figures are shown with the classic symbol of strength in unity, the bundle of rods bound together.

To those members of the Order who have not yet visited their national headquarters we say that, beautiful as are the paintings and the sculptured groups and friezes which adorn it, by themselves they are but hints of what awaits the visitor when he comes upon the complete building, massive and serene in its perfect setting—the green, landscaped border of Lake Michigan.



IF YOU were one of the ten thousand-odd Elk baseball fans who filled out and sent in the coupon in our April issue, listing—in the order in which you believed they would finish the season—the teams in the National and American Leagues, you have by this time received a post card informing you that, although our intentions were of the purest, we inadvertently violated the postal regulations in certain details, a fact which prevents us from awarding the prizes on the basis originally announced. We are, therefore, re-opening this contest, in a form acceptable to the authorities, and have added to the number of awards which may be won. See page 23.



SUMMER may, or may not, bring the circus to your town, but Courtney Ryley Cooper does. In "Trouper" you will find the genuine flavor of the big top, its hardships, its traditions and its loyalties. You will find, too, a splendid story, of the kind our readers have come to expect from Mr. Cooper, himself a graduate of the fascinating life of the circus, and to-day its foremost interpreter and teller of tales.



DO YOU envy the schoolboy and the college student their long summer vacation, with plenty of time for golf and tennis; their opportunity to take in as many ball games as they wish? If you do, it is natural—but not necessary. Read what Sol Metzger has to say about the playing of these and other games, at night, when your time is your own and you may blow where you listeth. (Chorus of Benedicts: "It's a good trick if you can do it!") "Floodlight Sport" is—pardon us—a most illuminating article.

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



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Ten
Number One

The Elks Magazine

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Cover design from mural painting by Edwin Howland Blashfield

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

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MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD



LITTLE THINGS, TOO, MAKE FRIENDS

"Perfection," goes the saying, "is made up of trifles." And in a thousand incidents of life we see how much the little things mean. In social contacts and in the realm of business, too, little things make friends.

Sometimes, indeed, we think that it isn't the obvious things at all that are winning so much favor for the Oakland and the Pontiac. You can't see the qualities of the steels. But they make for dependability. You will hardly trouble to search out the extra quality in the upholstery. But that is what provides long wear and enduring good looks. You may not be aware of the felt padding which lines the floor-board and

dash of the Fisher bodies. But it adds mightily to comfort on hot or cold days. You couldn't be expected to note or care about the hair's-breadth proportioning of one part or another. But this is just the thing that makes Oakland and Pontiac performance what it is.

Throughout chassis and body there are literally scores of points where better things—the results of thought and care and extra quality—lie hidden. All you will ever know about them is their results. These you can readily learn by talking with owners . . . and by seeing and driving the cars. After all, that is the best way to find out what values really are.

OAKLAND 8

P R O D U C T S O F

Bodies by



PONTIAC 6

G E N E R A L M O T O R S

Fisher

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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



BENJAMIN-STUDIO GRAND

August Herrmann

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON SATURDAY, April 25, at the home of his son-in-law, Karl B. Fincke, at Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann died of an illness which dated from 1927 and which, for the last fifteen weeks, had confined him to his room. With Mr. Herrmann at the time of his death were Mr. Fincke; his daughter, Mrs. Lena Fincke and a sister-in-law, Mrs. Lena Dellar.

Born in Cincinnati on May 3, 1859, Mr. Herrmann lacked eight days of being seventy-two years old at the time of his death. He was a loyal and devoted Cincinnatian, with a deep love for the city of which he was one of the most generally loved, forceful and able residents. His generousities, his warmth of heart and his colorful personality brought him countless friends, while his remarkable energy and executive ability won him the admiration of all with whom he had business.

Starting at the age of eleven as a boy in a type foundry, Mr. Herrmann's rise to positions of power and trust was a typically American success. Perhaps his greatest service to his city was as Chairman of the Waterworks Commission which constructed the present system and brought to Cincinnati what was called in its time the finest example of a municipal water system in the world. As a sportsman and devotee of baseball he was widely known for his quarter century at the head of the Cincinnati club and his many years as President of the National Baseball Commission, which he founded to settle the differences then existing between the National and American Leagues.

Funeral services were held on Tuesday, April 25, and burial was in the Herrmann family plot in Vine Street Cemetery. The Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr conducted a brief religious service at Mr. Herrmann's

late residence in the morning, after which the body was removed to the Home of Cincinnati Lodge, where it lay in state for several hours. The Elks ritual, with Mr. Eisenlohr assisting, was then held in the presence of 1,500 persons, with hundreds more, whom it was impossible to accommodate, crowding the surrounding streets. Among the many distinguished men who came to pay a last tribute were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell who, as the official representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, delivered a beautiful and impressive eulogy; John A. Heydler, President of the National League; Charles Stoneham, President of the New York Giants; William Veech, President of the Chicago Cubs; Sidney Weil, President of the Cincinnati Reds; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Joseph T. Fanning.

Mr. Herrmann's services to the Order were great, and extended over the whole period of a long membership. He was initiated into Cincinnati, O., Lodge No. 5, on December 13, 1889. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1904-05, and as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee in 1904 and again in 1927. In 1905 he was representative to the Grand Lodge, and was then made a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Charters. In 1910 Mr. Herrmann was elected Grand Exalted Ruler, and following this was for six years Chairman of the Elks National Home Commission, charged with the construction of the present Home. In 1922 he served his Lodge as Chairman of the committee which built its splendid Temple. At the time of his death he was serving as a Trustee of No. 5.

To the members of his family circle and to his innumerable friends THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its most sincere condolence.

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"Joe," she said in a quiet monotone, "I want to go." "Go? Go where, Winnie?"

Trouper

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

ON THE return from the wedding feast in the Grand Amalgamated's cook-house, Pop Reade gradually dropped back until at last he trailed the entire throng. There he lost much of the gaiety which he had been able to assume; his shoulders drooped slightly and his step became even slower.

The circus had remained in costume, from clown to equestrian director for this celebration after the matinee; a wedding among performers is a matter for great jubilation. This particular ceremony had possessed unusual features. It was a welcome as well as a matter of congratulations. The girl to whom Pop Reade's son, Joe, had just been married, had only lately come from the outer world into the closely confined one of the circus.

After a time, Pop Reade felt the presence of someone beside him. It was Old Barry, who had been the groom for the Riding Reades for thirty odd years—this was the second time he had attended a Reade wedding. He had been a guest at Pop's, when he was black-haired, fiery young Al Reade, the champion somersault rider of the world. Now, Mary Reade had been dead five years. Pop and Old Barry felt, however, that she had carried on through Joe.

"Be like old times to have a girl in the act again," he said. Pop Reade looked up quickly.

"You don't think she can take Mary's place?"

"No, of course not. But Winnie's awful good, considering the short time she's been at it. Ain't been more'n two years since she showed up at winter quarters, asking to take lessons. Remember?"

Pop Reade remembered. Old Barry chattered on.

"Yeh, she's got to be pretty good to equal Mary. And, of course, she's handicapped on background. Mary had a century of riders in her blood."

"Winnie's got none." Pop said it sharply. Old Barry cocked his silvered head.

"No, but she's got looks, and she's young. You know, she kind of reminds me of Mary at that. Noticed her the other day in the ring, with a slant of sun sneaking through the big top lacings. Remember that gold in Mary's hair when the sun struck it?"

Pop stumbled. "I've never noticed any similarity," he said at last.

"Well, maybe not." Old Barry changed the subject. "When do we start rehearsing?"

"Oh, there won't be any time lost. Have the horses ready as soon as the center ring

is set up to-morrow." He looked up then at a shout from ahead. "Joe's calling for you," he said.

Then Pop walked on alone; he would have been lonely to-day amidst thousands,

Illustrated by David Hendrickson



Sped through the tangled activities of the back lot

Nor was there less of pain in the knowledge that by his marriage, Joe Reade had broken a circus lineage which had existed more than a century. Thereby the name of Riding Reades to Pop had become subtly weakened and tainted; the joy of the circus over this union had amazed him. Naturally, there was no one who would tell him that Winnie Adams meant salvation. He would not have believed it. She was an outsider, a "native"; it seemed no time whatever since she had come out to winter quarters begging for lessons in equestrianism. Besides, what was there to save? Pop was the only person in all the circus who did not realize that he had grown too old for the ring.

POP was fifty-nine, not an extreme age for one in business or a profession. But Pop's life was that of an athlete, where only youth is worshipped. Not that his fire had vanished. True, he no longer turned the somersaults. But that was partly due to injury, a strained ligament. He was still a good rider. That was not enough. No matter what he might achieve, the audience noticed only the fact that he was old.

The next day, rehearsals began; Winnie had worked in the end ring with the Wandell Family, doing a single routine. This would be more difficult; the rôle which Mary Reade had filled until her death: tandem riding, pyramids, concerted leaps, the "three-forks," or spraddled jumps by which the riders came to the back of the horse, one after another until all were riding it astride, while Old Barry, with whip and line, held the horse to its steady packing. After the rehearsal, Joe Reade caught his young wife tight to him as they walked to their dressing tent and told her he was proud of her. The girl bit her lips.

"I'm afraid I didn't please Pop," she said.

"Oh, don't mind Pop." Joe's laugh carried a false note. "Tell you, Winnie," he added, "maybe it got him a little this morning. Seeing someone in Mother's place."

"I thought of that. And besides, I was clumsy. Maybe I was trying too hard. I'm so anxious to please Pop."

"You'll please him all right," the man answered. "How on earth can you help it?"

The query contained an overtone,

born of premonition. Joe Reade had experienced the same reaction as his wife—the feeling that Pop was finding fault. His easy irritation, a certain lack of patience, the sharpness of his tone when he had been forced to repeat a command, these things were not habitual with Pop. That afternoon, the father and son stood beside the bandstand, waiting for their cue. Winnie had gone down the hippodrome track with the Wandell Family; she would remain in her old act until the new routine had been mastered. At last the son turned, with an impulsive question:

"Pop, why haven't you said anything about Winnie's work this morning?"

POP ran his hands slowly over his silken thighs. A queer, harried expression was in his eyes, as though he were fighting an inner battle.

"Was it necessary to say something?" he asked.

"You could mention whether her work was all right."

Old Barry interrupted, from beside the horses.

"She done fine!" he said proudly. "That little kid's a trouper!"

Pop Reade pressed his lips.

"Well, it was just a first rehearsal," he fenced. "Naturally, there'd be some rough edges."

The shrill note of the equestrian director's whistle interrupted, signalling them to the ring. After the act was over, Joe forced a grin as he met his bride on the way to their tent.

"I asked Pop about the rehearsal," he said. "Seemed to think everything was great!"

But there came the time when he could no longer lie. There had been many work-outs since that first one. The management

was crowding Pop to make the addition to his act that would again lift it to favor. Not that the management worded it that way; it merely spoke of the advantages of having a good-looking girl in the center ring. And with every suggestion for haste, a queer, uncatalogued resentment in Pop Reade's heart had slowly smouldered, sparked and finally leaped to flame.

Day by day as they had rehearsed, Joe and himself and Winnie, the realization had come upon him, stronger and stronger, of what this union meant. All his life, Pop had dreamed of uniting the name of Reade with one equally aristocratic in the world of the big tops. This dream had failed. Slowly, as a result, the obsession had overwhelmed Pop that this girl was unworthy, that she was an interloper, a townier, a yokel, lifted beyond her abilities into the sanctity of circus royalty.

Prejudice had blinded him. He saw nothing regal in Winnie Reade's quiet acquiescence to his every command, no matter how gruffly expressed. He did not notice the little touch of grimness about her lips as, faced with a dangerous leap, she attempted it without a hint of the fears she might feel, taking the bruises and bumps resultant from failure without an outcry. He gave no heed to her constant efforts, the falter of fatigue as she left the ring, and the bravery with which she hid it. But Old Barry was more observing.

"Why do you push that kid so hard?" he asked from his place beside Pop in the men's dressing room. "Couldn't you be a little easier with her?"

"Easy?" Pop stared. "Since when were riders made by being easy with them? My father trained me with a whip!"

"Yeh," said Barry, "but that was a long time ago. Things have changed since then. Audiences have changed. And we've changed." He rambled on. "Thank the Lord, I know I'm old."

There was a peculiar hint of emphasis. Pope Reade bristled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"That I'm old," Barry fenced. "Can't a man say he knows he's old? But sometimes people won't believe it. Now me—just let somebody come along and take that ringmaster work off me shoulders, so I can go back to grooming. See how much I kick."

Pop Reade stared.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Old Barry rolled his eyes.

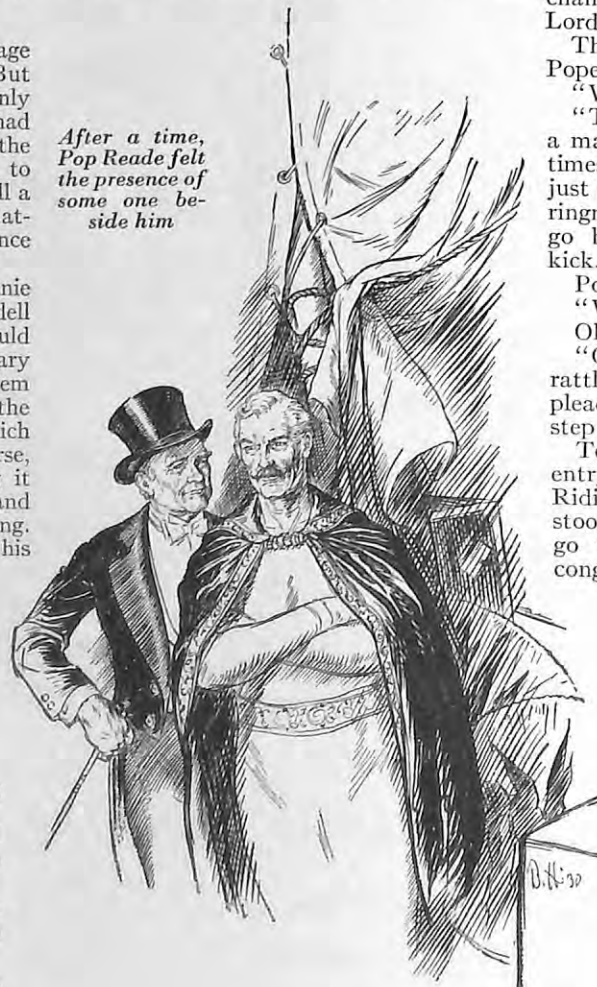
"Oh, nothin'," he said. "Just an old man, rattling on." He raised a hand, in mock pleading. "I'll get out of here, before I step on me tongue."

Ten days later, Winnie Reade made her entry to the center ring as a member of the Riding Reades. When it was over, Pop stood by the flags and watched the pair go toward their tent, performers calling congratulations, Winnie half crying with happiness, her husband hugging her close to him in the excess of his enthusiasm. Winnie had been a hit!

It was not more than a month after that before an insidious infiltration made its way through the show world, until at last a scout for a rival circus, the World's Famous, made a report to his owner. Everything was not at its best for the Riding Reades.

"It's the Old Man," the scout said. "He's got the idea that she's trying to shove him out of the act. That and being nuts on circus ancestry."

After a time, Pop Reade felt the presence of some one beside him





"Treats Winnie pretty rough, eh?"

"Oh, you know. If she gets a break on the applause, she's hogged the act, and if she steps back and lets him try to get a hand—which he don't get—then she's a rotten performer and spoiled the whole deal."

"What about Joe?"

"He's in a tough spot. Besides, Winnie won't let him take a hand in it. Either she wins over the Old Man, she says, or she passes out of the picture. Say, the way she can absorb a bawling out and keep her temper—that kid's a trouper! But she's got pride. So, some day, Winnie's just going to tell Joe that they've made a mistake. Then she'll go on, and leave Joe and his father to ride it out."

"That's a hunch," said the other man.

"What becomes of the Riding Reades then?"

"What becomes of any act when a young guy tries to carry an old has-been who's done for and don't know it?"

"That's a hunch," repeated the show owner, and reached for a telegraph pad. The next morning, Joe Reade, delayed on the way from the cars to the showlot, entered their tent to find Winnie standing with something crumpled tight in her hands.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"Why?" she fenced.

"I didn't mean to be so clumsy, Pop," she begged. Joe bent silently above her, gathering her up tenderly in his arms

"Oh, I don't know. You looked so white, and scared. What've you got in your hands?"

She shrugged her shoulders and tossed the crushed ball of paper over the top of the sidewall and into a tangle of weeds beyond.

"Oh, just an old piece of paper. I'd—been doing some figuring."

The show moved along on its summer course, good days and bad. Likewise the fortunes of the Riding Reades; sometimes the fair days outnumbered the unhappy ones; that was when the show was playing the smaller town where the reaction of the audience was of little consequence to the actor. Those days were exceedingly bright for Winnie and Joe Reade. The tight, grim lines vanished from the man's mouth and the hunted look from his eyes. As for Winnie, everyone in the backlot knew by her singing when it was a good day. And Old Barry was much happier—in spite of the fact that he grumbled continuously about the weight of his duties.

Sometimes during these periods of truce, Pop Reade would jerk his head suddenly

as he rested between routines, and stare at the girl on the rocking ring-horse. Usually it was when the sun shone through the lacings of the canvas and caught itself in her hair, spinning a golden aura about her as it freed itself. Then for an instant, it seemed to Pop that Old Barry, trailing his whip as he timed the horse, would be no longer stooped and white haired. He was young and lithe, and Joe was only a boy. And the pirouetting girl atop the cantering Percheron was strangely remindful of someone who was gone, someone beloved. Those were the days when Pop Reade laughed and talked of old times when the three met at the cookhouse table—as though an ogre of fear had absented itself, allowing him to take command of his true personality.

THOSE were the times also when Winnie Reade clung to his arm and watched his every expression with wistful interest. When she fussed about his comfort and sewed new spangles upon his costumes. When she laughed at his slightest joke, and when Joe became boyish again.

Then there were the opposite times, when the show moved into the bigger cities and audiences became discriminating. One

(Continued on page 44)

For Both Players and Fans, This is Now the Land of the Midnight Fun



ACME PHOTOS

Flood-light Sport

By Sol Metzger

Photos from Culver Service

A MINOR league baseball club, which had suffered the almost universal 1930 drop in gate receipts, suddenly boosted its attendance average from a mere 500 spectators to 5,000 per game.

A football team, representing a large eastern university, suddenly saw student attendance at its huge new stadium doubled, and non-student attendance more than tripled.

A country club in the southwest had begun to regard its outlay for a splendid series of tennis courts as an unwise investment. Seldom were the courts in use. Then, suddenly, they became so popular that queues of players were forced to await their turns, and exhibition matches by famous champions were staged on them with extraordinary success.

Another club in the middle west had much the same experience with its costly and enticing golf course.

How were these miracles accomplished—literally overnight?

The answer is simple. The diamond, the gridiron, the courts and the links were flood-lighted; and, as a result, fans and amateur players who had been chained to jobs during the day were able to watch or to participate in their favorite sports during the free hours

Copyright, 1931, by Sol Metzger

A midnight golf tournament at Parkside Country Club in Corona, Calif.

of evening. No longer are the benefits of outdoor sport at night limited to prize-fights and vest-pocket golf. By the use of adequate lighting facilities, virtually every form of athletic activity has now been made available after sunset.

The instances cited above are by no means isolated ones. Much the same thing has been accomplished within the past twelve months by men responsible for the success of various teams and athletic projects the country over. Many others will undoubtedly follow their lead as the present season advances. Let's consider, in the light of recent experience, what this ultra-modern develop-

ment has already accomplished and may further achieve in the way of added opportunity for players, followers and organizers of both amateur and professional sports.

Here are some examples from baseball.

Last summer the owners of the Johnstown club in the Middle Atlantic League spent \$18,000 to install lighting equipment for night games during the second half of the split season, and approximately \$16 a night for electricity to operate them. Attendance at the afternoon games, played exclusively theretofore, had averaged 460. The night games averaged 1,073. A championship series of four games brought a total of



ACME PHOTOS

some 22,000 paid admissions—approximately \$5,500 per game. On August 18, Johnstown and Fairmont played a night game before 1,820 fans. Yet the following day when Johnstown met Clarksburg, the league leader, in an afternoon game, the event drew only 243 spectators.

Apparently those statistics proved eloquent. This season Middle Atlantic League fans may root at night games in the ball parks of Cumberland, Md., Charleroi, Pa., and Wheeling and Fairmont, W. Va.

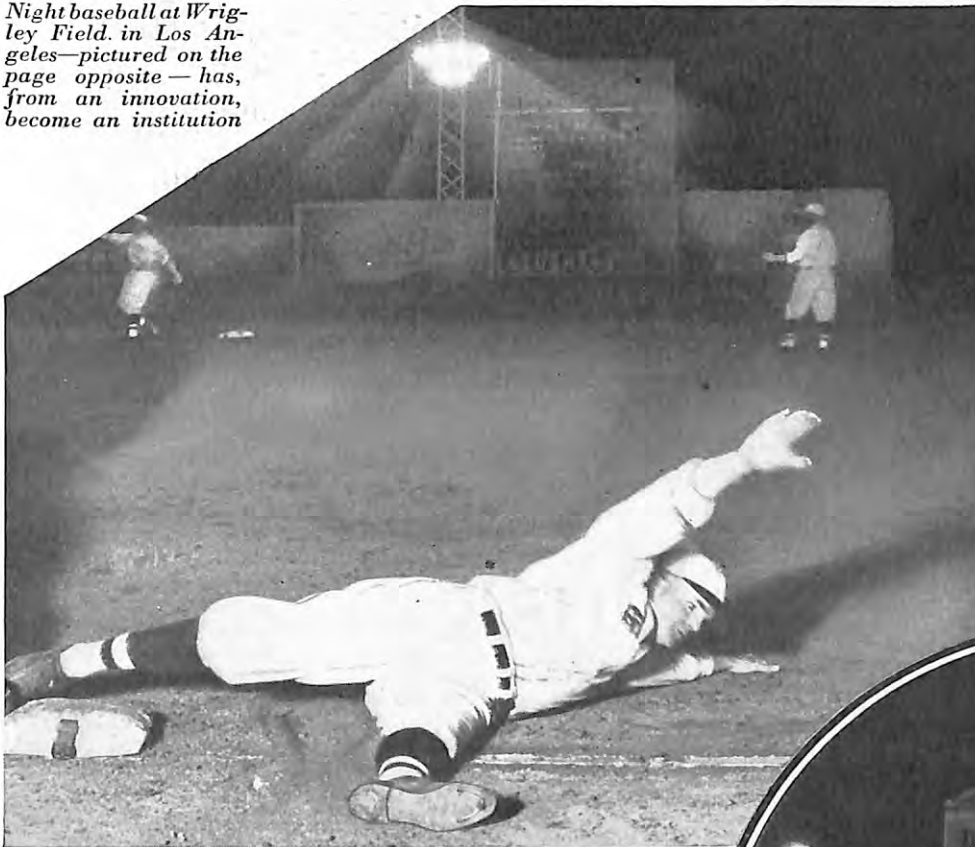
The Three-I League learned a similar

To Leo Keyser, head of the Des Moines club in the Western League, is generally accredited the distinction of first bringing night baseball prominently into the limelight, although there are dim records of less historic games having been played under similar conditions elsewhere. Early last season, Keyser staged a night game in Des Moines that drew 10,000 spectators, and followed it with others that, in spite of discouraging weather, won extraordinary attendance. His success did not fail of notice. Houston, of the Texas League, entertained

14,000 paying guests at its first night game. Buffalo, of the International League, introduced the idea in the east and soon fellow league members, including Newark, Jersey City and Baltimore, lighted up.

In the west the innovation was welcomed with a whoop. The Pacific Coast League crowded into line to share this financial gravy. Sacramento, for example, drew more spectators in the first quarter of a season played under the arc lights than during all of the preceding season's afternoon games. Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles and Oakland followed its example. Oakland further improved on the idea by inaugurating a policy of "ladies free" in one series, and was rewarded for its enterprise with gates running from 10,000 to 20,000, compared to the 1,500 to 5,000 averages of its former afternoon spectacles. By the end of the season the San Francisco Seals and the Missions were the only teams in the league with an unlighted plant. This year they share a new \$1,500,000 park equipped for night games.

Night baseball at Wrigley Field in Los Angeles—pictured on the page opposite—has, from an innovation, become an institution

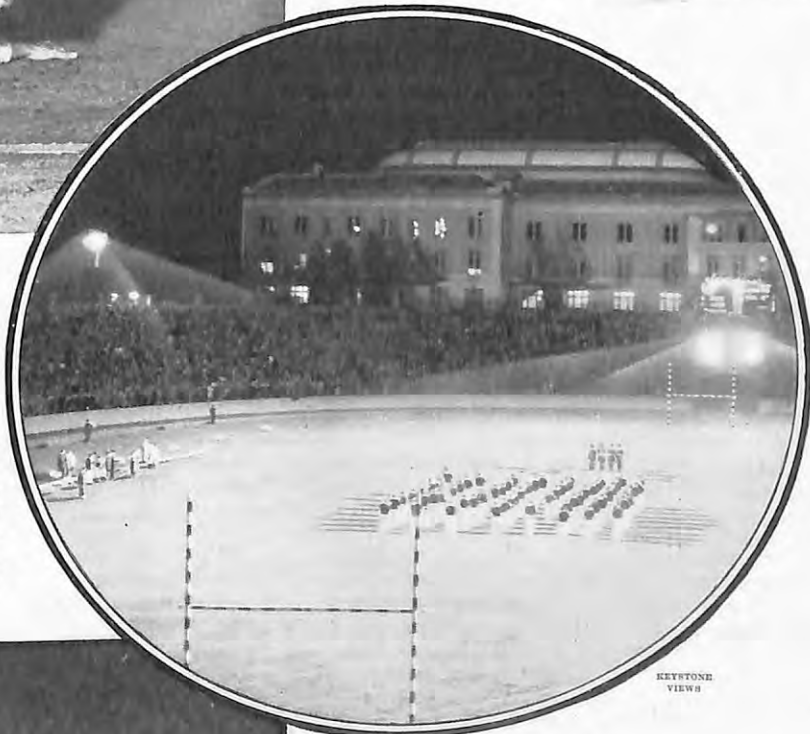


INTERNATIONAL NEWS

lesson last summer when the Decatur, Ill., ball park broke all records for season's attendance after installing, comparatively late in the season, a lighting system for post-sunset games. Buffalo, of the International League, drew ten times its average number of afternoon spectators to night contests. Indianapolis, in the American Association, brought its totals from bear market lows to a 5,000 average by the same method. In all those leagues various other clubs have now, figuratively and literally, seen the light, and either have made or are making provisions for night games.

Right, a night view of the Syracuse University Stadium

Chicago's first major indoor football game was played at Chicago Stadium between the Bears and Cardinals



KEYSTONE VIEWS



F. & A. PHOTO

BUT the minors are not the only leagues to realize the tremendous possibilities of flood-light baseball. Big league entrepreneurs have been running speculative eyes over some of the attendance records just cited. Just before that magnificent final dash of the St. Louis Cardinals in the National League race last season, Sam Breadon, their owner, and Branch Rickey, his associate, gave evidence of their interest. The team, it will be remembered, had been drawing a slim gate. "It's a cinch," com-

mented Breadon at the time, "that we do not intend to go along in this way. Win, lose or draw, we are well enough fixed to finish out this season, but something else will have to be done for next year if I'm to continue in baseball. Of course, I could strip this team, give myself a second division outfit and get by making expenses on the road, but I have no hankering for that sort of thing. All the kick I get out of baseball depends on having a team fighting for a pennant, and if I can't afford to do that I'd rather not be in baseball at all. At the

(Continued on page 52)



Calculating, coldly masterful, he worked the exhausted fish nearer and nearer. The net was motionless in the water

In the Dusk

By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrated by Ralph Boyer

YOU can forgive a good deal in a man who handles a flyrod as well as Larry Ashley does. Forgery, felonious assault, mayhem, and similar little lapses of conduct are condonable in a fellow of Larry's masterful skill at wheedling trout out of their native element—such things are of the city, anyhow, and oughtn't to be held against anybody on the stream. But I'm hanged if a single one of us in the old Dog-Catcher Club has ever been able to pass up Larry's unmitigated conceit in his own prowess, or his habit of making dirty cracks at the other fellow. These are serious offenses up in the trout country, for nine times out of ten they're not sporting.

All of which is just by way of footlighting the show which Larry and old Bob McIver put on with that famous fly *vs.* bait contest of theirs.

The whole thing started on a wet evening around the middle of June—drowned would describe it better, for a wallop thunderstorm in the early afternoon had broken a spell of unseasonable heat and soaked the country fore and aft. When the downpour ended Bob and I had walked a few hundred yards up the wood road beside the Little Beaverkill, he to fish back through the turbid waters to the main stream with his stiffish rod and can of night-crawlers, and I to watch the fun which this pet method of his usually produces.

There are some largish brownies in that stretch, and Bob had connected with several of them by the time we'd worked down to the valley road. There, in the big pool under the bridge, he hooked into a dandy and they were having it hot and heavy when Larry Ashley came along in his car and pulled up to see what was going on.

"The old Scotchman's dredging again, I see," he commented, scornfully, getting

out and joining me at the bridge rail. "No self-respecting fisherman would muck around in water as roily as that. Why doesn't he get a soup strainer and be done with it?"

"Because he's a bait man and a darn good sport," I retorted. "Just because you and I happen to prefer flies is no reason for panning Bob. Look at him—the kick he gets out of it!"

"Huh! He'd get a thrill out of hauling cod. Waits till the fish get their eyes full of mud and then feeds 'em worms!"

Presently Bob unshipped his landing net, maneuvered his quarry into a back eddy

near the bank and laddled him out—a solid two-pounder. For the first time, then, he looked up, grinned and detoured through the brush to join us, his grizzled little terrier at his heels.

"Ha, lads!" he rumbled genially. "And will ye na join me for a wee bit more fishing doon the burn? I've bait enough for a', and I misdoot ye've a brace o' rods in the car, Larry."

Larry's chin rose in obvious, calculated snootiness. "Not for me," he condescended to answer. "An *angler* uses nothing but flies."

"And much innocent merriment does he miss thereby," Bob chuckled. "And mony a guid trout!"

Larry bristled on the instant. "Give me civilized water conditions and I'll beat you fish for fish and pound for pound," he declared. "Flies aren't only the sporting way to take trout—they're the most killing. Bait is kid stuff."

BOB lifted the lid of his big creel, half full of old sockers. "So 'twould seem—so 'twould seem!" he laughed again, rummaging among them admiringly. "Eh, Meggie lass—we are the de'il's own breed, I take it, and follow the ways o' poachers wi' oor wur-rm gear." And he turned twinkling eyes on the dog.

The irony of it touched Larry Ashley on the raw—rubbed him, rather, and with a handful of salt to increase the sting. His tone was a direct challenge as he answered: "I've fifty dollars that says I'm right, McIver—even money."

"Eh?"

"Fifty dollars, I said. Want me to spell it out for you?"

"Na—ye may save ye'self the trouble," Bob rejoined laconically. "I take it ye



mean ye wad back the aristocratic fly to take the measure o' lowly bait?"

"Precisely. By the day after to-morrow the big stream will have cleared enough for decent men to fish. Then we'll see which method takes the greatest weight of trout—if you're not afraid to put it to a test."

"And hoo long will we fish, me lord?"

"One day—sunrise to full dark. Fly against bait, greatest number of pounds and ounces to win, Father O'Meara to be sole judge and referee."

For a moment Bob's eyes, suddenly gimlet-like, glistened at Ashley. "Ye'r on," he said then. "I'd ask no fairer mon than the Feyther. But there's to be one condition: that I'm free to choose ma own kind o' bait."

"Certainly—they're all equally degraded, as far as I'm concerned. We'll start from The Four Maples at dawn." And Larry climbed back into his car and departed in the direction of his own boarding place up the road.

Down at The Four Maples, that evening, the rest of the Dog-catchers heard the news of the coming match with an enthusiasm that must have warmed Bob McIver's heart. He and his dog Meggie are prime favorites in the club, dyed-in-the-wool fly men though the rest of us are, for they're both such darn good, unobtrusive sports. Besides, we've never forgotten that day when they saved Father O'Meara's life in the high water which had swept the old man off his feet. By the same token, we have as much use for Larry Ashley as a worm has for wings. We respect his ability with a dry-fly and his astounding endurance on the stream—I've never seen a better hand at the game. But as a regular fellow he simply doesn't ring the bell.

Skilful though we knew Ashley to be, every man jack of us felt that this time he was going to be trimmed to a fare-thee-well, for Bob McIver is one of the Seven Wonders of the Fishing World. Give him the right conditions and plenty of his favorite kind of minnow for bait, and dynamite is about the only thing that can beat him. The match looked as if it was in the bag with the puckering string pulled and double-knotted, but Bob was cautious.

