

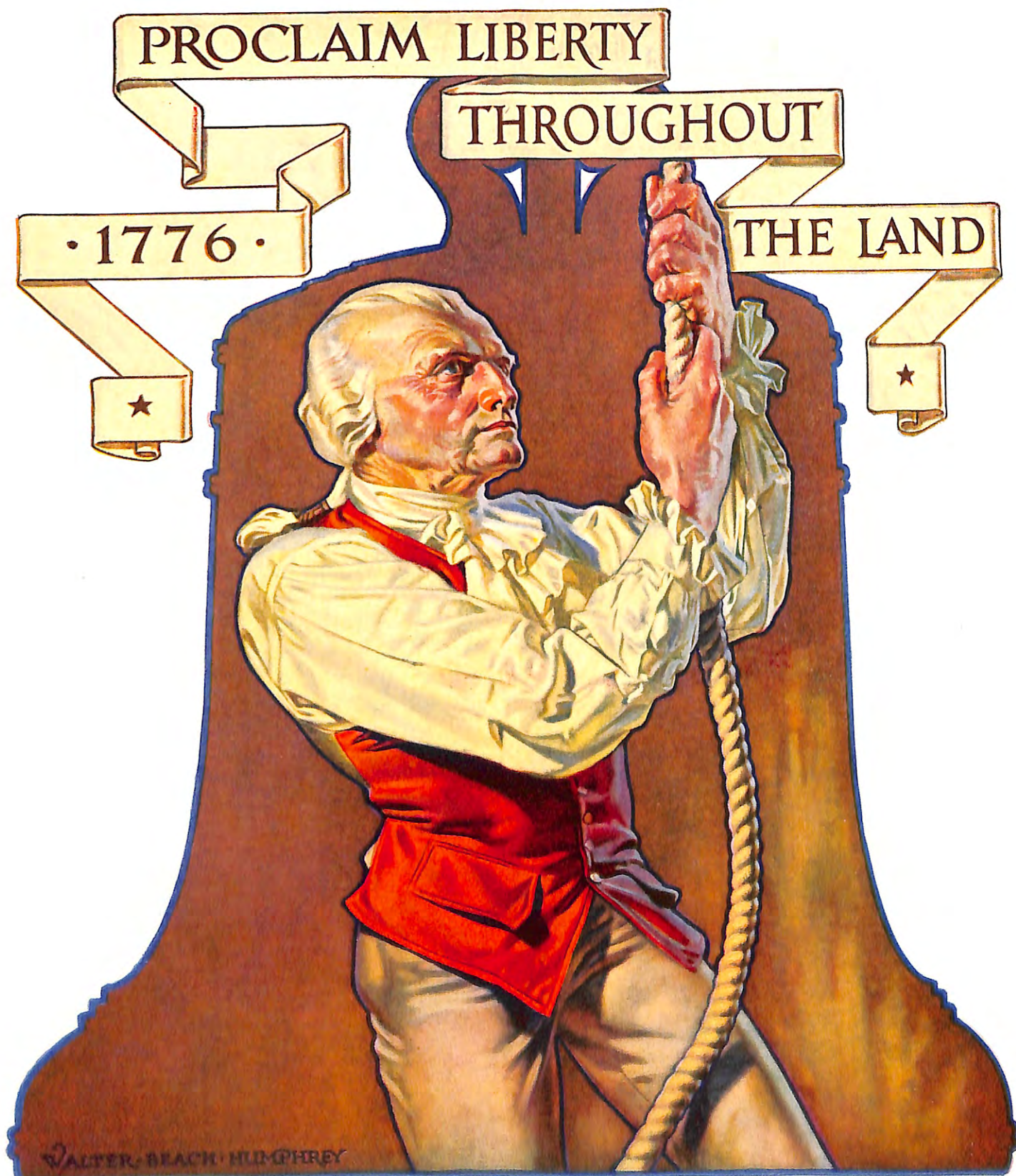
The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

20 CENTS A COPY

Magazine

JULY, 1931



WALTER BEACH HUMPHREY

Beginning —

"Millions for Defiance," by John Chapman Hilder



More hands are pumping
ETHYL GASOLINE
than any other motor fuel

EVERY fifth hand you see pumping gasoline is at an Ethyl pump. On the market only eight years, Ethyl Gasoline is now the biggest selling motor fuel in the country.



For instance: On Route 42 between Cincinnati and Cleveland a recent survey showed 589 Ethyl pumps, more than one-fifth of the total 2359. The next largest selling gasoline on this road had 211 pumps.

Nothing could have brought this about in so short a time except the simple fact that Ethyl is *more* than gasoline. It is *good* gasoline *plus* Ethyl fluid, the ingredient that *controls combustion*.

Instead of exploding in sharp, irregular bursts (that cause power-waste, harmful "knock" and overheating) Ethyl Gasoline delivers power to the pistons with smoothly increasing pressure.

Millions of car owners, driving cars of every size, age and make, have found from experience that controlled combustion makes their cars run better.

Try Ethyl in your car and see the improvement it makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

The Ethyl emblem on any pump stands for tested gasoline of Ethyl quality. Constant inspection of gasoline from Ethyl pumps throughout the country guards this standard. Ethyl Gasoline is always colored red. © E. G. C. 1931



ETHYL GASOLINE



The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

"Unaccustomed as I am—

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

"I wasn't expecting to be called to speak," on to

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

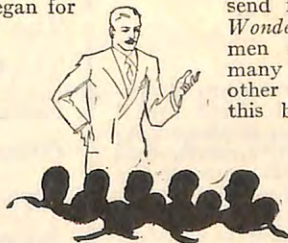
more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

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

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

Send for This Amazing Book

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



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3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago

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

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

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

Something About This Number

JOHN CHAPMAN HILDER, whose latest novel, "Millions for Defiance," begins in this issue, will be recalled as the author of "The Quest of the Thunderbus" and, with Robert J. Flaherty, of "The Captain's Chair," two well-remembered stories published serially in THE ELKS MAGAZINE. This new tale of Mr. Hilder's is, we believe, the best he has written, as fine a serial as we have ever presented to our readers.

ON PAGE 6 are photographs of the magnificent bronze groups by Adolph A. Weinman which, just installed in their niches in the facade of The Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, complete the artistic embellishment of this national shrine of the Order.

The two groups represent Patriotism and Fraternity, respectively. Patriotism is represented in a composition of four figures, of which Columbia, holding aloft the torch of liberty and her left hand extended in blessing, is the dominating motive. At her right side are grouped a mother and boy, the mother relating the glorious history of their country, inspiring the boy with love and devotion to the soil from which he sprang.

At the left side of Columbia is seen a standing figure in the fullness of his power and manhood, offering his sword and shield for the defense of his country.

Fraternity is likewise represented in a composition of four figures, of which the figure of Nature is the dominating motive. Kneeling at the left of Nature is the figure of a bearded old man looking beseechingly up to the sturdy, masculine figure standing at the right, of Nature and in benevolent gesture offering his support to his brother in need. Behind the figure of the kneeling old man appears a youth, looking questingly into the partly veiled countenance of Nature, her extended arm resting gently upon his shoulder.

The spirit expressed in this group is that of Benevolence and Brotherly Love, while the encircling movement of the arms of all four figures symbolizes the touch of nature that "makes the whole world kin."

WHO made the first non-stop trans-Atlantic airplane flight—and when? We'll wager a good, five-cent cigar, settlement to be made on the peak of Mt. Everest, that your answer will be wrong. Because we felt that there was a tremendously interesting story in the largely forgotten pioneering steps which preceded the spectacular and widely publicized achievements in exploration of the last few years, we commissioned R. J. B. Denby to look into the matter. The result is "Shock Troops of Discovery," wherein many gallant gentlemen set out on desperate adventures.

"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 Two

The Elks Magazine

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission

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**OLDSMOBILE
THIS YEAR HOLDS
A HIGHER PLACE
IN PUBLIC FAVOR
THAN AT ANY TIME
IN ITS HISTORY**

SINCE the enthusiastic reception given the 1931 Oldsmobile on the occasion of its introduction to the public in January of this year, Oldsmobile's popularity has continued to increase, month after month + + Today, the decisions of thousands of men and women, heretofore unacquainted with Oldsmobile's good qualities, are adding impetus to this success + + As a result, Oldsmobile is now enjoying a greater percentage of the business in its price class than at any time in its history. And new thousands of owners are telling their friends of the pleasure and satisfaction of Oldsmobile ownership + + Many of the reasons for this growing popularity are understandable upon examination of the 1931 Oldsmobile Six . . . for the desirable features of the car are self-evident. But there are more fundamental reasons for the definite preference being shown for Oldsmobile + + Four years ago Olds Motor Works adopted a policy toward owners which has been followed to the letter, year after year, in the development of Oldsmobile motor cars—and in the relationships of Olds Motor Works with the public. This policy took the form of four great responsibilities, recognized by Olds Motor Works and willingly assumed in order that every owner should become and remain a friend + + To design progressively . . . to build faithfully . . . to sell honestly . . . to service sincerely . . . these are the four great responsibilities upon which Olds Motor Works has founded its success. And these constitute the policy which the public has so wholeheartedly endorsed this year + + Olds Motor Works wishes to express its appreciation to the men and women throughout the country who have made the 1931 Oldsmobile the car of their choice . . . and who, by sincerely recommending its good qualities to their friends, are adding still further to Oldsmobile's steady advancement in public esteem.



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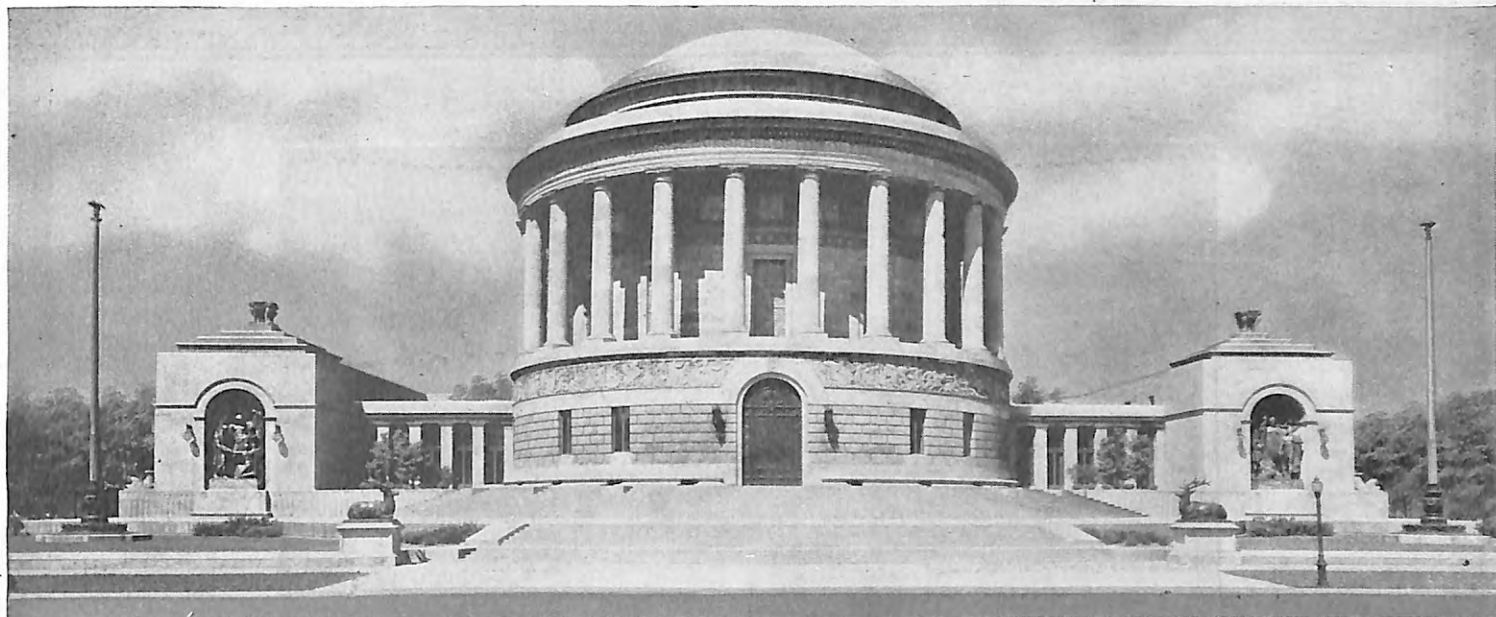
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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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.