"I'll na be taking chances," he told us. "Fifty dollars is nae easy sum to come by—nor to lose! The mon Larry is a de'il for trout—ma minnies must put their best fins foremost."

It was on a very particular kind of silvery minnow that Bob finally decided to pin

his faith after he had earnestly studied the condition of the big stream next day. In the clear but fairly high water which another twenty-four hours would bring he knew that these shimmering shiners would be at their most enticing best, so after lunch he and Meggie set out for the only place they were known to inhabit, a tiny brook two miles back in the hills. Thither Tommy Wentworth, Joe Cleaves and I followed them a

and in a corner of the little dining-room Meggie was putting the finishing touches on her own private platter of trout heads and bacon.

"I invited him in to break bread wi' me," Bob observed, jerking his head toward the front veranda whence came the creak of Ashley's impatient rocker, "but he declined wi'oot thanks. Has the mon nae graciousness at a'?"

"Darn little," young Bostwick growled, coming in the side door. "I hope you beat the pants off him, Bob. You will, too, if there's any virtue in lively bait; I've just looked at those trained shiners of yours, and they're the peppiest looking bunch of little bright eyes I've seen in years. Regular do-or-die expression on 'em."

"They'll need it," McIver replied, completing the demolition of his third fried egg. "I'll be starting at the head o' the big rift this side the Landslide, an' coom right doon through. Heavy water, that, and like to batter a bait daft."

"And a man, too!" Bostie agreed fervently. "Especially with the stream a bit high. You're out for blood, Bob—that water's got more old dog trout in it than any other stretch this side of Phoenicia, if you can get through it."

"I must, lad; the honor o' ma minnies is at stake, the day. Weel, let's be aff, lass. 'Scots wha' hae wi' Wallace bled!'" Sturdy and forthright as a pair of oaken chunks, he and Meggie stumped out to the porch.

It lacked but little of sunrise; already the lofty cap of old Tice Mountain was glowing with light "Through eating, at last?"

Ashley asked disagreeably. "I suppose you'll be ready to go fishing in another couple of hours."

"I'm ready now, and it please your impatient soul. Tommy, here, will drive me upstream, an' Meg's ma gillie, as ever. Ye'll go doon, I take it, and fight the current back?"

Larry didn't even answer. Perhaps he considered the question beneath the notice of a dry-fly expert. Which didn't in the least improve our opinion of him, as he and his hired driver backed the roadster and zipped out of sight down the highway.

Tommy and I deposited Bob, his minnies and his dog at the end of the grass road that cuts in to the old ford below the Landslide, picked us out a couple of comfortable rocks, and settled down to watch developments.

We hadn't long to wait. Hardly had the

"The old Scotchman's dredging again, I see." Larry commented



little later and, by hours of sloshing and groveling and scooping, finally helped corral a very respectable bucketful. If that pail had been loaded with pre-war rye Bob couldn't have carried it more carefully or been more solicitous about placing it that night where its occupants would sleep cool and comfortable.

Dawn was just breaking when Larry Ashley and a boy he had picked up to drive his car, reached The Four Maples, and a sweet enough dawn it was as the green of hills and meadows and the horizon-blue of a perfect summer day crept out of the pervading mists. While I dressed I could hear old Mrs. Derwent's heavy footsteps down in the kitchen as she moved about getting Bob's breakfast. Small chance of his going on the stream unfortified by hot food as long as she was around!

He was hard at it when I came downstairs,

(Continued on page 42)



Clever characterization and very bright dialogue make Rachel Crothers' comedy "As Husbands Go" excellent entertainment. In a Paris restaurant we see two American women enjoy the wind-up of a European trip with their holiday companions. One couple (pictured at the left) are Lily Cahill, wife of a home loving businessman, and Geoffrey Wardell, the English poet she has fallen in love with. The other couple are a wealthy widow (Catharine Doucet), and Roman Bolmen, as a really likable French gigolo. Back in Dubuque the complications begin. The widow's determination to marry her Frenchman is hotly opposed by her daughter, who has got herself engaged to an inarticulate genius, and when the English poet appears he is overwhelmed by the charm and unselfish devotion of the husband whose wife he wants to marry. We won't betray Miss Crothers' clever solution, for it is well worth seeing for yourself

WHITE

The lovely Kay Francis and Paul Lukas (right) head the cast of "The Vice Squad," a dramatic and plausible story of police machinations in a metropolitan city. Through innocent involvement in a crime, Paul Lukas sinks to the despised profession of stool pigeon, an informer forced to prey on women under the domination of a detective sergeant who knows of his implication in the murder charge. His former fiancée, Kay Francis, makes a supreme effort to rehabilitate him but he is forced back into the slime by his effort to save a girl who had befriended him



Behind the Footlights

James Gleason, Norma Shearer, and Lionel Barrymore (right) have leading rôles in "A Free Soul." Mr. Barrymore, who has been absent from the screen for a long time, returns in the rôle of Stephen Ashe, a brilliant criminal lawyer, whose hard drinking and unconventional method of raising his daughter Jan (Miss Shearer), have put him in disgrace with his family. Their condemnation seems justified when Jan becomes involved with a notorious underworld gambler whose life her father has saved. The gambler is finally shot by Jan's former fiancé (played by Leslie Howard), and Stephen Ashe pulls himself together to conduct his defense in a trial which has a dramatic and unexpected dénouement



Henri Bernstein is an expert craftsman and has turned out a thoroughly interesting and powerful play in "Melo." The three principal actors are pictured at the right: Earle Larimore, Edna Best and Basil Rathbone. Pierre (Mr. Larimore) and Romaine Belcroix (Miss Best), both musicians, are a thoroughly happy couple until the evening when Pierre's old school friend, Marcel Blanc (Mr. Rathbone), who has become a famous violinist, dines with them. That night a consuming love is born between Romaine and Marcel and as time goes on Romaine is driven to desperation in the effort to free herself from Pierre without mortally wounding him. "Melo" is a gripping melodrama and superbly acted



And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Richard Dix (left) is scheduled to add another heroic characterization, in "Marcheta," to the gallery that began with his appearance as Yancey Cravat in "Cimarron." But in between he has made an appealing picture called "Young Donovan's Kid," in which he plays the rôle of an East side gang leader who becomes voluntary guardian to a seven-year-old youngster, Midge (Jackie Cooper), pictured here with him. Donovan's troubles as an amateur father bring him to the point of death before he wins undisputed guardianship of the unruly Midge and the love of Kitty



The famous stage play of "Trilby," which was made from George Du Maurier's novel, has been rechristened "Svengali" for the picture starring John Barrymore. Everyone is familiar with this tragic story of the mysterious musician who falls in love with Trilby, the little Parisian artist's model, and under whose hypnotic power she sings divinely. Trilby is played by Marian Marsh (left) and the supporting cast is good but the laurels mostly go to Mr. Barrymore (left), who gives a genuinely brilliant performance. Miss Marsh will play opposite Barrymore again in his next picture, "The Genius," adapted from a Russian story

Treasure Hunting for Big Business

By Joseph H. Sinclair

Illustrated by Harry Burne



IT IS a fascinating profession to which I belong, that of the exploring geologists. Essentially we are the successors of that breed to which belonged Christopher Columbus, Vasco da Gama, de Soto and the others who widened the frontiers of the known world four centuries ago. Without having had much time to remark the fact, both my wife and I have been many times in places where white persons previously had not set foot. There is much exploring still to be done in the world, vast areas in South America, Africa, Asia, to say nothing of the Antarctic Continent which has been no more than visited thus far.

Take Africa: a white man had preceded Mrs. Sinclair and me up the Konkouré River which flows in that part of Africa that bulges closest to the coast of South America. Just one white man, a French explorer. His name was Sanderval, and he

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made a journey up this mysterious stream about 1899. We started in 1919, about five months after the armistice was signed. Fourteen who went with Sanderval did not return. A boatload of them overturned and when we made our journey we saw things that made us believe their flesh fattened the crocodiles that infest the stream.

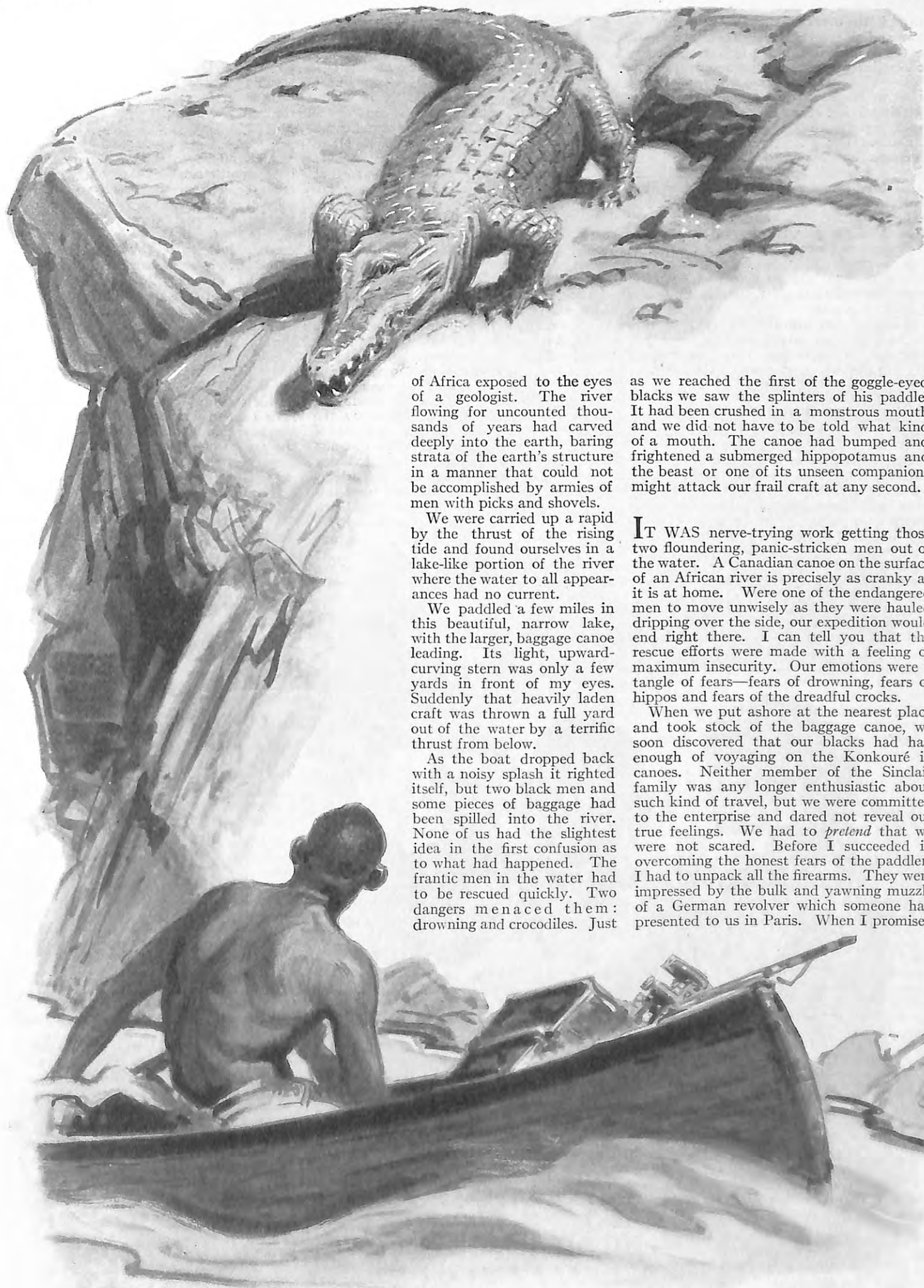
Our expedition consisted of Mrs. Sinclair and myself, with about fifty black porters. My wife and I with native paddlers proceeded up the stream in two Canadian canoes. The porters with the baggage traveled overland, and it was the intention that each day's travel should end in a rendezvous between the two parties, either on the bank of the river or in some village not too far from the river for our convenience. That, I say, was the intention. Actually there were nights when the two of us shivered on some flat, exposed rock of the river bed, using an overturned canoe for shelter, with little to eat, but with many strange and awful sounds of which to be fearful.

I shall pass over the weeks of African travel that preceded our arrival at the mouth of the Konkouré on the Atlantic Ocean, and come quickly to that time when our two canoes pushed out from the muddy banks, each propelled by husky blacks whom we had taught to paddle in the American fashion. There, ourselves afloat on it, was the unknown river, warm as tea under the hot African sunshine. Nothing stirred except now and then a crocodile on shore.

Why, you may ask, would anyone be curious about such a place? For your answer you will have to envision all the smoking factories of the world, the gigantic buildings, the ships and railroads and airplanes that together represent a terrific appetite for the metals embosomed in the earth. Our little expedition was in the nature of a tiny tentacle of all that, and here was what truly might be called the heart

*Raised its body to full height—
the better to plunge down the
cliffside and land on top of us*





of Africa exposed to the eyes of a geologist. The river flowing for uncounted thousands of years had carved deeply into the earth, baring strata of the earth's structure in a manner that could not be accomplished by armies of men with picks and shovels.

We were carried up a rapid by the thrust of the rising tide and found ourselves in a lake-like portion of the river where the water to all appearances had no current.

We paddled a few miles in this beautiful, narrow lake, with the larger, baggage canoe leading. Its light, upward-curving stern was only a few yards in front of my eyes. Suddenly that heavily laden craft was thrown a full yard out of the water by a terrific thrust from below.

As the boat dropped back with a noisy splash it righted itself, but two black men and some pieces of baggage had been spilled into the river. None of us had the slightest idea in the first confusion as to what had happened. The frantic men in the water had to be rescued quickly. Two dangers menaced them: drowning and crocodiles. Just

as we reached the first of the goggle-eyed blacks we saw the splinters of his paddle. It had been crushed in a monstrous mouth and we did not have to be told what kind of a mouth. The canoe had bumped and frightened a submerged hippopotamus and the beast or one of its unseen companions might attack our frail craft at any second.

IT WAS nerve-trying work getting those two floundering, panic-stricken men out of the water. A Canadian canoe on the surface of an African river is precisely as cranky as it is at home. Were one of the endangered men to move unwisely as they were hauled dripping over the side, our expedition would end right there. I can tell you that the rescue efforts were made with a feeling of maximum insecurity. Our emotions were a tangle of fears—fears of drowning, fears of hippos and fears of the dreadful crocks.

When we put ashore at the nearest place and took stock of the baggage canoe, we soon discovered that our blacks had had enough of voyaging on the Konkouré in canoes. Neither member of the Sinclair family was any longer enthusiastic about such kind of travel, but we were committed to the enterprise and dared not reveal our true feelings. We had to *pretend* that we were not scared. Before I succeeded in overcoming the honest fears of the paddlers I had to unpack all the firearms. They were impressed by the bulk and yawning muzzle of a German revolver which someone had presented to us in Paris. When I promised

to sit in the bow of the leading canoe and kill any and all comers among the hippopotami of the Konkouré with that ugly weapon, they controlled their fears and consented to push on.

On subsequent days of our journey up the river we often saw them come to the surface within ten feet of our canoe, but the weapon with which we defended ourselves and reassured our paddlers was none of the firearms that I mentioned. It was a harmless rattle swung zealously by Mrs. Sinclair. This toy had been presented to her by a native mother in one of the villages we had visited. It made a noise like a swarm of locusts in flight and was most effective in clearing our passage through the water of any ill-tempered hippos. I know there were plenty of them around because night after night our slumbers were disturbed by their bellowing grunts.

Even on that first day, though, we were to have another adventure, and of a sort that was to make us watchful throughout the five weeks that we were on the river.

WE WERE still thinking of the first experience when we came to a place where the river narrowed and ran deep and swiftly under us between vertical walls of a gloomy canyon. It was a crevasse in the earth's surface, the rock faces bare and forbidding. Here and there the walls that rose high above us were broken into a series of step-like terraces. I had taken a third paddle and was keeping close to the left bank in order to avoid the powerful drag of the mid-stream current. Ahead, about six feet above the level of our heads I carelessly observed what appeared to be a log on a shelf overhanging our course.

No sooner had the thrust of our three paddles sent us abreast of the rocky shelf than the log became animate. To our hor-

ror we saw that it was an enormous crocodile that had raised its body to the full length of its taloned legs the better to plunge down the cliffside to land on top of us. What saved us was no act of anyone in the boat. As the brute launched itself downward a sudden, miraculous sweep of the current carried us away from the cliff wall. The crocodile struck the water no more than a foot away, the splash of its scaly gray bulk nearly swamping us. So close it was that in my memory now its yellow eyes are living things of terror.

I do not think that ever in my life have I exerted myself as I did then. We were nearly through the rapid and a stretch of sandy beach appeared where the walls widened. Dip and thrust, dip and thrust, dip and thrust—never was a canoe propelled with more frantic vigor! As the nose of the canoe scraped on the beach we decided we had had enough for one day. Camp was prepared and then winding down the smooth surface of rock out of the jungle came the file of porters carrying our burdens on their heads.

I have heard many stories about the danger to human life represented by the presence of crocodiles in the streams of Africa. Many and many an African woman while washing clothing on the bank has been seized and dragged, screaming, to a frightful death. I know men who have seen this happen. A Boer told me of one of his black boys who had gone to the Zambesi River bank to wash the dust from his face one morning just before they broke camp. As he reached his hands a second time into the water, one of them was seized and the boy

was dragged, through a foam made by the lashing tail of the monster, to midstream where he disappeared. In learning to appreciate this danger you grasp an understanding of the African custom which dictates that villages shall be built away from the banks of rivers.

ONE afternoon our day's journey ended on a small stretch of sandy beach. Three miles back from the beach was a native village; across the river "quite near" as the natives expressed it, was another village. "Quite near" spoken by a black man may mean a journey of from half an hour to four or five hours in length. However, gifts of fruits and mats had arrived from the chieftain of the nearest village, and before long we discovered we were to be honored by a delegation from that other village on the opposite littoral.

Our porters had not arrived and my wife and I were sprawled on mats writing our notes when we saw some natives gathering on the opposite shore. They had a curious little boat in which they planned to make the voyage. Through glasses we watched the arrival of the chief and to our amazement he rode a horse. It was a splendid prancing animal whose shapely head, liquid eyes and flaring nostrils revealed its kinship

(Continued on page 39)



The head-hunting Jivaro Indian of Peru will treat you as a gentleman if you will do as much for him

By Lassiter Wren
and Randle McKay

See If You Can Solve This Baffling Case

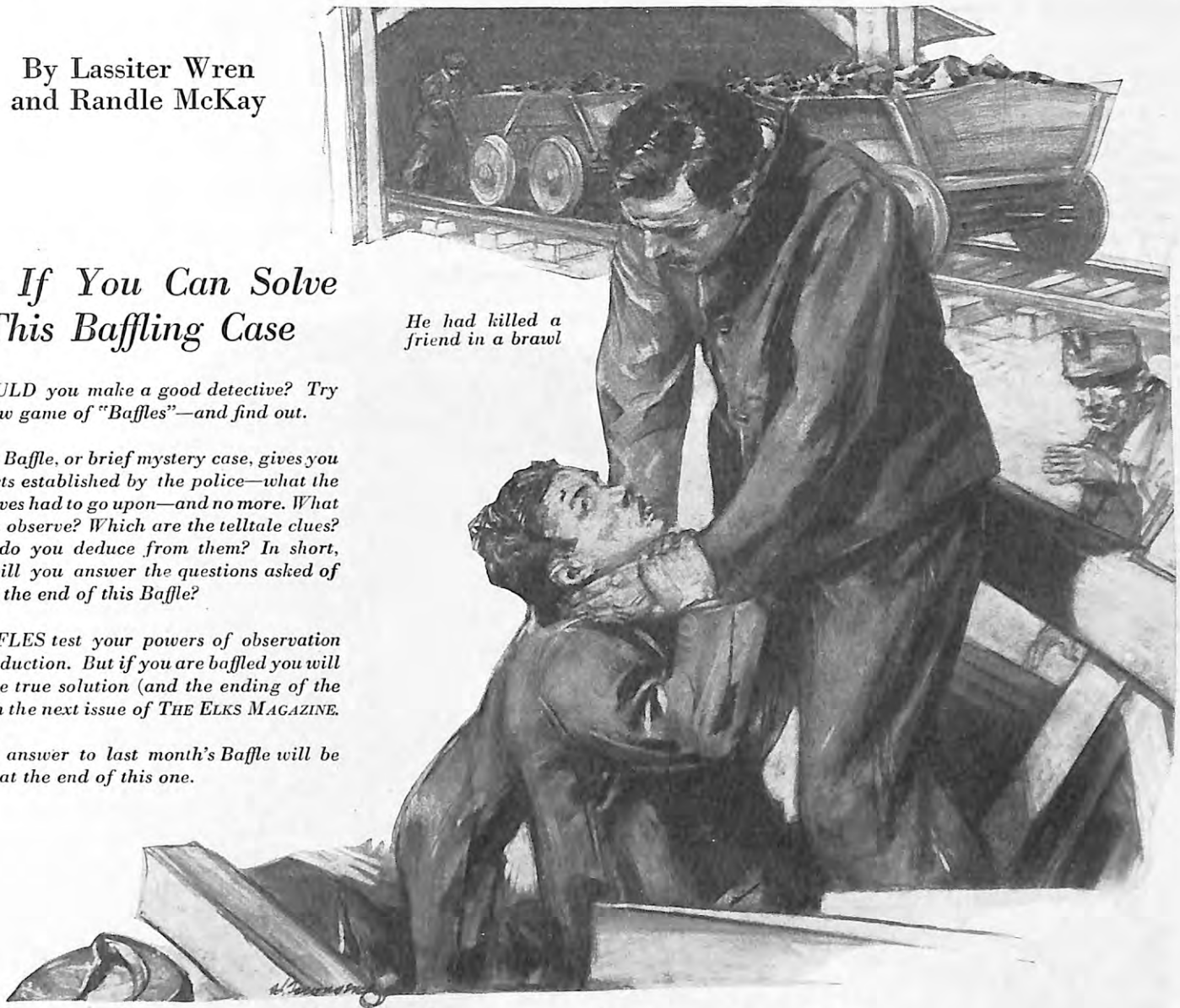
WOULD you make a good detective? Try this new game of "Baffles"—and find out.

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.

He had killed a friend in a brawl



The Pursuit of Michael Brosnan

THE escape of Michael Brosnan was at once the most successful and the least spectacular in the annals of the Pennsylvania prison of Hodgetown. The killer had simply disappeared from a line of convicts being marched under guard to their work in a distant part of the prison grounds. Collusion on the part of a guard was suspected by the warden, but nothing of the sort could be proved. None of the convicts would admit having seen the man dart from the line.

For two days after his escape guards scoured the country in the vicinity of the prison, but their man eluded them. They would have supposed him drowned in the river which flowed outside the prison walls, but for one clue.

Late in the night after the escape, three of the guards who were patrolling the country five miles from the prison turned their electric torches on an automobile which stood at the side of a lonely road. One of the tires had been removed; it was found in the road. A groan seemed to come from the bushes at the edge of the road. They discovered a man badly beaten about the head and stripped to his underclothes. He was barely conscious and was unable to speak. Taken to a house nearby, the

man was revived and some time later was able to tell his story.

As he stooped over a tire-repair job on his car he had been struck a violent blow on the head. He had not seen his assailant.

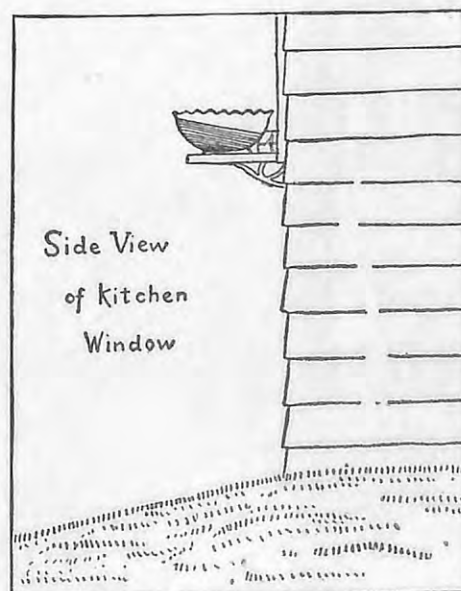
The theft of the man's clothing pointed to Brosnan, the escaped convict, as the assailant, and the prison authorities now realized that the man's capture had become much more difficult. With clothes and money, Brosnan might now be far away in some distant town, perhaps even out of the State. A general alarm was spread, and photographs of the fugitive were published widely. Where had he fled?

Previously, Michael Brosnan had been a foreman in a mine near Shenandoah, Pa. He had killed

a friend in a brawl. The State had tried to get an indictment for first-degree murder but had failed, and Brosnan had been convicted of manslaughter. He had served four years of an eleven-year sentence.

It was a Shenandoah detective who advanced the theory that Brosnan would not leave the State without attempting to see his wife. It was recalled that she stood by her husband valiantly throughout his trial, declaring repeatedly that he had acted wholly in self-defense. There had been an affecting scene in the courtroom after Brosnan received his sentence.

But inquiry now disclosed that Mrs. Brosnan had left Shenandoah a year previously and there were rumors of a



The McKinney cottage

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

Part VI

By Bertram Atkey

Illustrated by Jerome Rozen

WHEN, ten minutes later, after Mr. Bunn had gleaned from the butler all the information he desired about Friarsmark House, Fortworth and Inspector Wheel entered and found Mr. Bunn kneeling by the side of Alison Vanesterman, fanning her with a folded newspaper.

Her eyes were half open and she was holding tightly to Smiler's left hand.

"All right—it's all right, my dear! Don't fret—don't worry. It's the old man here—your friend, old Mr. Flood! Nobody's going to hurt you now—nor your daddy—no, no. Now wake up, there's a good little gal—that's the style—fine—fine—that's a good brave little gal—!"

It was almost as if the old adventurer who had known neither kith nor kin, bar his brother Tony in America, for the last forty years, was crooning—rather clumsily—over a child of his own—

Copyright, 1931, by
Bertram Atkey



Ten minutes later they found Mr. Bunn by the side of Alison Vanesterman, fanning her with a folded newspaper

grip of drugs. Almost immediately she sat up, Smiler's arm helping her.

She leaned close to him, quite trustingly.

"O-oh!" she said, with the long lovely sigh of a waking child. "It is you—daddy's old friend—the big, red man—I—hoped you would come—all the time I kept hoping you would come—"

"Surely, surely, my dear—surely the Old Man would come to take care of his little pal—"

He turned to Fortworth.

"Tell one of those loafing servants to bring a bottle of champagne like lightning—I s'pose there's a decent wine in the house!" he commanded, patted Alison's hand and stood up.

"All's well, my dear!" he said, and turned to her father. Lacking the elasticity of youth, Anson Vanesterman came more

He glared at the newcomers.

"Not so hellishly loud," he said in a savage whisper; "she's coming round!

. . . That's my brave good little gal—fight for it, my dear—you're doing fine—splendid. . . Damn it, stand back with those guns—d'ye want to scare her when she wakes?"

But it took more than the sight of a pistol to scare Alison Vanesterman when she was free from the numbing

slowly out from the influence of the drug which, lightly but sufficiently, had enshackled them both for the past hour or so.

Inspector Wheel, who had left the room after a swift glance to reassure himself that all would be well with them, returned as Fortworth came in with the champagne.

"Just a minute, Mr. Flood," he said. Smiler went out with him while Fortworth attended to the restorative prescribed by his partner.

"This is a grave business, Mr. Flood! . . . Two dead men here to be accounted for—and the Lord knows what else! How came it? That man, Sow Foon, in the laboratory, has been shot all to pieces—"

"But how did you get through the snakes? You must have disturbed them for I could hear them hissing—in the dark—!"

"It was unprintably awful! I've never been so scared in my life!" said Mr. Bunn, frankly. "My friend Black was bitten three times by the same beast—once in the groin—twice in the hand!"

"But—he's *here*—I mean, he's alive—how's that!"

Mr. Bunn thought.

"I know. There's only two answers, come to think of it. Either the snake was non-venomous—which isn't likely, for it wouldn't be here in that case. And the other is that the creature had been de-venomed to—"

—and they're not so short of brains as to be noticeable!"

He nodded and chuckled, agreeing heartily with himself about that. Then his face grew grim and anxious as he proceeded to concentrate on his labors. It was in a small locked room containing an electric furnace, connected with the laboratory, that he discovered almost immediately thereafter, the body of Colonel Carnac. Either Yung Foon or his father had dealt after their fashion with him. Whether they had quarreled about Alison Vanesterman, or about the plunder, or whether they feared treachery on the part of the Colonel, was never known definitely. But the Colonel



Lacking the elasticity of youth, Anson Vanesterman came more slowly out from under the influence of the drug which had enshackled him

another dead one at Chalkacres Hall—man called MacCorque! But I'm not worrying about it. I want to get the Vanestermans out of this. You'd better ring up the police. And I'd send a few men to Downland Holt to detain Colonel Carnac and everyone on the premises—if you find them there at all. Carnac murdered Reymer—the first man killed in the woods. I'll be back as soon as I've got my friends comfortably and safely home. I just suggest all this, Inspector. You'll please yourself what you do—and do as you like. But if you're wise you *will* like. I'm not a detective—but I guess I've got a right to claim that I've got a natural genius for detecting. And I've detected quite a lot more in the last few days than anybody else. But you're welcome to the honor and the glory! Take it as a present from me—if you care to. This thing clears up both those other murders as well. My only concern now is the well-being of the Vanestermans. They've had a hell of a time during the last year!"

The Scotland Yard man thought quickly. Then he nodded.

"I see," he said and he was no longer vague. "I think you're right, Mr. Flood. Go ahead!"

He had a sudden after-thought.

day by Sow Foon. That's the only answer—and it's the right one. The beast wasn't in the moat—it seemed to get him as he climbed free of the moat. Maybe, there's a pen or whatever you care to call it—some special place where Sow Foon kept his de-venomed devils! . . . We shall see when it's daylight! What does it matter—the old fellow's punctured a little, maybe, but he's far from dead!"

Mr. Wheel agreed, and turned toward the corridor where the body of Yung Foon still lay. He looked over his shoulder at the broad back of Mr. Bunn as he went.

"A couple of rum 'uns, that!" he told himself. "But nobody's fools—they've got the pluck of a whole herd of rhinoceroses

"He died then. I was holding him up... it was awful"



had been in a deadly rage when he left Maiden Fain, and it

was ever Mr. Bunn's belief that he had gone from Maiden Fain to Friarsmark, there to await the Foons and to insist on Yung Foon standing aside in the competition for Alison. But the Foons were dangerous people, and the condition in which the Colonel was found made it abundantly clear that within a very few minutes he would have been disposed of. All the servants thought he had left—and indeed he had, but not in the manner they imagined.

MR. BUNN sat facing Alison Vanesterman and her father while Fortworth slung their big comfortable car through the ten miles of darkness separating the stronghold of Sow Foon from Chalkacres Hall.

"I want you, Mr. Vanesterman, and you, Alison, my dear, to prepare yourselves for a very pleasant surprise," he said slowly as the car rolled down the drive to Chalkacres.

"Is it about Dick?" asked Alison quickly. Mr. Bunn nodded at her in the rather dim light. "Yes," he said. "It's about your brother, Dick."

Anson Vanesterman leaned forward suddenly.

"You mean—you've got hold of the real truth of the facts concerning his death in the Morsalbana desert!" he asked.

"Well, I've got pretty close to it," said Mr. Bunn, comfortably.

"Can you *prove* them?" demanded Vanesterman—more sharply than he knew.

"Yes. I can prove them. Believe me, you will never again have to wear masks on your faces when people speak of Dick Vanesterman—your brother, my dear, your boy, Vanesterman! No, sir! . . ."

He peered out, as the car slowed down. "Here we are!" he said, and added in a whisper of emphatic reassurance—"No, that boy, Dick, was no coward. I gave you my word! Leave it all to the Old Man!"

He swung back the door and stepped out. "Come along, Alison! . . . Steady now! Mind the step!"

She might have been his own daughter. Lady Cedar had heard the car and met them in the hall with outstretched arms.

Her eyes were burning like jewels. "Oh, come in, come in!" she cried. "I've so much to tell you—such good news!"

Mr. Bunn stared a little anxiously. But he controlled himself.

"That's good!" he said. "Come on, then. Leave the car, Squire!"

THEY all went into the comfortable smoking room.

Lady Cedar's fine eyes darted to Fortworth.

"That detective, Wheel, rang up," she said. "He said you had been bitten!"

Fortworth looked a little odd.

"Well, yes," he admitted.

"But they were poisonous!" she said, puzzled.

"Very likely—but so am I!"

Fortworth reached a wavering hand for the decanter. The excitement was dying out now and he had been most horribly shocked that night.

"All right, Squire," said Mr. Bunn and poured a tumbler full of stark-naked Scotch. "Try that!"

Fortworth tried it gratefully.

It seemed to answer—for he reached for a cigar.

"Go on, Cedar," he said, relapsing into a chair as big as a bed.

She glanced at him, saw that all seemed well with him, and spoke intensely.