Bronze Groups by
Adolph A. Weinman which
Complete the Decoration of
The Elks National Memorial
Headquarters Building - -

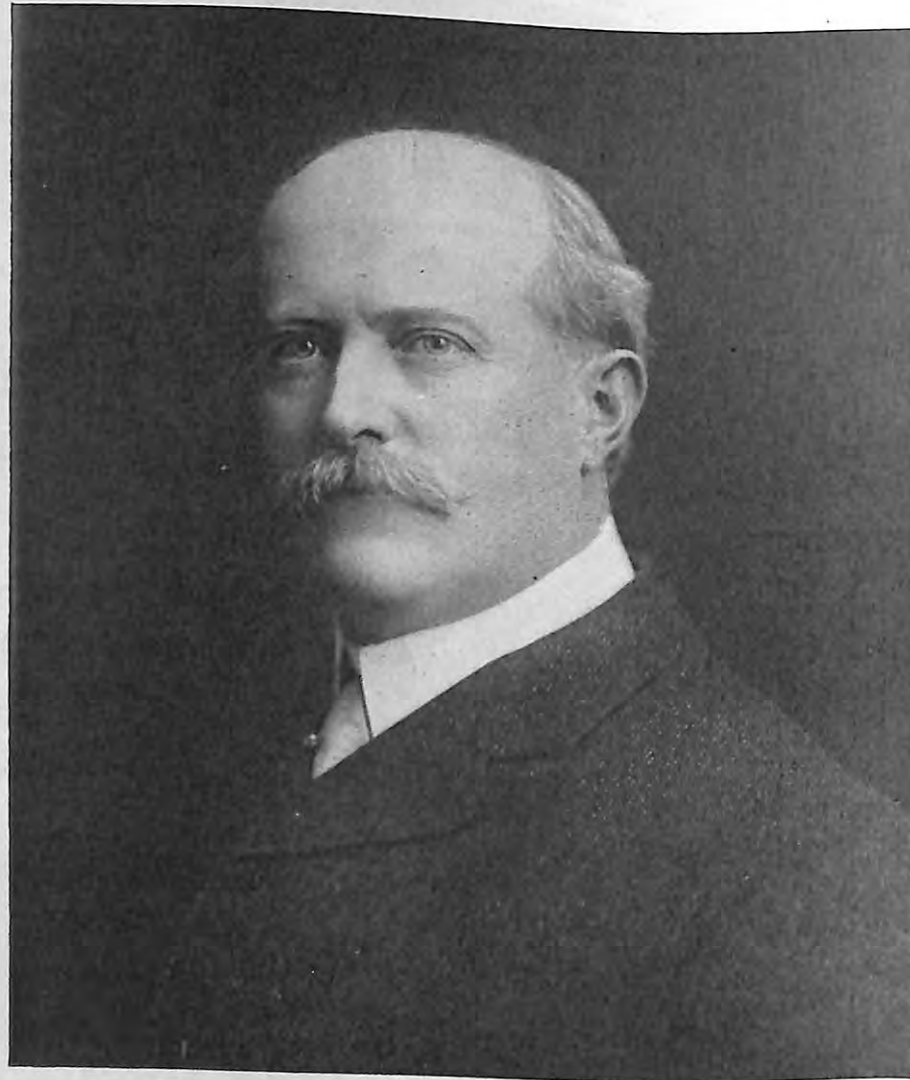


"Patriotism"

At the top: The Building, showing
these heroic groups in position



"Fraternity"



FELDMAN

William J. O'Brien

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

ON SUNDAY, May 31, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William J. O'Brien died in Miami, Fla., where he had been spending the winter. With Mr. O'Brien at the time of his death were Mrs. O'Brien and his son, William Van R. O'Brien, at whose home the former head of the Order was visiting.

Mr. O'Brien became an Elk on September 30, 1888, when he was initiated into Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7. In 1893 he was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight and subsequently served as Esteemed Loyal and Esteemed Leading Knights. In 1897 he was elected Exalted Ruler of No. 7. The following year he was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Laws and Appeals, and in 1899-1900 was appointed to the Committee on Grievances. In 1901 he was appointed to membership on the Grand Lodge Committee on Appeals and Grievances and in 1902 to the Committee on Laws. At the Grand Lodge Convention in 1904 in Cincinnati Mr. O'Brien was elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

Mr. O'Brien, a graduate of Loyola College and of the University of Maryland School of Law, was a lifelong resident of Baltimore. Although one of the ablest attorneys of his city, he never held public office, choosing to devote his whole time to his profession.

Funeral services, held at the family home in Baltimore, were attended by the officers and members of Baltimore Lodge in a body; by the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers: Joseph T. Fanning, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, W. W. Mountain, Charles H. Grakelow and Walter P. Andrews; and by Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart. Burial was in Bonnie Brae Cemetery.

Mr. O'Brien is survived by his widow; his son, William Van R. O'Brien; a sister, Miss Mary Claire O'Brien; and three brothers, Frederick O'Brien, Charles Joseph O'Brien and Rev. Father Richard O'Brien. To these members of his family, to his fellow members in Baltimore Lodge and to his many friends THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends, on behalf of the Order, its sincerest sympathy.

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

Official Circular No. 4

Allentown, Pa.,
June 15, 1931

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

MY BROTHERS:

This is my last official communication. When it reaches you I will be closing my administration. I will lay down the reins of office at Seattle.

This has been for me a memorable year. It has been a busy year, too. I have traveled far. I have visited many Lodges, and I have had the privilege of meeting many brothers.

Everywhere, I have been received with the greatest courtesy. I have had an opportunity to observe how earnestly the members of the Order are endeavoring to practise its principles. I feel that I have been permitted to come a little closer to the "great heart of Elkdom."

I lay down the high office of Grand Exalted Ruler with intermingled feelings of relief and regret. The feeling of relief arises from the fact that the office of Grand Exalted Ruler is a strenuous one, demanding the expenditure of much physical and nervous energy. The feeling of regret arises out of the recollection of so many charming contacts, so many happy experiences, so many delightful moments that can come only to the Grand Exalted Ruler of a kingdom such as ours.

Permit me to thank you, my brothers, for a most happy year, "in golden letters to be set in the high tides of the calendar." The names and faces of thousands of brothers far and near come to my memory as I here express my thanks, not in a perfunctory manner, but with the most genuine and heartfelt sincerity.

May you carry on in Elkdom. May you assist in bringing into it many others to share with you its privileges and its many priceless treasures. May our Order continue to grow in strength and in the esteem of the people of our country. May it remain at the forefront in every civic movement, in every charitable and benevolent enterprise, in every patriotic undertaking. May it continue to be a kingdom of hearts, in which "charity" and "justice" and "brotherly love" and "fidelity" remain guiding principles to inspire us to tread the way of friendliness and happiness.

And so—

"Farewell! a word that must be,—and hath been,
 A sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell!"

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

Lawrence H. Rupp.

Grand Exalted Ruler.

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Burroughs Cash Machine

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6437 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Please send me complete descriptions, prices, terms of Burroughs Cash Machines.

Name _____

Address _____



Colin entered the sanctum just in time to see his chief snatch off his hat and scale it across the room

Masculine Determination and the Legal Mind Wage a Highly Diverting War with Feminine Charm and Social Lawlessness

Millions for Defiance

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Part I

WITHOUT so much as a glance or a nod to the switchboard girl or to the office boy, old Senator Carter, his square-crowned black derby canted savagely over one piratical eyebrow, stalked through the reception-room and down the hall to his office. The switchboard girl made an expressive grimace at the boy, and the boy snickered; but neither grimace nor snicker was produced until a lusty bang had announced that Mr. Carter was safely behind his stout door, out of sight and hearing. It was evident that the Senator was in a corrosive mood.

Nor was this fact lost upon Osgood, confidential secretary to Mr. Carter, who as

usual was lurking just inside the open door that led from his own room into his chief's sanctum, ready to receive the overcoat, the hat, the stick and the gloves. Osgood had attended Senator Carter, in a dual rôle of secretary and wrath-absorber, for a good many years. It was his boast that he knew him inside out and backwards and forwards. "I know him as a mother knows a baby," he used to say. "Don't try to see him to-day," he would advise. "It won't get you anywhere." Or, when the signs were more propitious, "He's feeling pretty good this morning; you'd better come right over."

On this particular morning, he greeted his chief without a word, by merely being

present. He knew that when Mr. Carter let overcoat, gloves and stick drop to the floor, and neglected to remove his hat, it meant exactly one thing. What it meant was that Mr. Carter, for the moment, was in a condition which unbidden conversation would only serve to aggravate. Osgood therefore merely picked up the articles his chief had dropped, quietly hung them in the corner clothes closet, and slipped into his own office, closing the door softly behind him.

For some minutes, the Senator stood by the window, muttering to himself. His tall, slightly stooped figure quivered with anger; his long fingers clenched and unclenched. So tightly strung was he that when a lump of coal in the open grate suddenly went

ping, the old gentleman jumped as if stung by a wasp. Then, noting that he was still alone, he turned to the window again.

In his mind's eye he was seeing a scene some twelve hundred miles southwest of that which spread immediately beneath him. He was seeing coconut palms and hibiscus hedges and long, buff-hued beaches bordering a green-blue-violet ocean. He was seeing a broad boulevard flanked with red-tiled stucco buildings. Most especially he was picturing a procession that filed along this boulevard, to the accompaniment of songs and laughter, the strident blare of accordions and the cheers and jeers of sidewalk spectators.

And it was not the palms, the hedges, or the red-tiled buildings that made him clench his fingers and vibrate with rage. It was the procession.

TUGGING his obsolete hat further over one already half-hidden eyebrow, the old gentleman stamped to his desk, on which lay a crumpled tabloid newspaper he had flung there as he came in. Slapping the paper flat, as though it, too, deserved punishment, he stood hunched over it, scowling fiercely at the picture and the headline on the top-most page. At length, with a gesture of utter exasperation, he pushed the paper from him, sat down and reached for his mail.

The first two letters he glanced at and laid aside. The next document, an office memorandum, he read absently and was about to lay it with the others, when a sudden thought stayed his hand and he re-read it. It was a terse message:

Memorandum to Mr. Carter:
Noblestone has agreed to settle out of court for \$300,000. I accepted subject to your approval. Is it OK?
(signed) Colin O'Rourke.

The Senator scrutinized the memo, glanced from it to the newspaper across his desk and permitted himself a brief, ironic smile. Then he set down the neatly typed half-sheet, leaned back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. "Hm," he grunted, tapping the chair-arms with his tapered fingers, "Hm . . . I wonder . . ." He slid lower in his chair and closed his eyes. After a time, he opened one eye, let it rove



"How you-all take yo' aigs, Cap'n?"



The pair bore down on Colin on the run; then, as his face came into the light, halted abruptly. "This isn't Joe," laughed the girl

from the memorandum to the newspaper and back again, then sat up straight, tipped his hat at an even sharper angle and stabbed at the buzzer button on his desk.

Osgood glided into the room like a wraith.

"Mr. O'Rourke in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Get him."

The secretary glided out. Mr. Carter picked up the rest of his mail and began to sift it. The operation was perfunctory, his mind being far away, until he came to a gray envelope, addressed to him in a familiar hand, postmarked at Palm Beach, and marked Personal and Confidential. At sight of this, he frowned anew, shot a quick glance at the newspaper that had previously roused his ire, then slashed the envelope and drew forth its contents. As he read, his ruddy face turned purple. He jumped to his feet and smote his desk with his fist.

"Forty thousand devils!" he shouted.

CHAPTER II

MR. COLIN O'ROURKE was still chuckling grimly over the story in the paper when his door was thrown open and Osgood bobbed in with the summons from on high.

"Senator wants you right away!"

"Where's the fire?" inquired O'Rourke.

"The old gentleman ridin' high?"

"Please hurry. He's wild."

"With me?" Colin hoisted himself out

of his chair and limped into the hall. On raw days his limp was more than usually perceptible.

"Came in that way," said Osgood.

"He saw the paper then."

"Had it with him. I'd like to kill that girl, riling him up like this all the time."

"Did he say why he wanted me?"

Osgood shook his head and put his finger to his lips. They were outside the door marked Private. Colin entered just in time to see his chief snatch off his hat and scale it across the room.

Some men might have been abashed, might have looked somewhat sheepish, upon being caught by one of their subordinates in so febrile a display of temper. Not so Mr. Carter, who always behaved precisely as he wished. He met Colin's inquiring gaze without the faintest trace of embarrassment and abruptly motioned to him to sit down.

"Bachelor, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"No ties or entanglements?"

"None at all."

The old gentleman nodded. Colin wondered what on earth he was getting at.

"Susceptible?"

"To women, sir?"

"Naturally," said Mr. Carter.

Colin shook his head. "Not any more," he said.



"Cured, eh?"

"Completely," said Colin drily.

"Hm." The old gentleman surveyed him speculatively. Then he seized the newspaper lying on his desk and pushed it at Colin. "Seen this?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Of course. So have millions of other people. Everybody's seen it. Disgusting! Look at that headline. Look at those pictures. Nursing bottles, indeed! Baby parades!" The Senator made a noise similar to that which a dog makes when a stranger reaches for its pan of food.

Colin looked again at the story and bit the inside of his cheek to keep from smiling. He was in thorough sympathy with his chief. If he himself had had a ward who persisted in mad escapades that got her name in the papers and dragged his in, too, he would have been fully as exasperated as was old Jeremy Carter. But since Hope Marsden was not his ward, and since her exploits were not an affront to his dignity, he could still derive a certain contemptuous amusement from them.

THE headline was as follows: HEIRESS STAGES BABY PARADE. One picture showed Miss Marsden in a wheel chair at Palm Beach, leading a long procession of other wheel chairs, each occupied by adults dressed in baby costume and brandishing nursing bottles. The second picture was a close-up of the lady herself, gaily exchanging bottles with the young man seated beside her. The report told, in brief but expressive tabloid journalese, that Miss Marsden, ward of Senator Jeremy Carter, had once again proved her right to the sobriquet of "Mad-cap Heiress." The baby parade, of thirty-three wheel chairs, was her conception of suitably celebrating the thirty-third birthday of the Honorable Evelyn Crisp, of London, one of her house guests. The nursing bottles, the story added, were rumored to have contained something other than milk.

Colin laid down the newspaper. Mr. Carter handed him the slip of white paper that had come out of the gray envelope. It bore the imprint of a wholesale drug-supply company and was a bill to Miss Hope Marsden for three dozen nursing bottles and nipples. At the bottom, in a bold, highly individual hand, was written the following: "Dear Nunky—Please pay this. I'm broke. H. M."

The Senator reached for this document, and tore it into tiny pieces.

"O'Rourke," said he, "am I a bad-tempered old crab, or am I justified in being angry? If you were responsible for that

girl's future, what would you do with her? I don't understand these young moderns. I don't understand them at all." A hint of plainiveness had crept into his voice. "Damn it, O'Rourke," he went on, "these things make me seethe. Baby parades! Nursing bottles! Wouldn't you lose your temper? What do you think? Am I a reactionary old moss-back? Say what you think, my boy, say what you think."

Colin tried to divine what was going on in the old gentleman's mind, but the almost childlike ingenuousness in the eyes that met his gave him no clue whatever.

"Frankly," he said, "I don't see how you've stood as much as you have. What that girl needs is a good old-fashioned beating."

"My idea precisely," said Mr. Carter.

He picked up the newspaper and contemplated the illustrations. "Honorable Evelyn Crisp," he muttered. "Honorable polecat. Hope's latest find. She surrounds herself with such riff-raff."

"She's not in love with him, is she?" queried Colin.

"Love? No. Not on your life. That's the trouble. She doesn't know the meaning of the word. Love? She's too selfish to fall in love." He sat for a few moments in silence, fulminating, drumming on his desk, his sharp old eyes, like an eagle's, glaring at Colin from under shaggy brows.

"Boy," he said, at length, "how would you like to be a member of this firm?"

Colin started. The question seemed irrelevant.

"A partner, sir?"

"A partner."

"Very much, sir. Who wouldn't?"

"Let me see . . . how old are you?"

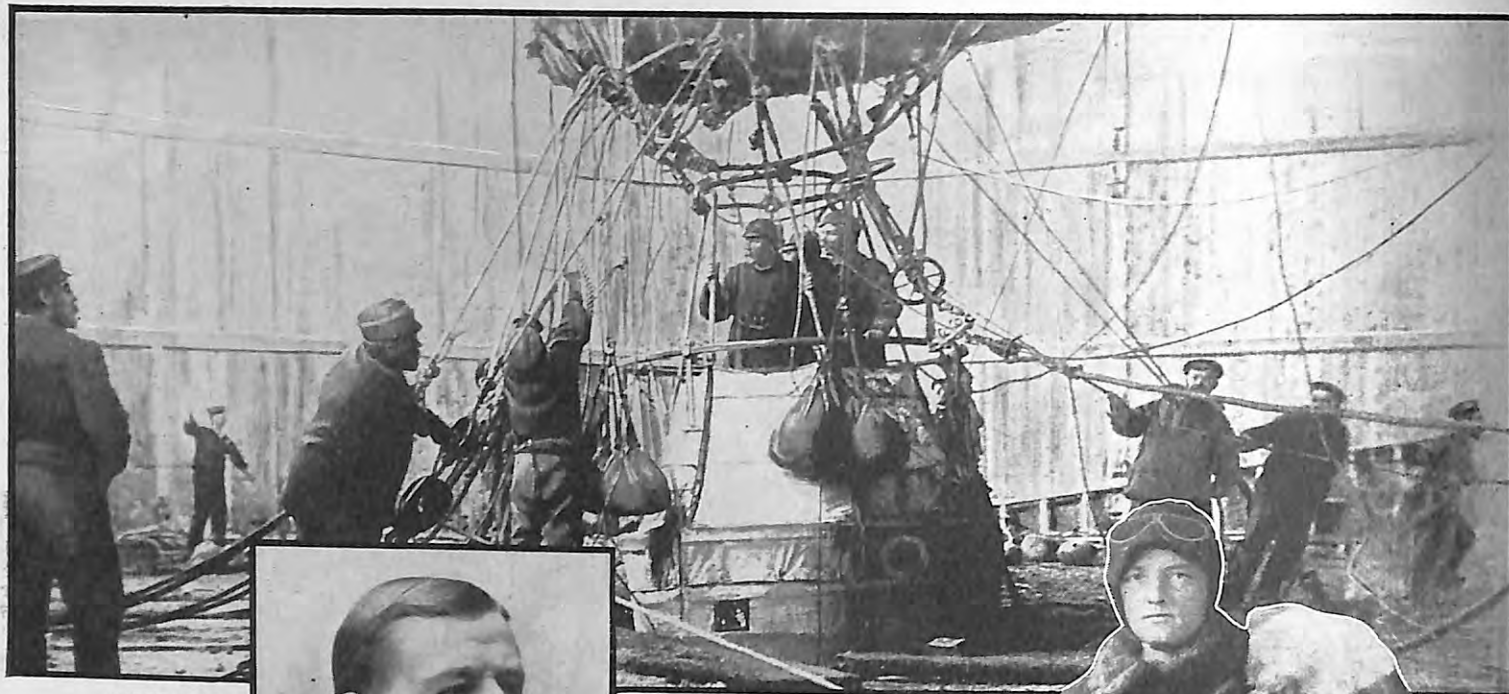
"Thirty-two."

"Hm. Pretty young, in one way . . .

still . . ." Mr. Carter's voice trailed off and his gaze, though it seemed to be focused on something beyond Colin, was actually taking in every detail of that young man's face: the broken nose, the clear, china-blue eyes, the trace of pugnacity in the well-cut

(Continued on page 50)





ACME NEWSPICTURE



At the left, Major Salomon Andreé, and above, the last photo ever taken of Major Andreé at the time of his departure from Danes Land, Norway in 1897, on his ill-fated balloon flight for the North Pole. At the right, Commander Byrd, photographed in 1929 in Little America



BROWN DEER.

Shock Troops of Discovery

By R. J. B. Denby

THE year was 1930, the month was August, and the morning—for that portion of the Arctic—was unusually mild. Two hunters from a little sealing vessel, who had been harpooning walruses, decided to skin their victims on the nearby shore of a barren island just east of North East Land. They landed, went to look for a drink of water, and stumbled upon a discovery that electrified the world.

Thirty-three years before that, it seemed, a Swede named Salomon August Andreé had tried with two companions to fly over the unconquered North Pole in a balloon. Rising from the rocky shore of Danes Land, Spitsbergen, his balloon had hesitated for one ominously prophetic moment, then soared away on the wings of a north wind. Soon it was no bigger than a period at the end of a story that is told. Then it disappeared.

Andreé and his companions never came back. The world proceeded to forget all about them with a characteristic thoroughness and dispatch. It was not until more than three decades later, when their bodies

and the tragic remnants of their expedition were found in the snow on White Island, that they came into their own. In every corner of the earth men thrilled to the account of how they had been forced down 325 miles to the north after a three-day flight; how they had deserted their balloon and struggled 200 miles southward on the drifting ice; how they had braved untold physical hardships in the face of starvation; and, finally, how they had come at last to the little island where, in their camp, with their precious books and records about them, they had fallen calmly asleep—forever.

That the world forgets easily is an accepted irony. On the day before the story of Andreé's fate broke into the press, it is doubtful whether more than a handful of the millions of readers who were to peruse it so eagerly could have better than vaguely remembered such a name sometime—somewhere. And yet the memory of Andreé cannot be said to have been treated any more scantily than the memories of countless other heroes who, in their own way, faced death for an ideal; men who blazed a partial trail for others to complete and

travel over later in triumph. The purpose of this article is to bring one or two of them to mind.

Exploring expeditions of to-day have the advantage of inventions and of a scientific knowledge that we like to believe are far advanced. Modern explorations are undertaken with precautions that are not only reasonable but wise. Those earlier exploits were embarked upon for the most part with little preparation, with inadequate financial backing, and without wide publicity to enlist the sympathy of the world, a sympathy which must act as a powerful moral support to men who go forth into unknown peril and hardship. In this respect, perhaps, if in no other, the stories of the pioneers of earlier days, who were forced to depend to a greater extent upon chance, courage, and physical endurance, are more dramatic in their retrospect.

In 1862, for instance, long before the days of heated clothing and oxygen tanks, two

balloonists named Coxwell and Glaisher decided to explore the upper air at a height no man had ever attained. They reached a height of between 30,000 and 37,000 feet, the latter figure being generally accepted. Their feat was almost incredible at the time—especially if it is remembered that the present world altitude record, made in 1930, is relatively only 43,166 feet.

The balloon in which Coxwell and Glaisher went aloft was made of American cloth and had a capacity of 93,000 feet. Glaisher had fitted it up with eighteen or twenty unwieldy scientific instruments that made it look more like an alchemist's laboratory than a lighter-than-air craft.

On September 5, 1862, the two aeronauts clambered aboard and gave the signal to cast off. The great gas-bag literally leaped at the sky, boring upwards with a curious spinning motion. Moving with the wind, it became smaller and smaller to the watchers on the ground. In half an hour it had reached an elevation of four miles. Ten minutes later it had gained another mile, pushing into an atmosphere where the thermometer registered below zero.

By this time Coxwell and Glaisher were having trouble with their breathing. Nevertheless, they threw out more sand, which sent the balloon still higher. Glaisher was astonished to find that he could no longer read his instruments very clearly. Something was the matter with his eyes. With great difficulty he took a barometer reading, which implied a height of over 29,000 feet.

THEN he discovered that one of his arms was paralyzed. It lay along the instrument table and he was powerless to raise it up. Instinctively he tried to move his other arm towards it, but found himself unable to do so. Presently he realized that his legs were similarly affected. Still he struggled to read his instruments, until his head lolled over on his left shoulder and he fell back against the side of the basket. In this position he was able to watch, with a strange detachment, while Coxwell untangled the valve-line up in the ring of the balloon.

Deprived of all sensation and power of

movement, Glaisher tried to speak to Coxwell, without being able to utter a sound. Suddenly a veil seemed to be drawn over his eyes and his companion disappeared in a rush of darkness. Only his mind was left, speculating in a disinterested way upon the easiness of death by asphyxia. Then, at an altitude of seven miles above the earth, he lost consciousness.

Shortly after, like a man in a dream, he heard the words "temperature" and "observation" being uttered in his ear. Coxwell was back in the basket, trying to rouse him. He heard Coxwell saying: "Do try, now do." To his surprise he found that he could move his limbs now, and he struggled upright. "I have been insensible," he said, and seizing a pencil, began to take observations.

Coxwell remarked matter-of-factly that he too had now lost the use of his hands. Glaisher looked at them and saw that they were black. He poured brandy over them to thaw them out and restore circulation. Coxwell had frozen them fussing with the valve-line up in the ring.

There was a hoarfrost all around the

neck of the balloon. Coxwell, when he was in the shrouds, had felt his senses leaving him; so, his hands being useless, he had gripped the valve-cord in his teeth and jerked at it until the balloon began to descend.

GLAISHER'S computation as to having attained an altitude of 37,000 feet has been questioned by some experts, due to the fact that he lost consciousness at about 29,000 feet and could only guess the rest. Nevertheless, a record had been achieved, and Glaisher and Coxwell, although they laid no undue emphasis on their claim to altitude, are rightly to be regarded as two of the boldest explorers of the upper air that ever lived. Besides which, their work was of incalculable value to aeronauts who came after them.

The next name on the list is that of Nansen—a name easier to remember, perhaps, than the achievements that glorified it. Fridtjof Nansen was a Norwegian Arctic explorer whose greatest claim to immortality lay in the partial accomplishment in 1893-1896,



Captain John Alcock and Lieutenant A. Whitten Brown, who made the first trans-Atlantic non-stop flight in 1919

The Alcock Brown plane after landing in a bog in Ireland



of his scheme for reaching the North Pole by letting himself and his ship get frozen into the ice north of Siberia and drifting with the undercurrent.