"MacCorque was not dead when you left—though you thought he was!" she said. "I went out into the hall with Bloom to see if something could not be done to make things more fitting—and spoke. . . . I did my best to help him. But he was dying. He recognized me. . . ."

She turned to Fortworth.

"And he confessed the whole truth to me about the end of the Morsalbana expedition and what happened about Dick Vanesterman!"

Her eyes shone.

"He knew that he was dying, and he was grateful for the few little things I could do to give him the illusion of comfort," continued Cedar. "He said—" she hesitated.

"Better say it as he said it, Cedar," advised Mr. Bunn.

"Well, he told me the truth about Dick Vanesterman. It was all a deliberate scheme of Colonel Carnac and Yung Foon to levy blackmail on Mr. Vanesterman. . . . The expedition failed, he said, and they had to turn back from the city of Mors. There were eight of them left, who turned back.

And Dick did *not* desert—or steal away at night with all the water that was left. On the contrary—it was Colonel Carnac, Yung Foon and MacCorque who took all the water one night and stole away—leaving Dick and four other men behind. Dick had had less water than the others, too, for he had given half his ration to a man who had drunk from an arsenic well. He—MacCorque—admitted time and again that Dick had been splendid. But that made no difference. They left him, just the same.



It was in a small locked room containing an electric furnace that he discovered the body of Carnac

The three traitors came safely to a big water-hole, and it was there that the idea occurred to them. Yung Foon thought of it—of inventing the lie about Dick Vanesterman's desertion, and blackmailing his people about it. He said that his father, Sow Foon, would arrange everything—for that is what Sow Foon is, MacCorque swore it—a blackmailer on an enormous scale, a poisoner, everything, anything, for money. He is colossally rich, but he will never be rich enough to be satisfied. So they agreed. And by way of precaution they went back into the desert to make quite sure that those they had deserted were dead—so that nobody could ever disprove their story. MacCorque said that—but he was failing then and confused—incoherent—I think he tried to convey that they found one or two of the deserted men still living and killed them—to make sure—it was something terrible they did—but that was all I could glean. He died

then, quite quickly—I was holding him up—it was awful. But there was no doubt—about Dick Vanesterman. He was, as MacCorque put it, 'the best of the bunch,' and it was only because his father was a millionaire that the idea occurred to them of concocting an account of Dick's end, which they knew Mr. Vanesterman would not allow to be published!"

She finished with a gasp.

"Oh, if only he had lived just a little longer!" she added a little hysterically. "There was something else he wanted to say—something about Dick—"

But Anson Vanesterman stood up. "You couldn't have done more if he had lived, Lady Cedar, you've cleared Dick's name and reputation! And that's more—far more—than ever we, Alison and I, expected to be able to do although we always believed that Dick died like a white man!"

There was no mistaking the passionate relief, the intense gratitude in his deep voice.

"That confession—that revelation of the truth—has given me, and Alison, too, a new outlook—a new faith. It was unendurable to us to have to believe that Dick should have died deserting his comrades—it was unbearable that we could not prove his end to be otherwise—we have grieved bitterly—suffered—"

"Just a moment," said Mr. Bunn abruptly, "I'll be back in a moment!"

He rose and went out. It was or seemed to be such an exhibition of bad taste—so to break in on Vanesterman's moving acknowledgments and admissions that everybody was shocked.

But Mr. Bunn was back almost instantly. His square, heavy face was redder than ever, and his pale eyes blazed with excitement.

"You said, Vanesterman, that you believed Dick died a white man and that proof of it changed your outlook on life and Alison's too—sure, sure, I understand that—but let me tell you something—remember I warned you I had a surprise!—let me tell you now that Dick did *not* die a white man! By the mercy of God Almighty, Vanesterman, he *lived* a white man—and *here he is!*"

He snatched back the door.

AND walking feebly, one arm around the shoulder of Bloom, and the other arm round the shoulder of that dour and indomitable old indestructible, Sing, there came slowly into that room, a young man, terribly emaciated, shamefully weakened, yet still with the clean-cut American face, the steady eyes, and firm mouth of the boy of the photograph—one who was, and would be again, a handsome, capable-looking man—self-reliant, disciplined, courageous—Richard Vanesterman!

"Ah! Father!" he said in a lamentable voice, "Alison!"

There was in the united cry that greeted him a poignancy that cut like a blade to the hearts of the listeners.

(Continued on page 46)

How Will They Finish



\$300 in First Prizes
\$150 in Second Prizes
\$100 in Other Prizes

FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS in prizes to Elks (or members of their families) making a forecast and writing the best letter stating the reason why he or she thinks the teams in the National and American Leagues will finish in the order that he or she designates, at the close of the 1931 baseball season.

In our April issue we announced a similar contest but found it necessary to withdraw it as certain features of that contest were found to be contrary to U. S. postal regulations. We have, therefore, inaugurated this entirely new contest which we believe will be of equal interest to our readers.

By this time, after watching the teams in action for a month and a half, our readers will have a better idea as to the respective merits of each team. Therefore, the contest should be even more interesting than in April. All that is required is that you fill in a coupon, or write the names on a piece of paper, naming the teams in the order in which you think they will finish, and send it in with a letter stating your reasons for your selection and giving your name, address and Lodge number.

AT the close of the season the winners will be announced and the names and awards printed in the November issue of the magazine. All coupons and letters must be received in the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE by midnight of Tuesday, June 30th, 1931.

Take your pencil and enter this contest, which is conducted purely to furnish interest and amusement among the thousands of baseball fans who are readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Fill in a coupon, or write your estimate on another sheet of paper, and enclose it with your letter. Address it to the Sports Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City, today.

The Teams

National League		American League	
Boston	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Washington
Brooklyn	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Philadelphia
New York	Chicago	Detroit	New York
Philadelphia	St. Louis	Cleveland	Boston

The Judges



Col. Jacob Rupert, famous sportsman and owner of the new York American League Team



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



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

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

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 State..... Lodge No.....

Radio Rambles

—Tune in!

Broadcasts by
Gladys Shaw Erskine



Sax Appeal

When a vaudeville couple settle down to a hum-drum life, things happen early and often, and this forms the basis of the skit "Mr. and Mrs. F. C. H.," heard over Columbia network. Here are Ann and Phil Brae, who play the rôles, in their idea of how to raise a contented flock of ducks. At that the sax seems to have its appeal. The program is sponsored by The Long Island Duck Association, and is the only really "quack" program allowed on the air



Nick Dawson

Of "Daddy and Rollo," is the beleaguered father who is shot to distraction by the barrage of questions from his son Rollo, played by the precocious Donald Hughes. This Columbia feature for La Palina is a household delight, but it is teaching timid youngsters the pesky habit of asking questions. It is very annoying, particularly when you don't know the answer. "Daddy, why is a radio?"



Hizi Koyke

Of all the artists honored by performing on the gala broadcast for the Prince and Princess Takamatsu of Japan, Miss Hizi Koyke, the noted Japanese soprano, must have been the most thrilled. The dainty little prima donna has sung many soprano rôles in New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, besides being a famous opera star in her own land of the cherry-blossom



Ludwig Laurier

Is the guilty person. He keeps thousands of music lovers up every Sunday night for the magic strains of the Slumber Hour. Insomnia sufferers are soothed to sleep under the wand that found its touch in the pit of the Metropolitan, under Toscanini. The program is sponsored by Kaffee Hag, over the National Broadcasting chain. Laurier plays lullabies for grown-ups all the way from Chicago to the Canadian woods

For answers to your radio questions, see page 60



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

With David Lawrence In Washington

The Public Debt and Its Curtailment—Some Comparisons

NUMERICALLY speaking, we have a hundred and twenty million stockholders in this Government of ours, and yet we almost never see a balance sheet or profit and loss statement of our Government which "any child can understand."

Just now the headlines are telling us of the "deficit" and there is talk of slowing up on the retirement of our war debt, and a possible increase in taxation.

Certainly, we ought not to be doing any loose talking about a company that has a reserve to meet its obligations. Passing a dividend now and then happens to the best corporations, and just because the United States Government is not operating at a profit in the fiscal year which ends on June thirtieth is no reason to surmise that Government credit has been impaired or that things are in a bad way.

There are problems enough, of course, in managing Government finances—and some serious ones ahead. But taking a long look back at what has happened in finance since the war and what is likely to happen in the next two or three years, we cannot escape the conclusion that, broadly speaking, we are not only better off than any other country in the world but that most of the people who are talking about our having retired the debt "too fast" feel differently

to-day as they realize that we cut down nine billions of dollars of debt in the last ten years when the dollar was relatively low in value and that now, with the shrinkage in commodity prices, it is going to take a higher value dollar to do the same job.

Hindsight, as a rule, usually is better than foresight. Here is a case, however, where a retrospective examination of our public debt policy reveals how lucky we were to insist upon piling in surpluses and plugging holes in the public debt during the years of prosperity. If the debt had not been curtailed the surpluses would have been so large that tax reductions would have been much more extensive and the States would have had more money to squander. Tax rates would have been down so low to-day that we would have faced a real crisis in trying to get enough income on which to run the Government.

As it is, we cannot be too happy over the retirement of the public debt when we discover that out of the nine billions of dollars that the Federal Government curtailed, fully half that sum represented annual

surpluses during the last ten years, namely, five billion four hundred million dollars, but almost the same amount, namely, five billion, four hundred million dollars, was added to the debts of the several States. Thus, the

country went in debt to State government just about the same amount that it curtailed the Federal Government's indebtedness.

As a consequence, to-day the States are faced with an even more serious problem than the Federal Government in arranging their tax structures so as to give them enough income each year to balance their budgets and still pay off some of the back debt. Tax commissions are meeting in nearly every State, agitation is going on as to whether real estate isn't being taxed too heavily and many of the States are discussing income taxes and all sorts of schemes to provide income.

IF the current business depression has made business more efficient by requiring a more careful scrutiny of expenditures and receipts, so also has it made Federal and State finance a little more concrete to persons in positions of responsibility in our Federal and State Governments.

Comparing ourselves to other countries, we are, of course, in much better condition. Lumping Federal, State and local expenditures together, we get an annual cost of approximately twelve billions of dollars, but this, after all, is only about 13 per cent. of our national income of ninety billions of dollars.

Before the war, we spent about 6 per cent.

Over in Great Britain, the annual income is estimated to be about twenty billions of dollars, and taxation takes approximately 22 per cent. of that total. France exacts from her people 33 per cent. of her national income for Governmental expenses and obligations.

A huge amount of the annual cost of Government abroad is payment of the national

(Continued on page 58)



UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"Usually answers with a counter-question—"



EDITORIAL

FLAG DAY AT MONTICELLO

Several times in recent years, under special dispensations, the subordinate Lodges in Virginia have united in the celebration of Flag Day at Monticello, the home of Thomas Jefferson. Upon each occasion the Grand Exalted Ruler was the speaker and the elaborate ceremonial of the Order was exemplified most effectively.

It is pleasing to note that Flag Day will again be celebrated in like manner this month with Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp as the orator. The wide public attention thus attracted to the event will again impress upon the country the fine service that is performed by the Order through its required observance of this patriotic occasion.

Monticello is preserved in all its stately beauty as it was when occupied by President Jefferson. The wonderful site on the low mountain top, the ancient trees, the spreading lawn, the perfect architecture of the Colonial mansion with its columned portico, combine to form an ideal setting for the ceremonies; and the history and traditions associated with the spot create such an atmosphere that the fraternal ritual assumes a deeper meaning, and becomes more effective, than could be possible except at such a national shrine.

The gracious permission for its use by the Order upon Flag Day is a recognition of the appropriateness of such use by such a patriotic organization. Happily it serves a double purpose. It attracts numbers to a shrine at which patriotism is essentially refreshed and renewed. And it provides a beautiful pageant, accompanied by instructive and inspiring features, which insure a lasting impression upon the minds of all who attend.

An Elks Flag Day celebration at Monticello is not a mere local incident; it is an important national event of great patriotic significance and value.

GRAND LODGE REPRESENTATIVES

It would seem that the inferential mandate of the statute should be sufficient to insure the representation of every subordinate Lodge at each annual Grand Lodge Convention. If this were not enough, it might well be anticipated that the advantages of such representation to the Lodges would prompt them to assure the attendance of their chosen delegates. If anything further were required, the pleasure and profit in store for the representatives might well be regarded as the final effective inducement.

And yet, at each session of the Grand Lodge the registration discloses a very considerable number of the Lodges to be without any representative in attendance. The percentage of absentees is approximately the same from year to year; and the delinquency has less relation to the distance of the particular Lodge from the convention city, or to the size of the Lodge, than might be expected.

Unfortunately the most probable explanation is to be found in the indifference of the Lodges. In all too many cases the members of the local unit regard their Lodge as an independent body, sufficient unto itself, and with so tenuous a relationship to the Grand Lodge that it may be disregarded entirely.

Discipline has not been invoked for this delinquency

in the past. Its rigid application might not be wise as a matter of policy. But the importance to the whole Order of the fullest possible representation of its subordinate Lodges in its legislative assembly might well justify some appropriate action to secure an improvement in such attendance.

It is not a mere matter of numbers in Grand Lodge meetings. That is of minor importance. But it is of real consequence that the viewpoints, opinions, ideas and sentiments of every subordinate Lodge should be specifically represented, so that all legislative action might be based upon the fullest knowledge of the views and desires of the whole membership of the Order. It is only in such cases that the greatest wisdom can be exercised, because legislative wisdom must be born of such knowledge.

It is to be hoped that a realization of obligation, as well as of the resultant advantages, will be evidenced at Seattle in July, by the attendance of a larger percentage of Lodge representatives than ever before.

WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

How frequently it happens that an Elk visits another city, goes to the Elks Club or attends a Lodge session there, and returns home impressed with the idea that the sister Lodge is more active, has better facilities, and displays a finer fraternal spirit, than his own Lodge! In many instances he is mistaken. The activities he noted were no more worth while, but they were called to his appreciative attention. The social facilities and club equipment were no better, they were only different and, therefore, attractive in their novelty to him. The spirit of the membership was no finer, but it was consciously displayed for his notice.



But in many other instances he is correct in his conclusions. In such cases he may well ask himself whose fault it is that his Lodge is inferior in the observed features. And if he gives an honest reply, he will most likely confess that the fault is, in part, his own.

The officers and committeemen should take the lead in Lodge activities. But this does not mean that the responsibility is wholly theirs. Each member shares that responsibility and should meet it. This can not be done by docile acquiescence in what is proposed, but by suggestions and personal interest in new and worthwhile undertakings.

The house committee and those specifically charged with duty relating to club facilities should assume the initiative in the matter of providing what is needed for comfort and convenience, and in the proper maintenance of what is available. But each member may be helpful about this by interested attention and cooperation.

The fraternal spirit of a Lodge membership is something that is peculiarly dependent upon the contribution thereto by every single member. If that be less generous and enthusiastic than it should be in any individual case, the general result is necessarily affected.

If any Lodge be thought by any one of its members to be less active, less well equipped, less imbued with the true fraternal spirit, than it should be, in nine cases out of ten his careful analysis of the cause will force

him to conclude that the fault is partly his. If he will frankly admit this fact, the cure is already under way.

SAY IT

■ Some genius among the florists of America had an inspiration one day and evolved an advertising slogan that has brought a tremendous response to its suggestive appeal: "Say It with Flowers." It is not the purpose of this editorial to add any plea for that particular method of expressing a sentiment; that is wholly beyond the province of this department. But it is designed to urge that sentiments of love, admiration, esteem, pride, and affection should be given some definite expression.

It is, perhaps, inaccurate to say that it does no good merely to entertain a kindly sentiment. No one can feel within himself the emotional prompting born thereof without being all the better for it. But it is the obedient response to that impulse, the concrete expression of it, which alone enables it to bring pleasure and happiness to others.

Men are rather inclined to suppression of their emotions. Many regard it as unmasculine to display feeling. And they hide their sentiments even from those to whom a frank expression of them would bring the deepest joy. But this should not be the disposition of a good Elk.

To give happiness to others, as opportunity is presented, is a fraternal obligation. And no surer method can be employed than to give specific evidence of kindly thoughts. A mother always thrills to hear her son say: "I love you, Mother." Why not say it now and then, as well as feel it? "I am proud of you, Son," from his dad is the sweetest music a boy can hear. Why not say it once in a while.

A sick friend may know you are thinking of him with affection and good wishes. But it will brighten his whole day if you will prove it by a call upon him. A letter to an absent loved one is a never-failing joy to the recipient. Well, write it. A message of sympathy to one in sorrow softens the pangs of grief. Send it. A simple



smile carries its own assurance of appreciation and good will. Well, smile.

There are many ways of giving expression to a kindly sentiment. At least one of them should be adopted to convert it into a dynamic force producing pleasure to others, instead of a mere emotion that expends itself as a passing mental experience.

Say it. Not necessarily with flowers, but in some effective manner, say it.

USE THE LODGE ROOM

■ There is nothing new in occasions designed to bring fathers and sons together in a fraternal atmosphere. Many subordinate Lodges have arranged banquets and other events with this object in view.

It is rarely the case, however, that these events are held in the Lodge room. They are usually staged in the social quarters or in some other building. Because of this fact the fraternal significance to the young non-members is less accentuated than it might well be.

Where a dinner or a buffet supper is involved, that

may not, of course, be prepared or served in the Lodge room. But in most instances it would be convenient, or at least quite practicable, to have some features of the program presented therein. And this would seem a very desirable arrangement.

There is an atmosphere about the Lodge room itself that is not found in any other part of an Elks Home. It is only there that the real fraternal spirit seems to be pervasive. The altar, the stations, the emblems, the symbolic decorations and paraphernalia, each contributes to the effect that is created. Everyone who enters experiences something of the pleasant spell they cast.

Sons who are thus brought into the place where their fathers have assumed their solemn fraternal obligation, and where they assemble in formal secret session, will receive an impression that cannot be elsewhere produced. It is the very impression which is sought to be created upon their minds. It will be deepened and made more lasting by a sympathetic and appreciative explanation of what is there properly disclosed to the eye.

It is believed that father-and-son events will be much more effective and more pleasing, if at least some part of the provided program be held in the Lodge-room.

THE ELDER BROTHERS

■ Brother G. A. Beecher, now Bishop of Western Nebraska, was, during the earlier years of his ministry, Chaplain of Omaha Lodge. He has retained not only his membership in the Order but his deep interest in its welfare. In a recent letter to the Secretary of his Lodge, he wrote this:

"Although I am not posing as a worthy example in regular Lodge attendance, I do feel that one of our greatest needs today is to impress upon our present membership the need of more faithful attendance and a deeper sense of responsibility in carrying out the noble tenets of our Order. I earnestly hope, therefore, that there is a worthy representation of the old guard in our regular meetings. We can not expect our new candidates to be enthusiastic and loyal unless we older members show to them a worthy example of faithfulness and zeal in our relationship to the cause of Elkdom."

The wise observation is all the more forceful because of the source whence it comes. Long experience in his ministry has taught him the peculiar value of the example of the elder brother.

It is natural that new members should gather their deepest impressions of what is required and expected of them from the conduct, the attitude, the fraternal observance of the older members. Those who have been Elks for years should have a fuller conception of what is involved in membership than the newly initiated. If they do not reflect their knowledge in an appreciative attitude and a loyal enthusiasm for all the obligations, as well as the privileges, of that membership, the younger brothers are less apt to do so.

The good Bishop has pointed out a real need that the elder brothers recognize their duty as exemplars. In fraternal organizations they are the natural, and certainly the most effective, preceptors of their younger associates.

Lodge attendance is one example that bears a rich fruitage of emulation. It is one obligation that rests with peculiar force upon the elder brothers.





A scene at the Home of Denver, Colo., Lodge, during the recent celebration of its Forty-ninth Anniversary

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

New Subordinate Lodge Officers' Manual Has Been Issued

THE Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge issued recently the 1931 edition of the "Manual for Officers and Committeemen of the Subordinate Lodges." This booklet, containing more than sixty pages, sets forth in concise and clear detail the general and specific duties of all the officers in subordinate Lodges, together with directions to the members of committees appointed upon how best to carry out the affairs for which they are responsible. According to a statement made a short time ago by Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee which prepared the manual, copies of it have been sent to every subordinate Lodge, and to all Grand Lodge officers and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers.

Independence, Kansas, Elks Give 200 Pairs of Shoes to Needy

During the last four or five months over two hundred pairs of shoes have been distributed among the needy in Independence, Kansas, by the Elks of Lodge No. 780 in that city. Most of the donations were made through the local chapter of the Red Cross. Among other charity activities recently participated in by the members of the Lodge was the distribution of groceries to the families of the unemployed.

Denver, Colo., Lodge Celebrates Forty-ninth Anniversary

The Forty-ninth Birthday Celebration and Old Timers' Night held by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, recently, was a signal success. Three hundred and fifty-seven members have been enrolled for twenty years or more. Two hundred and twenty of these were residents of Denver, and out of this number there were 200 in attendance upon the anniversary occasion. After a dinner served at the Lodge Home, the meeting took place, followed by a program of music, singing and speaking. A spirited address, replete with suggestions for the upbuilding of the Order, was delivered by John R. Coen, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. The entire evening was one of genuine pleasure for the 400 members present.

Central District Association of Pennsylvania Meets at Uniontown

The best-attended meeting of the Central District Association of Pennsylvania so far this year was held recently at Uniontown. Among those prominent in the affairs of the Order in Pennsylvania present for the occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence O. Morris; John F. Nugent, President, and M. F. Horne, Vice-President, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Ruler Herman Early, City Commissioner of Harris-

burg. An impressive feature of the meeting occurred at eleven o'clock when all the members in attendance stood in silence for a moment in respect to the late Knute Rockne.

District Deputy Ibbotson Visits Home Lodge, in Auburn, N. Y.

More than 500 members and guests recently attended a reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph F. Ibbotson at the Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474, on the occasion of his official home-coming visit here. It was one of the largest gatherings of Elks to meet in Auburn Lodge during the last twenty years. Among the distinguished guests were Harry Nugent, member of the Grand Lodge

Committee on Credentials; D. Curtis Gano, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis F. Dowd, John W. LeSeur, and Charles T. Lanigan; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry Schoke, H. W. Evans, James H. Mackin, John T. Buckley, Charles M. Bedell and Chauncey G. Hickok. A special degree team composed of members of several Lodges in the district performed the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates. After the meeting a program of entertainment was presented and a buffet luncheon served.

Whittier, Calif., Elks Institute Lodge of Antlers

Commencing its career with a charter-membership of thirty-nine members, a Lodge of Antlers was instituted recently under the auspices of Whittier, Calif., Lodge, No. 1258. The officers of Whittier Lodge supervised the election and installation of the officers for the Antlers Lodge.

Hanover, Pa., Lodge Receives Visit from Gettysburg Elks

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler C. R. Wolf, sixty-five members of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 1045, recently made a fraternal visit to the Home of Hanover Lodge, No. 763. With the assistance of the officers of Gettysburg Lodge a class of candidates was initiated for Hanover Lodge. An informal social period followed these exercises.

Ladies' Auxiliary Gives \$1,000 to Nutley, N. J., Elks Building Fund

The building fund of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, was augmented recently by a gift of \$1,000 from the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lodge. The donation was made immediately before the ceremony of installing the new officers of No. 1290.

Carnegie, Pa., Elks Induct Large Class of Candidates

At a recent meeting of Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, an exceptionally large class of candidates was initiated into the Order. These new members, together with seven more received by dimits at the same session, increase Carnegie Lodge's membership by forty-two.

White Plains, N. Y., Lodge Dedicates New Home

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, assisted by several prominent members of the Order, recently performed the dedicatory ceremonies at the laying of the cornerstone for the new Home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No.

LOS ANGELES ELKS

Visitors to Los Angeles are always impressed by the magnificent Elks' Temple which faces Westlake park.

It is one of the most beautiful buildings ever erected as a monument to the principles of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, and, as any visitor may learn, its importance is not merely as a monument but as an institution which perpetuates these principles.

The Elks of Los Angeles are more than 6000 in number. They compose, as Elks generally compose, a fraternal and charitable organization which throughout the year performs countless acts of benevolence helpful both to individuals and the community.

In Los Angeles the Elks annually provide a Christmas party for between 6000 and 7000 children from more than a score of orphanages, all expenses being borne by the members. They give annual beach picnics for 1500 children. They have an auxiliary of "Big Brothers," who have rescued boys from possible lives of poverty and even crime, and have set them on the road to good citizenship. They conduct a Boys' Lodge, which is in effect a junior organization of Elks working along the same general lines of helpfulness to others; and, quietly, every day the Los Angeles Elks who are doctors, lawyers, and business men give, in whatever way they can, aid and comfort to people who are sick, in distress, or in need of help or advice.

The Elks of Los Angeles do incalculable good. The home from which their work is carried on is beautiful, but even more beautiful, and worthy of cultivation by all of us, is the sentiment which the Elks have in their hearts for their fellow-men.

Los Angeles is proud of its Elks' Temple, but it is even prouder of its members.

Paul Block
Publisher

An editorial tribute to the Elks of Los Angeles which appeared recently in the Evening Express of that city, and which was written by its publisher, Paul Block

535. The festivities in honor of this event were of three days' duration. Following the cornerstone laying on the first afternoon, the Lodge held a public reception. In the evening, the members of the Lodge and their guests attended the dedication dinner and ceremonies. Inspection of the new building and another reception took place on the following day. A dance, on the ensuing night, concluded the program.

New York, N. Y., Elks Will Sail Home from Seattle Through Canal

Delegates and other members of three Lodges in New York City will return from their visit to the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle in July by way of the Panama Canal. This became certain when New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, announced its intention recently of following the examples of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, and Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, of coming back from the Pacific northwest aboard the Panama-Pacific liner *California*, sailing from Los Angeles July 20.

Past Officers of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge Occupy Chairs at Meeting

At a recent meeting of Hoquiam, Wash., Lodge, No. 1082, all the chairs were occupied by former officers who had served the Lodge a quarter of a century ago. Among these was Frank H. Lamb, the Lodge's first Exalted Ruler, whose son, George E. Lamb, is the present Exalted Ruler.

New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Active In Crippled Children's Work

The Crippled Children's Committee of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, recently submitted to the Lodge the report of its activities during the last twelve months. The report shows that the ninety children under the care of the committee have received about 2,000 special treatments, including twenty-three operations. New Brunswick Lodge maintains a clinic for the care of crippled children in both the Middlesex and St. Peter's Hospitals. The clinics are supported by means of a subscription of \$10,000, made a number of years ago, to each of these hospitals.

Notables at Banquet Honoring Officer of Providence, R. I., Lodge

The officers and more than two hundred members of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, together with many representatives of the public life of the State and the city, attended a banquet recently in honor of the Lodge's Esteemed Lecturing Knight, Frank H. Murphy. Present upon the occasion were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James G. Connolly, Lieutenant-Governor of Rhode Island; John P. Hartigan and John F. Hurley; and Mayor James E. Dunne.

Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Installs Officers for Allentown, Pa., Lodge

At a recent meeting of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, attended by a large gathering of its members, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp installed the officers of his home Lodge for the new term. It was the first time in the

About Reduced Railroad Fares To Grand Lodge Convention

For the benefit of members of the Order planning to attend the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle, July 6 to 9, inclusive, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, in a recent circular, issued the following information about reduced railroad rates:

Summer tourist tickets are available to delegates, members and visitors in the territory east of and including El Paso, Texas, Albuquerque, New Mexico, Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and the State of Montana. These tickets are lower than the regular convention fares, and are on sale from May 15 to September 30, inclusive.

From points in Arizona, California and Nevada, sixteen-day summer round trip tickets are available. These tickets will be lower than the usual round-trip convention fares.

From points in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, special reduced fare round-trip tickets may be purchased. These tickets are on sale every day and are good for twenty-nine days after the date of sale.

It is suggested that those who contemplate attending the Seattle Convention and Reunion confer with the ticket agents in their respective home cities, from whom detailed information can be obtained relative to:

A—Specific round trip fare. B—Selling dates. C—Final limit. D—Stop-overs en route. E—Routes over which tickets will read, including also diverse routes, that is, going one route and returning another. F—Sleeping car charges. G—Train schedules. H—Other detailed information desired.

history of Allentown Lodge that a Grand Exalted Ruler has performed this ceremony. In greeting the members of his Lodge Mr. Rupp made an address in which he told of his visit to the Lodges in the Northwest section of the country. In closing he presented the Lodge with a beautiful elk's head. Following the installation ceremonies a banquet was served in the Lodge's dining-room.

Idaho Springs, Colo., Elks, Showing Fine Spirit, Initiate Huge Class

Before a large gathering of Elks, among whom were a number of men of notable rank within the Order and in the government of the city and the State, Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, initiated a short time ago an exceptionally numerous class of fifty-nine candidates. Included in the list of distinguished guests upon the occasion were John R. Coen, Past Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Lieutenant-Governor Edwin C. Johnson; Judges Wilbur M. Alter and H. P. Burke, of the Colorado Supreme Court; State Representative R. O. Fisher; and Mayor Charles L. Harrington, of Idaho Springs.

The increased enthusiasm on the part of the members of the Lodge of late, as evinced in the induction of so many candidates, has won the written commendation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Merriam. The District Deputy pointed out recently that Idaho Springs Lodge, until a short time ago, had only thirty members actually resident within its city. With its revival of energy within the last few months has come an increase in membership of over eighty.

Easton, Pa., Lodge Begins Plans For Crippled Children's Clinic

Easton, Pa., Lodge, No. 121, voted recently in favor of a resolution for the establishment of a crippled children's clinic. The Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Lodge subsequently was instructed to formulate plans for the organization of such an institution and to submit them later for approval by the membership.

Pittsfield, Mass., Elks Hold First Annual Bowling Banquet

At the close of their bowling season, over one hundred members of Pittsfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 272, recently held their first annual bowling banquet. At this prizes were awarded to the season's winners. Notable among those present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Michael L. Eisner, who acted in the capacity of toastmaster.

Forty-five Dowagiac, Mich., Elks Visit Three Rivers Lodge

Forty-five members, including the officers and the Degree Team, of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, made a fraternal visit recently to the Home of Three Rivers Lodge, No. 1248. After a banquet for the guests, their officers conducted the initiatory ceremonies for the Three Rivers Elks.

Dorsey D. Norris, of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, Made District Deputy

Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp announced a short time ago the appointment of Dorsey D. Norris, Past Exalted Ruler of Frankfort, Ind., Lodge, No. 560, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for the Central District of the State, to complete the unexpired term of the late Ralph W. McCarty.

Cambridge, Md., Elks Initiate Class of 27 Candidates

Three hundred Elks, representing several Lodges of Maryland and Delaware, attended a meeting recently in the State Armory in Easton, Md., to witness the initiation of twenty-seven candidates for Cambridge Lodge, No. 1272. Notable among those present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles W. Bennett. At the conclusion of the ceremonies those in attendance enjoyed a vaudeville show and a supper.

John J. Fox, Charter Member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

John J. Fox, Past Exalted Ruler and a Charter Member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, died recently at his home, a few hours after



Members of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, as they appeared in their minstrel show, presented successfully a short time ago

attending a meeting of the Lodge. In 1903, Mr. Fox and a number of other residents of the Bronx were instrumental in organizing the Lodge. Two years later, Mr. Fox served on the Board of Trustees, in 1905 to 1908; he was a Trustee again in 1923 to 1926. When the Lodge built its new Home, Mr. Fox served on the building committee. In the latter part of his life he did not permit his love and interest for the Lodge to abate. He was the organizer of the One Hundred Old Timers, serving as the Presiding Old Timer since the group's institution six years ago.

Harrisburg, Pa., Elks Active in Work for State Convention

Harrisburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 12, is displaying an unusual degree of energy and initiative in its efforts to make the forthcoming convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, which will take place in its city in September, a thorough-going success. Already a visiting committee selected from among the members of the Lodge has begun a series of calls upon other Lodges of the State for the purpose of issuing invitations first-hand to attend the convention.

California State Elks Association Head Visits Several Lodges

President Horace S. Williamson, of the California State Elks Association, accompanied by Vice-President F. E. Dayton, visited the Lodges of the West Central District of the State a short time ago. Santa Maria Lodge, No. 1538, joined with San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, in a splendid reception and banquet, during which the visitors had the pleasure of listening to the Boys' Band of some forty pieces, sponsored and maintained by Santa Maria Lodge. The following day the official party was greeted at Watsonville jointly by the members of Watsonville Lodge, No. 1300, Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 824, and Monterey Lodge, No. 1285. At Palo Alto, the visitors were guests of Palo Alto Lodge, No. 1471, joined by San Jose Lodge, No. 522. When Mr. Williamson and his party visited Gilroy Lodge, No. 1567, a district session was held, members coming from San Luis Obispo, Salinas, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Watsonville, Hollister, San Jose, and Palo Alto Lodges.

Amsterdam and Glens Falls, N. Y., Lodges Greet District Deputy

Three hundred Elks, many of them of distinguished rank in the Order, were present recently to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward A. McCaffrey upon the occasion of his homecoming official visit to Amsterdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 101. The features of this event were three: a meeting in the afternoon of the Associated Past Exalted Rulers of the Northeast District, at which seventy were present; a banquet early in the evening, attended by one hundred and fifty; and the Lodge session later, where were gathered three hundred. Included in the list of notables at this last meeting were District Deputy John W. LeSeur; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George W. Denton, Peter A. Bucheim, Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr., John E. Fitzsimmons, Walter M. Stroup and John Johns; and President J. Edward Gallico, Vice-President William T. Rowan, and Trustee Theodore Kalbfleisch, of the New York State Elks Association. The call upon Amsterdam Lodge followed close upon an earlier visit to Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81. This proved one of the most enthusiastic and well-attended of the District Deputy's tour.

1,200 Attend Opening of New Home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge

Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, played the rôle of host recently to more than 1,200 of its own and visiting members when its remodeled Home on Maple Street was thrown open for the first time. The occasion was one of the most memorable in the history of the Lodge. A turkey dinner was served early in the evening, and followed by a minstrel show. District Deputy Michael L. Eisner of Pittsfield, Mass., was among those present. The Home is a splendid example of careful planning and tasteful decoration, as well as of solid construction.

It was completed at a cost of \$60,000. The outstanding feature is the spacious solarium on the second floor. Three sides of this delightful room are open to the sunlight. As one enters the building by the main entrance the Trustees' room and library flank the hallway on the left and the right. The hallway opens directly into a spacious lounge room whose floor is covered with heavy rugs; and which affords comfortably upholstered lounges and chairs. The rear end of the lounge, marking the line from which the old Home was torn down, opens through folding doors into the ballroom. The billiard room is on the second floor. At the rear of the billiard room is the Lodge room, with an organ on a balcony. The basement is divided between the dining hall at the rear, a part of the old building remaining intact; and a large rest room in the front. The kitchen is located in the basement, and has an important adjunct in a modern electric refrigerating plant.

Altoona, Pa., Elks Recall Old Times at Two Events

Two events related to the early life of Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, took place there recently. The first was the initiation into the Lodge of Harry J. Kerlin, son of the oldest charter member of No. 102, C. W. Kerlin. The second was a testimonial dinner, attended by more than one hundred Altoona Elks, to one of its most elderly members, Henry Harrison Stone, upon the advent of his ninetieth birthday. Both affairs stimulated many affectionate recollections of the days when Altoona Lodge was one of the youngest in the Order.

Cornerstone Laid for New Home of El Paso, Texas, Lodge

At an impressive ceremony, attended by several hundred members and their guests, El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, recently laid the cornerstone for its new \$150,000 Home. Addresses were made by a number of past and present officers of the Lodge. At intervals during the exercises a quartet provided music.

New Britain, Conn., Lodge Observes Its Twenty-sixth Anniversary

Addresses by a number of prominent visiting members of the Order, and a banquet and subsequent entertainment, were features of the recent celebration by New Britain, Conn., Lodge,

No. 957, of the twenty-sixth anniversary of its institution. The guests of distinction included District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George T. Ryan and Henry Martin; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edward C. Cox, Thomas F. O'Loughlin and Leo B. Santangelo; Past President Logan L. McLean, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; and President Arthur B. McDowell, of the Past Exalted Rulers' Association of Connecticut.

Millville, N. J., Lodge Sponsors Concert for Benefit of Hospital

Under the auspices of the Crippled Children's Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, the Philadelphia Harmonica Band presented a musical program recently before an audience which filled St. Mary's Hall to capacity. The proceeds derived from the entertainment will be given to the Millville Hospital. Following the concert the Elks served a lunch at their Home for the members of the band.

Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge Inducts Many During "Home-coming Program"

Sixty-eight candidates were initiated recently into Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046, in the course of its "Home-coming Program." The event was considered one of the most auspicious of its kind within the last fifteen years. The ceremonies of induction, in which members of Huron Lodge, No. 444, assisted the officers of No. 1046, took place in the afternoon. Thereafter a vaudeville entertainment by professional performers was presented and a dinner given at the Alonzo Ward Hotel for the visiting members of the Order, and for the newly initiated Aberdeen Elks and their families. Music by the band of Huron Lodge, a drill by the "Purple Guard," dancing and a second theatrical performance concluded the day's festivities, in which four hundred persons participated.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge Holds Fortieth Anniversary Celebration

Parkersburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 198, celebrated its fortieth anniversary recently with a banquet, initiation ceremonies, and a social session. All three events were attended by many Elks from other West Virginia Lodges as well as by about 600 members of Parkersburg Lodge. The banquet was given in special honor of the five surviving charter members of the



The newly completed Home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge. It was recently dedicated



VERNE O. WILLIAMS

Three clergymen, each of a different faith, were inducted recently into Miami, Fla., Lodge, at this ceremony. They are seen in the front row, between the Lodge officers; and they are, from left to right, the Rev. Don G. Henshaw, Rabbi Jacob H. Kaplan, and Father William Barry.

Lodge, four of whom, Mayor Allen C. Murdoch, Edward Nelly, Ernest W. Grim, and John E. Leach, were present. Mayor Murdoch presided. The principal speakers were Robert S. Barrett, of Alexandria, Va., Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and the special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp; and Dr. J. W. Hartigan, President of the West Virginia State Elks Association. A handsome loving cup was presented to Mr. Nelly in commemoration of his thirty-one years of continuous service as Treasurer of the Lodge.

Member of Allentown, Pa., Lodge Rewarded for Patriotic Work

Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, recently passed a resolution to recognize officially the remarkable work done by one of its members, Joseph H. Hart, in the movement to have "The Star Spangled Banner" adopted as the national anthem. After many years of ardent and patient labor Mr. Hart was rewarded when, by a recent Act of Congress, the song was adopted officially by the nation. Mr. Hart began agitation toward this end soon after he had founded the Allentown Flag Day Association, of which he is now President.

Brenham, Texas, Elks Hold Dinner For District Deputy Downs

Upon the occasion of his recent official visit to their Lodge, the members of Brenham, Texas, Lodge, No. 979, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler P. L. Downs at a banquet and, later, at a meeting remarkable for its enthusiasm. An additional prominent attendant of the event was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. J. Embrey.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell Visits Kansas City, Mo., Lodge

On the occasion of a visit to the Home of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, recently, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell conducted the installation ceremonies for Exalted Ruler Clarence A. Burney, Judge of the Circuit Court; and the other newly elected officers of the Lodge. Upon his arrival in the city Mr. Campbell was welcomed by a delegation of members at the Union Station. From there he was escorted to the Muehlbach Hotel, and later, after an extensive motor tour of the city, he was entertained at a luncheon at the Home. In the evening Mr. Campbell was introduced to an enthusiastic assemblage of members gathered at the Home for the Lodge meeting.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Holds 1,000th Session; Judges Honored

One of the largest gatherings of members and guests in the history of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, recently attended a celebration held at the Home on the occasion of the one thousandth session of the Lodge. This meeting, in addition to its numerical significance, was notable in that three judges were initiated in the course of it; and several more, already

Elks, were present. In recognition of this fact, the occasion was designated "Judiciary Night." Among the distinguished visitors prominent in the affairs of the Order and the State attending were James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lester G. Brimmer; and W. Kingsland Macy, Republican State Committee Chairman of New York. The class of initiates included Surrogate Judge John Hetherington, Justice Lawrence T. Gresser, of the Court of Special Sessions; and Municipal Court Justice William P. Wiener. The attendance at the meeting was so numerous that hundreds were unable to gain admittance to the spacious Lodge room, which accommodates 1,400.

New Recreation Hall Is Dedicated At Betty Bacharach Home

Exercises dedicating the \$10,000 Lois C. Grunow Memorial Recreation Hall and other recent additions to the facilities of the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children at Longport, N. J., were held there on Mothers' Day. The Hall, a structure of 25 by 100 feet and capable of seating 200 persons, is the gift of William C. Grunow, radio manufacturer, and it was conceived as a memorial to his daughter, whose name it bears. Dedicated upon the same day as was the Hall, were a playground, filled in and equipped by the United States Custom Service Association; and two new hospital wards: the Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stern Heliotherapy Ward; and the Joseph T. Fanning Ward, endowed in perpetuity by the Board of Governors of the Home as a mark of appreciation to Past Exalted Ruler Fanning. The

ceremonies took place in the new Recreation Hall; and they were made the occasion for the presentation of other gifts to the Home in the form of monetary contributions. The Elks National Foundation presented, through Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission, a check for \$1,500; Mrs. Edward A. McEntee, Past President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, acting for her organization, gave \$1,000, together with a pledge of an equal amount on every Mothers' Day; and the Antlers, or junior Elks, of No. 276, donated \$50. Mrs. Millard F. Allman spoke for the Home in acceptance of the gift of the Ladies' Auxiliary. The principal address of the occasion was that of Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning and Mr. Buch contributed briefer talks. Judge Joseph A. Corio, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 276, officiated as Chairman during the exercises.

Batavia, N. Y., Elks Induct Class Of Twenty-five Candidates

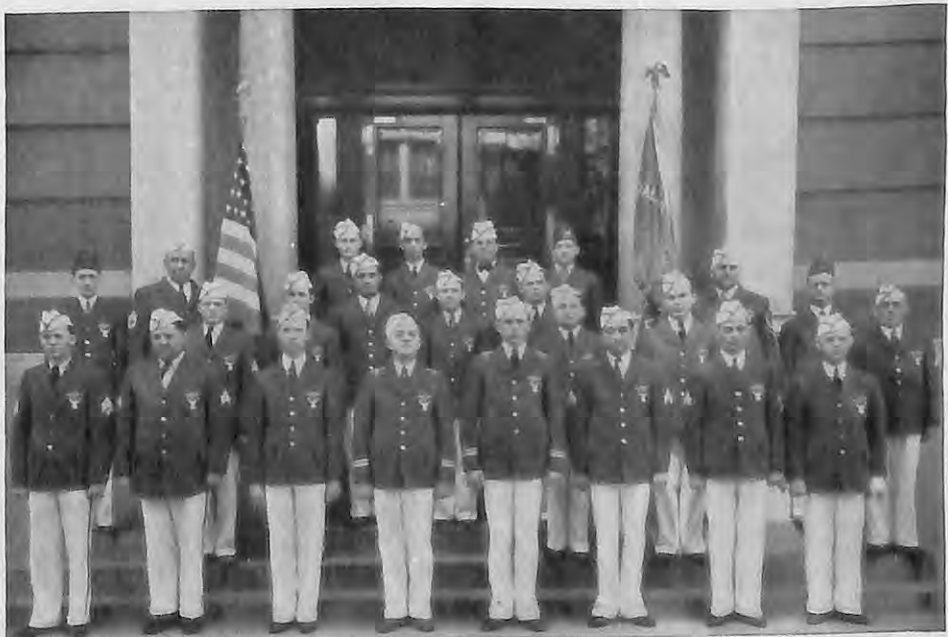
Grand Lodge officers and committee members, and visiting delegations of officers and members of eight neighboring Lodges, attended the initiation a short time ago of a class of twenty-five candidates into Batavia, N. Y., Lodge, No. 950. The exercises took place at Leroy, a small town within the jurisdiction of Batavia Lodge and the dwelling place of all the initiates. In order to accommodate the 500 Elks gathered for the occasion, Donald Woodward, a prominent member of Batavia Lodge, offered the use of a large recreation building upon his estate. In recognition of this courtesy, the Lodge designated the group to be inducted the "Donald Woodward Class." Notable among the witnesses to the initiation were D. Curtis Gano, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. LeSeur; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John B. Brodwell and John T. Buckley. Delegations were present from the Lodges of Buffalo, Rochester, Medina, Albion, Hornell, Salamanca, Lockport and Oswego.

News of the Order From Far and Near

One of the most colorful of entries in the procession on Mardi Gras in New Orleans was a truck representing the Antlers, or junior Elks, of the Lodge in that city.

Members of Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge recently tendered a banquet to their retiring Exalted Ruler, M. Frank O'Brien.

The services honoring Mothers' Day at Oakland, Calif., Lodge were broadcast from its Home over Station KTAB, of San Francisco.



The unusually proficient and smartly uniformed Elks Patrol of Dallas, Texas, Lodge

B U R K E 5 0 / 5 0 A G



39

saved on an

EVERY golf ball *claims* to be able to cut your score.

Claims, only claims... now *here's* a ball that PROVES what it can do.

Here's a startling test that interests every golfer who wants to favor his pocketbook and yet save strokes.



Green Meadow Country Club
Harrison, N. Y.

In a one-day event of the Mt. Vernon Elks at Green Meadow Country Club, Harrison, N. Y., 39 golfers played the first nine holes with the ball they usually use. In the afternoon, on the same nine, they used the **Burke 50/50**.

The scores were compared by the Tournament Committee—and it was revealed that 6 players scored the same each time, 8 players used 22 more strokes, and 25 *players used a total of 129 less strokes when they played*

The Burke 50/50 has length off the tee and line-holding trueness on the green. It is known from coast to coast as the best ball at its price.



A I N S T T H E F I E L D

Golfers

Average of 5½ strokes in a full round

the 50/50! This means—considering all 39 scores—that the **Burke 50/50** cut scores an average of 5½ strokes per 18-hole round.

These results are checked at subsequent one-day tournaments of the Mt. Vernon Elks at the Leewood Golf Club, the Wisconsin State Elks Association Championship at Racine, and the Elks Tournament at the Elks Country Club, Fort Wayne, and the average strokes saved ran from 3 to 5½ per round.

No vain promises, no unsupported claims . . . *there's* PROOF of what the **Burke 50/50** can do for you.

The **Burke 50/50** costs you 50 cents. By using it you can cut your costs to ½ and yet reduce your scores. Think what this means—and decide if you aren't missing the greatest ball value in the world if you don't try the **Burke 50/50** the very next time you play. See offer below.

THE BURKE GOLF CO., NEWARK, OHIO



MR. LOUIS SCHRAMM, Jr., Chairman Tournament Committee, Mt. Vernon Elks Club and Players in Green Meadow Tournament.

MR. SCHRAMM writes:

July 1, 1930.

The Burke Golf Co., Newark, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

You will be interested to know results of a test made of the BURKE 50/50 in the recent one-day tournament of the Mount Vernon Elks Club at the Green Meadow Golf Club, Harrison, N. Y.

The test had nothing to do with guttories or driving machines, but was made with run-of-the-mine golfers who shoot from 85 to 140. We had our 39 members use any ball they wanted to in the first 9 holes of the morning round. For the same 9 holes in the afternoon we had them use the BURKE 50/50.

Six players scored the same each round. It cost 8 players a total of 22 strokes *more* when they used the BURKE

50/50. And the remaining 25 players scored a total of 129 strokes less when they used the Burke 50/50.

Taking all 39 players into consideration, this is an average of 5½ strokes better for an 18-hole round!

I have read many unsupported claims of ball superiority by manufacturers, but this is the first time, I believe, that a ball has been actually PROVED to be a means to lower scores.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

To readers of Elks Magazine only

To introduce the **Burke 50/50** to you, we will send a 3-ball carton for \$1 (retail value \$1.50). Only one carton to a reader, as Burke does not sell at retail. This offer good only until August 15, 1931.

PIN A DOLLAR TO THIS COUPON AND MAIL IT TODAY

THE BURKE GOLF COMPANY
Box D-1, Newark, Ohio

I will try the **Burke 50/50**. Here's my dollar for a 3-ball trial carton.

Name.....

Address.....

Burke

CLUBS • BAGS • BALLS

Every enterprising pro and sporting goods shop sells the **Burke 50/50**. If distribution has not yet reached your community, tell us; we'll see that you are supplied.



News of the State Associations

Florida

OUTSTANDING among the resolutions passed by the Florida State Elks Association in the course of its twenty-sixth annual convention, held recently at Clearwater, was one addressed to Governor Doyle E. Carlton and members of the State Legislature urging the immediate appropriation of funds for the use of the Florida Crippled Children's Commission. This body is already in existence, but it has been restrained from exercising its full powers by a lack of sufficient financial resources. This resolution was adopted by the delegates upon the final of the three days of the convention. At the same session it was decided to hold next year's convention at Ft. Pierce; and the officers for 1931-1932 were chosen. Those elected to direct the Association's affairs for the next twelve months were: President, J. Edwin Baker, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352; First Vice-President, L. F. Chapman, DeLand Lodge, No. 1463; Second Vice-President, F. E. Thompson, Lake City Lodge, No. 893; Third Vice-President, O. P. Herndon, Sanford Lodge, No. 1241; Fourth Vice-President, A. C. Altvater, Sebring Lodge, No. 1529; Fifth Vice-President, F. H. Holbrook, Marianna Lodge, No. 1516; Secretary and Treasurer, Harold Colee, St. Augustine Lodge, No. 829; Historian, E. L. Thompson, Daytona Lodge, No. 1141; Tiler, Harold Hippler, Eustis Lodge, No.



The flag-raising ceremonies at the site of the first settlement west of the Alleghenies, which were held during the spring conference of the Ohio State Elks Association

1578; and member of the Executive Committee for three years, L. D. Reagin, Sarasota Lodge, No. 1519. The business sessions of the convention, at which J. L. Reed, Sr., presided, began upon the day following that devoted to the registration of delegates. After an address of welcome in behalf of the city by Mayor H. H. Baskin and a response, for the Association, by the retiring President, J. L. Reed, Sr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning spoke to the assemblage, expressing in the course of his stimulating address, a hearty approbation of the spirit and the energy of the Association. Another prominent member of the Order present for the convention was David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. The reading of reports by the several committees of the Association, consideration of general business and the receptions of Grand Lodge officers occupied the remainder of the morning gathering and the afternoon meeting. Upon the morning of the third day, the second devoted to business, the ritualistic contest among the Lodges of the State was held. In this Clearwater Lodge, No. 1525, was the victor. The election of officers and the selection of the next convention city came in the afternoon, whereafter the convention was adjourned, in time for the dele-

gates to participate in the striking street parade. Two prizes were offered for outstanding exhibitions in this procession, one for bands, which was won by Tampa Lodge, No. 708; and the other for floats, which was won by St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224. In the evening the convention closed with two brilliant events, the Past President's banquet and the President's grand ball, at the Ft. Harrison Hotel. Throughout the period of the convention, there were social events of exceptional attraction and interest. Among these was a meeting in the City Park, during which Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. F. Chapman spoke on fraternalism; automobile sightseeing trips, golf matches, water sports, and a trap shoot for visiting Elks and the members of their families; and, upon the last day, a bridge breakfast for the wives and daughters of members of the Order. One especially pleasing incident of the convention was the presentation of a testimonial gift to the retiring President of the Association, J. L. Reed, Sr. A special committee had been formed to decide upon a suitable token. As a result of its recommendation, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, on behalf of the committee, presented to Mr. Reed an Elk pin, set with diamonds: a replica of one which Mr. Reed prized highly, and which had been stolen from him some time ago.

Idaho

THE opening feature of the tenth annual convention of the Idaho State Elks Association, to be held in Lewiston, July 2, 3 and 4, will be a ritualistic contest for the State championship between Wallace Lodge, No. 331, and Pocatello Lodge, No. 674. Immediately following this a program of entertainment will be staged in the former Lodge Home across the street. Two meetings of the Association will be held Friday; and in the evening a gorgeous roof garden ball. The parade to the City Park, where Governor C. Ben Ross will deliver a patriotic address and the drill teams will contest, will provide the climaxes to the convention. Elaborate preparations are being made for the comfort and entertainment of guests. New uniforms will be worn by the thirty-piece band sponsored by Lewiston Lodge, and several colorful and spectacular parades are planned.

Ohio

AT ITS recent spring conference, held over a period of two days at the Home of New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510, the Ohio State Elks Association, in company with the Lodge, carried out an impressive flag-raising ceremony at Schoenbrunn Park, the site of the first settlement west of the Alleghenies. The exercises attending this event marked the official presentation of an American flag and a lofty flag-staff to the Schoenbrunn committee and the State Archaeological and Historical Society. The address incident to the presentation of the flag-staff was delivered by Past Exalted Ruler V. O. Mathias, of New Philadelphia Lodge. The speech attending the presentation of the flag

(Continued on page 64)



The Degree Team of Lakeview, Ore., Lodge, No. 1536, winner of the Ritualistic Championship of its State. The Lodge is one of the youngest in Oregon

Right—Mr. Rupp receiving the key to the city, during his visit to Hibbing, Minn., Lodge



Below—The banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler tendered by the members of Reading, Pa., Lodge



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

ELKS within the regions of the Great Lakes and of the Atlantic seaboard welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp in the course of his series of visits to subordinate Lodges during April. The States through which Mr. Rupp's itinerary carried him were Wisconsin, Minnesota, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania.

Throughout his travels, the advent of the Grand Exalted Ruler proved an occasion for the manifestation of unusual enthusiasm. His calls upon Lodges brought forth not only large representations of their own members but also delegations from many other Lodges within their districts; and were the instance frequently of the induction of large classes of candidates.

Mr. Rupp's visits began on April 6 when, after arriving in Chicago in the morning and making a brief call later upon Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46, he was the official guest, in the evening, of Waukesha Lodge, No. 400.

The following evening found him at Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57. There, at a banquet and later at a meeting, three hundred Elks greeted him, their number including not only the members of the host Lodge, but delegations as well from Appleton Lodge, No. 337, Oshkosh Lodge, No. 292, Menasha Lodge, No. 676, Green Bay Lodge, No. 259, Two Rivers Lodge, No. 1380, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687, Sheboygan Lodge, No. 299, Beaver Dam Lodge, No. 1540, Baraboo Lodge, No. 688, Portage Lodge, No. 675, Kaukuana Lodge, No. 962, Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46 and Rice Lake Lodge, No. 1441. Guests of note present upon the occasion, in addition to Mr. Rupp, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Broughton and Frank A. Maxwell.

In celebration of the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler at Antigo Lodge, No. 662, April 8, a numerous class of candidates was initiated in the afternoon. A concert by the band of Appleton Lodge, No. 337, followed; and, subsequently, a banquet was held in honor of the distin-

Elks of the Mid-West and the East Greet Mr. Rupp

guished visitor. At this two hundred and ninety Elks were present, with both Antigo and a host of near-by Lodges represented. Notable among those in attendance was Edward W. Mackey, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association.

For luncheon upon the next day, Mr. Rupp was the guest of Duluth, Minn., Lodge, No. 133. He was greeted by the members of both this Lodge and of Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403. Departing early in the afternoon after a most enjoyable sojourn, the Grand Exalted Ruler halted for a short time at Eveleth, Minn., Lodge, No. 1161, and delivered, in the course of his stay, a brief address. In the evening he was welcomed at Hibbing Lodge, where representations were present from Duluth, Superior and Eveleth Lodges, as well as from Brainerd Lodge, No. 615,



A small part of the throng which welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp at Waukesha, Wis., Lodge

Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052, Virginia Lodge, No. 1003, and Chisholm, Minn., Lodge, No. 1334. Two prominent Elks present to greet Mr. Rupp were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. Siverts and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Marcum.

During the afternoon of April 10, before his official call upon St. Paul Lodge, No. 59, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in response to an invitation, made an address to the State Legislature. In the evening, he was the guest of the Lodge at a banquet and at the formal session later.

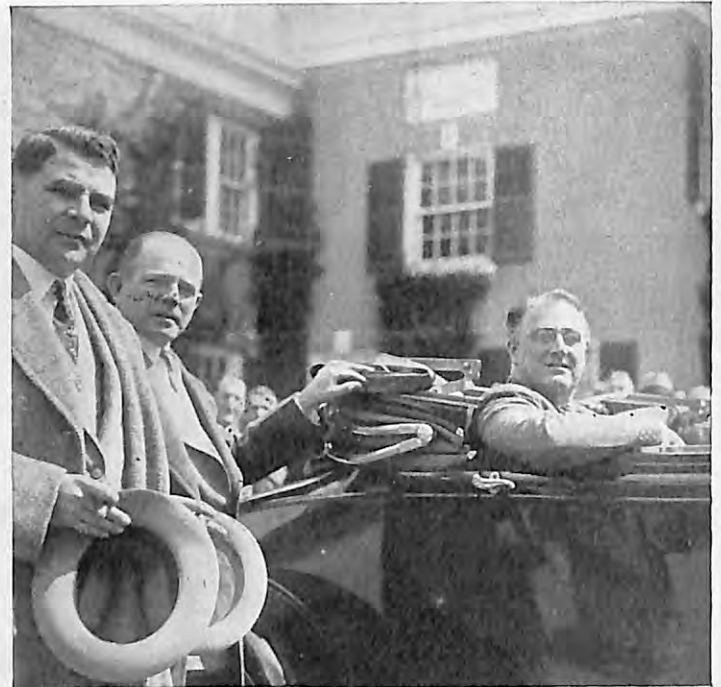
A spectacular street parade, led by the Drill Team of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, preceded the enthusiastic meeting at which Mr. Rupp was welcomed to Burlington, N. J., Lodge, No. 996, on April 13. Notable features of this occasion were the initiation of a large class of candidates in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and the presence at the session of officers and members of every Lodge in the southern district of New Jersey. Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Crippled Children's Commission, was prominent among those in attendance to greet Mr. Rupp.

Many visiting delegations were in evidence again upon the following evening, April 14, when the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of Freehold Lodge, No. 1454. Both the banquet hall of the Lodge Home, where the head of the Order was entertained before the formal session, and the Lodge room, where later an enthusiastic meeting was held, were filled to capacity.

The induction into the Order of a class of one hundred and sixty candidates, a banquet, attended by two hundred and fifty Elks; and a meeting later, were features of Mr. Rupp's visit during April, upon the evening of the 24th, at the Home of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115. Distinguished among those who addressed the Lodge upon this occasion, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow.



The Elks Official Transcontinental Car at New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Left to right—William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of the Elks Magazine; and Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr



Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York starts Purple and White Fleet from his home at Hyde Park. Left to right—J. Arnold Wood, Exalted Ruler of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge No. 275; Charles S. Hart, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge No. 842; and (in car) Governor Roosevelt



The Elks Fleet at Albany, N. Y. Left to right—James J. Lennon, Past Exalted Ruler, representing the Mayor of Albany; William E. Drislane, Jr., Esquire of Albany Lodge, No. 49; William E. Drislane, Sr., Past Grand Trustee; Louis Snyder, Exalted Ruler; Anthony De Stefano, Leading Knight, and Frank P. Myers, Lecturing Knight



Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, extends a royal welcome to the Fleet. Reception ceremonies conducted by Exalted Ruler J. Arnold Wood. Leading Knight George G. Salberg, Secretary Frank M. Doran, Past Exalted Rulers George H. Card, Frank Myers, John T. Ehleider, John P. Martin, Paul J. Miller, William J. Baier, and Lecturing Knight John B. Hoppe



Governor Roosevelt Starts the Good-Will Fleet

THE cars of THE ELKS MAGAZINE were started on their transcontinental tour by Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt from his home in Hyde Park, N. Y., Monday, April 27th. The fleet, accompanied by a large delegation of officers and members of Poughkeepsie Lodge, drove out to the Governor's beautiful home, which is located on the hills overlooking the Hudson, four miles from Poughkeepsie, where they assembled on the steps of the Governor's house and were greeted by the Governor who presented a letter to be delivered to Governor Hartley of Washington, expressing the good-will of the citizens of the State of New York to the citizens of the State of Washington, and in addition his own personal greetings as an Elk to Governor Hartley of Washington, who is also a member of the Order.

Governor Roosevelt evidenced great interest in the purpose of the fleet in creating good-will among the subordinate Lodges, and its development of interest in the Grand Lodge Convention which, in his opinion, is an important institution, forming as it does an annual get-together of representatives of the subordinate Lodges, which results in greater unity in the Order at large.

The fleet left Albany Lodge Monday morning, where it was given a send off by Exalted Ruler Louis Snyder; Anthony De Stefano, Leading Knight; Edward G. Rogan, Loyal Knight; Frank P. Myers, Lecturing Knight; James E. Ahern, Treasurer; and Edward P. Hanlon, Past Exalted Ruler and Secretary, in addition to other important members of the Lodge, including William E. Drislane, Sr., former member of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Proceeding from Albany to Poughkeepsie, the fleet was entertained by the officers and members of Poughkeepsie Lodge, who then escorted the fleet to Governor Roosevelt's home.

Among those who entertained the fleet at Poughkeepsie were Exalted Ruler J. Arnold Wood, Secretary Frank M. Doran, Past Exalted Ruler John P. Martin, who made the arrangements for the fleet's reception by Governor Roosevelt; and Past Exalted Rulers George H. Card, John T. Ehleider and Paul J. Miller.

The fleet then proceeded down to New York, where it will visit local metropolitan Lodges prior to its departure for the Coast, May 11th, when it leaves New York Lodge, No. 1, to traverse the three great transcontinental highways to Seattle, Washington, where the cars arrive in time for the Convention, July 6th.

The drivers of the cars and representatives of THE ELKS MAGAZINE are E. C. O'Donnell, Harry K. Maples and Joseph Downing.

At left—Mayor James Berg of Mount Vernon, N. Y., member of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, welcomes Joseph Downing, driver of car No. 2 of Elks' Fleet to Mount Vernon



A tourist party on Paradise Glacier in Rainier National Park, Washington

1931 Grand Lodge Convention At Seattle, Wash.

Where to Go and What to See While in Seattle

THE following are both special courtesies and suggestions for visiting Elks and their companions.

Special boat and airplane trips have been planned to Bremerton to visit the Puget Sound Navy Yard and Dry Docks. Boats will be leaving Colman Dock every hour and planes every fifteen minutes. Free boat tickets to all visiting Elks.

All golf courses in the vicinity will be open to visitors upon presentation of an Elks' card.

Reduced rates have been procured on short airplane trips over Seattle and Puget Sound. Planes leave Boeing Field.

The Seattle Yacht Club, located on the shores of Lake Washington, is planning special events for all visiting yachtsmen.

Special speed-boat and outboard motor-boat races for the Elks' National Championship will be held on Lake Washington, July 7th. A most interesting and thrilling spectacle.

A beautiful one-day excursion to quaint Victoria over the calm waters of Puget Sound, has been planned. Three hours each way on the boat and four hours in Victoria. Total fare \$5.00. The trip may be made one way by plane of the Alaska-Washington Airways in forty-five minutes.

Bus trips daily to Mt. Rainier and return. A day's play in mid-summer in the snow 14,000 feet above sea level. Three hours each way and four hours at Paradise Valley.

Delightful boat trip around Lake Washington and through the U. S. Government Locks at Ballard, and around the Battleships on Puget Sound. The Ballard Locks are second only to the Panama Canal Locks. Trip 2½ hours and free to all visiting Elks.

A special tour through Seattle's public markets for the ladies. A real treat, as our markets are the most wonderful in the world.

Trip to Big Four Inn, located in the heart of the Cascades. The trip by a small gas car is one of the most beautiful to be found, and takes 2½ hours each way.

Trip to Mt. Baker in private auto over Chuckanut Drive.

The courtesy of the U. S. Battle Fleet will be extended to all visiting Elks from 2 to 5 P.M., July 6-7-8, upon presentation of our courtesy coupons.

Don't fail to take advantage of the marvelous bathing facilities of the City. Fresh-water bathing all along the shores of Lake Washington and Green Lake, with plenty of fine bath houses,

Ritualistic Contest for National Championship

In view of the added interest in the National Ritualistic Contest and because of numerous requests, the Committee will hold, in addition to the already announced contest, a second division in which those teams desiring to exemplify the new ritual, may compete. A prize of \$100.00 will be awarded to the team best exemplifying the new ritual.

Division A prizes as heretofore announced, are: The one thousand dollar silver cup to be held by the winning team for the year and \$150.00 in cash through the courtesy of the Seattle Convention Committee; \$75.00 in cash to the second place winner and \$25.00 in cash to the third place winner.

Division B, first prize \$100.00 in cash. (It is possible that the above amounts may be added to and additional prizes offered.)

*Time, elimination contests—
July 6th, 2:00 P. M.*

*Time, final contests—July
7th, 2:00 P. M.*

Place—Seattle Lodge room.

*All entries must be filed with
Chairman of the Grand Lodge
Ritualistic Committee, David
Sholtz, Daytona Beach, Florida,
not later than June 15th.*

All Elks are cordially invited.

and salt-water bathing at Alki, Lincoln Beach and Golden Gardens. Free tickets and auto trips upon request to Juanita Beach, where one may walk out in warm shallow water over perfect sand for over a mile.

Private parties will be conducted by the courtesy of the Seattle Rod and Gun Club for some excellent salt, stream, and lake fishing in the land of anglers' delight.

Drive to Long Bell Lumber Company at Longview, Washington, to visit the world's largest lumber mill.

Fashion revue and tea, free to all Elks' ladies at the Olympic Hotel, through the courtesy of the Seattle Retail Trade Association.

A visit to the original, model Carnation Stock Farms.

All Seattle's riding academies offer special invitations to visitors.

Visit for the ladies to Mrs. Duffy's Gardens at Three Tree Point.