Nansen was convinced that there was a continuous drift of ice from the northeast shore of Siberia across the Arctic Ocean. He determined to test his theory by building a ship which the ice could not crush, provision it for an indefinite period, and drift wherever the current took him, hoping it might be across the Pole itself.

His brother Arctic explorers shook their heads gravely and labeled him a dreamer and a fool. They asserted that no ship in the world could stand the pressure of those gigantic, grinding splinters of ice, some of them 100 feet thick, whose grip would reduce the stoutest timber to the finest powder. But Nansen found one man who shared his conviction. Colin Archer, a Norwegian shipbuilder, claimed he could build a vessel that would be able to slip out of the clutches of the ice like an eel.

Archer constructed a wooden ship without a single angle in her hull. Her sides bulged outward, and her stern sloped away in a manner intended to lift her clear of the gripping pack. Rigged as a three-master fore-and-aft schooner, she was pretty poor in an open sea. But Nansen and Archer, certain that she was ice-worthy, christened her the *Fram* and slid her proudly down the ways.

THE *Fram* sailed from North Cape, Norway, on June 24th, 1893, headed for Kharbarovsk, on the Northern Siberian coast. She was provisioned for five years, and carried, besides Nansen, a party of twelve men. At Kharbarovsk she took on Siberian sledge dogs, and further along, at the Kjellmann Islands, laid in a supply of bear, deer, and seal meat. On September 10th she touched at Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly point of Europe; and a week later she was sailing steadily into the north.

Soon she passed the line which marked the

limit of the ice-floes. The solid ice closed in around her and made navigation impossible. She became a prison from which the howls of savage dogs alone escaped, ululating across a frozen world.

Suddenly Nansen's dream began to come true. The *Fram* was drifting with the ice-field—southeast at first, and then gradually northward. By this time the ice was thirty feet thick. It moved restlessly in the pact, heaving, groaning, piling itself in great jagged masses that towered fifty feet high and then toppled over with a roar like thunder. Like something malevolently alive, it began to push its mighty battering rams towards the ship, until its glistening walls rose higher than her bulwarks.

AT LAST the line of pressure reached the very side of the *Fram*. A mountain of ice looked above the deck where every member of the crew stood watching with silent fascination. There was a sound of rending, a crash; and then the ship quivered and wrenched itself loose from the ice that had held her fast. Slowly she rose and moved away from the crushing mass that threatened to destroy her. She left behind her a perfect mould of her shape, showing every seam and mark that had been frozen solid into the ice. A great cheer burst from the crew. The *Fram* had vindicated their faith in her.

A spirit of peace and good-humor settled upon the thirteen hardy Norsemen who now made ready for a winter in the grip of the drifting pack. As the weeks went by they could not be sure they were moving northward, but finally the long winter darkness lifted and the sun verified their calculations of a marked advance in the general direction of the Pole. Excitement and enthusiasm pulsed aboard the infinite speck that was the *Fram* as her brave black galley-smoke floated over a world of monoliths glistening oddly under the midnight sun.

But as summer passed the drift turned persistently to the West. The following winter brought no change, until at last it became evident that the *Fram* would eventually drift near the Spitsbergen Islands. So Nansen,

as a last expedient, determined on a desperate sledge dash northward with a single companion. On March 14, 1895, he and Lieutenant Johansen started north along the rooth parallel of East longitude. They took three sledges, two of which carried *kayaks* (Eskimo sealskin canoes). The third was loaded with stores, including food to last them for three months and their twenty-eight dogs for thirty days. After that their fate would depend on what they could shoot, for they knew that their chances against ever finding the *Fram* again were more than a thousand to one.

For three weeks they hauled their sledges over growling, moving ice in a temperature averaging 40 below zero. On April 7th they were within two hundred miles of the Pole, in the highest latitude yet attained by man. They slept in the open in sleeping bags that literally had to be hammered into shape. Realizing finally that an almost endless expanse of broken ice, caught in the pressure of the drift, lay between them and the Pole, they decided to turn back and make their next winter quarters on the shore of Franz Josef Land to the southwest. From



BROWN BROS.

Captain Scott's ship, the *Terra Nova*, leaving the Thames on her long journey toward the South Pole



WIDE WORLD



BROWN BROS.

One of the most heroic exploits of modern exploration was the journey of Captain Robert Falcon Scott (right) to the South Pole. The tragedy of the expedition was that Captain Roald Amundsen (above) had, unknown to Scott, reached the goal before him. And Scott perished on the ice on his way back

there they hoped to go on to Spitsbergen the following summer.

Then their dogs began to starve and die. At first the survivors hesitated to eat their dead companions, but soon they were snarling and tearing at each successive carcass in a frenzy of hunger. By June they had only two dogs left.

Late that month they saw land for the first time. Separated from them by a network of channels which had

(Continued on page 44)

The Grave Grass Quivers

By

MacKinlay
Kantor

Illustrated by
L. R. Gustavson

WE WERE alone, out there in the soft spring sunshine. There was no one to disturb us. We dug silently, carefully.

The clinging, black earth came up at every shovelful—moist and alive with the richness of the prairies. We had been digging for ten minutes, when my shovel struck against something. It struck again, and something cracked.

After that, it wasn't long before we began to uncover things. "Murdered," Doc said, once, and then he didn't talk any more.

It began in Doc Martindale's office, which, as soon as he retired, was to be my office, on a cool spring afternoon in 1921.

"How's it going?" asked Doc.

"I guess it'll be pretty slow here, to live," I said, childishly.

"Not much excitement," agreed Doc. He went to the door and picked up a copy of the *Cottonwood Herald* which a boy had just tossed over the banisters. . . . "Yes, local news is slow, pretty slow. There's a sample of a Cottonwood thriller."

It told of the plans for Arbor Day. The children of the public schools were going to set out some trees as a memorial to the local boys who had died in the World War.

. . . and selected as their choice, American elms. The trees will be planted on the Louis Wilson farm, above the Coon River. Mr. Wilson has agreed to donate a small plot of ground for this purpose. It is thought that these trees, standing on a high hill above the river and overlooking a majestic view of our city will be a fitting memorial.

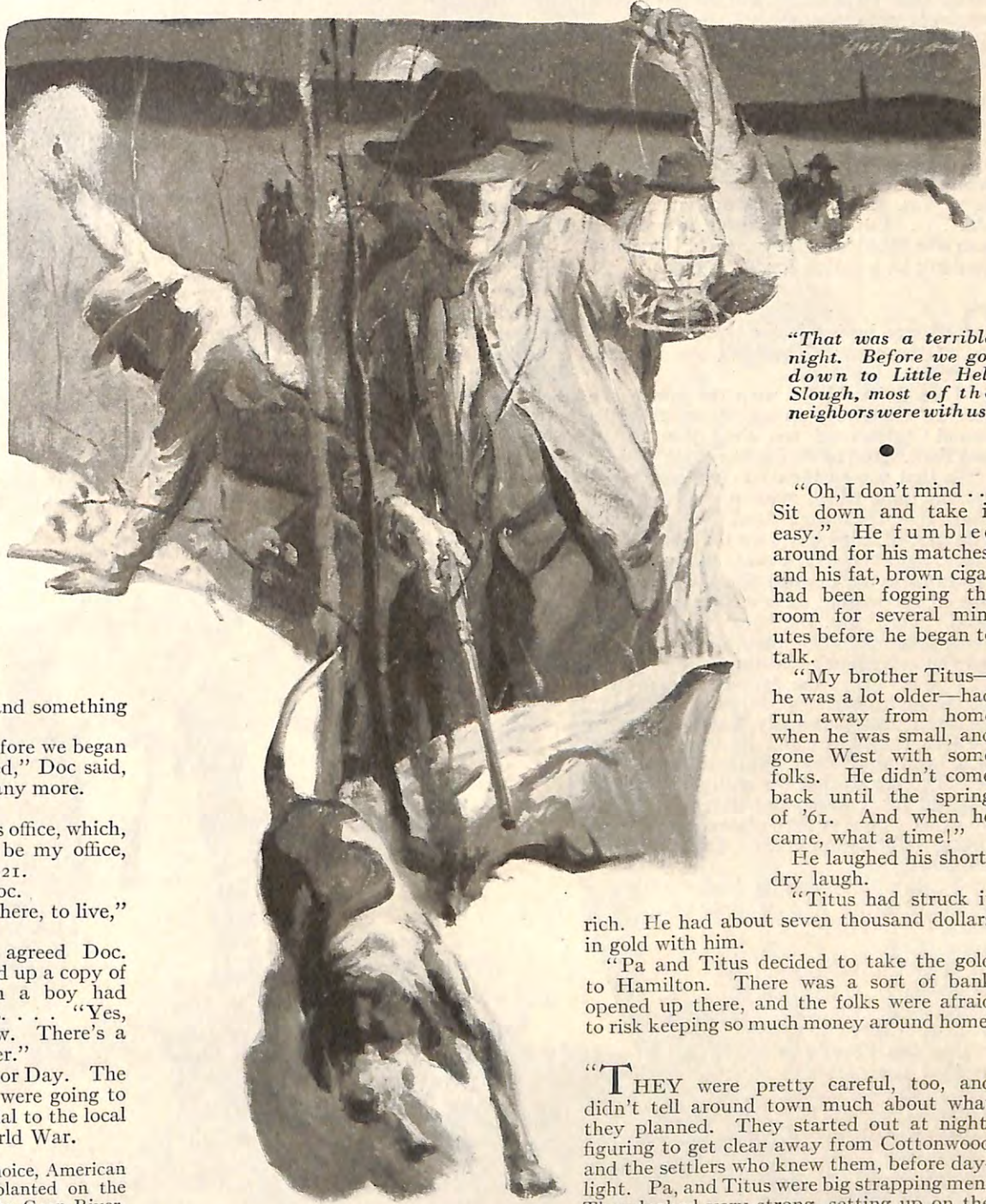
Ceremonies are to begin at 2 P. M., and it is urged that all local people attend. Rev. J. Medley Williams of the Baptist Church will deliver a—

Doc pulled his gray beard and laughed. "A few meetings, a church social, once in a while a fire or an auto accident! Once in a blue moon we have a divorce. Life comes—and goes—without much hullabaloo."

Then I had to laugh also, and a bit sheepishly. "I guess I'm rather silly. Of course those are the important things in most people's lives. But I would like to get called in on a nice, exciting murder once in awhile!"

Doc was silent for a moment. He ap-

Copyright, 1931, by MacKinlay Kantor



"That was a terrible night. Before we got down to Little Hell Slough, most of the neighbors were with us"

"Oh, I don't mind . . . Sit down and take it easy." He fumbled around for his matches, and his fat, brown cigar had been fogging the room for several minutes before he began to talk.

"My brother Titus—he was a lot older—had run away from home when he was small, and gone West with some folks. He didn't come back until the spring of '61. And when he came, what a time!"

He laughed his short, dry laugh.

"Titus had struck it rich. He had about seven thousand dollars in gold with him.

"Pa and Titus decided to take the gold to Hamilton. There was a sort of bank opened up there, and the folks were afraid to risk keeping so much money around home.

THEY were pretty careful, too, and didn't tell around town much about what they planned. They started out at night, figuring to get clear away from Cottonwood and the settlers who knew them, before daylight. Pa, and Titus were big strapping men. They looked very strong, setting up on the board laid across the plank wagon box, and Titus carried a navy revolver on his hip and a Sharps rifle across his knees."

Doc Martindale shifted his fat, bumpy body in his old swivel chair. "And that," he said, "was the last we ever saw them.

"On the evening of the second day after my folks left," Dr. Martindale continued, "a farmer from the Salt creek neighborhood rode up in front of our house, and said that he had seen our team down in a clump of willows by Little Hell Slough, hitched to a wagon, and that the men folks were not with the wagon. The team had been dragging around, and tried to go home, but they got hung up in the willows."

Old Doc was silent for several minutes.

"That was a terrible night," he said, simply. "Before we all got down to Little Hell Slough—most of the neighbors were with us—we found the team in those willows,

peared to be thinking heavily, as if he had taken me seriously. "Murders," he said, after a moment. "Once before the war, a Mexican section worker stabbed his wife. Then, back in '96, an insane farmer shot his neighbor. But, come to think about it, those are the only murders we've ever had here in all my years of practice." He seemed much impressed. "Think of that, think of that! Only two murders since 1861."

"And who," I inquired idly, "was murdered in 1861?"

He tugged at his beard again, and cleared his throat. "Well," he said, slowly, "it was my father and my brother."