A special garden tour for the ladies at Highlands and Woodland Park.

A visit to Woodland Park to see the zoo, the rose gardens and the Elks' Harding Memorial.

Visit Volunteer Park to see the floral gardens, the observation tower and the conservatory.

Don't fail to see the University of Washington campus, the natural history museum and the H. C. Henry Art Gallery.

To see Seattle, visit the Smith or the Northern Life Tower.

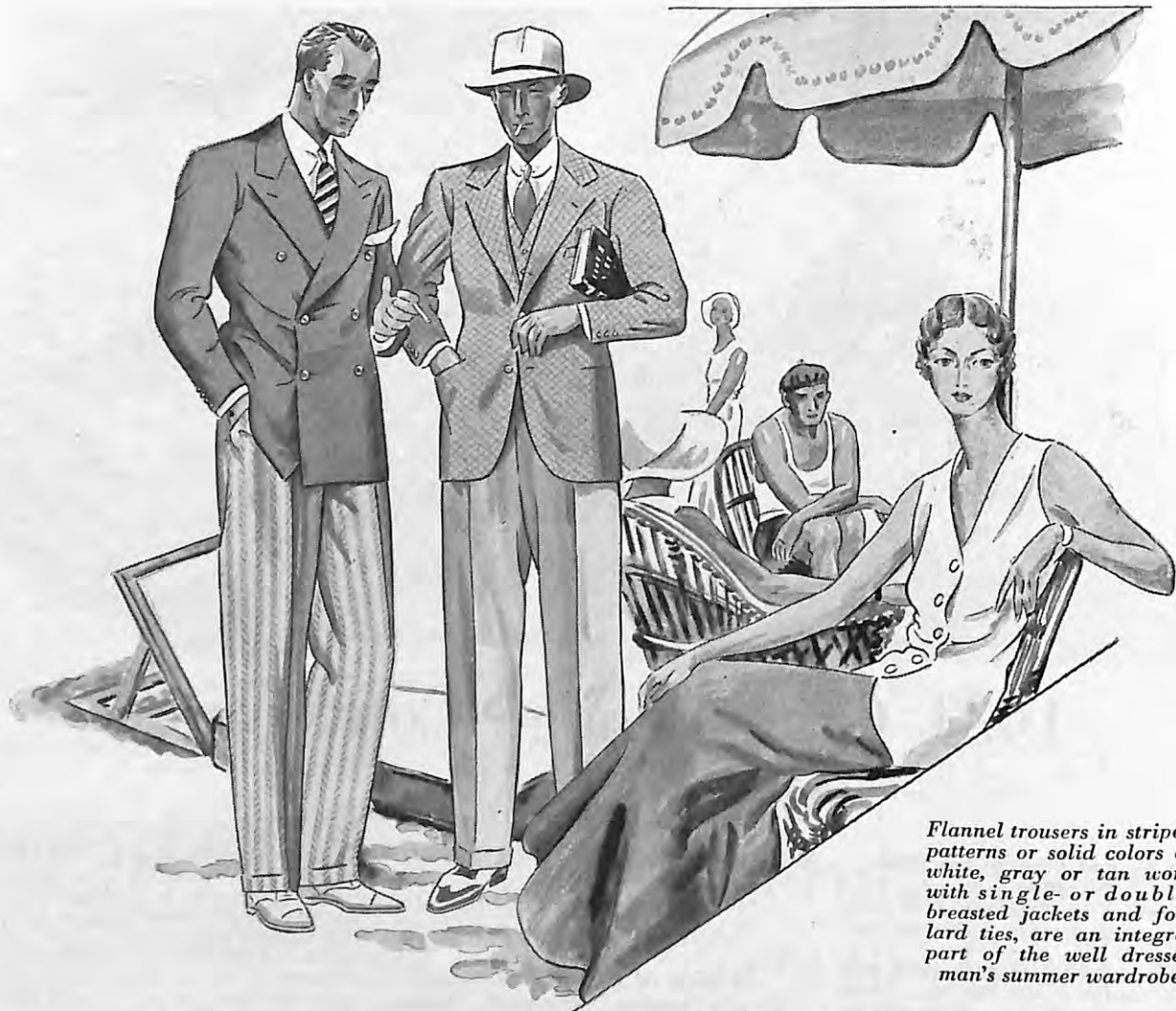
A specially conducted tour of Seattle's waterfront, visiting the world's largest fresh fish cold-storage plant, and special visits to a number of the largest sea-going and around-the-world vessels.

A special list of over two hundred and fifty lakes and resorts within an hour's drive of Seattle, has been prepared and is available upon a telephone call to Elliott 0080.

The hospitality will contain the following courtesies:

1. Ticket for trip around Lake Washington through the U. S. Government Canal.
2. Courtesy cards for Elks and their families to visit the battleships of the Pacific Coast Fleet.
3. Boat ticket to Bremerton to visit the U. S. Navy Yard and Dry Docks.
4. Tickets for ladies to the tea and fashion show at the Olympic Hotel.
5. Tickets to Playland.
6. Pass for ladies to the Highlands.
7. Tickets to Juanita Bathing Beach.
8. Ticket to the Grand Ball.

(For programme by days, see page 61)



Flannel trousers in striped patterns or solid colors of white, gray or tan worn with single- or double-breasted jackets and foulard ties, are an integral part of the well dressed man's summer wardrobe

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

THERE was a time when the sun was avoided like the plague and people spent the major part of the summer in trying to keep away from it—but the day of sun dodging is now, happily, a thing of the past. During the past few years the sun has become popular—it has come into its own in a big way. Summer time is no longer dreaded as a period when one must be uncomfortable, and now we not only appreciate how beneficial the sun's rays are for our general health and well-being, but we have also discovered that we can dress in such a way as really to enjoy warm weather.

The clothes of summer are far more interesting than the more or less conventional garb of winter. Summer pastimes, with their varied forms of sport, their constantly increasing out-of-doors interests, call for correspondingly varied forms of dress. Consequently, we find in the wardrobe of the average man a preponderance of the type of apparel, which, for want of a better name, can best be described as sports clothes.

However, it is not only in sports clothes that a man is interested during the summer. Primarily, his first thought is how to keep cool during the "dog days" in town. In developing a cool, practical garb for this time of the year, the men's clothing industry has perhaps achieved greater success than in almost any other type of clothes. Not only in the actual tailoring and finishing of the suits themselves, but in the development of fabrics especially conceived for summer wear. The most successful of these fabrics is known as a "tropical worsted." To date, it is the most ideal fabric for hot weather. Due to a special treatment given to the yarns before they are woven, as well as to the actual weave of the yarns, this fabric takes its place as the coolest fabric for men's clothes, with the exception, of course, of linen and silk.

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There are many advantages to a tropical worsted. It is cool, in the first place, and, unlike so many summer fabrics, it tailors unusually well; in fact as well as any other worsted material. Also, in appearance, it suggests any other worsted and, knowing the prejudice of men in general against anything that looks different and unusual, this can readily be recognized as a decided advantage. Finally, it does not show wrinkles as easily as many soft fabrics and keeps its shape after the hardest and most constant wear. Because of these many things in its favor, a tropical suit is strongly recommended for the summer months.

In the large illustration, the man shown wearing a double-breasted jacket made the happy selection of a tropical worsted for a summer suit. Utilizing the jacket of his suit, he has combined it with a pair of striped flannel trousers. Now there is nothing new about flannel trousers for summer wear, especially at country and seashore resorts. But a decidedly new note this year in flannel trousers is the vogue for stripes. In a preceding article, mention was made of stripes as being one of the most important style notes in men's clothes for the coming year. The popularity of striped suits and striped neckties during the past spring is now a familiar story to all, but stripes are still with us for the summer—this time in flannel trousers. They are rather welcome, too. Flannel trousers—in England they are called slacks—in white, gray and the sun-tan shades have enjoyed wide popularity for years, and while they still continue to hold their own the striped flannel trousers are now strong contenders for popular favor. The width and the spacing of the stripes can be left to the judgment of the wearer—but the colors

of the stripes depend, first and last, on the color of the coat worn with the trousers. Contrasting colors are very often in the best of taste, but it is a safer bet to select striped flannel trousers that blend in color with the coat rather than those that contrast with it.

And speaking of a double-breasted coat for summer wear, brings to mind the discussion that always takes place at this time of year, namely, the wearing of a waistcoat. There is much to be said on both sides. It is undoubtedly true that with a single-breasted coat, a man presents a neater appearance if he also wears a waistcoat. On the other hand, there is no reason why a man should not wear a waistcoat and still present a neat appearance. When a waistcoat is not worn with a single-breasted coat, more than usual pains should be taken to see that the shirt is all that it should be as to fit and immaculate appearance, as much more of it is exposed to view. Not only should the shirt fit comfortably around the neck and be full enough in the body so that the shirt will lie flat on the chest without buckling, but the necktie should be fastened to the shirt by a clasp or, preferably, by a tie pin to keep the tie in place.

THE single-breasted coat worn by the other figure in the illustration is an excellent example of that old standby—the odd coat. This coat is usually part of the three- or four-piece sports suit, made of tweed, Shetland or homespun. Like its double-breasted companion, it is worn throughout the summer either with trousers to match or with odd flannel trousers. Cut along easy-fitting lines with a broad-chested, slightly waisted effect, every detail is in keeping with the present trend of fashion in playing up the natural physique. In this connection it is interesting to note that the exaggerated, built-up square

Stripes in varying width and sharply contrasted colors are especially smart for bathing suits. Foulard patterns in summer underwear, combined with shirts to blend with the color of the shorts, are among the season's novelties

shoulders, so much favored by cheap, flashy dressers, is never evident in the dress of gentlemen. While a broad effect across the shoulders is desirable, inasmuch as it gives a man a much better appearance, at the same time the shoulders should only be normally broad, avoiding a suggestion of anything extreme.

Waistcoats, whether worn with single- or double-breasted coats, should always be cut low enough so as to allow a good display of shirt and necktie.

Summer suits of linen, cotton and silk are frequently encountered in the smartest places. The best that can be said for suits of this type, however, is that they look cool and are cool. But they are not very practical except for the man who has enough of them to allow frequent changes, for the reason that they wrinkle so easily. Even though they are not actually soiled, the very fact that they wrinkle so easily always gives a man an appearance of looking untidy after they have been worn for a short time.

It is really amazing how the sun changes our ideas with regard to color. Whereas in town during the winter months a man would be conspicuous if he wore colors that were too bright, the reverse is true during the summer. Colors that would attract unfavorable notice during dark, drab days come into their own during the bright sunny days of spring and summer. This is especially true of neckwear—perhaps the only item in a man's outer apparel in which he has much of a chance to show his predilection for favorite colors. Bright-colored silks are the thing for summer in materials that are light in texture. Foulards, gum twills, crêpes and linens are the best types of ties for summer, because there is no suggestion of heaviness about them.

Blue is the most popular color for summer

neckwear in all shades ranging from the light butcher blue to the dark navy blue. Next in importance are the various shades of red. Now red is ordinarily considered rather a "hot" color. And so it is. But the red shades of summer are not the rich deep shades of red which are worn during the fall and winter. The popular red shades for summer are the lighter and paler shades, such as raspberry. Along with these red shades come the orange lacquer shades, ranging from pale canary yellow to vivid rust tones, together with the cool, restful shades of pale green and reseda, a delightful gray-green tone.

White ties, and ties having a colored spot or striped design on white or gray grounds, are an important style note in men's summer neckwear. These ties are worn with colored shirts and collars to match, and are especially smart looking with sun-tanned complexions.

And not only in neckwear is the foulard idea popular. To match one's foulard ties there are now braces covered in foulard silk, which are cool and attractive looking. Even a man's underwear has not been able to resist the temptation of foulard patterns. This is evident in the fancy colored shorts now seen in all the shops—cotton shorts with designs adapted from the time-old designs of foulard silks. With these shorts, either white undershirts are worn, or the shirts may be in some pastel coloring that will blend with the predominant color in the shorts.

If a man is limited to the amount of color he can incorporate into his clothes for general wear, the same is not true when it comes to his attire on the beach. Never have swim suits been more colorful—and, what is more, or rather less—never have they been so scanty. It seems that the less there is to a bathing-suit the more popular it is. Not only are the trunks of the suit cut as short as possible, but the tops of bathing-suits have been cut as deep as possible around the neck and arm-holes so as to allow as much as possible of one's body to become sunburned.

Stripes of every known width and possible color combination vie with each other when it comes to bathing-suits. Not only are the tops of bathing-suits striped, but the trunks as well, the stripe in the latter case running down the outer seam. Bathing-belts with striped bathing-suits are usually plain in color, and match a

color in the swim suit, but frequently even the bathing-belts are striped—and invariably they carry out the same color scheme as the suit itself.

Beach robes, too, are colorful. The most practical beach robe is one in cotton or crêpe because it launders easily and is cool. Flannel robes, in plain colors or stripes or checks, are also smart, although they are sometimes a little too warm in the broiling sun. Silk robes are sometimes seen on the beach, but they are not as practical as a cotton or flannel robe, due to the fact that they are too perishable.

In place of the familiar bath towel, the up-to-date beach warmer now uses a scarf made of towelling. Cut rather long and narrow and finished at both ends with fringe, they are to be had in various colors such as light blue, canary yellow, tan and green. Not only are they used as a towel, but they afford a wonderful protection from the sun when placed around the neck and shoulders, in addition to adding a bright note to the scene on the beach.

The subject of color—bright colors—regardless of how or when they are worn, is naturally one of discrimination. The discreet and intelligent use of color is an excellent way to relieve the monotony of one's turnout. But because colors are recommended it does not follow that a man should wear colors that are not becoming to him, and which do not blend with each other—nor should he wear so many colors at one time that his appearance can only be likened to Joseph and the famous coat he wore in Biblical times. One bright color at a time is a good and certainly safe rule to follow if one wants to avoid being conspicuous. And if a bright color is worn, a better rule to follow is to see that it is soft and mellow in tone rather than bright and glaring, thus avoiding the bizarre and giving an outward expression of one's innate good taste.

This group of shoes is representative of the type of foot gear considered correct and smart for sports wear



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.

Treasure Hunting for Big Business

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with those fine steeds that Arabs ride. His unsuspected presence told us we were at the extreme southern edge of that colorful world that embraces the Sahara.

At the water's edge the horse's trappings were removed, the chief and his principal men got into the boat, and the horse, after some coaxing, was sent into the stream to swim across. He came over faster, if anything, than the boat that carried his master, and was rolling in the sand when the attendants landed and hastened to saddle him once more with all the glory of his red, purple and green housings, a savage curb bit and bridle of scalloped multicolored leather. When the horse was dressed the chief approached and presented us with gifts of milk, mangoes, palmnuts, oranges, fiber mats and other delightful surprises. I entranced him by the bestowal of a dollar-and-a-half watch with an illuminated dial.

At last the visit was concluded, and once more the trappings were removed from the glossy brown back of the gentle horse. The chief had not once mounted him on our side of the river. The horse was first among his trea-

tures and therefore part of the show. I suppose that horse had a deeper hold on his affections than any of the four wives who had accompanied him. When all the preparations for the return were made the horse was urged toward the river. This time it required a great deal of coaxing. He snorted objections when his forefeet were in the water, and pawed so vigorously that his unshod hoof sent great silvery splashes into the air. Finally a smart crack across his curving rump overcame his reluctance and he plunged in.

The flimsy boat was launched and started in his wake. We stood on the shore and marveled at the speed with which the horse was swimming, only his head and about a foot of his neck showing above the surface of the stream. A little more than halfway out from shore he suddenly disappeared. Almost immediately he broke the surface again with a great splashing. He was kicking in a frenzy and then for a horrid moment we caught a glimpse of the gray corrugated back of an open-mouthed crocodile that had seized his haunch. So bravely did the horse fight out there in the deep water that

at times the entire length of the crocodile was exposed to our view. But the flinty hoofs were kicking without leverage. Standing up, yelling with exalted arms, the chief and his men in their flimsy little boat tried to encourage the horse, and then after minutes we saw that he was free of the monster. He was swimming again. We saw him drag himself to the beach on the opposite shore, saw geysers of blood spurting from terrible wounds, and then watched with sick hearts as the poor creature staggered madly up the bank and disappeared into the thick foliage. Afterwards word was brought to us that he had died in the woods; but we were glad that at least he had not been eaten. Thereafter we were prepared to believe any stories that were told to us about the ferocity of crocodiles.

I have been among savages on three continents. I have never been molested by them. I have made it my habit to treat them with the same consideration that I would give any other kind of men. So it happens that what adventures I have had have not been due to any

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human menace. I marvel sometimes at the stories brought back from Africa or South America or other far places by other men. Always they tell of the terrible natives, of the travelers' own heroism and prowess that enabled them to escape those natives. I marvel, I say, because it has been my experience that even the head-hunting Jivaro Indians of Peru will treat you as a gentleman if you will do as much for them.

The first rule in the strategy of handling people is never to wound the other fellow's ego. A little flattery will do as much to win the regard of a savage as of any other human being. A gangster is no more jealous of his woman than a primitive man of the forests. So, I say, if you do not take liberties, do not act snootily, and do attend strictly to your own business, you may rove where you will over the face of the earth. I have done so. On many of my expeditions my wife has accompanied me—and both of us are here to talk about it.

A geologist has to guard carefully all the rock specimens he gathers on such expeditions as I am describing. Usually the geologist is looking for deposits of ore, or else he is hunting oil. In either case there are usually others besides his employers who would like to know what he has discovered. Also there are times when persons with a property to sell may have a scheme for insinuating richer specimens of ore-bearing rock among the authentic ones which the geologist plans to send back to a laboratory. Oh, there are plenty of things that can happen to the specimens of a careless geologist.

A man I knew collected a number of boxes of samples deep in the mysterious interior of Africa. Each box weighed about seventy-five pounds. That is quite a load to be carried on a man's head. Probably there were forty or fifty boxes, each containing specimens of the region in which the geologist had been exploring. The native porters were instructed to carry the boxes to the nearest port while the geologist with a remnant of his burden-carriers continued his exploratory work. As soon as the natives were out of his sight they sat down, opened up the boxes and dumped out the rocks. After many days of traveling with empty boxes on their heads, and when they were within two or three miles of their destination, they filled the boxes with other rocks and earth. Probably in their untutored eyes one lot of rocks was as good as another. At any rate the substitution was not discovered for months—and then the work had to be done all over.

I HAVE had some queer things happen to my samples. I have been informed that boxes of specimens had been "lost" through the accidental overturning of a canoe, but curiously the paddles and other bits of equipment were not lost. Whether this sort of incident is engineered by spies employed by rival enterprises, by free-lance adventurers or by stupid natives with no other motive than laziness is a matter that can not always be determined. However, there are big prizes at stake sometimes in the reports of exploring geologists. Often the diplomacy of great nations is keyed to discoveries made by men of my craft. Commonly decisions affecting the expenditures of millions of dollars, the opening of mines, the drilling of oil-wells, the building of railroads and other business adventures turn on the reports we bring back from desert or wilderness.

What we seek in the jungles far from civilization is buried treasure; not the treasures of pirates or Incas or Aztecs, but the infinitely

greater stores that were buried in the earth by Nature when the world was young.

Some of the unexploited riches in the earth that I know of I may not speak about because of obligations to those who retained me to go and hunt for them. Still, I can say that there are greater treasures in the earth by far than have

with rain. We were wet morning, noon and night. Our beards grew and our manners became savage. At night we crawled into sleeping bags. On a stream called the Napo River we had established a base camp. There we had cases of tinned milk, tinned soup, tinned vegetables and tinned meats. At times we had to fall back on Indian food.

The first discovery of significance that we made after we crossed the mountains to the eastern base of the Andes was limestone. Limestone is nothing more nor less than the dried floor of a vanished sea. Limestone is being formed to-day everywhere at the bottom of the ocean. The constant rain to the depths of the sea of the remains of all manner of marine animals that have completed their life cycle by dying, is forming an ooze. When any portion of the sea bottom is lifted above the surface of the water through some natural convulsion that ooze will dry and become limestone. Most geologists feel pretty sure that petroleum was formed by age-long deposits of the remains of minute animal or vegetable organisms accumulating on the sea bottom. The exact origin of petroleum is undetermined, but certainly it is never found except in sedimentary rocks, limestone, sandstone or shale. So, when we found limestone we felt we might be getting warm.

Our next discovery of any significance was the finding of some limestone that was saturated with tar. Tar is a dried-out form of petroleum. We traced that deposit until we encountered cliffs that were forty feet high and formed almost entirely of pitch-sandstone impregnated with tar. The oil is there, deep in the earth in an area four hundred miles wide and extending North and South, I should say, from Colombia to Bolivia. It is one of the world's biggest reservoirs of oil for the future. To get that oil out now when America is so thoroughly exploiting its own supply would be uneconomic. But some day it will be running the machines of mankind.

Taking it out now would require the laying of about 700 miles of pipe line across passes that are 10,000 feet high. To make it flow at such heights on its way to the Pacific—and oil tankers—it would have to be heated. The only alternative, I think, would be a pipe line to the Atlantic Ocean about 3,000 miles in length.

It is on such a basis that the big oil companies hunt for buried treasure. The exploring geologist has supplanted the old-fashioned prospector who was without scientific training. Your scientist would not look for oil in granite, and he knows why it would be futile to do so.

On that exploration Theron Wasson and I in a dugout canoe swept around a bend in the Rio Napo, in Eastern Ecuador in a region marked on even the most recent maps as "Unexplored Territory." Thirty miles to the northeast we saw a great isolated, cone-shaped mountain whose summit, our calculations told us, was 12,700 feet above the sea. Surely such a perfect cone could be nothing less than a volcano; and a volcano is an outlet of those tremendous internal forces of the earth that have made and are making what mankind studies as "geology" and "geography."

It would be difficult for me to make clear to laymen the positive hunger of curiosity that afflicted us after we had glimpsed that gigantic



"What's the idea of teaching that little boy to swear?"

"How else is he going to learn?"

been extracted in all the years since man began to delve and drill. There is oil, for example. Men speak of it as if it would soon be gone. In South America—

We took six months' supplies with us on that trip. Theron Wasson and I were associated in the expedition. We were the representatives of a group of American capitalists which had applied for an exploratory concession in an area extending about thirty-five miles along the equator, and sixty miles north and south. We were to examine the region for traces of something that was suspected to be there, something of great value.

A native of Ecuador was responsible for the awakened interest in the region. His manner of establishing the first clue might have seemed to a person inexperienced in such matters, as haphazard as Ponce de Leon's hunt for the fountain of youth. What he was really seeking was petroleum. He had taken pieces of pitch into the wilderness and shown them to the Indians. Those Indians are called Quichuas. They are the same that the Spanish conquerors of Peru called Incas. He traveled from one mountain village to another displaying his hard black specimens, and repeating always the Inca word for the substance. At last he found some Indians who nodded as a sign that they recognized the pitch. They knew where it could be found. It was this patient adventurer who set in motion the train of events that brought Theron Wasson and myself into that wilderness with six months of camping supplies. The Ecuadorian had been sure there was petroleum in the place he had found. We two could be scientifically sure. That was why we were sent.

We took six months' supplies and we needed that many, for we marched with the Indians for half a year. Week after week we were soaked

cone. Long ago, in 1541, Gonzalo Pizarro, brother of the conqueror of Peru, led a party of conquistadores eastward from Quito and down into that region which we were visiting. They and their Indians are said to have made up an army numbering 4,000. Only a few members of that band lived to tell of the hardships they had endured. They had gone in search of rich cities, of gold and other wealth. Almost to a man they found death. One of them reached the Atlantic by descending the Amazon, and so put that great stream on the map of the known world. A legend says that Pizarro rested with the remnants of his shattered expedition on the slope of a mountain called "Sumacos." No maps showed any such mountain but our Indians, pointing at the purple and white cone, spoke what to us was a stirring word. "Sumaco!" they said.

IN SPITE of our longings, our duty pointed southward, away from the volcano that seemed to beckon to us. We continued to travel far to the southward and finally returned to civilization over the Andes. I could not forget the isolated grandeur of that magnificent cone. In 1927 I saw it again.

One day in New York, while examining Stibel's map of the volcanoes of Ecuador, I pointed out to Dr. Isaiah Bowman of the American Geographical Society, a blank space on the map. We agreed that it was extraordinary that such an area should be found so near a city of the size of Quito. Then we looked at the map of the 1921 expedition of Wasson and myself, and saw the marks representing the great cone of Sumaco on the southern border of the unknown region.

Some weeks later as a result of that conversation with Dr. Bowman, I was on my way back to that uncharted area. I was not alone. Mrs. Sinclair, who had bidden me goodbye in 1921 at the base of Cotopaxi to let me wander for months in these forests, refused this time to do so. "If you can go, I can," she said. But when we started it was not Sumaco that we hunted, but another volcano whose existence had been advertised in 1925 by rumblings heard and felt in Quito, and by fine dust that clouded the sky.

"One of the volcanoes is in eruption," said the Quitonians. But what volcano? Old Cotopaxi was asleep; so was Tunguragua and the face of Pichincha, nearby, was bland under a veil of snow. Was it Sangay or the mysterious Sumaco, far in the "Oriente"?

When we arrived in Quito and were told of

this strange eruption, we remembered that Dotty had told us of hearing explosions to the north while climbing Sumaco in 1925. That eliminated Sumaco as the offender in this instance. Was it Sangay? We questioned friends as to the direction of the disturbance. One had climbed Pichincha and observed the great clouds of ascending ash due east and on a line passing south of the great mountain, Cayambé. That eliminated Sangay. Some unknown volcano was responsible, we were pretty thoroughly convinced.

When we had traveled sixty miles across the Andes from Peru we found more clues. The Indians had seen the clouds of ash; and they had not forgotten the terror of the flames that lighted their sky at night. It was not Sumaco. It was a new volcano!

From that time we gave up our original intention of visiting Sumaco. We were on a volcano hunt with two intersecting bearings to guide us. Two months after we left Quito our expedition started poling up the Rio Coca. We were then about fifty miles in an air line southeast of the volcanic area. Wasson and I had been at this point in 1921, but we did not know whether we could proceed even five miles up the Coca. Out of the wilderness to join us had come an old friend, an Ecuadorian pioneer, Don Manuel Ignacio Rivendeneira. He is a man as brave and resourceful as any of those pioneers whose names loom large in the history of America. At the mouth of the Coca he had enlisted the services of his son-in-law, Jacinto Bejarano, the "teniente politico" of the district. Had we not met Bejarano, our expedition would have terminated at that point. It was to his good offices that we owed the presence of the Indians who served us.

DAY after day, toiling in water waist deep, or poling where the stream was a little quiet, we progressed up-stream. On December 9 we found ourselves about three miles south of the Equator at the base of an uncharted mountain mass lying exactly on the Equator. Here we met some Indians of the Cofanes tribe, clad in long shirts made of the bark of trees. Through

our interpreters they told us that the mountain mass was named Cordillera Lumbaki. We were about twenty miles from the calculated position of the volcanic center, and the Cofanes, after an exchange of presents, agreed to accompany us.

At last there came a day when the Indians refused to advance. They were out of food and weary and sick from the work in the cold water. Besides, they were fearful of the spirits that lurked; they felt sure, in this deep canyon, carved by the swift rushing waters of the Coca. Our latitude and longitude position showed that we were about five miles from the volcanic center as calculated. We told the Indians we were close to our goal and urged them to stay with us another day. The next day we struggled up 1,500 feet above the river, mounting through a tangle of forest that cloaked the cliffs but did not shelter us from the drenching rain that was the beginning of a deluge. At the top we crawled, exhausted, into the refuge offered by an overhanging ledge of rocks.

Fortunately, we shot a big black monkey the next day at dawn. It was December 21. The promise of a feast at night held the Indians during another day's struggle along the shoulder of the cliff.

In mid-afternoon we climbed to a towering eminence from which a magnificent view was afforded. The mist lifted as far as the base of the snow fields of Cayamba, now only forty miles to the east. As we cut trees to widen the view one of the party cried out:

"El Reventador!"

There to the southwest, only six miles distant lay a great area of jagged peaks, the remnants of what we had come to see. The gigantic cone had blown up in one of those stupendous volcanic explosions that had filled skies with ash over an area so great that we had been eleven weeks in crossing less than half of it.

It was well named there on the spur of the moment. If you will refer to a Spanish-English dictionary you will see that El Reventador means "the buster." This was our goal; but we could not reach it.

We had reached the end of our resources. To cross a gorge 2,000 feet deep was impossible. The river was in flood and the rain was still falling. We knew we had to go back, but returning we went with the satisfaction of having spotted a new volcano on the map.

For me there was something more than that in the experience. For years as a field geologist I had been looking at old scars in the earth. In the jagged surface of El Reventador I had seen a fresh wound.



Ice cave in Paradise Glacier, Rainier National Park

In the Dusk

(Continued from page 13)

Scotchman rigged up and worked his way to the head of the big rift than he got a strike—a heavy, slogging strike that bent the tip of his powerful tournament rod almost to the water and set Meggie to quivering and whining with excitement on her sentry post along the bank. Bob went at that fish like a prizefighter. He knew his tackle, his method and his objective—the defeat of Larry Ashley's flies. Within five minutes he had netted a fifteen-inch brownie, waved acknowledgment of our congratulatory shout, rebaited his minnow gear and was after another one, braced like a gnarly driftwood stump in the turmoil of the heavy water that piled against his waders almost to the waistline. Within the hour we saw him take two more trout about the same size as the first. Then we left him, backed the car to the main road, and looped back to The Four Maples.

"Bob's going great guns up in the Rift," we reported. "Three or four pounds in his creel already! Anybody going downstream to see how Larry's making out?"

Father O'Meara and Mac piled in the car with us and we scouted south along the road. On the Seven Arch Bridge we found Ashley's bus parked at one side with the hired boy sitting on his shoulder-blades as he devoured a week-old tabloid. He waved an indifferent hand downstream to indicate Larry's general whereabouts, so we got out and Indian-filed along the bank through the pines. Around the bend above the railroad trestle we sighted Larry in midstream and pulled up to watch him.

DO YOU know that stretch of the Esopus, a quarter-mile or so above the big Boiceville pool? It's one of the grandest pieces of dry-fly water in the whole length of a grand little river, and it's chockfull of trout. A good hundred and fifty feet from edge to edge, it is, and thrice that or more in length, shouldered on one side by the hill and fringed in by scrub willow on the other, with a depth that runs to five or six feet in the maze of channels and sub-channels and pockets among a vast dumping ground of boulders. Through it all the restless, eager volume of the river moves in a flow as strong and immeasurable as an army on the march, with a thousand minor halts and hastenings which are but incidents in the main advance.

Thigh-deep in the midst of it, Larry Ashley was hard at work—and when he works it is a sight for all who can appreciate the fine essence of Izaak Walton's craft! Cold, concentrated, accurate to the last inch, he was feeling out yard after yard of that noble

water with the sensitiveness of a compass needle. Man, rod and line seemed one, a perfectly coordinated unit, every tissue of which had but one aim—the control of that single gray-brown fleck of feathered steel that floated and soared and floated again like a thing of sentient life. It was superb, masterful, the essence of skill—but it didn't get results. Though we watched for a good hour, not a single fish rose to that jauntily drifting fly. When we called out to Ashley a query as to his luck, the only response was a curt "Nothing."

"'Twould appear they do be on bottom-feed, no less," O'Meara muttered, "though why they would be on so grand a day is more than Sir Ike himself could be after explaining. The odds on the Scot go up, me lads!"

It seemed that way, for when we'd got back to where Bob McIver was slogging through the last of the Big Rift we found that he'd added four more to his creel for a total weight of nearly five pounds. He floundered and slogged over to the bank for a smoke with us—his first pause, I guess, since the match began—and we knew by the deepened lines of his face that the incessant battering assault of the heavy water was beginning to tell even on his rugged strength.

"Take it easy, Bob," Tommy advised. "You're miles ahead. We've just left Ashley down by the trestle, and he hasn't taken a blooming fingerling. You have him licked to a frazzle. How are the minnies holding out?"

"Fair, considerin' the brawness o' the river—it canna but wear the very scales from off their backs. But tell me, lads, is ma young friend o' the flies a wee bit discouraged, like?"

Father O'Meara nodded. "I'm thinking he is, though he'd not show it to us. 'Tis casting like nothing human, he is."

"Aye, he's na quitter, flies or na flies. 'Tis best I have a sup o' somethin' and gae back to ma knittin' of a still better advantage."

So we hauled out the sandwiches and thermos of coffee from the car, sat around while Bob consumed enough of them to keep a section gang going, and then, when he and Meggie had resumed their respective fishing and watching, drove back to The Four Maples for our own lunch.

The early afternoon was hot and we loafed on the veranda until four o'clock or so before Joe Cleaves got up energy enough to drive downstream and check up again on Larry Ashley. By that time Bob had reached the head of the Big Bend Pool, and we could see him from the bank back of the house.

"The home stretch do be near at hand, no less," Father O'Meara chuckled. "Come, b'ye, we'll take the meadow path and lend him the courage of our presence."