"Oh." And I scarcely knew what to say. "I'm sorry, Doctor. I—"

"No matter." He shrugged. "It's a long time. I was just a boy then."

My curiosity was aroused. "What are the details, Doctor? That is, if you don't—"

pretty muddy and hungry, and tangled up in the harness, too.

"None of the stuff in the wagon had been taken except—sure: the gold was gone. The blankets were still there, and Titus's rifle, but his navy revolver wasn't anywhere around. And there was no other sign of Pa and Titus.

"I drove Ma and the girls home, in that wagon. Ma sat there beside me on the board, stiff and solemn. Once she said, 'Georgie, if they're gone and gone for good, you'll get the man who did it. Won't you?' I began to cry, of course. I says, 'Yes, Ma. I'll take care of you always, Ma. . . . But if they're dead, it wasn't a man who killed 'em. It was men. One man wouldn't be a match for Titus alone.'"

DOC was buried in the thickening shadows of the office. I couldn't see his face any more.

"Then I went back with the men. We searched the river, up and down the hills around Cottonwood, too, clear down to the East Fork. And never found a thing.

"In that wagon there was just one clue—just one thing which made it certain in our minds that they were dead. That was a little spot of dried blood on the floor of the wagon, right behind the seat. About half as big as your hand. Seemed like, if they'd been shot off the wagon, there'd have been more blood. Then, too, the horses were a fairly young team and they might have cut loose and run away if any shooting had started.

"It was always the general opinion that the murderers had disposed of the bodies in the river. But, personally, I always hung to the idea that Titus and Pa were killed in some mysterious way, and their bodies buried. The fact is that the entire community searched for a week, and then gave it up. No other clue was ever discovered, and no further information of any kind was ever unearthed.

"I didn't quit searching for months. Eli Goble helped me, too; he worked like grim death. But we couldn't find a thing."

I asked, "Who was Eli Goble?"

There was the dull scraping of Doc's shoes on the floor. "Seems to me that you cashed a check this noon, boy. Where did you cash it?"

Somewhat perplexed, I told him. "At the bank across the street."

"Well, that's Eli Goble. And where are you living temporarily—until you can find rooms or an apartment to your liking?"

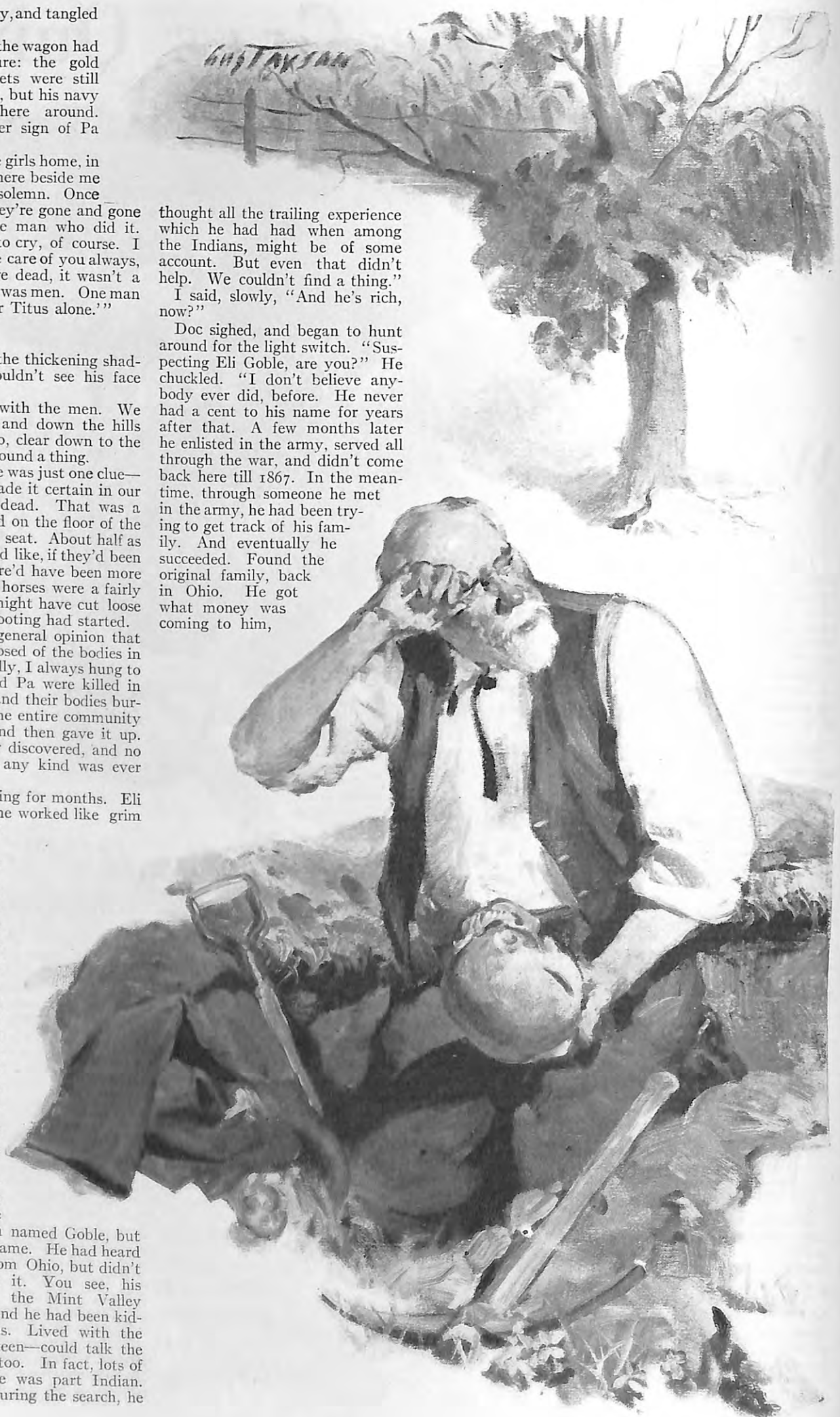
"At the— Oh, of course, Doctor. The Goble Hotel."

He chuckled. "Everything in this town's Goble, boy. He came here in '59 with a man named Goble, but that wasn't Eli's real name. He had heard that his folks came from Ohio, but didn't know anything about it. You see, his family was killed in the Mint Valley massacre, about 1840, and he had been kidnaped by the Indians. Lived with the Sioux until he was sixteen—could talk the language like a native, too. In fact, lots of folks used to think he was part Indian. But he wasn't. And during the search, he

thought all the trailing experience which he had had when among the Indians, might be of some account. But even that didn't help. We couldn't find a thing."

I said, slowly, "And he's rich, now?"

Doc sighed, and began to hunt around for the light switch. "Suspecting Eli Goble, are you?" He chuckled. "I don't believe anybody ever did, before. He never had a cent to his name for years after that. A few months later he enlisted in the army, served all through the war, and didn't come back here till 1867. In the meantime, through someone he met in the army, he had been trying to get track of his family. And eventually he succeeded. Found the original family, back in Ohio. He got what money was coming to him,



brought it out here to Cottonwood, invested it carefully, and made good. He retained the name of Goble, for convenience's sake. Now he's almost ninety, but he's one of the richest men in the state, and one of the tightest. He never lets go of a nickel until the Goddess of Liberty yells for mercy."

The big yellow light hissed into being. It glared down on the white-enameled table, the glistening cabinets and instruments, the old desk and rows of books. Doc Martindale stood there in the middle of the office and nodded his head. "That's the story, boy. Real live mystery, just sixty years old this spring. . . ."

We were just putting on our hats, and Doc was struggling into his old brown slicker, when the telephone rang. Martindale took up the receiver. "Doctor Martindale speaking."

"Oh," he said, after a moment. "Well." And then he winked quickly at me above the telephone. "Did you use any of that stimulant I left last time? . . . Yes. I'm leaving the office, now, to go home, and I'll stop in. Yes."

He replaced the receiver on its hook. "Speak of the devil," he said. "Eli Goble's just had another heart attack. Nothing to get excited about. He has them frequently, but in between times he's up and down and around. We'll stop in to see him for a minute."

The Goble house was only a few minutes' drive from the main business street. . . . Lights glowed from most of the windows, as we came up the sidewalk. "You can tell that Eli's flat on his back," said Doc. "If he was around, he wouldn't let them burn all that electricity."

The old man watched us from his pillow, with black, red-rimmed eyes, deeply sunk beneath the moldy fuzz of his eyebrows. . . . He was breathing heavily.

"Well, Eli. How do you feel? This is Dr. Patterson, Eli."

The old man seemed to glare broodingly at me.

"Don't feel—so—good," Goble managed with difficulty. "Plagued heart seems—like—played out on me."

Martindale began to open his bag. "Oh, nothing to worry about, Eli. We'll fix it all up right." He made a perfunctory examination. "You'll feel feel better to-morrow, Eli. Sleep tight."

The old man mumbled and coughed; and we went down the shadowy stairway, through the gloomy, over-ornate hall, and out to the front door.

IT WAS four o'clock the next afternoon when Doc Martindale and I arrived at the office, following a round of calls on widely separated cases. Beyond a few hasty reports to the girl whom Doc Martindale kept in his office during the mid-day hours, we had enjoyed no contact with the town of Cottonwood since 10 a.m.

When we returned in Doc's old touring car, it was to find the *Cottonwood Herald* spread on the table with plenty of black ink decorating the front page.

ELI GOBLE GIVES PARK TO CITY

Local Businessman and Pioneer
Settler Decides on Memorial

Plans Changed for Tomorrow's Dedication

At a special meeting of the city council this afternoon, it was unanimously agreed to accept the gift tendered by Eli Goble, revered Civil War veteran and early settler in Cottonwood, who today offered to give the town of Cottonwood some thirty acres

of beautiful woodland, to be known as "Goble Memorial Park."

It is understood that Mr. Goble has been ill, and that is the reason for a delay in his plans.

"The grand old man of Crockett County" stipulated in the terms of his gift that the proposed Memorial Grove of trees should be set out somewhere in the new park area. This necessitated a hasty change in plans. Instead of being planted on the north hill, on the Louis Wilson farm above the Coon River, the trees will be set out on the brow of the east hill, which is included in the thirty acres donated by Mr. Goble.

A big parade, forming in the city hall square, and proceeding across the east bridge toward the new park, will officially open the Arbor Day ceremonies at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Following an invocation by Rev. J. Medley Williams, the Cottonwood city band will—

We leaned there, side by side, with our hands upon the desk, and read that newspaper story.

Doc tapped the paper with his forefinger. "It'll go on record as saying," he declared, "that this is the first thing Eli Goble ever gave away in his life—at least the first thing in which there wasn't some chance of his getting value received out of it. And I don't see what he can get out of this, except glory. . . . Eli doesn't care a rap for glory. Listen to Editor Nollins calling him, 'the grand old man of Crockett County.' That's because Eli holds a mortgage on the *Herald* building."

Two patients drifted in for examination. . . . When I left, an hour later, I looked back to see Doctor Martindale sitting there in his swivel chair, a tired hulk, still reading the *Cottonwood Herald*.

At five-thirty in the morning, Old Doc was beating on my door. I arose, startled, and feeling that nothing short of peritonitis or a breech delivery could have made him summon me so insistently.

He came into the hotel room and waited while I threw on my clothes. "What is it?" I asked, between splashes of cold water.

"We're going out and do a little digging," he said.

I nodded. "Appendectomy? Or what?"

"Nothing so unimportant," Doc replied. And his eyes looked as if he had been awake all night—red-rimmed and circled. . . . "Real digging. No one will know where we are. If Mrs. Gustafson takes a notion to sink and die while we're away, she'll just have to sink and die." He said it with seeming brutality. I was still too sleepy to press him for more details, or to wonder what it was all about.

But when we got out to the curbing in front of the hotel, and I glanced into the rear seat of Doc's car, there lay two spades, a scoop-shovel and a pickaxe.

I turned with an exclamation of astonishment.