The Scotchman was badly tuckered, for ten hours in the big rifts of the Esopus are tough on even as hard a block as he. His creed as a minnow man took him into the roughest of the heavy water, and he was paying the price. But his creel sagged under a weight of trout the like of which we hadn't seen for many a day, and the half of him that was visible above the surface of the pool radiated triumph.

"I must hae close to eight pound," he called to us, "if a mon may judge by the feeling of a creel. Guid fish, too, of an average size that I've nae seen bested. What news from St. Simon-Pure?"

"Joe's out reconnoitering now," I called back. "He ought to report pretty soon."

And he did! He came plunging through the willow scrub like an anxious bull moose, and his face was a portentous length. "Larry's into 'em!" he announced excitedly. "In the long run below the Coldbrook Bridge. They're jumping crazy to a big hatch of Olive Duns, and he's pickin' 'em off like a sharpshooter—nice ones!"

"How many has he?" Bob asked, sloshing over to the bank.

"Nine or ten—and they're coming fast. I watched him take two and they weighed better than a half-pound each. He's hard after you, Old Man!"

Bob nodded grimly. "Aye—but I'm na licked yet! There's the Two-channel stretch, ye know—the grandest place o' them a'."

"But good Lord, man, you're not going to tackle that in this high water, are you? Why, not even you could get through it!"

"Necessity is a verra guid driver," McIver commented dryly. "Coom, Meggie lass. 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'"

I've seen a lot of tense fishing situations, but never one that for cold-blooded, prolonged suspense could compare with what the next couple of hours brought as the sunlight climbed the mountains to the east and shadows deepened imperceptibly in the valley.

Far downstream from the rocky point where Meggie and the rest of us established headquarters the spidery span of the bridge linked high banks. Below it, midway of the silvery broad highway of the stream, Larry Ashley was silhouetted against the sheen. Even at that distance we could see him bend every now and then, arm outstretched, as he netted another fish.

Sharply in contrast to the peacefulness of that view was the tumult of the waters near at hand where Bob McIver fought his way down the Two-channel stretch, literally risking his life in the hope of creeling some of the mighty trout which lay in that treacherous turmoil. Brawn against brawn, lurching, leaning, feeling cautiously for footing which he could not see, he edged through a dozen tight places where, had his hobnails failed, the rush of the river would have ended his fishing for all time. And always—ahead, on this side and that—his minnow sank and twisted and twitched as he kept it ceaselessly at work.

It was thrilling, daring, crammed with uncertainty. But in the end it came to nought, for not a single fair strike could the Scotchman

get, try as he might. Out of the maelstrom he came at last, dead beat out, as dusk was drawing in. He said:

"Ma last minnie's gone, lads—whipped awa' in the rapids. I'll hae to stand or fa' on the record as it's writ in here." And he shifted his sagging waterlogged creel to ease its drag on his shoulder.

Through the gathering shadows we made our way to the bridge below which, seemingly tireless and with his cold determination unshaken, Ashley still cast methodically. He glanced up, saw Bob and called:

"What's the matter, there? It won't be dark for another half-hour—time enough for you to catch an eel, maybe."

"I'm through," Bob replied unemotionally. "Ma bait's used up and there's nae time to get more."

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Cross-Word Puzzle

By Hazel Erler, Glendale, 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: Miss M. C. Bevano, Linden, N. J.; William Cole, Represa, Calif.; Frank A. Furner, Battle Creek, Mich.; Mrs. Alicia R. Holden, Pasadena, Calif.; and R. Simmons, Monmouth, Ill.

"Alibi," Larry sneered. Presently he reeled in, felt his way ashore, and joined us. "You've quit—eh?" he addressed Bob.

"I'm willing to concede that the match is over. I'll stand on ma record. Have ye the scales, Feyther?"

"That I have!" O'Meara rejoined. "And I'll have ye all know they're correct to the last hapenny of weight. String ye'r catches on these two len'ths of twine, both of ye!"

In dead silence they followed the old priest's instructions, threading the cords through gill after gill. Ashley finished first, knotted his string ends and handed the catch to O'Meara.

We gathered close as the gauge on the scale shot downward. Somebody lighted a match. Its flare etched sharply the circle of intent faces.

"Eight pound, thirteen ounces. 'Tis a good mess, Ashley." A pause, and then:

"Ar-re ye ready, Bob?"

Again the match, the breathless scrutiny of that wavering marker. It sank, rose a little, settled to a stop. O'Meara's eyes were slits, his thin mouth a gash.

"Seven pound ten. Ye win, Ashley!"

For a minute nobody spoke—one of those dumb silences that come with sharp reaction. Then Larry Ashley did his characteristic stuff:

"Naturally, I win—bait hasn't a chance against flies properly used. And I'm going to win by a bigger margin yet, just to clinch the thing. You may be willing to quit, McIvor, but I'm not. This match isn't over until full dark, you may remember."

Nice sporting speech, wasn't it? Talk about socking a man when he's down! I could have hugged Bob for the self-control with which he remarked dryly to Tommy Wentworth:

"A great mon once said, lad, that 'tis not all of fishing to fish."

"I hope he breaks his — neck," Joe Cleaves growled as Ashley slithered down the bank again. "No chance, though—he's made it. Well, maybe he'll get drowned, instead. Let's wait and see."

There did indeed seem to be some likelihood of Larry Ashley's getting into serious difficulties, for the big pool for which he was heading is no easy place to reach under the best conditions, and with the stream high and darkness coming on it's a mighty ticklish job. So the whole gang of us leaned elbows on the bridge rail and watched his precarious, floundering progress.

IT WAS a still, warm evening, the air above the stream alive with gnats and flies among which several bats darted and fluttered and dived busily. Here, there and everywhere the trout were breaking leisurely, as though nearly satiated with good eating. In a little time the rise would probably stop, but meanwhile Larry had an excellent chance to rub in his victory still more.

He had put on a big fan-wing Royal Coachman—large as a bass fly. From the bridge we could see the white spot of it floating on the water twenty feet below us.

Darker and darker. Stars began to wink out, the outlines of the trees on the bank blurred. In another quarter-hour even the last of the twilight would be gone.

Suddenly, up from the gloom directly under the bridge came a faint fluttering sound and a disgusted exclamation from Larry:

"I've snagged one of those damned bats. Tangled my leader and fell out there in the pool, by the feel of things. Well, it's about—hey, what the—!"

Every one of us jumped, I guess; the blank astonishment in those words would have startled an ox. And when they were followed instantly by a shrill whine as Larry's reel spun madly, we knew what they meant. Somehow, somewhere, he had hooked into a real old dog trout, and the battle was on!

And it was a battle! We couldn't see what was happening, but in the vibrant, pulsating summer darkness it was as though we could actually feel every rush, every sloshing flurry on the surface, every slow, halting recovery of line. It seemed an age before our ears told us that the trout was weakening. Came more halting clicking as Ashley reeled in, and finally his voice out of a long, long silence:

(Continued on page 44)

1	2	3		4		5		6		7		8	9	10
11				12				13				14		
15			16			17	18			19	20			
					21									
22		23		24		25				26		27		28
		29			30					31				
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41			42					43			44		45	
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					56									
57		58		59		60				61		62		63
64				65								66		
67						68				69				

Across

- 1—Sleeping vision
- 5—Interdict
- 7—Declare
- 11—An instrument of propulsion
- 12—Beverage
- 13—Short poem
- 14—Male child
- 15—Seed
- 17—Recede
- 19—Lukewarm
- 21—Pierces
- 22—Bird
- 25—Cunning
- 26—Language not in verse
- 29—Dispatched
- 31—Part
- 32—Ourselves
- 34—Peruse
- 36—Breezy
- 37—Preposition
- 38—Depressed
- 39—Supernatural act
- 40—A unit
- 41—Pronoun
- 42—Sly
- 43—A volcano in Sicily

- 45—One
- 46—Troubles
- 48—Agitate
- 50—Appears
- 52—Cooking utensil
- 54—Parts of bed
- 56—Claw
- 57—Field of contest
- 60—An insect's egg
- 61—Worship
- 64—Quarrel
- 65—Teaching
- 66—Employ
- 67—Crown
- 68—Guided
- 69—Praise

- 20—Near the beginning of a period of time
- 22—Relations
- 23—Conjunction
- 24—Foes
- 26—Father and mother
- 27—Concerning
- 28—Lengthens
- 30—Posterior appendages
- 31—Handles
- 33—Rested
- 35—Arid
- 36—Noted aviator
- 37—Curious scraps of literature
- 42—Female adult persons
- 44—Was sick
- 46—You and I
- 47—Spite
- 49—Sun god
- 51—Mistake
- 52—Rectangular piece set in a frame
- 53—Observed
- 55—The trunk of a human body
- 57—Part of circle
- 58—Female sheep
- 59—Suitable
- 61—Consumed
- 62—Not in
- 63—Elongated fish

Down

- 1—Animal
- 2—Scarcer
- 3—Period of time
- 4—Human being
- 5—Vegetables
- 6—Stylish
- 7—Place
- 8—Snake
- 9—Labors
- 10—Finish
- 16—Interior
- 18—Stop

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 63

(Continued from page 43)

"Turn a light here, somebody, while I net this brute."

We dug out a flashlight and the sudden beam stabbed downward, laying a circle of weird luminance on the water.

"Holy cats!" Joe Cleaves gasped. "Look at the size of him! Careful, man, for the love of Pete—"

But Larry Ashley needed no warning. Calculating, coldly masterful, he worked the exhausted fish nearer and nearer. A feeble, wavering swing back toward the deep water, checked by the inexorable pressure of the rod. Another, shorter and weaker. The net was motionless in the water, waiting. Larry's left arm moved up and back, putting on the final strain. A breathless, pounding minute, then a sweeping stroke that caught the big trout cleanly and lifted him, flopping futilely, out of the water.

"THERE—I guess I've proved my point enough so that nobody can have a come-back, even if that damn bat did spoil my cast," Ashley boasted a few minutes later as he gained the bridge. "Look—hooked away down in the throat. Hang him on the scales, O'Meara, so I'll know by just how much I've licked this old minnow-drowner. Barely under three, eh? Then you owe me those fifty bucks by a margin of about four pounds, McIvor."

Then, for the first time, Father O'Meara spoke, and in his voice was that portentous smoothness which, with him, means that his thoughts are far ahead of his words:

"'Tis me understanding thot to-day's match was a matter of flies forninst bait, pure and simple—eh? And thot meself is the sole referee and arbiter of the outcome?"

"Correct," snapped Larry Ashley. "Furthermore, thot 'twas in no sense a contest of man versus man, but just a ques-



Yessir, Bill—this little shrimp is a real artist

Trouper

(Continued from page 9)

of these days, Winnie ran from the taxicab which had brought her to the show-lot from necessary shopping, dodged guy ropes and ragged stake heads, and sped through the tangled activities of the backlot with the gnawing knowledge that she was late for performance.

Joe was already in costume, pacing the carpeted space in front of their dressing tent.

"Try to make it as fast as you can," he begged. "He's been here three times, asking about you."

"I'll try," she gasped and leaped within, clawing at her dress fastenings. The equestrian director's whistle sounded as she was tying the ankle tapes of her riding pumps. She swung forth from the tent as the music changed, and panting, joined her husband and Pop just as they stepped into the ring. The old man snapped:

"And you call yourself a trouper!"

Old Barry cracked his whip. The horse began its steady pacing about the ring. The act was on, with nuances of which the audience knew nothing. They could not hear the sharp comments as the girl momentarily lost her balance or the gray-haired man's sarcasm as he swung to straddling position behind her on the three-fork.

"Give me room there! Do you want the whole horse?"

Up on the neck of the horse, Joe Reade's face grew grayer and his jaws set. The music changed; they came to the ground smiling—for the audience only. Then, as the girl and Joe went to a double routine, Pop Reade stood posed at the ring curb, arms folded, head up. Again he saw the sun glint in the girl's hair, and her young form fly through the air as Winnie did the once-over above her husband's shoulders. A hint of long-gone days struck Pop Reade, to be quickly submerged.

"Mary was a trouper!" he answered himself.

The act ended. At the back door, Pop uttered a sharp command, as his son and daughter-in-law started toward their tent. They turned, Joe with a queer twitching of the lips and a tightening of the forehead, the girl plainly nervous. She took a step forward.

"Pop," she begged. "I'm just terribly sorry."

"Being sorry doesn't help. Only one thing can make a riding act—discipline. I'm fining you fifty dollars!"

"Try to get it!" Joe Reade had swerved forward, his fists clenched. Winnie blocked him.

"It's his act," she said quietly. She had become very white; her hands knitted jerkily. "That's his right—if he wants to use it." Then suddenly she turned her head and blinked swiftly, as if to clear her eyes. For an instant, she stood with head raised; as quickly the strength left her shoulders. A coughing cry came from her throat; then she ran, blindly for her dressing tent. Joe Reade faced his father.

"Try to make that fine stick!" he demanded. "Try it—you, dragging along in this act while Winnie and I shield you!"

His hand raised, as if to seize the words and drag them back. Suddenly he turned, running for the dressing tent, and Winnie.

But she was not prostrate within as he had expected to find her. Instead, the tears still on her cheeks, she sat on the stool before her makeup mirror, a taut little figure in silk and spangles, looking with set eyes on things far beyond. There was no response when he bent to kiss her.

"Joe," she said in a quiet monotone, "I want to go."

"Go? Go where, Winnie?"

"There's a telegram under the cover on my trunk. It came this morning, while you were in the big top."

The man moved. There was a rustle of paper. "The World's Famous," he said thinly.

"It's for a single act," came in that monotone.

"This is the third time they've wired me."

Joe could only stare for a moment.

"You mean—you'd go without me?"

Winnie's lips trembled.

"Isn't it the sensible thing, Joe? He's made me an outsider, stealing his act and you—"

Her voice broke.

"Winnie, it's you who's saved the act. You know that."

"He thinks differently. It's his act, and he wants me out of it. I'm going, Joe."

Joe Reade did not answer at once. He only paced slowly, one fist pounding slowly into an

tion of the two methods?" Father O'Meara paused.

"Certainly. But why the cross-examination?"

"One more question, and I'll set yer mind at rest, Mistor Ashley. Did I understand ye to say thot a bat fouled yer cast?"

"Yes, damn him! Made a dive at the fly in the air, I suppose, got tangled in the end of the leader and brought the whole works down on the water."

"And then this owld dog of a trout rose, I take it," chuckled the priest. "Well, 'tis meself thinks ye may have good cause to curse little leather-wings, me lad. Hold the light close, Tommy, till we see."

HE lifted the big trout by the tail. In the white light from the pocket torch the fish showed fat and burly—unusually fat, it seemed, around the gullet. The father curved a hand around that corpulent belly. A moment of sliding pressure, and then, from the half-open mouth, a dead bat slid and dropped suddenly to the bridge floor.

Larry Ashley snorted. "That's the beast! These big brownies will grab most anything that moves, when they're in the mood."

"Ye're right. I'm thinking this owld dog never thought to find a fly-hook tangled around a heaven-sent morsel o' flesh and fur. 'Tis plain as daylight, Brother Ashley, that ye have been confounded by yer own greed for triumph. 'Twas the bat, not the fly, thot took leviathan's fancy. Be the same token, three pound o' bait-caught trout do be hereby added to Bob McIvor's score, not yours. And if thot red-headed Scotch son-of-a-minnow doesn't appreciate the victory this gives him, I do, be the Powers!"

open palm. At last he came behind her, his hot hands resting on her bare shoulders.

"It won't make any difference between us, Winnie?" he asked at last.

She looked up swiftly, her hands catching his and pulling them lower, tight against her breast.

"Would you let it?"

"No. But I'm afraid. A husband with one show, his wife with another."

The girl's lips trembled.

"Your place is with Pop," she said. The man bit his lips. Finally he broke away, into his pacing again.

"Oh, I don't know what's wrong with him!" he burst forth. "Trying to keep going when he's through—been through for a year. But he wouldn't believe it if the whole world told him. There's the trouble. He wouldn't blame himself or me if I quit him—he'd say it was you. That you'd deliberately taken me away from him."

THE girl rose, going dully about her changing of costume.

"That's why you can't quit, Joe." Suddenly she whirled, her reserve gone. Sobbing now, she sought her husband's arms, clinging to him, her head buried against his throat. "Joe," she begged, "what have I done, that he should resent me so?"

Joe Reade could only surmise the obvious—a girl from the outside. Being young himself, he knew but little of the struggles of the old, striving to stay where youth crowded in.

That night, Pop Reade, very straight and with his head high, swung into a position slightly in front of his son and daughter-in-law as they waited beside the bandstand for their entrance into the ring.

"You two dress the ring to-night," he commanded brusquely. "Except for the leaps and three-forks, for a finish."

Winnie was silent. Joe regarded him curiously.

"You mean you'll do a principal act?"

"This is a big town." Pop Reade answered. His cheeks well flushed, and there was a hint of youthful fire in his eyes. "We'll see about these people who drag along in an act!"

The whistle blew. The music veered into the canter of the riding act. Old Barry trotted forward, a dappled percheron beside him. Pop Reade bent his knees, flexing age-stiffened muscles. Swiftly he crossed the ring, and with a leap was on the back of the horse. It had taken effort; more, the excessive energy of a straight leap without the aid of a jumping board, had sent sharp pains through muscles no longer capable of great strain. But that knowledge was for him alone; apparently the feat had been one of comparative ease. The same was true of the one-footed balances, of the backbends and forwards into which he veered, once he had established his balance. He bunched his muscles and forced himself into greater exertions. His body twisted into a pirouette, then into a double; the force of movement caused excessive twinges about his ribs and his shoulder blades. He all but misjudged his footing.

"Keep this horse paced!" he snapped at Old Barry.

"It's paced," the groom answered.

The ring horse had not missed a step in years. Atop his back, Pop Reade set himself again, and swung into a series of flip-flops. They meant fresh exertion, and they sent the blood pounding in his temples. But he made them, and then, dropping to the ground, he bowed to the audience, awaiting his applause.

It came in scattered waywardness. Many of the spectators, after the first few moments, had fallen to watching the Wandells down at one end, or the Connados, at the other. Something seemed lacking about the center ring—as though the act there were old-fashioned.

A new horse had entered the ring now, broader and slower. Pop went to his back. He was breathing hard now, and a slight trembling had come into his knees. But he forced himself on. So he was old, eh? Dragging along with the act!

Again he went into pirouettes and bends, to the knees and up again, and a rotation of riding positions. Time was when an audience would have cheered for these feats. But that was when Pop Reade was young Al Reade—now they only glanced in his direction when the other equestrians were changing horses, or the clowns, filling in between the breaks of the act, failed to amuse. At the ring entrance, ill at ease, almost awkward, Winnie and Joe waited, in suffering. Pop Reade came to the ground

again, and took his bow. The applause was even less now.

A flush of hot, unreasoning anger went over the old performer. His teeth gritted. He shot into a new series of stunts, on the ground and up to the horse's back, hand stands, more pirouettes, and finally with the summoning of every atom of strength he commanded, the somersaults. They brought a suppressed groan with the pain of that tendon, but he accomplished them. Covering a limp, shaking now from over-exertion, he came to the ground. Time had been when there would have been a thunder of applause for Al Reade at the finish of an act like this. But now the audience only saw an old man, bowing after a flashless somersault. Angered, hurt, his pride driving his anguished muscles on to new endeavors, Pop Reade swung about for the beginning of the series of leaps that would lead to the three-fork and the finish of the act.

Here, Winnie and Joe joined him. The music was swifter now; the movements of the finish horse quickened in unison. Upon the horse and off of it, they went, first one up, then two and three; Winnie and Joe rising lightly; Pop forcing himself upward. Muscles were protesting, and becoming slower of response. Then Joe shot forward into the side-balanced, spraddled leap that would send him into riding position on the horse's shoulders, the first of the three-forks. Winnie followed, and struck behind him, clinging to him. Pop set himself, ran with all his strength across the ring, leaped—then sprawled dazedly in an attempt to pull himself closer. He had missed.

There was a blurred instant in which his arms outstretched in an effort to catch Winnie and pull himself to the horse's back, in which he cried out. He had misjudged completely; old eyes had failed to gauge correctly the distance, old muscles would not allow him to double into a tumbling fall by which he had saved himself many times in younger days. He was sprawling, high in the air, striving to turn, and failing, as with catapulting speed, he shot above the ring curb, beyond the horse and headed straight for the hippodrome track, with its collection of ragged-topped net stakes, and rough-edged properties and rigging, piled against a quarter-pole.

Suddenly something blurred before him. There was an impact. He fell, tangled with another form. They struck the ground, there

came a faint cry, and Pop Reade rolled free, uninjured. Swiftly, with the old impulse of the performer, he came to his feet, suddenly halting in his plan of a bow and a return to the ring. That streaking form which had met him in mid-air had been Winnie. Now she lay on the ground, unable to rise. Blood was flowing from a shoulder. Her left arm was limp. Joe, white and sweating, had leaped to a kneeling position beside her, striving to pull her free from the ragged-topped net stakes into which she had been driven by the falling force of Pop's body. Flame flashed through the old performer's brain.

"What did you do it for?" he snapped. "I could have taken the tumble!" It was his tone more than his words that her eyes answered. She did not speak. She only looked up at him, with a look which bored him through, stripping him of pretense, flaying him in their silent denunciation. They shamed him and reviled him, telling him more swiftly than words just why she had done this thing—because he was old and she was young, because young flesh and young bones could suffer what age could not. They shamed him for his lack of gratitude, they scared him like the double points of white-hot steel—then suddenly they softened.

"I DIDN'T mean to be so clumsy, Pop," she begged. Joe bent silently above her, gathering her up tenderly. The grandstand roared with applause as he passed with her on the way around the ring and out the back door. Pop Reade followed slowly, his shoulders slumped. There was no applause for him.

Two hours passed. The music faded from the big top, the shadows of the audience faded from against the side-walls. Getaway teams clanked through the back-door to the rattle of seats and the clatter of jacks and planks. Outside the little dressing tent, Pop Reade sat and stared. People came and went ceaselessly. Everyone was anxious about Winnie; few paused to speak to him. He truly noticed none of them; he saw only that pair of eyes, still accusing, stripping him free of delusion and bringing him face to face with that which he no longer could evade. He was old. He was through. And he lived to-night in safety and in health only because of a thoroughbred. After a long time, he rose and went within—one of many

(Continued on page 46)



Looking out at dawn on Rainier National Park from Wahpenayo Peak

(Continued from page 45)

times he had fussed about in there, striving to force himself through the Gethsemane which every old performer must pass. At last, it had been done. He knelt beside her where she lay on an improvised couch, a shoulder and arm bandaged.

For a moment he found himself at a loss how to begin.

"Well, Little Trouper," he began, with a faint attempt at gaiety, "I never thought I'd get old enough to miss a three-fork." She raised her free hand to pat his wrinkled one.

The Mystery of the Glass Bullet

(Continued from page 22)

"Dick!"

With a curiously mechanical effect Mr. Bunn, Lady Cedar and Fortworth moved swiftly out of the room, brushing Sing and Bloom before them. . . .

"I'm sorry about that! I—wanted to please them. I oughtn't to have sprung it on them quite so suddenly!" babbled Mr. Bunn, apologetically. "I see that. It was poor judgment . . . but we've all been worked up a bit to-night. . . . D'ye think they'll be all right?"

Lady Cedar's slim white hands gripped him, one to each shoulder, and shook him. Tears were running openly down her face. . . .

"Oh, you!" she said, with a queer passion in her voice. "Men are all alike. . . ."

Mr. Bunn then turned to his men. "Very well done, my lads. I'll remember this!" he said. "Sing, get to bed—you're all but all in! Bloom, fetch the whiskey! Help yourself on the way!"

"But, man, where did you get him from—no a soul guessed. . . ."

"I found him, half-conscious, in Friarsmark when you had gone to fetch Wheel. That butler told me the strange story about that awful place. I had to scare him a bit—threaten him—you know—before he would speak. Finally he took me to him. The servants understood he was a patient of Sow Foon's, undergoing a cure for some strange Asiatic disease. I had the idea of this little surprise then. I got him out of the house to Alison's car, and the butler drove him over to this place to be given quietly in charge of Bloom until I returned. Cedar gave me a bit of a shock when she spoke of 'such good news'. I thought the butler had messed the thing up and that Cedar had seen Dick. But he did very well—he and Bloom between them!"

"Huh!" said Fortworth. "I suppose it's all right, but it was bit too dramatic for my fancy. Still, you always were a dramatic old devil when you got the chance!"

So, except for the clearing up by the police, ended the affair which Mr. Bunn always afterward referred to as his "do with those man-eaters from Mors."

Just as soon as they felt it fitting to intrude on the united family, Lady Cedar, Mr. Bunn and his partner, went in to congratulate them. But old Mr. Wiseacre, as Smiler, in terrifically high spirits, insisted on referring to himself, would by no means permit that to be a long *seance!* One swift, shrewd glance at the three Americans showed him what was needed now.

"Well, that's that," he said in a voice that still vibrated with triumphant excitement though he deceived himself that it was Napoleonic curt and business-like. "All's

"Don't say that, Pop. It might have been the horse."

"Sure," said Joe, "it might have been the horse, Pop." He shook his head, a tousled head, with the gray hair tumbling over a lined forehead.

"No—it was me." His hands gripped for an instant, tight, until they were white and tense. Slowly, they relaxed. Again, Pop Reade raised his head, with an air of brightness. "Still, you never can tell about horses—an inch out of line makes an awful lot of difference with an old man." His hands twitched, as if they were

well—no harm done except what can be repaired. And the sooner we set about the repairs the better, hey, Davy Clark! What the Vanesterman family needs more than anything else is sleep! Sleep and a little peace and quietness. They're going to get it. The car's ready and waiting outside and I'm here to run you all over to Maiden Fain! . . . How's that?"

It was so startlingly sensible that they made it so.

Fortworth would have come also—but was not permitted.

"No, Squire!" said Mr. Bunn flatly. "Stay home, finish, say, another whiskey, take one up to bed with you, and sleep things off. A little drop of Scotch never hurt any man who's been bit about by serpents, devenomed or otherwise, the way he has, hey, Cedar?"

Cedar agreed emphatically. So, as the car rolled away, Fortworth took his prescribed medicine without much difficulty and did what Messrs. Bloom and Sing had already done—namely, crawled into bed and immediately told himself that he was "damned glad to get there."

So it was that just as the first faint livid light of dawn crept across the eastern sky, Mr.

reaching for a last, filmy shred of importance. "Barney wants to go back to grooming. I think I'll let him. Not take any more chances, you know. Wouldn't need to worry then, Little Trouper—" his head raised higher—"with old Pop there in the center of the ring! No horse would ever break his pace with me as the ringmaster!"

Swiftly Joe knelt beside him. "Gee! That'd be great, Pop." Winnie laughed softly. She snuggled closer, despite the twinges of a disturbed broken arm. For suddenly, all thought of pain had travelled far away.

pays too, ha ha! And if the gang hadn't killed Gene Reymar, I don't suppose I would ever have brought my natural gifts to bear on the thing at all. And the thing would have gone on till time hardened the Vanestermans to the point of declining to pay more blackmail and then Sow Foon would have played his last big card and—for as many millions of dollars as he could get—have worked out his scheme of restoring Dick Vanesterman to his people." Mr. Bunn's face hardened. "God, what a wicked thing it was. Sounds impossible—but it wasn't so to a man with the money, the brains and the scientific knowledge of the old Sow."

He rose, wearily. "Yes, if ever a man knew about drugs Sow Foon did. You've got to know 'em to keep a man like Dick continuously under their influence for nearly a year without killing him or wrecking him forever. But it wasn't an ordinary drug—another of Sow's scientific novelties, I suppose, and the secret of it died with him—thanks to me. Good. I shall lose no sleep over it. Even so, it would have been a rough journey for all if Carnac and Yung Foon hadn't fallen in love with Alison, too. They all fall in love with Alison—am in love with her myself—or should be if I was about thirty years younger. Ah, well—so it goes."

He yawned, emptied his glass, reached for the decanter, then checked his hand.

"Nunno—" he said. "Enough's as good as a bath! If I don't look out I shall be very nearly in danger of being on the way to getting tight! Shouldn't care to get tight to-night! It wouldn't be right—damme, that sounds like poetry!"

He ambled off to bed, muttering to himself. "But man alive, what a death-roll. Let's look—Gene Reymar, Gamekeeper Cooper, Mac-Corque, Carnac, Sow Foon and Yung Foon! Six dead men! And it's only by a miracle my partner isn't dead, too."

He chuckled. "But he isn't dead—he's a rum 'un—what was it he said just now: 'I'm poisonous, too! Ha ha! Extraordinary chap—remarkable old cock—a real rum 'un, my old partner!'"

He laughed—perhaps just a shade tightly!

Then, he, too, crawled into bed.

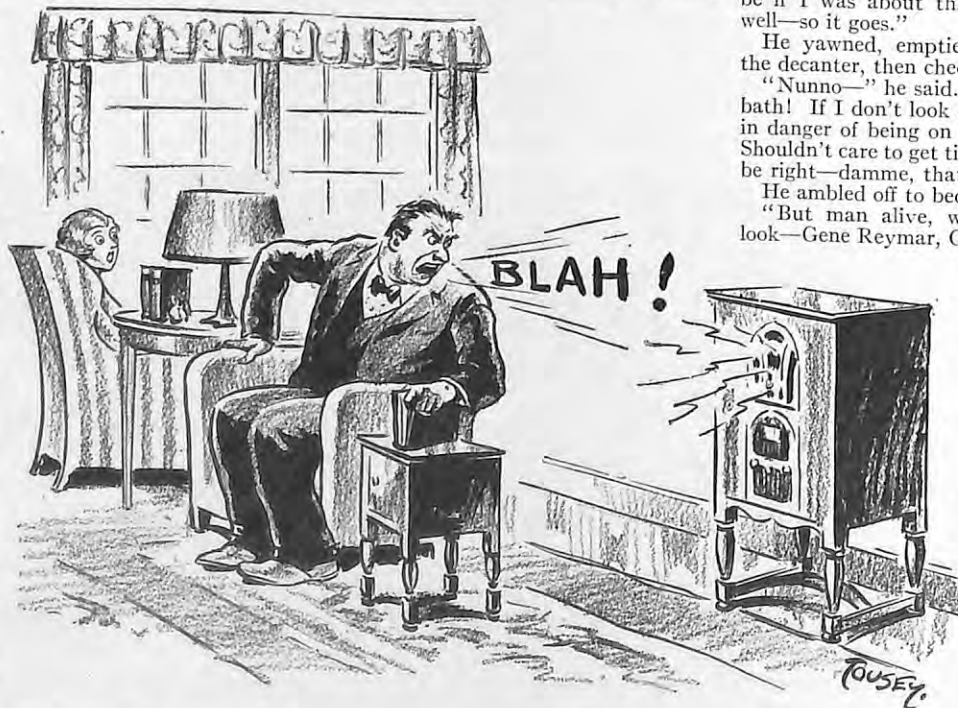
There was no difficulty about the casualties at Friarsmark. The story which Dick Vanesterman was quite fit enough to tell in a crowded coroner's court, a week later, so definitely cleared up any and every doubt about the type of men whom Mr. Bunn, Fortworth and Sing had "cleaned up" so efficiently.

They had been stark murderers—even multi-murderers—and only a fool would have suggested that the partners' deadly activities at Friarsmark or Sing's at Chalkacres had been in the nature of anything but sheer self defense.

Dick's detailed account of the expedition made all clear.