(Continued on page 42)



"I want a witness," he said shortly. "Take a look at this." From beneath his coat he withdrew a human skull and turned it slowly for me to see

Behind the Footlights



Ramon Novarro and Madge Evans (circle) are tropical lovers in their forthcoming picture, "Son of India," which is based on the F. Marion Crawford novel, "Mr. Isaacs." He plays Karim, a wealthy diamond merchant, whose father had been killed by native bandits who robbed their caravan. After this disaster, young Karim owes his second start to the kindness of an American tourist, whom he ever after regards as the founder of his fortune. At a banquet given to celebrate a polo victory, Karim meets a beautiful American girl (Miss Evans), and they fall deeply in love. From here on the story must be continued on the screen



Just when the battle smoke seemed to have lifted permanently from the stage and screen, we are plunged back into the thick of it in a picture called "Chances," in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rose Hobart (right) are starred. The return is worth while, however, for this dramatization of A. Hamilton Gibbs's story is an earnest, sincere and moving tale, very well acted and beautifully photographed. It is the romance of two young Englishmen who fall in love with the same girl, while on leave. Only one brother survives, but, from the sentimental angle, it's the right one



Miriam Hopkins, Maurice Chevalier and Claudette Colbert (above) in "The Smiling Lieutenant." This latest Chevalier picture is gay, romantic and amusing against a picturesque Viennese and middle European background bright with handsome uniforms. The famous Chevalier personality is at its best in a saucy tale that scoffs at social conventions and gives the handsome lieutenant plenty of scope for conquering hearts. His two leading ladies are splendid actresses and all the eye could ask; Miss Colbert as the little Viennese cabaret musician, who first wins his heart and Miss Hopkins as the unsophisticated Princess, who will have him at any price. The picture's greatest weakness is the fact that neither lady is equipped to sing the songs written by Oscar Straus

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



HAL PHYTE

When we say that "The Third Little Show" is the best of the series, it is just another way of stating the good news that Beatrice Lillie (above) heads its cast. This engaging English comédienne has a generous share of material to handle and manages to be highly diverting every minute she is on the stage. She by no means has to bear the burden of entertainment alone, however. There is Ernest Truex, an excellent comedian, usually associated with what is generally styled the legitimate drama; Carl Randall, who can act a little and dance amazingly; and Walter O'Keefe, late of the night clubs, who is a first-rate entertainer and puts across the show's outstanding song hit, "When Yuba Plays the Tuba," in fine style. The chorus is good to look at and the music is tuneful, though, alas, there is not a voice in the cast



VANDAM

No revue can possibly amuse everybody all the time but "The Band Wagon," concocted by George S. Kaufman and Howard Dietz, with music by Arthur Schwartz, is bound to keep a good many of us happy most of the time. Most of the material has a fresh and zestful air about it and an enormous laurel wreath is in order for Hassard Short for the beauty and novelty of the staging he has provided. As for the players, Fred and Adele Astaire (left) have more to do and do it better than in any show they have graced to date; Tilly Losch has two outstanding dance numbers; Frank Morgan, for whom this is a debut in musical entertainment, comes off with flying colors; and Helen Broderick has some highly amusing monologues which she delivers in her best straight-faced comedy style. The costuming is attractive and the Astaires' dancing sheer delight. Altogether, a very bright, and what is even more noteworthy, a thoroughly intelligent entertainment



Mary Astor and Jack Holt (above) have been more happily cast than in their latest picture entitled "White Shoulders." The swift dramatic action usual in a Rex Beach story is lacking here and most of the burden of drama falls on the dialogue. Jack Holt plays Gordon Kent who, after twenty years in South America, returns to New York to enjoy life and spend his hard-won millions. He meets, wins and marries Norma Selbee (Miss Astor) all in one evening and takes her abroad on a long honeymoon. The course of their love does not run smoothly, but it does run slowly and not too probably



Here is what Madison Square Garden looked like when Jim Londos met Jim McMillen for the championship



Ray Steele—the coming champion?

Wrestling Comes Back —and Why!

By Joe Williams

I AM by trade a New York sports writer and in certain unguarded moments I have been scandalously exposed, squatted at the ringside, peering studiously and incredulously at large human bodies flying through the air or bouncing on the floor to the accompaniment of truculent grunts and plaintive moans—

So when the Editors of THE ELKS MAGAZINE called me into their offices and after compelling me to admit the shameless truth that I am at heart a confirmed wrestling addict they asked:

“Why is wrestling popular?”—

It was with no little restraint that I managed to refrain from countering with:

“Why is wrestling?”

Such a comment would not have been altogether imprudent or impertinent. Wrestling is the oldest athletic obsession known to man. It was the first recreation of the primitive forefathers. Giants of the stone age were known to come to grips under the stars while the festive dinosaur looked on in bewilderment from the swamplands.

Yet wrestling has remained the most unstable of all the recorded sports, the most disorganized, the most unharmonious in development and presentation. You seldom know from one month to another who is the champion. Frequently there are two or three well-fed persons with such forbidding pseudonyms as Strangler, Killer and Butcher claiming the topmost rating.

No sport has been more abused, ridiculed, discredited or condemned. For years it has

been enthusiastically denounced in newspapers as a coarse burlesque. “Well, who’s to be champion this week?” is a popular, if not altogether devastating, wisecrack among the scoffers.

In some States the sport is not even recognized as honorable competition. For instance, the New York Boxing Commission refuses to sanction any wrestling match as a contest. Contracts, when approved, specify that the match must be presented as an “exhibition.” In Illinois a similar ukase was recently enacted.

There hasn’t been an undisputed heavy-weight champion (the smaller weights don’t seem to matter any more) since Frank Gotch retired to his farm in 1913. Gotch, greatest of all American wrestlers, ruled continuously from 1906 up to the time he quit, all conquering and supreme in a field barren of opposition.

There have been a dozen champions more or less since Gotch’s time, including the Caddocks, Stechers, Zbyszkos, Munns, Lewises, Sonnenbergs, Georges, Shikats and Londoses. You get some idea of the scrambled, chaotic pattern of wrestling when you know Lewis has won and lost the title four times, and that within the past year there have been no fewer than four men parading as champions.

A new note of confusion was added to the “championship” scene a few weeks ago when Henri De Glane, a comparative unknown took a decision from Strangler Lewis in Montreal. What made the confusion doubly confusing was that only a few nights

before Lewis had taken the “championship” away from Don George.

The De Glane victory was attended by certain interesting and piquant circumstances. He won the first fall cleanly. In the midst of the second with both men seemingly in the throes of the death grip De Glane suddenly let out an ear-shattering shriek.

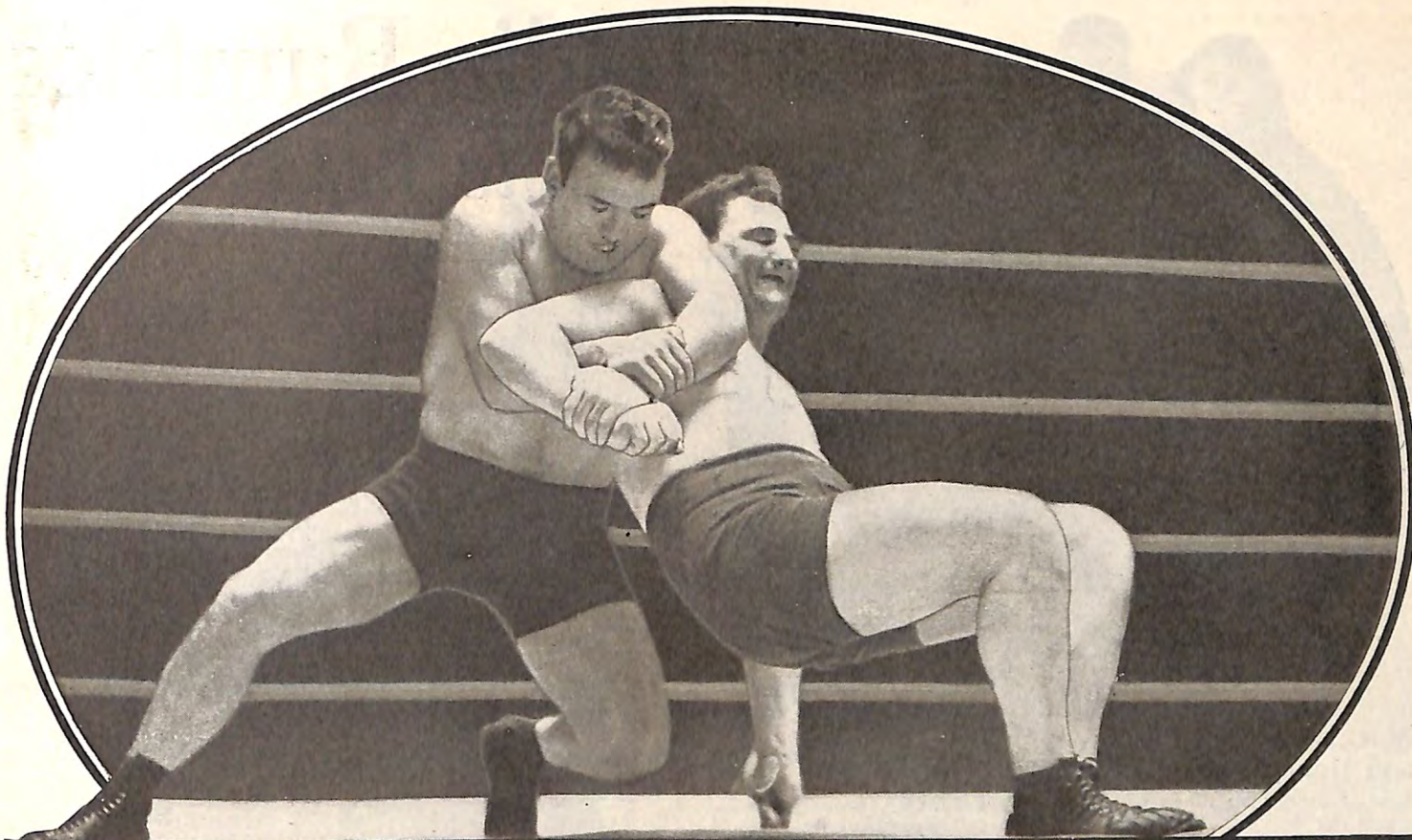
“This guy is biting my arm off!” he yelled.

Now even in wrestling such cannibalistic practises are not looked upon with complete approval by the better people.

“Let’s see your arm,” demanded the referee.

And sure enough, plain as all get out, there was the evidence—an ugly, jagged imprint of a half-circle of human molars that had bitten deep and with obvious enthusiasm into Mr. De Glane’s quivering flesh. There was nothing to do but disqualify the ravenous Lewis and award the decision to the Frenchman.

But that is not the whole story, ladies and gents, not by another mouthful. Undaunted, Lewis in rebuttal charged that De Glane had actually bitten himself, that in the



INTERNATIONAL

mix up his opponent, plotting a nefarious and altogether wicked coup, had mistaken his own arm for that of the Strangler's, and had thereupon clamped down with the ivories. On this allegation Lewis demanded that the decision be given to him. I regret to report that the referee remained uncompromisingly obdurate, not to say adamant. A pity, too. Such gorgeous resourcefulness deserved a better fate.

WELL, so much for that. The present truth is that in spite of the shifting, unsteady and artificial structure of the sport, in spite of all the public ridicule and suspicion, in spite of the absence of a Gotch-like idolatrous figure, wrestling to-day is enjoying the greatest popularity in history. In an era of depression it has been the source of more consistently rich box-office statements than any other sport with the single exception of baseball. It has even replaced prize-fighting as a popular turnstile beguilement.

Why? There are several reasons. I don't think it is hard to explain why wrestling moved ahead of prize-fighting. Actually it didn't move ahead. Prize-fighting slipped back. Fouls, fakes, fiascos—these things,

Jim Londos, world's champion, clamps a mean wrist-lock on an aspiring challenger

glibly presented as the real stuff, brought prize-fighting to its knees. Greedy promoters helped too, by charging \$25.00 for ringside seats and, in return, furnishing a dime's worth of action.

Old Gus H. Fan is a glutton for punishment but like Bat Nelson and Joe Grim of a past, iron-jaw age he can stand just so much. So in due time old Gus turned to the bull elephants of the padded canvas. What if it was phoney—most of the fights were, or seemed to be, anyway. And besides, old Gus could buy the best seat in the house at a wrestling match for three smackers. And in times when smackers were scarce, this meant something.

It may be true that old Gus turned to wrestling because he didn't have anything else to turn to, but even so there can no longer be any doubt that he is happy in his decision and that his acceptance of the shows—hippodromes or no—is boisterously genuine. In the words of the condemned benedict he has taken the big grunt-and-gron guys for better or worse.