From the moment when, waterless and on the point of death, he and the deserted men had

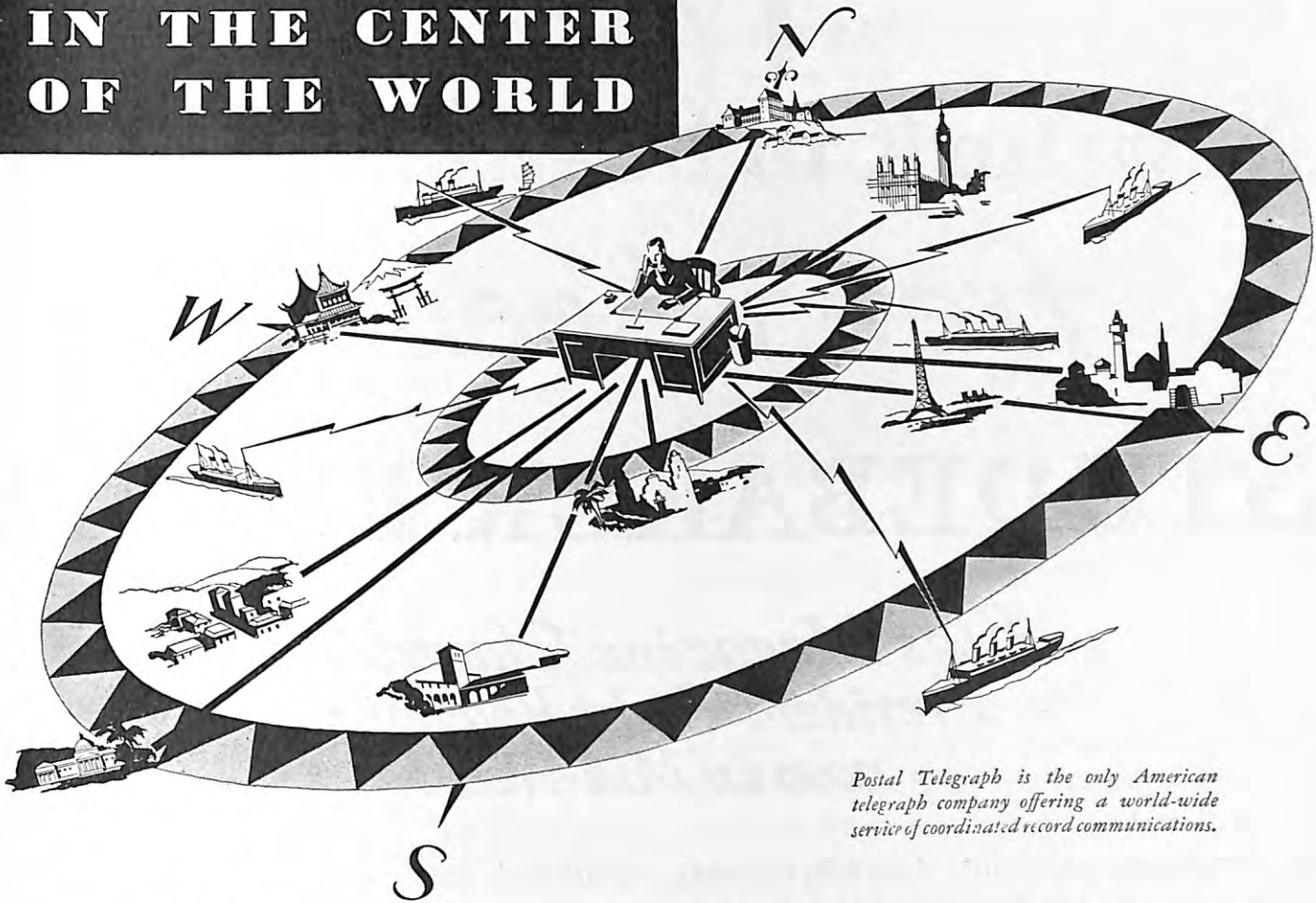
(Continued on page 50)



Smiler Bunn let himself into the house, and entering the library, sat for a few moments alone in communion with himself, a trifle of whiskey and a last cigar.

"A bad gang—well blotted out. Well, well, it just shows that there's no such thing in this world as a perfectly faultless, watertight crime—though it was almighty near it. Yes—as near a master-crime as ever I came across. Only an accident blew it up, the accident that Gene Reymar fell in love with Alison—an easy accident, that—and somehow or other found out the truth about Dick. Lord knows how—but these New York reporters will find out any mortal thing from the mystery of the devil's income tax upwards—for I s'pose he

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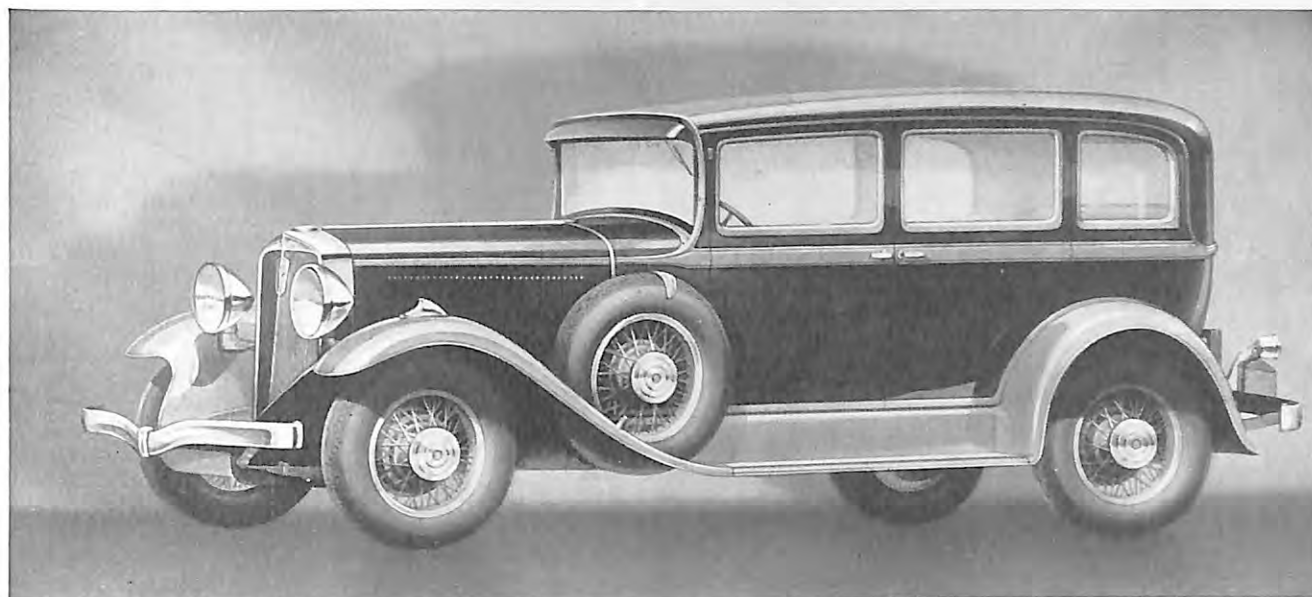
Old friendships renewed, and new ones made! And not least will be their affectionate regard for the swift and sturdy mounts that sped them so pleasantly from Broadway to Puget Sound!

A man simply can't drive a Free Wheeling President Eight that far without developing an enduring

attachment for its swift and silent power, its staunch safety and the delightful driving, riding ease which Studebaker Free Wheeling brings.

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STUDEBAKER

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS... PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

(Continued from page 46)

reeled to a standstill and fallen to die, in the bitter and poisonous desert of Morsalbana, to the point where he woke up, a prisoner in one of Sow Foon's houses in Rio de Janeiro, he remembered only one thing—and that only as one remembers a nightmare—the return from the waterhole of Carnac, Yung Foon, and Mac-Corque, to save him (for their own purposes) and to massacre the already dying men with him in order to blot out the last living witness to the truth about the expedition.

They had made very sure of that.

It had been a terrible story—ameliorated only, at its end, by Anson Vanesterman's quiet promise, publicly given, to place the dependents of those dead men, lying forever out in that impenetrable desert, beyond all reach of want.

Scotland Yard had taken full charge of Friarsmark and was cleaning up there. Scotland Yard is an institution which can be relied upon to clean up pretty nearly anything thoroughly.

Nobody claimed the snakes—so these sinewy participants in the affair were going to the Zoo to be held till some claimant, if any, rose.

Mr. Bunn and Fortworth went over a little morbidly to bid them what Smiler cryptically described as a "sailor's farewell," the day before they were removed.

IT WAS a broiling hot day and the beasts were making the most of the blazing sun.

But somehow they did not look quite the same to Smiler. Even the painted Russell's vipers looked a little shabby and unreal. It was some form of reaction, no doubt, but to Mr. Bunn they seemed smaller and more uninteresting. Rather like theatrical

scenery looked at in broad daylight. But they were real enough, though that mattered not at all to him. He would never walk among them again. They might be in the haunts of their ancestors for all he cared.

"All on parade, present and correct," said Smiler, shrugging his shoulders, as he and Fortworth hung over that moat wall. "There must be thousands of 'em! Wonder which one got you!"

"You don't have to wonder—" said Fortworth. "He ain't out—probably he's coiled up in his hole, somewhere—getting well."

"How d'you know?" demanded Mr. Bunn.

"Man alive, I've got eyes in my head. That snake I fought was ten times the size of any snake here!"

"Oh, was it?" said Mr. Bunn a trifle feebly.

"Fine specimen, evidently. . . Well, had enough of 'em? I have. How the devil I ever had nerve enough to go through 'em in the dark I shall never understand as long as I live!"

"No—nor me, nor me!"

So they went along and had a look at the ornamental steel gates barring the wide bridge across the moat.

The brown cross-bred who had been gatekeeper for Sow Foon was no longer there, but they knew that Inspector Wheel had explained about him, from Scotland Yard's point of view. He had hung about till the police had told him he could go. Then, without speech, he had collected a bundle of belongings and had gone. Nobody knew whither and certainly neither of the partners cared. Wheel had told them that of the two entrances to Friarsmark House they had chosen the safer when they elected to go through the pit of vipers.

"There was a queer kind of gun in the lodge—a simple catapult sort of thing that fired silently a magazineful of these glass bullets," the de-

tective explained. "It's up in the museum at the Yard now. You can see it anytime you care to come and let me show you round. That half-breed would probably have killed you both with it—if you had tried to get through the gates! . . ."

They looked round but they did not bother to go over the house—not even to see the room in which Mr. Bunn had found Dick Vanesterman drowsy under his drug, and from which Smiler had sent him in care of the butler to Sing and Bloom at Chalkacres, there to await production for Smiler's great—if rather theatrical—surprise.

"Well, there it is," said Mr. Bunn, and lit a cigar. "I shan't grieve if I never see the place again."

His eyes gleamed.

"Though I'm glad we called on Sow Foon when we did! Ready?"



A little laboriously they mounted their riding-cure steeds and headed for Maiden Fain Manor where they were due to lunch. . . .

It was in the nature of a parting entertainment, for the Vanestermans, not unnaturally, had had enough of England for a time and were sailing for home on the *Berengaria* next day.

It was but a mildly festive affair, for reaction had them all in its grip. But if quiet, it was happy. Dick Vanesterman looked already a new man, whatever the secret drug of Sow Foon was that had enchanted him so long, it possessed this virtue, that it left one deprived of it with no sense of deprivation, no lust to renew its acquaintance. . . . Except for Lady Cedar, who was going to America for a time, and Fortworth, they paired off, and exchanged pairs, quite a good deal during the afternoon. For example, Mr. Bunn took a stroll with Dick Vanesterman and it was during this stroll that Dick said yet again—"I owe you my life, Mr. Flood!"

Mr. Bunn's great hand closed on Dick's.

"Consider the debt cancelled," he said.

Dick shook his head.

"Easily said, Mr. Flood. That's the one debt that to me is forever uncancellable."

"So be it, my boy! . . . Pay the bill when I present it!"

Dick shook his head ruefully, and gripped Mr. Bunn's willing hand.

There was nothing much else to do. . . .

With Alison it was just a trifle different.

She was wholly frank.

"You've saved Dick—you've saved something for my father to live for—and it means everything to me, Mr. Flood," she said. "Can't you think of something the Vanestermans can do for you. Do say there's something you want, please! Pretend there's something, if necessary!"

The old adventurer chuckled, and looked at

her—trim, radiant, lovely little American as she was—at her very best, for Dick's sake, for life's sake, for everything's sake!

"Well, yes—there is a thing I'd like, my dear! But just tell me, first—how old are you?"

"Twenty-one!" said Alison.

"It's a nice age," mused Mr. Bunn, and continued: "Have you got anything left on your mind—any worries, anything of that kind?"

"Not now."

"You're free, then—you've got your daddy—you've got Dick—you've got your health, your wealth, your youth and your beauty! And the world's before you, Alison—and all your life!"

"Yes, yes—but it's you we're talking about—what you want—what you would like!"

"I'm coming to that," continued Mr. Bunn, seriously. "I want to hear that you've found somebody much about the style of your brother Dick, say, and married him, my dear! And, presently, all in good time, I'd like to be invited to act as godfather to some little Alison! I'll

come to New York for that purpose, Alison—if you'll promise me just that!"

She looked at him, quietly, and she saw something on his square, heavy, red face that told her he was entirely serious—that her promise would mean something to him.

He looked lonely, she thought. Although he was so capable—so experienced—so easily and massively self-reliant and apparently self-sufficient, yet he looked for a moment, somehow, lonely—like a man who had a secret hunger for something to protect, to guard, to care for.

So she took both his hands and faced him.

"I promise you that," she said, stood impulsively on tiptoe and kissed him.

Mr. Bunn looked a little embarrassed. Many a bland, bald-headed moon had waxed and waned since a girl like Alison had kissed him.

But, as usual, he pulled himself together.

"That's a promise then. You're a good gal, my dear, a good gal and a very brave little gal! And the Old Man will never forget you—nor your promise! Mind you don't forget, either."

She squeezed his hand, laughing.

"I'll keep you posted," she said gaily. . . .

Anson Vanesterman had Mr. Bunn and his partner too closely summed up to say much about his debt to them.

"YOU are too much a man of the world to care to hear me try to explain my notion of what you and your friend have done for me," he said. "But there's just one thing I should like to do, if you'll allow me. . . . It's a queer, up-and-down, in-and-out world, this, Flood, and—one never knows one's luck. There's the matter of these tips to Davy Clark—"

He produced a soiled pound note and a shabby half-crown.

Mr. Bunn thought he was going to return them, and laughed.

"When I give a man a tip, I give it," he said, with a relish. "It's his for himself whether he's a multi-millionaire or a bum!"

"I know," said Vanesterman, rather meekly for him—not, ordinarily, a man of marked humility. "But I wanted to ask you if you would let me give myself the pleasure of investing this matter of one pound two shillings and sixpence on your behalf over a period of a month or two—say three. You to receive anything it produces. I'll send you a strictly accurate record—"

Mr. Bunn stopped him there. He knew, none better, just what Anson Vanesterman owed to

(Continued on page 52)



One of the ELKS' PURPLE AND WHITE FLEET of Studebaker Roadsters snapped by photographers as gleaming cars equipped with Firestone High Speed Heavy Duty Tires are inspected just before start of the transcontinental good-will trip.

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(Continued from page 50)

his fortunate interference in the affair, and he knew, moreover, how difficult the situation was for Vanesterman. After all, the millionaire and his family had nothing more to offer than lifelong gratitude—and money. The first they had given—the second Vanesterman was trying to offer.

Well—money was money.

Mr. Bunn and his partner had had to be up and doing about money far too many times in their curious careers to be high-hat about it.

"Surely, surely," he said right heartily. "I'd be interested—fascinated, in fact—to see what you can do for me with twenty-two shillings and sixpence in three months."

Vanesterman's eyes brightened.

"Good!" he said, and offered his hand.

IT WAS three months later to a day when Mr. Bunn received a letter from America. He finished the refreshment at his elbow, opened his envelope, studied its contents, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction.

"What's the matter—good news?" demanded Fortworth, staring.

Mr. Bunn passed his letter and pressed the bell.

Fortworth read the letter. It was from the financial house of Vanesterman and Son, and in a brief, businesslike way stated that the sum of one pound, two shillings and sixpence handed to Mr. Anson Vanesterman by Mr. Flood had been employed in various speculative transactions by Vanesterman and Son, over a period of three months in accordance with Mr. Flood's wishes, and that Vanesterman and Son now

had the pleasure of forwarding a cheque for the proceeds of such speculative transaction together with a strict accounting thereof.

Fortworth looked at the cheque which Mr. Bunn, without comment, next proffered him.

It was drawn, by Vanesterman and Son, on the Bank of England, in favor of the partners for the sum of Three Hundred and Seventy-seven Thousand Five Hundred and Six Pounds, Nineteen Shillings, and Eleven Pence!

Mr. Bunn looked up at Sing, who had answered the bell and was awaiting his commands.

He spoke quite quietly to the faithful Think—even with a species of grave friendliness.

"Just bring us that last couple of bottles of the champagne, there's a good lad," he said, in a curiously gentle voice. . . .

THE END.

Flood-light Sport

(Continued from page 11)

present moment, the one solution seems to lie in night baseball. I am certain that would draw well in St. Louis, and we certainly mean to bring the matter up."

The colleges, too, are taking note of the possibilities of the nocturnal game. In a report made last autumn to the Associated University of Pennsylvania Clubs by its Committee on Athletics, of which I was a member, consideration of night baseball, "in the hope of at least making this sport self-supporting and thus releasing for other purposes the money now spent to carry it on," was earnestly recommended.

How fandom regards the night game seems clearly demonstrated by attendance figures. How the players themselves regard it may, however, be a different story. In general it appears to be less popular with them than with spectators. Some players protest that it upsets their routine of eating and sleeping with a consequent effect on physical condition. Others say it is often difficult to spot a hot liner in artificial light. But a general verdict of the Baltimore team contradicted this point, and held, instead, that because the field was actually lighter under artificial illumination at night than during most afternoon sessions, the ball could be seen, chased and speared more readily. Many club owners believe that, so far as the minor leagues are concerned, night playing will actually improve the game, since increased receipts will encourage the retention of many stars whom they might otherwise be forced to sell at a profit to the majors.

SEVERAL other interesting and sometimes difficult features mark the nocturnal sport. Games should not, of course, start after eight o'clock, p. m. Yet where daylight saving is in effect, they can not start earlier, because the flood-lights are inefficient until night has actually fallen. For this reason the season for night games can not start in many localities until July, when days are shorter than during the two preceding months. In certain sections, particularly the mountains, even summer nights can be cool enough to discourage attendance. Dew is also a factor demanding consideration, and many parks at which night baseball is played are skinned in both infield and outfield to avoid the slippery effect of wet grass.

Advocates of the Blue Laws would undoubtedly be delighted to know that night baseball appears to diminish attendance at Sunday games. The explanation lies, of course, in the fact that those fans whose work formerly prevented attendance on any other day of the week now may satisfy their interest in the sport by attending at night instead of during the day of rest.

Thus stands the encouraging record of night baseball in a year of unusual financial depression; a record which, undoubtedly, will be surpassed both in interest and in attendance figures during the present season.

In football, one would imagine, interest in night games might be less pronounced. But the opposite is true. Night gridiron contests, played in many communities, have proved just as popular as baseball-under-the-flood-lights.

Drake University, at Des Moines, where Leo Keyser staged his epoch-making baseball

game, is generally regarded as the pioneer of nocturnal college football. It had been played before at night in one or two places, but Drake was the first college to advance the idea from an experiment to a policy. Three seasons ago the team staged the first game of its fall schedule under artificial lights. Results were astounding. Attendance was approximately 350 per cent. greater than at the opening game of the preceding season, played on a perfect autumn Saturday afternoon. At first the increase was attributed to the novelty of the project, but when season attendance records showed a 100 per cent. increase over those of the preceding year, this explanation flopped. Moreover, the records agreed with those of other teams that had adopted the idea. In virtually every instance, attendance increased two or three fold when the starting whistle blew at eight instead of at two p. m.

Temple University, in Philadelphia, offers a most interesting example. After striving for a number of years, with excellent teams, for a place in the football sun, it has established itself in a prominent one under the arc lights. Last season it played many night games, and student attendance alone mounted from a 2,200 to a 4,800 average. In one such game, which I attended, approximately 34,000 spectators filed through the gates. The largest attendance at afternoon games of the preceding season had been 10,000.

Interested by such indications of night football's popularity, the athletic authorities at Temple queried some 11,000 persons on their preference. More than three-fourths of those questioned, including many professional men, voted for the nocturnal games and proved their interest by crowding the stands.

Night football, like night baseball, has its advantages and its problems. Again like night baseball, coaches and players disagree concerning its value, although the box-office cheers it loudly and without qualification. Several coaches have told me that better football is played in the early games under the arc-lights than in the sun. They offer the explanation that the warm weather of late September and early October days is hard on the athletes, while the cooler air of evening puts more pep into their play. Another interesting effect noted is the small number of injuries suffered during night games. This information surprised me, for, as a former coach of wide experience, I suspected that artificial light might increase the possibilities of unexpected collisions and of twisted ankles caused by unseen depressions in the turf. Here again, the fact that the men do not tire so quickly offers a possible explanation, for, as all coaches will agree, the majority of injuries are suffered by players who remain in the game while physically exhausted.

At Temple University, Dr. Frank H. Krusen, team physician, and associate Dean of the School of Medicine, studied this situation carefully and came to much the same conclusion—that the cooler conditions and the consequent lack of exhaustion which mark night games conserve the players' strength sufficiently to enable them to protect themselves from injuries. In mid-season last year, when a number of daylight games were played by Temple, two star

players suffered injuries which kept them out of the line-up several weeks. This, of course, may have been pure coincidence.

Athletic authorities at Temple University believe that night football should not be played in the East later than mid-October, because of the increasing cold at night. But Drake and Duquesne, which has also staged night games with extraordinary success, play under flood-lights until the season's end. At Temple the athletes themselves are enthusiastic over their night schedules, insisting that watching punts by light from the sides of the field is preferable to staring into the sun. At Drake, players' opinions disagree. Many object to the longer period of nervous tension which virtually all football men feel on the day of an important game. As Ossie Solem, their coach, explained to me: "Waiting around until two o'clock in the afternoon was bad enough, but when you add six more hours of waiting to that the strain is terrible." Then he waxed philosophic. "But it has this advantage," he added. "When my team loses a game at night I can generally slip up some dark alley without being noticed."

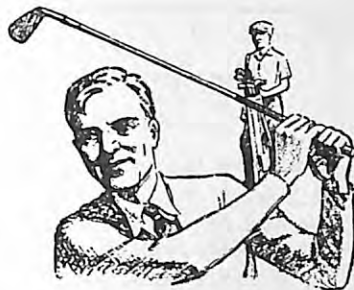
OTHER coaches have voiced protests against nocturnal football. Bill Roper, who resigned as gridiron tutor at Princeton at the conclusion of the 1930 season, told members of the New Jersey State Interscholastic Athletic Association that football under the arc lights was a departure from the original purpose of the sport. "It is hippodroming the game and putting the interests of the spectator far ahead of the welfare of the player," he said. "Football was intended as a game to be played in the broad daylight under ideal conditions, not in the night air under lights that have an ill effect on the players." Roper, of course, was expressing an opinion. Tiger elevens have never played night contests. And the charges of hippodroming football and considering spectators' rather than players' interests are not unfamiliar under any conditions.

I do not doubt that Roper heard many replies to this criticism. I know that I did early last season, when in reporting a game on Temple Field for a newspaper, I ventured the following comment: "We didn't care so much for our view of it, the first one we ever had of football by electric light. The initial sensation was a weird one, akin to the sensation that came over us when we witnessed that phenomenon of nature, a total eclipse of the sun, some years ago."

"We tried looking at it from about every possible angle. First, from the last row of the press box. Perhaps age has dimmed our vision from this distance. Second, we moved down to the side-line. The view we got there was clearer. But we have yet to see one play that stood out."

"Spectators who take themselves and others to college football contests for the fun of the thing, viewing it solely as a spectacle, evidently liked this particular game last night. But when one is accustomed to viewing games from a more or less critical standpoint, when one's duty is to fathom plays and note the individual work of the various contestants, the opinion is quite

(Continued on page 53)



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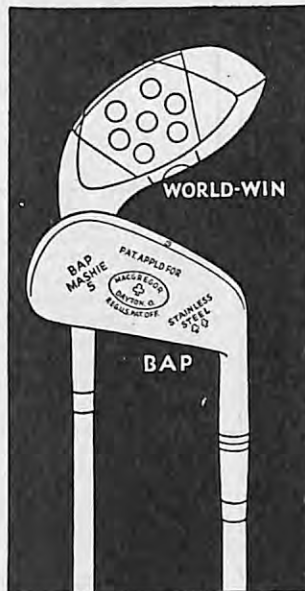
In the World-Win Woods you have a four-club HARMONIZED set: Driver, Brassie, Spoon and Baffy. These have been designed especially to meet the requirements of the *new ball*. The closest attention is given to getting uniform weight of heads—for the vibrations must be perfect. Only selected Persimmon is used, having uniform annular growth.

But the one *outstanding feature* of these four Woods is the *exclusive shaft*, designed by MACGREGOR especially to meet the requirements of the new and lighter ball. There has never been another shaft quite like it. You'll recognize the difference at once when you use one. The great essential of good golf is to relax and avoid tension. These shafts help you do that very thing—in fact, *make you*—so that proper timing be-

comes almost automatic. The "whip" is down at the club head, where it belongs, which tends to start the down stroke smoothly—with the supreme touch and timing right at the ball. These clubs are "almost human."

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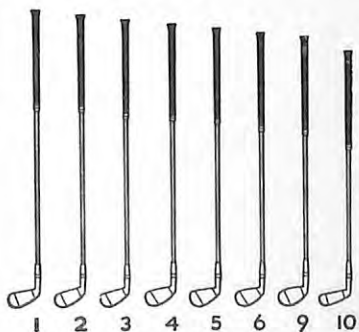


shaft solid at the grip—all jar being thus removed both at top and bottom. By extending the slot 3 inches on the face side of the club and 1 inch on the back side the needed *flex* is given, so that the hands may play their proper part in bringing off a perfect shot.

The Bap Irons are *quick* in their action, yet they have a subtle "laziness" too—just enough to synchronize with the muscular action of the average player. Your shots seem simply to *coast along*—so smoothly that you are fresh at the end of 18 holes and still keen to go 18 more. Thirty-six holes brings just nothing at all in the way of fatigue—but much in the way of pleasure, comfort and better scores.

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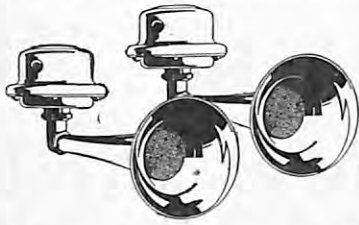
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. From what nation did the United States acquire the Virgin Islands?
2. Who painted the Mona Lisa?
3. What are the college colors of Notre Dame University?
4. About how much is a German mark worth to-day?
5. What is President Hoover's middle name?
6. At what race course is the English Derby run?
7. How does Marlene Dietrich pronounce her first name?
8. In about how many hours do the fastest trains make the journey from New York to Chicago?
9. Who holds the women's altitude record for airplane flights?
10. Who wrote "Alice in Wonderland"?
11. Which team won the Harvard-Yale football game last fall?
12. Where are the Aleutian Islands?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 61)

(Continued from page 52)

likely to be the same as ours. Our verdict is thumbs down on it, with due consideration of the fact that we may be old and crabby and, as a result, down on radical changes."

The response from readers was immediate and unsympathetic—to me. The first letter was a fair sample of them all, and, I think, an excellent indicator of how the average spectator really reacted to night football. It ran, in part:

"Your comment on night football is all wet. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. The crowds are coming as they never came before—bigger and better. Night football gives the fans a chance to see football games which they otherwise could not see. The game is just as thrilling. It is played by the same players who play it by day and is supported by the same day-rollers, who react in the same way to good football as they do when the sun is at its best. If your eyesight was good you certainly would have enjoyed that game."

Well, after observing other games, and hearing the comment of coaches, players, athletic administrators and spectators upon them, I have come to the conclusion that my critic was right.

But, it may be added, what of those sports enthusiasts who enjoy only the games in which they themselves participate—tennis players and golfers, for example? As has been earlier indicated, modern methods of illumination extend the hours in which those pastimes may be enjoyed too. Tennis has passed rigid night-playing tests in many communities. One of the most interesting examples was achieved through the enterprise of B. Levin, tennis professional at the San Antonio Country Club, which swelters during many summer days under the Texan sun. Several seasons ago he had flood-lights installed and was rewarded by a sudden popularity of the courts exceeding all expectations. The dual advantage of playing in the cool of the evening and after the end of the day's work appealed tremendously to members. Then followed a series of night exhibitions by famous players, including the celebrated Tilden, which brought out record-breaking galleries.

Other clubs, noting the enthusiasm thus aroused, and perhaps noting also the financial possibilities represented by night exhibitions which permit much larger attendance, hastened to follow this lead. As a result, flood-lighted courts are steadily increasing in number and in popularity.

Nocturnal golf, over a regular course, as distinguished from the midget game played on small city lots, has proved practical in several communities. It is frequently played by moonlight in Death Valley, and three years ago Fairley Clark, professional at the Savannah Munic-

ipal Links, played an 18-hole exhibition round under somewhat similar conditions on a course which has a par of 70. Clark shot a 68, but in this case the lunar illumination was aided by flashlights held by caddies on either side of the fairways and by large lanterns at the greens.

That, however, wasn't golf by flood-light. It remained for the Eastwood Hills Country Club of Kansas City, Mo., to put the latter idea into actual practice. Late last August the club lighted up nine holes and won immediate approval from the many members who played them after nightfall. Twenty-two of the feminine stars who competed in the Western Women's Championship later tried the night course and were most flattering and enthusiastic in their comments.

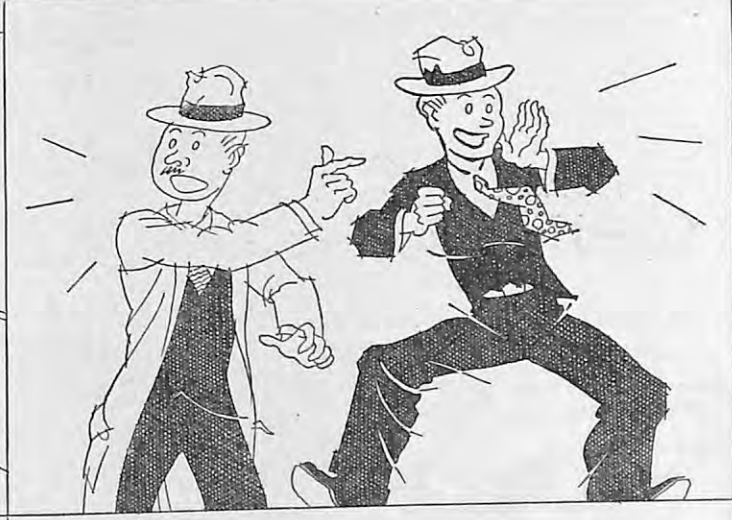
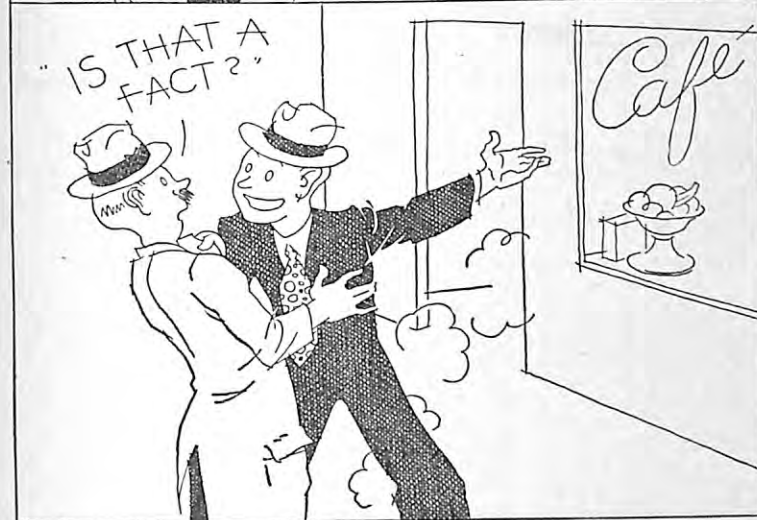
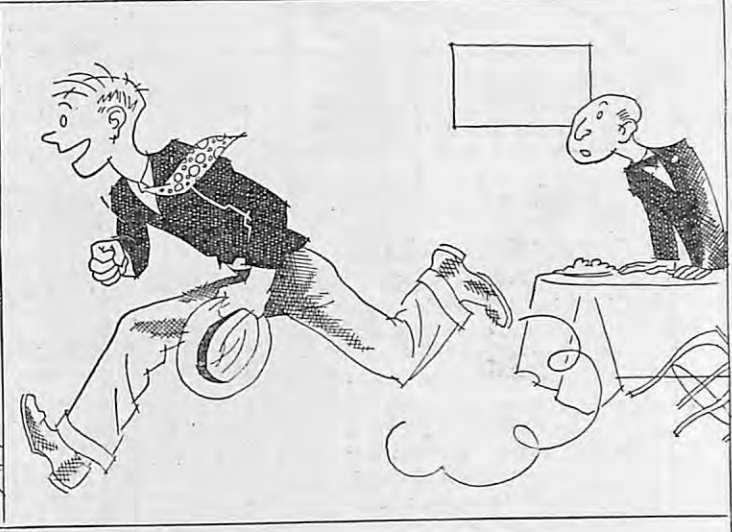
THE experiment disclosed several interesting things. There was, for example, the problem of keeping the course in first class condition with players using it both day and evening. Summers can be warm near Kansas City, and at most clubs there it is necessary to water the courses, especially the greens and the tees, during most of the night. Whether sprinkling from midnight on is sufficient, remains to be seen. But Eastwood Hills is starting its night playing earlier this year, and will undoubtedly learn the answers to this and other problems.

To the player, night golf offers a variety of interesting experiences. The flight of the ball seems a bit easier to follow than in daytime; the roll, after alighting, more difficult. Balls are lost less often; they show up clearly in the rough because they reflect the light along the fairway. Distances are somewhat harder to gauge, but there seems to be less temptation to press than when the whole wide world offers itself as a target in the sunlight. This, along with the fact that artificial light flowing across a putting green defines clearly every undulation, actually tends to help scoring, as a number of pros have pointed out to me after I expressed my admiration of their apparently uncanny skill on flood-lighted greens.

Thus the popularity of outdoor sport of every kind, by night as well as by day, continues to grow. What the trend can mean in the way of business enterprise or of improved health to both spectators and players is for the economist and the physician rather than for me to prophesy. But one interesting development has recently been brought to my attention. It came from an insurance actuary.

"I don't know," he commented, "what night sports will do for youth, but they certainly appear to have reduced mortality among the aged. Business men in minor league towns tell me that since their home teams started to play at night not one office-boy has asked an afternoon off to attend his grandmother's funeral."

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



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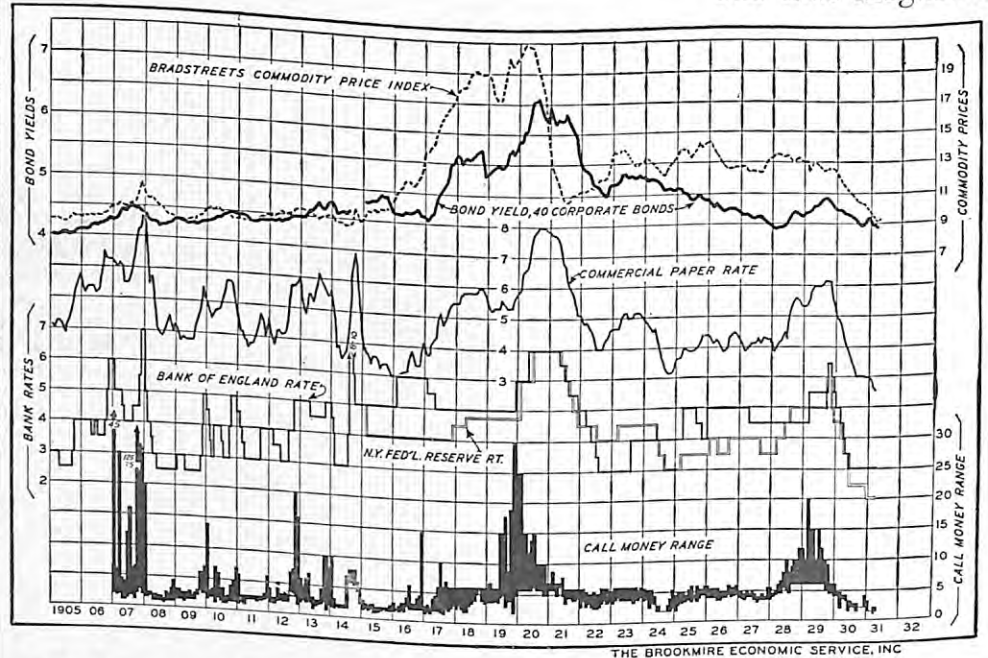
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What Does the Bond Market Offer?

By Alden Anderson

Vice-President, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

THE stock market crash which brought to a dismal close that merry party of speculation in which the American public had been indulging through the greater part of 1928 and 1929, was accompanied by a sharp reversal in fashions for security buying. In the sober days and nights of reflection following the crash, public interest turned swiftly from the dazzling mode of buying securities mainly for quick market profit back to the old-fashioned principle of buying securities for income and safety of principal. Trading in market quotations lost most of its style as security buyers began seeking the better wearing qualities based on intrinsic values. Investing had replaced speculating as the leading fashion.

This change in the public attitude restored fixed income-paying securities on an increasing scale to the favor which they had been steadily losing since the early part of 1928. The immediate result of this was a reversal in the price trend of high-grade bonds and preferred stocks. The upward trend in prices of this class of securities later received strong support from the developments in economic conditions which followed. Brokers' loans dropped sharply. Business activity slowed down, and as a result the demand for commercial loans decreased. Consequently, money quickly eased and interest rates declined rapidly. Commodity prices continued a sharp downward course. All these developments had a direct effect upon bond yield rates and, conversely, upon bond prices.

However, when a comparison is made of the various published bond price indices, it will be found that since the latter part of 1929 they show widely divergent trends. Those representing composites of strictly high-grade issues show an upward trend for the greater part of the period, while others representing lower grades show a fairly consistent declining trend. Why these discrepancies?

The explanation of the divergence of trends lies in the variety of factors by which market values of different classes of securities are determined. In high-grade bonds—those concerning whose safety there is little or no doubt in the minds of investors—market value is determined primarily by what might be called the money factor. When loanable funds are plentiful in relation to demand, and when low commodity prices raise the purchasing power of the money unit to a high point, money becomes cheap. Prices of high-grade bonds will then adjust themselves to a low yield basis. When loanable funds are scarce and commodity prices high, the opposite effect on prices of high-grade bonds takes place.

Prices of lower-grade bonds are also affected

in some measure by this money factor. However, the more potent force is what might be called the earnings factor. When earnings of a company do not cover interest requirements by a sufficient margin to create assurance in the minds of investors that prompt payments of interest or principal are certain even under adverse circumstances, any conditions which affect earnings unfavorably will be the predominant factor in determining price.

Easy money conditions and declining commodity prices on the one hand, and declining corporate earnings on the other, explain the divergence in price trends of different classes of bonds in 1930 and the first part of 1931, and bring us up to the disparity of price levels existing the first of May, 1931.

And so we come back to our original question: where will the investor look for the most profitable bond investment at this particular time?

Profitable investment consists of securing the best values available for the money spent. At their present high price levels, it can hardly be asserted that the highest-grade bonds are in the bargain class.

REFERENCE to the accompanying chart shows commodity price levels now down to approximately pre-war levels. The commercial paper rate is at the lowest point in a quarter of a century. The New York Federal Reserve rate is at the lowest point since the bank was organized, and the Bank of England rate is at as low a point as it has reached since 1909. No further important decline in any of these factors is likely to occur, and their effect toward enhancing bond prices is probably about exhausted.

Furthermore, a condition has been forming which later on is likely to have an important bearing on prices of high grade bonds. Since October, 1929, investment holdings of banks have been increasing at a rapid rate. The demand for commercial and brokers' loans have been light, and consequently banks have sought employment of funds in securities. Figures are available only for the banks reporting to the Federal Reserve Board. From October 23, 1929 to April 22, 1931, these banks increased their holdings \$2,453,000,000.

As signs indicate definitely that improvement in business will be slow in getting under way, there is little likelihood of early increase in demand for commercial loans on a scale which would cause any sudden heavy liquidation of bonds by banks. But, when business activity does start upward it will sooner or later set in motion the process of liquidation of bond holdings by banks. When such liquidation gets

well under way, it is quite certain that it will have some depressing effect on prices of the type of securities whose market values are affected mainly by the money factor. This development is not imminent, but is hanging over the market, and should be given consideration by the investor. The prospective bond financing by the United States Government to cover the Treasury deficit is an additional factor which later will add some depressing effect in the market for high-grade bonds.

We have then this situation: high-grade bonds are at relatively high levels, and forces are in the making which will eventually tend to depress their prices below present levels.

IMPROVEMENT in business, which should start not later than the third quarter of this year, will, on the contrary, have a definitely favorable effect on values of many bonds in the lower grades. Some industries have passed the turning point. Others are fully deflated and soon should begin to improve. Many of the so-called second-grade bonds have remained, and still are, good investments. Many of the second class corporations are still in satisfactory condition. Their earnings, even through the serious 1930-1931 depression, have covered interest requirements with a fair margin to spare. As soon as business conditions become more favorable, such corporations will again make good profits. And when corporate earnings begin to increase, confidence in the safety of second-grade bonds will gradually be restored, and they will be removed from the bargain class, where many of them are now to be found. We have reached the phase in the economic cycle when carefully selected second-grade bonds and preferred stocks can be bought to advantage.

To generalize in the consideration of second-grade bonds is dangerous at any time. It is particularly so at this time. While many secondary corporations will emerge from the adversities of 1930 and 1931 in a condition to resume a place in the ranks of profitable enterprise, there are many others to which the de-



Alden Anderson of the Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

pression has dealt a mortal blow. The investor who sets out to purchase from the second-grade group of bonds must now use more than ordinary care in his selections.

Judgment, in order to be sound, must be well informed. To be sure of having nothing but the truth about a security is not enough. The investor should be sure to have as nearly as possible the *whole* truth. It is always good procedure to put the security on the defensive, figuratively speaking, and submit it to some critical questioning. Following are a few questions to which satisfactory answers should be required before a commitment is made:

Is the industry in which the company is engaged an important one? Has it a favorable outlook for future growth? Is it of a volatile or a steady character? Does it appear safe from competitive industries?

Does the company hold a strong position
(Continued on page 58)



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(Continued from page 57)
 within the industry? Is it well managed? Are its financial connections strong? Have the earnings shown a general upward trend? Has there been an established policy of putting back into the business a substantial percentage of earnings? Does the balance sheet show a sound financial condition? Have depreciation charges been adequate?

An investigation of this scope is a big under-

With David Lawrence in Washington

(Continued from page 25)

debt and when we consider that Great Britain has a total debt of approximately thirty-seven billions of dollars while France has close to nineteen billions of dollars to pay, the existing debt of sixteen and a half billion dollars of the United States is a relatively small item after all.

But it wouldn't be sixteen and a half billion dollars if we hadn't insisted on curtailing it by huge slices every year. It came down from a total of twenty-nine billions in war days. As a consequence of that drastic curtailment, the American Government has unexampled credit not only with our own people but with the investors of the entire world. And if this credit were not such as to command the lowest possible money rates when we borrow from the public, the whole structure of interest rates in America would have been affected.

You may ask why a government which has been getting huge surpluses each year—what would correspond to profits in a private corporation—should be borrowing at all. This is simply because the Liberty Loans, Victory Loans and war debts come due from time to time and the Government in refinancing or refunding tries to get a lower rate of interest because of its improved financial position.

It is difficult to estimate what would have been the cost of interest to the Government to replace the old war loans if the war debt had not been materially curtailed. The saving in interest must run into many hundreds of millions of dollars. That is one of the reasons why each year's surplus was applied quickly to the retirement of the public debt rather than entirely to taxation.

For several years, to be sure, we have divided our surpluses, or profits, as they might be called, between debt retirement on the one hand and reduction of taxes on the other. Those who argue that perhaps we retired the debt too rapidly might be joined by another school of thought who might contend that we reduced taxes too rapidly, too.

THE hour for rendering a verdict is at hand. For the Federal Government in the next few months will be up against the question of determining a tax policy as well as a debt retirement program. It may sound like a paradox to say that from now on the Government will reverse its policy on debt retirement and go slowly just as it may become necessary not to increase the tax rate, but to find a method of getting revenues by spreading the tax burden more evenly and, hence, more productively.

Supposing we have a deficit of ten hundred million dollars or more in the fiscal year which ends on June thirtieth. This sounds like a huge amount. It certainly is quite a reversal from a surplus of three hundred million dollars which is about what we have been averaging in recent years. But is it a deficit of ten hundred million dollars just because our receipts are less than our expenditures by that amount?

In government finance, we sometimes pay from one pocket into the other. Thus, the sinking fund requirement under law, which means that annually we must set aside a certain sum of money to cut down the war debt, amounts nowadays to nearly four hundred millions of dollars. If the Treasury Department has to get four hundred million dollars out of one pocket to pay the bondholders, and it turns around and borrows that same amount back from the investors of the country, all we have done is to stop payments on the war debt. We don't even have to modify the sinking fund provisions in existing law. It is an automatic operation.

Thus, what will happen this year is that instead of having an actual increase of ten hundred

taking. True, but investing is a serious business. And so the investor who hasn't the time, training and equipment essential to investigate carefully himself will do well to seek guidance from reliable and unbiased investment counsel. It is well to remember that successful investing rests on well-informed good judgment. To partial information and guesswork are mainly due the tragedies and the heartbreak which come of unsound investment.

million dollars in our net debt, we will increase it by only six hundred millions. Supposing, still further, that in the fiscal year which will end on June 30th, 1932, we have another net increase to our public debt of six hundred million dollars. The sum and substance of the transaction will be a net increase of a billion two hundred million dollars. Instead of boasting of nine billion dollars being lopped off the public debt, we will have to be content with eight billion.

But how long can we continue to increase the public debt by failing to balance our budget? Should we not increase our taxes at once to make up the difference? Is it sound policy to stop debt retirement? Questions like these have been asked at the Treasury again and again. And the answer Secretary Mellon usually makes is in the form of a counter-question: "How long will the depression in business last?"

If we are to have a short-lived depression, then the stoppage of payments on the public debt and the maintenance of the present tax rate not only causes no harm but is positively a beneficial policy to pursue. If, on the other hand, the depression is to be of several years' duration then it becomes pertinent to revise the rate structure and continue in some way to bring down the public debt.

The present economic disturbance has had such deep and diving curves that if they are anywhere near normalcy at the end of 1932, the long range commentators will call it a "short" depression. With a presidential campaign coming in the year 1932, neither political party is going to advocate an increase in taxation in the session of Congress which meets next December. Both parties will quietly agree to let things stay as they are—that is, apply the same tax rates as are now in force and stop in effect any public debt retirement—and then survey the Government's finances in December, 1932, when presidential politics are out of the way.

So the taxpayer can breathe a sigh of relief until December, 1932, comes around, anyway. By that time, business is expected to have improved sufficiently so that the present tax structure will yield enough revenue to take care of Government expenses. If it doesn't, the Treasury will be compelled to recommend some additions to our present tax laws that will be sure to give us income.

The usual assumption is that any time the Government needs any more money all it has to do is to increase the tax rates for those in higher brackets—the wealthier people of the country—and the revenues will flow into the Treasury in the requisite proportions. As a matter of fact, tax avoidance is now so definitely understood and recognized, especially by the purchase of tax-exempt securities issued by the States and municipalities, that the Federal Government knows it cannot do much to acquire revenue by merely increasing the higher brackets.

Less than 3 per cent. of our population pay taxes to the Federal Government—that is, direct income taxes. All the people, of course, pay indirect taxes but most of these, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, are not felt.

If a new tax policy is to be set up, it probably will include a broader base. It will reach out to some of the luxuries which are not now taxed. This is the natural trend of taxation. But it is one thing to find a scientific basis for getting an evenly spread revenue and it is another thing to get it by Congress with all the political pressure that can be exerted by groups to prevent taxes on their pet products.

Many of the imposts known as "nuisance taxes" were removed because they were ex-

What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 62)



pensive to administer but mostly because manufacturers or distributors insisted upon getting them removed. And then in some instances, these same manufacturers and distributors merely maintained the same price and collected for themselves what previously had gone to the Government.

Thus, we are confronted with a problem in taxation which will sooner or later require either that more people with the lower incomes pay higher taxes or, at least, some taxes, or that the general taxes be revised. It has been said that when businesses are taxed the cost is passed on to the consumer. There is no doubt that not a single form of taxation is popular. That

is why nothing is going to be done before the 1932 campaign is over. But when it has come to the point of removing constant deficits, public opinion will force Congress sooner or later to bring about a balanced budget.

In most businesses, economies are immediately considered. In government, it is unpopular nowadays to economize—how, it is asked, can business be expected to maintain employment if the Government doesn't set the right example, etc.?

So we face a continued level of government expenditures for a few years to come while, at the same time, new means of raising revenue must be found. All of this, of course, can be

upset by a revival of business and a return of prosperity. What is the safe policy for a government to pursue? Should it take a chance and wait for a couple of years and see what the trend of revenue is likely to be; or should it change the tax structure at once and begin to provide more income?

There are fundamental problems which it is natural for a government like ours to postpone as long as possible. This is because, using the analogy of a private corporation of huge resources, the American Government has a reserve of such size that deficits for a year or two can be absorbed in the large financial operations

(Continued on page 60)



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Answers to Your Radio Questions



Martin Provensen,
Announcer of N. B. C.

Edward Brush,
Susquehanna, Pa.

You are curious about the habits of the KUKU's. Generally these strange birds take the air on Saturday evenings, when the keeper of the Zoo is taking his bath. The usual period is between 10.30 and 11.00, but the birds are on the

wing now, and like real cuckoos they are likely to drop into any vacant radio nest they see, and hatch a lot of mischief.

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Jack C. Agnew, Plattsburg, N. Y., asks many questions that have been answered during the past three months. Jack, your question about Mrs. Pennyfeather is a cinch. She's my good friend Adelina Thomason, who comes from a family very talented in all the thespian arts. Professor Weems and Eddie McGurk are none other than Raymond Knight, who is as bashful as a geranium on the windowsill. Ray holds a degree from both Harvard and Yale, just to prove he never plays favorites. He expects to get the third degree from the N. Y. Police Department.

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1931 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 37)

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All Grand Lodge officials and visiting delegations will be welcomed upon their arrival by the famous 92 band, the 92 honor guard, and by Seattle's 92 Club, official guides, the Reception Committee, and trained squads who will take charge of baggage, transportation to hotels and such other functions as are necessary.

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3. Gold and blue.
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5. Clark.
6. Epsom Downs.
7. Mar-lay-nah.
8. Twenty hours.
9. Elinor Smith.
10. Lewis Carroll.
11. Harvard.
12. Off the coast of Alaska.



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Such a jovial weed."

—HOLIDAY

—with a "birdie" in each
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1 Cut for Pipes Only
2 Made by Wellman's
Method . . . an 1870
Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn
Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End
No Soggy Heel

Whether your pipe is caked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and keep it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellow flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the answer!

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ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE

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"Earth never did breed
Such a jovial weed."

—HOLIDAY

—with a "birdie" in each
mellow bowlful!

1 Cut for Pipes Only

2 Made by Wellman's
Method . . . an 1870
Tobacco Secret

3 Big Flakes that Burn
Slow and Cool

4 Sweet to the End
No Soggy Heel

Whether your pipe is caked and venerable, or brand-new, here's a tobacco, Mr. Smoker, that will put it in top form and keep it there.

Pack your pipe with shaggy Granger flakes. Load it on the "installment plan"; pack it tight; light it all around.

Then draw deep: Sweeter, mellow flavor—a cooler, drier, cleaner pipe—that's the answer!

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ROUGH CUT



A COOLER SMOKE AND A DRIER PIPE



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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 61)

opening of the Sixty-seventh Convention, A. S. Morgenstern, presiding. Address of Welcome by State and City Executives; the response of the Grand Exalted Ruler; a wonderful musical program will be presented by many of the famed artists of the West.

11:00 P. M.—Public reception for the Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, who will be greeted by public officials, military and naval commanders of the district, president and officers of the Chamber of Commerce, and other local organizations at the Olympic Hotel.

July 7

8:00 A. M.—Continuation of the Elks' National Golf Tournament. Thirty-six holes.

8:00 A. M.—Second Day of the Elks' National Trap Shoot.

10:00 A. M.—First business session of the Grand Lodge in the Spanish Ball Room of the Olympic Hotel. Report of Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge Officers, Commissions and Committees. Election of officers.

10:00 A. M.—Continuation of auto tours showing points of interest about Seattle.

10:00 A. M.—Boats leave Madison Park for trip through the locks and among the battleships.

10:00 A. M.—Band contests at Volunteer Park.

10:00 A. M.—Drill team, Drum and Bugle Corps contests at the Civic Auditorium Field.

3:00 P. M.—Special reception on board one of the vessels of the Pacific Fleet for the Grand Exalted Ruler and delegates.

2 to 5 P. M.—Visiting of other ships by all Elks.

2:30 P. M.—Boats leave foot of Marion Street to go through the locks and into Lake Washington.

2:00 P. M.—Speed-boat races on Lake Washington for first Elks' National Championship.

9:00 P. M.—Wonderful illuminated boat pa-

rade through the Montalke Canal, a sight you will never forget.

July 8

8:00 A. M.—Finals of Trap Shoot.

10:00 A. M.—Second session of the Grand Lodge.

10:00 A. M.—Further auto tours of the city. Cars leaving the Elks' Club.

10:00 A. M.—And every hour thereafter—boats leave for the Navy Yard at Bremerton.

10:00 A. M.—Special tour leaving the Elks' Club through Seattle's famous public market, for the ladies.

10:00 A. M.—Finals in Band Contest at Volunteer Park.

10:00 A. M.—Finals in Drill Contests at Auditorium Field.

2:30 P. M.—Tea and fashion show for the ladies at the Olympic Hotel by the courtesy of the Retail Trade Association.

5:00 P. M.—Massed Band Concert at the Civic Auditorium.

8:00 P. M.—Circulating band contest through hotels and downtown district.

10:00 P. M.—Grand Ball to the Grand Exalted Ruler for all Elks and their ladies at the Civic Auditorium Ball Room.

July 9

10:00 A. M.—Final business session of the Grand Lodge.

10:00 A. M.—Auto trip for the ladies to the Highlands.

3:00 P. M.—Grand Lodge Parade starting from King Street Station, North on Third to Pine, East on Pine to Fourth and North on Fourth to Civic Auditorium where 10,000 people can be comfortably seated to see the wonderful spectacle.

9:00 P. M.—Gala Street Carnival and dance in the regrade district, featuring the all-Western Pendleton Round-up.

Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. The house is out of plumb.
2. Bricklayers don't nail bricks.
3. House is roofed with both tiles and shingles.
4. Birds don't nest in houses under construction.
5. Sawed lumber can't sprout shoots.
6. Wheel on wheelbarrow is off-center.
7. Ladder rungs are on both sides of ladder.
8. Bricklayer has only one shoe.
9. Upright supporting plank is not nailed.
10. Hod is in wrong position.
11. The carpenter's stance is impossible.
12. Carpenter's saw is upside down.
13. There would be no sawdust.

The Pursuit of Michael Brosnan

(Continued from page 19)

new man in her affections. A woman who had been an intimate friend of Mrs. Brosnan's admitted having received a letter from her recently, mailed from the distant town of Griggsville. She might be living there, it was hinted, under another name.

Detective Kilgallen was dispatched to Griggsville with instruction to investigate. He had the foresight to arm himself with a photograph of Mrs. Brosnan, and on showing it to the post-mistress of the town he learned that Mrs. Brosnan was one and the same with a Mrs. McKinney who lived in a cottage a half mile out of town.

Kilgallen went to the cottage. It was in a lonely section; there were no near neighbors. No one answered his summons at the door. All doors were locked, and all windows as well, with the exception of a small kitchen window which was provided with an outside shelf. This apparently was used as an icebox in cool weather, for a package of butter and a large glass bowl containing what appeared to be a pale orange liquid stood upon it. Closer examination showed that it was a clear, stiff jelly.

Finding no signs of anyone in or about the house, Kilgallen took up his station behind a near-by tree and watched.

Two hours later, just before dusk, a woman appeared in the road, turned up the path to the cottage, unlocked the door and went in. Kilgallen followed and knocked at the door.

The woman seemed mystified when he announced himself as a detective.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Brosnan," he said, "but I'll have to search the house. I have a warrant."

"Search my house!" she exclaimed. "What

for?—and my name is McKinney, not Brosnan." "Come on, Mrs. Brosnan, I know you. Where's Brosnan? You better tell him to give up peaceful if—"

"For God's sake, what do you mean?"

"Don't try to make out that you didn't know that Brosnan had escaped from prison! It's been in all the papers."

But Mrs. Brosnan's terror at this was so extreme, and so obviously unfeigned, that Kilgallen began to believe that she really had not known.

"Oh, my God!" she shrieked. "He will kill me—he will kill us both!"

The cause of her terror was manifest when, at this moment, a strapping miner, begrimed with coal dust and in his work clothes, walked into the house. It was not Michael Brosnan.

It dawned on Kilgallen that this pair was probably not harboring the escaped convict—in fact that he was the last person in the world they cared to see. Regretfully, Kilgallen stepped out onto the little porch, then turned back and followed the woman into the kitchen.

"I'll give you a little advice," Kilgallen said to the McKinneys. "Brosnan is revengeful and he's a killer. We all know that. Keep your doors and windows locked, and be careful when you go out, for he *might* come here. I notice that this kitchen window is not locked."

"It's got no lock," said McKinney, throwing the lower sash up by way of demonstration.

"Then you'd better nail it up right away."

As McKinney moved to close the window, the woman reached to take in the articles from the window shelf outside.

"Wait till I take in this jello," she said. "It's

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)

D	R	E	A	M	B	A	N	S	T	A	T	E
O	A	R	A	L	E	O	D	E	S	O	N	
G	R	A	I	N	E	B	B	T	E	P	I	D
E	N	S	T	A	B	S	A	L				
C	R	A	N	E	S	L	Y	P	R	O	S	E
O	S	E	N	T	K	H	A	L	F	X		
U	S	R	E	A	D	A	I	R	Y	A	T	
S	A	D	M	I	R	A	C	L	E	O	N	E
I	T	W	I	L	Y	E	T	N	A	A	N	
N	W	O	E	S	M	S	T	I	R	D		
S	E	E	M	S	P	A	N	S	L	A	T	S
R	E	T	A	L	O	N	E	O				
A	R	E	N	A	N	I	T	A	D	O	R	E
R	O	W	P	R	E	C	E	P	T	U	S	E
C	R	E	S	T	L	E	D	E	X	T	O	L

The Pursuit of Michael Brosnan

been out since I left this morning. I guess it's hard now."

"Stop!" Kilgallen commanded. "Don't disturb a thing."

They watched him close the window and run from the room. In a moment they saw him on the lawn outside, looking up at the kitchen window shelf (shown in the sketch on page 19).

"Is there a telephone in the house?" he shouted to them. On hearing that there was none, Kilgallen set off at a run for the nearest neighbor's house.

"Nail up your window and keep in the house," he called to the McKinneys as he ran.

The question to be answered is:

What had Detective Kilgallen observed and deduced?

Answers to "The Wilverton Murders," last Month's Baffle.

1. The real meaning of the marks on the square of paper was not 3H1, as the Wilverton police persistently believed. They had always looked at the square upside down, and had so mounted it (and thus continued to mislead themselves). Viewed the other way about, as Inspector Marquard soon saw, it made more sense, for it then read: IHΞ (the Greek capital sigma)—i.e. the Greek letter contraction of the full form of the Greek word for Jesus—a contraction which has long since been corrupted into Latin initials written commonly I.H.S. This abbreviation or symbol for the name of Jesus is much used on altar cloths, prayer books, and in various parts of churches. A corruption in its meaning has also led to the belief that it stands for the Latin phrase, "In Hoc Signo (vinces)," referring to the Cross, and meaning "By this sign, conquer."

2. Thus considered, the murders were logically to be considered the work of a religious maniac of homicidal impulses. The facts that Lorquist had been threatened with arrest for profanity and that Gwynn, the second victim, was a free-thinker and wrote in defense of free-thinking, led Marquard to believe that such was the case. There was otherwise no motive traceable for the atrocious crimes. And Marquard was enough of a psychologist to understand that Lorquist and Gwynn, by their acts, might easily have aroused the antipathy of a religious maniac of homicidal impulses to a pitch which called for "vengeance for the Lord."

Marquard also deduced that the murderer was presumably a man of some education, since he knew and used the Greek letter rather than the ordinary Latin (and English) capital S.

Investigation by the Wilverton police led to the arrest of William Crandall, formerly confined in the lunatic asylum at Gardsworth, the county institution nearest to Wilverton. Crandall, who had been committed six years previously for violent insanity, came from the neighboring town of Sawter. He had escaped

(Continued on page 64)

A Royal Welcome Awaits Every Elk

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THE HOTEL BILTMORE, 43rd Street and Madison Avenue, has been honored by the patronage of Grand Lodge Officers of the B.P.O.E. for several years. Hundreds of members, from the Grand Exalted Ruler down to the rank and file, have lived here.

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PORT OF SEATTLE, Seattle, Washington

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(Continued from page 63)

from the asylum two years before his murderous assaults on both Lorquist and Gwynn, taking up his residence in Wilverton (where he was not known) and subsisting by odd jobs of gardening and tree trimming. While there he aroused no suspicion of dangerous impulses, but it was now remarked by a number of his employers that he had seemed dazed and strange-looking at times.

He was known as a devout member of the Church of England, and had often obtained work upon the church lawn and in the adjoining cemetery.

It was surmised that he had heard of Lorquist's notorious tendency to profanity, and may possibly have read Gwynn's articles on free thinking; for it had been noted by the sexton of the church (who sometimes employed Cran-

dall) that he was educated far above his station in Wilverton life. These affronts to his deep religious convictions, it was established, became magnified to crimes of enormous importance when his periodic fits of homicidal mania overwhelmed him.

The unfortunate Crandall committed suicide in his cell on the night of his arrest, after having made a partial confession.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 34)

was made by A. Bart Horton, one of the eleven Past Presidents of the State Association, on the speakers' platform with President J. C. A. Leppleman and Ohio's Secretary of State, Clarence J. Brown. The ten other former heads of the Association present were John Sherry, James E. Breen, A. Clyde Reasoner, George Doerzbach, Blake C. Cook, William G. Lambert, James R. Cooper, George Canalos, Edwin G. Slough and William H. Reinhart. The speech of acceptance was made by Robert N. Wilkin, of New Philadelphia. The flag-raising took place upon the second day of the conference. The day before was given over to the registration of the two hundred and fifty visiting Elks and one hundred and fifty members of New Philadelphia Lodge who attended the gathering; to the expression of official welcome by Mayor W. F. Hurst; to a meeting of the Ohio Past Exalted Rulers Association; and to a reception to President Leppleman. Two business conferences took place the following day and, after the flag-raising, a formal meeting of the Lodge was held. During this initiation ceremonies were exemplified by the Ritualistic Team of Hamilton Lodge, No. 93, champions of the State. The proficiency of the Hamilton Lodge officers in conducting the exercises was noteworthy.

North Dakota

IN THE care of crippled children, the North Dakota State Elks Association has this year nearly doubled the numerical quota it set for itself at its last convention, held at Dickinson. At the time of that gathering, the Association made plans to undertake responsibility for twenty-five disabled boys and girls, but in actual accomplishment it has exceeded this number by fifteen. This was made public at the recent quarterly meeting of officers, Trustees and Chairmen of Crippled Children's Committees of the several Lodges, held at the Home of Fargo Lodge, No. 260. Other events of this meeting

were the passage of a resolution commemorating the services of the late Norman Black, former President of the Association; and the announcement that the Association's convention would be held this year at Fargo on June 11 and 12. Expectations point to an unusually large attendance at the convention.

New Jersey

A RECENT report of the New Jersey State Elks Association disclosed that over \$150,000 has been expended during the year by the sixty Lodges of the State in carrying on rehabilitation work among the crippled children. The report further revealed a plan, now well under way, for the re-examination of the 12,112 crippled children in New Jersey. Acting under State laws sponsored by the Association, and adopted by unanimous vote in the Legislature, eighteen of the twenty-one counties of the State have authorized appropriations amounting to \$98,330 to aid in carrying on the crippled children's work during the present year.

Nebraska

AT THE fifth clinic for crippled children, sponsored by the Nebraska State Elks Association, and held recently at the Home of Fremont Lodge, No. 514, about a hundred boys and girls received medical attention. Thirty doctors and thirty-five nurses from Omaha, Lincoln and Fremont gave an entire day to the work involved in the examinations and treatment of the patients.

Pennsylvania

AT a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, in conjunction with the Convention Committee of Harrisburg Lodge, No. 12, held recently in Harrisburg, very encouraging reports were received pertaining to plans for the Association's

convention, to be held in that city on August 24, 25, 26 and 27, 1931. It was stated that arrangements were well underway for the forming of an elaborate parade. During the course of the meeting it was voted by those in attendance to tender a Pennsylvania Dinner to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener in Seattle, Wash., on Tuesday evening during the Convention of the Grand Lodge.

Massachusetts

THE sixth meeting of the year of the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held recently in the Home of Woburn Lodge, No. 908, was attended by all but four of the officers. Notable among the guests present was Past President Marshall P. Newman.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places and on the dates, named below:

California, at San Diego, October 8-9-10.
 Idaho, at Lewiston, July 2-3-4.
 Illinois, at Springfield, August 6-7-8.
 Indiana, at South Bend, June 3-4.
 Maryland, Delaware & District of Columbia, at Cumberland, August 10-11-12.
 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 York, at Utica, June 1-2-3.
 North Dakota, at Fargo, June 11-12.
 Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 30-September 1-2-3-4.
 Oklahoma, at McAlester, September 7-8.
 Oregon, at Ashland, June 30-July 1-2.
 Pennsylvania, at Harrisburg, August 24-25-26-27.
 South Carolina, at Charleston, in June.
 South Dakota, at Brookings, June 8-9.
 Utah, at Price, June 5-6.
 Vermont, at Barre, in October.
 Virginia, at Danville, June 15-16.
 Washington, at Seattle, July 5-6.
 Wisconsin, at Sheboygan, August 27-28-29.



To the artist, Records Lake in lower Delaware is obviously a place of beauty. But it is no less a delight to the angler, for it affords some of the best bass fishing to be found in the country. The calm sheet of water has yielded many a fighting five-pounder

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