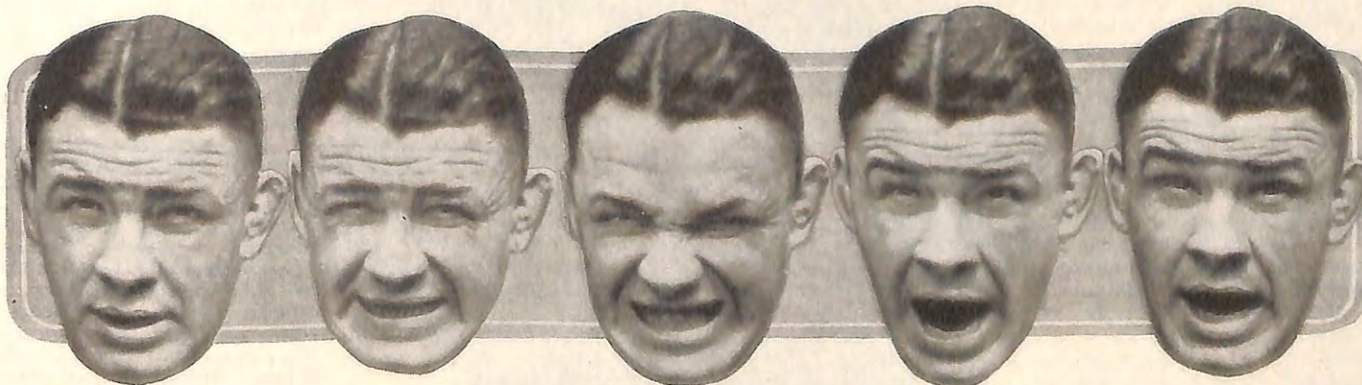
Twice this year, storming, swirling, sport-

mad mobs tore down the doors in Madison Square Garden, America's most celebrated arena, to see Jim Londos defend his "championship." This was amazing to William F. Carey, the man who took the place of the late Tex Rickard. At about the same time Carey was offering the customers championship prize-fights at sharply reduced rates with only a few curious strangers drifting in, usually to escape rain or boredom or both.

More amazing still was that as the wrestlers grew in popularity the "very nice people" of whom Rickard was wont to speak so feelingly and for whom he always reserved his choicest accommodations, succumbed to the hysteria and it wasn't long before the front-row pews in the Garden sparkled and glittered with jeweled shoulders and white shirt fronts.

The coincidental collapse of the fight game and comparatively moderate tariff at the box office only partly explain the feverish wrestling renaissance. A more important factor, perhaps, is the fact that the wrestlers are excellent showmen, they have a sound sense of theatrical values, they always leave them smiling when they say good-by. This being so, the fidelity of the performance, and

(Continued on page 62)



Jim McMillen, "the man of a thousand faces," registers a few for posterity. Suffering, savagery and anger are what the customers pay to see—and they get them

Radio Rambles

—Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



Moonshine and Honeysuckle

Louis Mason, who plays Clem Betts, mountaineer (around whom the story revolves in this popular series over National Broadcasting Company's network), is a Kentuckian and thoroughly familiar with the type he portrays. Here you see Anne Elstner, Cracker Girl (with her hair down), and standing, Clem, himself. The others are Jenny Begg (pointing) and Sarah Haydn



"Mr. and Mrs."

Here are Joe and Vi having a "friendly" little family chat. The bone of contention seems to be a ball. Hundreds have written in for pictures of this couple in the Graybar Program, broadcast every Tuesday night over a nation-wide network of the Columbia Broadcasting System. There sure is trouble "Bruin"—keep your eye on the ball, look to the left and you'll see why I am so sure of what I say



The Two Troupers

And how! Marcella Shields, seated on the table with finger pressed coyly to cheek, has been a trouper since she was four years old. She is just five feet tall and the word "cute" was 'specially coined for her. Helene Handin (waiting for words of fun, and all prepared to write them into the next show) is the other half of this inseparable pair. She took her first storm of applause by speaking a piece at a strawberry festival when she had attained the ripe old age of two. They're splendid actresses, splendid friends and—best of all—splendid girls



Jones and Hare

Two old friends,
The Interwoven Pair.
Left, Billy Jones,
Right, Ernie Hare,
Still on the job bringing radio joys
(Remember them as the Happiness
Boys?)
With chatter, and songs and humor rare,
Brought to your ears by the Interwoven Pair.
Left, Billy Jones,
Right, Ernie Hare

By Lassiter Wren
and Randle McKay

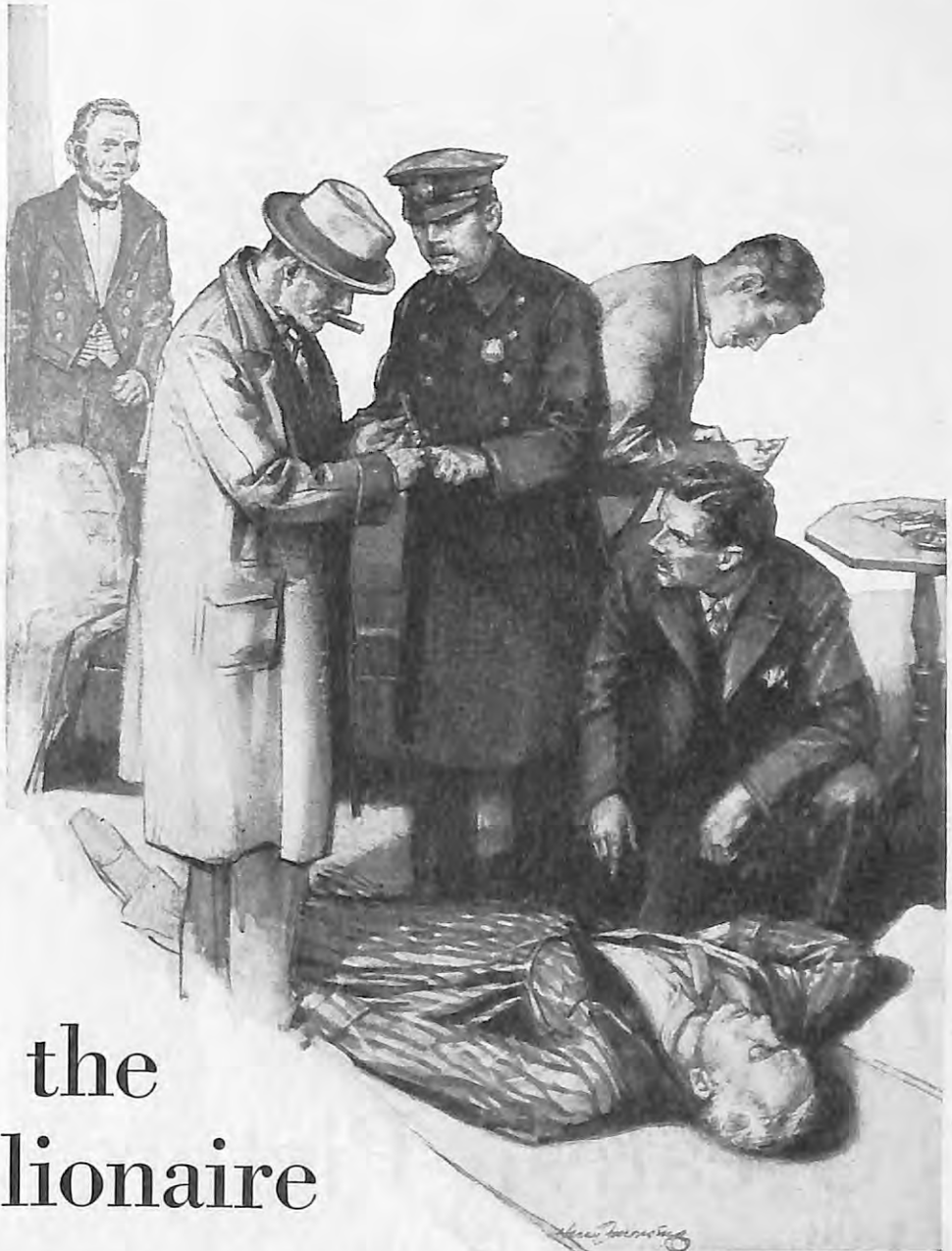
See If You Can Solve This Baffling Case

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.



Drawing by Harry Townsend

The Mystery of the Hermit Millionaire

THE visit to New York of the mysterious Mr. James Nellison was heralded by news reports copied from the San Francisco papers. The headline ran: "Millionaire Hermit Visits America." The accounts stated that Mr. Nellison, arriving in San Francisco on the *S.S. Kutsu-Maru*, had come to spend the winter in New York. The millionaire was the owner of a small island in the South Seas, where it was said he had built a luxurious residence, and had lived like a solitary prince for many years. He was an Englishman, and appeared to be scarcely past middle-age—good-looking, in spite of extreme thinness. It was at first supposed that his trip to America was for pleasure, but soon the real purpose leaked out. He had come to undergo a very serious operation.

Nellison installed himself temporarily in the small and exclusive Hotel St. Gregory, with his faithful Chinese servant, who acted as nurse. For several weeks after his arrival, he lived a normal, quiet life. Although at times he suffered severely painful attacks of his malady, he was not always confined to his room. On several occasions he entered into conversation with guests of the hotel, and once spoke frankly to the hotel manager regarding his condition. "They say I have one chance in ten of surviving the

operation," he stated, "but it's either that or suicide, so I'll have to chance it."

Only a week before the invalid was to depart for a private sanitarium, he was forced to send his servant to southern California, as the Chinese had proved unable to stand New York's November climate. An English valet who understood nursing was hired temporarily.

The day before that set for the operation was Thanksgiving Day. It was about eight o'clock of that evening that the valet called the hotel office on the telephone, and frantically announced that Nellison had just shot himself.

The police were immediately summoned. They made an examination, and took the

testimony of the hotel employees. As it was a holiday, most of the hotel guests were away from their rooms. It was, moreover, at the dinner-hour that the shooting took place. None could be found who had heard the shot—it had not been remarked by any employees of the hotel. The Nellison suite was at the far end of a wing corridor.

The dead man lay stretched upon the floor in the living-room of his suite. The bullet had penetrated the heart and passed out at the back, a little lower and a trifle to the left. In his right hand, which was outflung, was a 32-calibre revolver. There were distinct powder burns on the front of the dark silk dressing-gown which he wore. The coroner's physician, who arrived within a half hour, stated that the man had certainly been dead for no more than forty-five minutes.

The valet said that he had left his master lying on the living-room couch, while he went to prepare a draught of medicine. He said that Nellison had been suffering great pain for several hours. The valet had just started toward the living-room, from the bath-room, he said, when he heard the shot. He stated that Nellison had been dead when he reached him. When questioned, he said that he had not moved the body, or touched the weapon, but had telephoned at once.

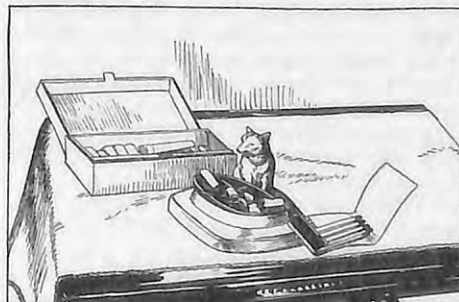


Table next to couch where Nellison rested



The Greatest Picture

*A Short, Short Story
Complete on these Pages*

By Stanley Jones

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

ON the glass door of Room 1705 I made out the faded gold letters:

SLATTERY & JESSUP
Wild Animal photographers

Edging in between packing-boxes, I hailed a porter. "Moving, eh? Mr. Slattery or Mr. Jessup in?" He jerked his hammer. "One of 'em's in—the other's in the hospital."

Amid the confusion, I presently perceived a brown, wiry little man slouched moodily in a chair, feet on the window-sill. He barely glanced at my card. "I've got an idea," I began, "for the greatest animal picture ever filmed." He grunted contemptuously, but I swallowed my pride and went on. "I've done a lot of successful scenarios, and this particular one—with your firm to take it—promises to be the greatest—"

"It's been taken already," he snapped, and spat out into the warm spring sunshine. "The greatest picture's been taken, by Slattery & Jessup. But *you'll* never see it." His hands trembled over a match and cigarette; sudden pity submerged my resentment.

"No, you won't see it," he repeated grimly. "And there'll never be another like it, for there's no more Slattery & Jessup to do it."

"Oh," I said gently. "I'm sorry—I didn't know you'd had trouble."

Copyright, 1931, by Stanley Jones

"Trouble?" he echoed. "My God—'trouble!' No, no, don't go—I'm not naturally this rude. It's just—well, sit down. Maybe it'll do me good to get it off my chest." He limped over to slam the door, then dropped into his chair again. "To begin with, you know how Slattery & Jessup have always stood in their line. Good team, too. Slattery had the ideas, the cold nerve. Jessup had business sense, and the devil's own knack with a camera. Excitable, yes—but only once did it sweep him completely away.

"They made pictures everywhere. Till, one scorching night, down in the Belgian Congo, Slattery got his big idea. 'Hell,' he exclaimed, 'they want thrills, do they? All right, here she is: an honest-to-God scrap between a lion and a white man armed with a spear, revolver and knife! That'll be the greatest picture ever made—it'll leave 'em scared to go home without a cop!'

"Whew!" says Jessup. "Wouldn't it, though? But it's too risky, Bill!"

"Slattery over-ruled him, however, and after they'd talked it over for a couple of days Jessup was fairly twitching with excitement. They worked it all out. Left meat—

zebra and wart-hog—on a little mound, and built a screened picket-blind for the camera. The lions got to coming around regularly, and Slattery practised throwing a spear he bought from a native hunter. The morning finally broke, hot and still. Jessup looked haggard, he hadn't slept. His hands shook, and Slattery cursed him as he was strapping on his service revolver. "Take a drink, man, and get into that blind! You're going to film the greatest picture ever made!"

"Slattery set out for the mound then, leaving Jessup gasping after him from the safety of the blind. There was one old lion worrying the bait, but when Slattery was still thirty feet off he raised three others who'd been snoozing in the grass. This was more than he'd figured on, and he might have run if he hadn't known the camera was working on him. So he halted, spear ready, while his back hair prickled up and almost pushed his helmet over his eyes!

"At last, two of 'em sidled off, growling. But Number Four was made of the same stuff Slattery was. And right here, don't believe the fellow who tells you a lion won't attack a man until the man starts to run. He *will*, if he's riled enough. Well, this one lay flat, gathering his paws under him, eyes blazing yellow, tail slashing the dried grass. Slattery drew back the spear, slowly cocked the gun in his left hand.

"It seemed an hour, though no more



*The lion lay flat,
gathering his
paws under him,
eyes blazing
yellow, tail
slashing the
dried grass*

than five seconds could have ticked off before that lion sprang. Slattery hurled the spear, sinking it into the chest in midair. At the same time, he fired twice from the hip and leaped aside. The lion landed, broke off the spear-shaft, and jumped again, all in one lightning move. Like a big rubber ball packed with TNT. Roaring, too—a sound to haunt you to your grave!

"But Slattery's as quick—and twice as scared. He fired again, hopping, and the beast whirled to snap at his side where the slug bit in. This gave Slattery an instant—an instant in which he could have run to safety. To a stunted tree some twenty feet away, but a glance told him it was out of the range of the camera. He decided in a flash, and stood his ground. If he'd run, you see, it wouldn't have been the greatest picture. He heard Jessup bawling, 'Jab him in the eye! Twist his tail!' and such frenzied advice. Then the lion was on him again.

"Slattery pumped his fifth slug into his neck, backing off, and jerked the big sheath-knife from his belt. That shot might have done the business, for blood spurted. But Slattery, intent on his aim, tripped over a tuft. As he sprawled, the beast was over him, striking, and his claws were red before he hit the ground. When you figure that a lion can hit five times while a fast boxer strikes once, you can believe that Slattery was hurt! But the luck of the Irish stuck with him.

"He barely squirmed from under the falling body. And that last shot was fired through a bloody haze. Then, with Jessup's yells coming to him faintly, he shut his eyes and stabbed feebly. But the shot hit home. Right through the roof of the mouth, without cracking a tooth, and into the brain! You can call it 'luck,' or you can call it 'instinct'—they're often found together. And that's that."

He grunted then, and looked bitterly out of the window. I tried to relax—hadn't realized how the brief narrative had tensed me up. I lit a cigarette. The porter shamled in with a putty knife and began to scrape the faded firm name from the glass door.

"Where is the firm moving to?" I inquired. A scornful smile.

"There is no firm," he snapped. "Dissolved. When one of the two members cannot possibly be out of the hospital for ten months, well . . ." He shrugged. I leaned forward.

"Why—why, you are Jessup, then. Was Slattery so badly injured?"

"No." Again the ghost of a sardonic smile. "Jessup was badly injured."

"What? Did the lion get Jessup, too?"

"No, Slattery got him. I'm Slattery. You see, when—when I finally came to, I found that Jessup, in his excitement, had forgotten to turn the crank."



The Pest of Families

"More than 100 kinds of germs cause colds," says a physician. The most common, we understand, is the one who opens and closes windows. —*Life*.

An Old Turkish Custom

A foreign news item says that an entire hotel was carried across 500 miles of desert in North Africa, piece by piece. Here in America hotels are carried away, towel by towel! —*Pathfinder*.

The Range of Her Ability

In a California divorce case a man accuses his wife of being "sullen, mean, irritable, morbid, disagreeable, nasty, bitter, jealous, heckling, loathsome, insulting, miserly, selfish, uncivil, and inconsiderate." But could she cook? —*New York Evening Post*.

For Different Reasons

A doctor suggests that, of the many people who disappear every year, some are actuated by the belief that they are not wanted. And others, no doubt, by the knowledge that they are. —*Passing Show*.

Throb Story

Lady: "Will my false teeth look natural?"
Dentist: "Lady, I make 'em so natural they ache." —*Life*.

The Silent Drama

As an experiment, lozenges were provided for the audience at a Berlin theatre. The result was such quiet that you could hear a cough drop. —*Passing Show*.

The Cobra

This creature fills its mouth with venom
And walks upon its duodenum.
He who attempts to tease the cobra
Is soon a sadder he, and sobra.
—*Ogden Nash, in The New Yorker*.

Fine and Handy

"Why are you driving up and down in front of the hospital?"
"For safety; I began driving only to-day."
—*Lustige Blaetter*.

Rugged Exercise

"What beats a thick Turkish carpet?" asks an advertisement. A husband, usually.
—*Passing Show*.

The Family Circle

"I'm thinking of starting a picture-theatre," said the lonely father. "Well, there's good money in that business." "It isn't the money I'm after. But I would like to see my wife and children once in a while."
—*J. C. Percy in "More Bulls and Blunders."*

Resourceful Ruth

"Is Ruth a nice girl?"
"Is she! That girl can say 'no' more ways than a Senator."
—*Judge*.

Come and Gone

IN THE pre-Volstead days, it was quite the general custom among the Negroes living in the country, in Virginia, to "come to town" a day or two before Christmas and spend all their money in preparation for a big feast on Christmas Day. This preparation always included the purchase of a jug of liquor.

Sam Watson, a tall, solemn-looking Negro, making his annual trip for his holiday purchases, was a little belated, reaching the city on Christmas Eve.

Having finished his shopping, he was hurrying to the station, to catch his waiting train, when he stumbled; the jug fell to the sidewalk with a crash; and the precious contents at once became a mere wet place on the concrete.

Sam stood for a moment, dazed by his misfortune. Then, as he turned away from the heart-breaking sight, he said in lugubrious tones: "Dah now! Chris'mus done come—an' gone!" —*Fred Harper*.



A Grocer Insult

A judge gave an Oregon grocer who beat up a Government inspector a chance to defend himself. The grocer said:

"I am guilty. I lost my head. All the morning I held my temper while Government agents inspected my scales, tasted my butter, smelled my meat, graded my kerosene. In addition, your Honor, I had just answered three Federal questionnaires. Then this bird comes along and wants to take moving-pictures of my cheese. It was more than I could stand—I pasted him in the eye."
—*Atchison Globe*.

No Temperature Now

"Well, Mrs. Johnsing," a colored physician announced, after taking her husband's temperature. "Ah has knocked de fever outen him."

"Sho' nuff," was the excited reply. "Am he gwine git well, den?"

"No'm," answered the doctor. "Dey's no hope fo' him, but you has de satisfaction of knowin' dat he died cured."
—*Montreal Star (Canada)*.



Voice: "Is that Hillside 0504?"
Subscriber: "No, but this is very encouraging. Yours is the nearest guess today!"
—*The Humorist*.

Pray as You Enter

Mohammedans pray in the streets.
So do pedestrians. —*Dublin Opinion*.

One Out

Sergeant: "Got away, has he? Did you guard all the entrances?"

Patrolman: "Yes; but we think he must have left by one of the exits." —*Answers*.

We Sunday Drivers

A judge has ruled that there is no obligation to shout "Fore" when one is about to drive a ball in golf.

Most of us, however, will continue to flatter ourselves. —*Dublin Opinion*.

Who's Dizzy Now?

"Hear about Jimson being in the hospital?"

"In the hospital? Why, I saw him last night dancing with a dizzy blonde."

"Yeh! So did his wife."
—*Capper's Weekly*.

Two Constituents

Teacher: "What are the constituents of quartz?"

Bright Boy: "Pints."
—*Springbok*.

Fairly Closely Related

A Philadelphia man married a girl and his grown son married her mother. The great convenience of this, as we see it, is that a child of either couple will be its own uncle. —*Life*.

That City Complex

Then there is the city kid who went to the country to see his grandmother for a visit and saw some ducks walking around and shouted, "Oh, granny, lookit the birds that just got out of a rumble seat!" —*Pathfinder*.



CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

With David Lawrence In Washington

Optimism and Business Facts—Foreign Trade No Longer Velvet

NOWADAYS, we're talking about one common theme—business. Almost everybody is asking everybody else, "How's business?" And almost everybody else is answering according to his own personal feelings—his own temperature, we might say. There is nothing so dangerous, it seems to me, as generalities regarding business—nothing so difficult to understand as the tendency in this country to talk about business in general terms. I can't imagine anything more complex than the business structure, the economic machine, of America; and yet we are all given to generalities about it as if it were one homogeneous affair which could be translated into a definite and positive statement each day and each week—as if we could take its temperature very much as we do the fever of a patient. After all, it may be a good thing that we have had this depression, because it has uncovered to us how complicated is our whole economic machinery and how difficult and dangerous it is to make generalizations.

How shall we judge business, after all? Is good business the result of a particularly good balance sheet on the part of an individual—on the part of a firm or corporation? Is it good business when one industry is in excellent condition, making sales and making profits; whereas next door to it is another industry feeling the effects, let us say, of the recession? How can we judge business when there are so many businesses to judge—so many basic industries and so many by-product industries which have to be surveyed before we have the faintest idea of how the whole country is moving collectively?

As a matter of fact, there are a great many people to-day who think that everybody ought to preach optimism, and that the simplest way out of our difficulties is to produce a national psychology of optimism. Well, if you can ground your optimism on

facts, there is nothing more important than having those facts distributed; and they will carry their own optimism—you won't have to sugar-coat them if they are there. And you will only create confidence by the distribution of facts. You won't get anybody else believing that things are better when they are not. And so the most important thing that we have to do is to understand the facts of our present situation; because, if we understand them, we will know where we are going. I really believe we can read the future, so far as business is concerned, if we understand the present—if, to be sure, we go back and understand the past—because all the things that have been happening to us in the last decade are very clearly revealed as the passage of time enables us to recede from those events. How clearly now we see the year 1930! How much more clearly we see the year 1929! And for those friends of mine who are disappointed that business has not, overnight, brought back the great days of 1929, I am always tempted to remind that December, 1930, which we all admit now was the low point in our morale—in our business—is only six months away. How is it possible to have, in a short space of six months, a change so fundamental that we all should feel it, after such a convulsion—after such a shock as that which brought the low point of December, 1930? So many of us forget that December, 1930, now recognized as the low point, was only six months ago. It would be a miracle, indeed, if, in the middle of June, we had reached a point so high that we could look back on December, 1930, and feel that we had made a major grade. Actually, December, 1930, represented the collapse of values—the lowest subsiding point after a series of shocks that began in June of 1929, and reached somewhat of a climax in October, 1929, but continued throughout

1930, until we recognized that we had actually come to the end of that decline in December.

Now the elements of the last decade have to be analyzed in order to know what we mean—in order to say we have come through this depression. Collectively, lots of things happen to produce a result in business; no one thing brings it about. We like to take refuge in such phrases as "over-production," "under-consumption," and the like. We forget that this is too complicated to be crystalized in a single word. Many things are happening at the same time throughout the world; in a combined fashion they produce the result. That is why we have to go back and examine minutely some of the elements of the last decade which are clear to us now, in order to know what really did happen and also the direction in which we may go in the future.

BUSINESS curves are rather difficult to chart, because we are trying to attain an average. In measuring a depression, perhaps a simple way is to take an average of all the businesses, and try to find out by percentages and fractions just about what that index is; but I have a feeling we will measure this depression best by investigating all particular industries and finding out how long it is going to take each particular industry to recover, and when we have found that all out, we can probably strike an average. There are certain industries which are sick. We need not deny it. Those industries know it themselves—they are working day and night to try to reorganize, trying to find new markets, trying to produce at lower cost, trying to make more efficient distribution, trying to combine with other units in the hope that lower overhead will bring about a profit for everybody, instead

(Continued on page 59)



EDITORIAL

THE RETIRING GRAND EXALTED RULER

■ As these lines are written, only a few weeks remain of the current Grand Lodge year. Before another issue of the Magazine shall reach its readers, the Convention of 1931 will have passed into history. Another administration will have been inaugurated with a new executive head. So near the end of his term, the administration of the retiring Grand Exalted Ruler may be appropriately surveyed and appraised.

Lawrence H. Rupp brought to that office a mental equipment, a personality, an enthusiasm for the Order, and a wide experience in the conduct of its affairs, that justified the confident prediction, made in these columns, that he would prove an exceptionally able and successful leader. That prophecy has been fulfilled in the most gratifying manner.

The office of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks is a most exacting one. By virtue of the extensive authority vested in the incumbent, the mere routine of his duties consumes so much of his time, and requires careful attention to such an infinite variety of details, that it involves real sacrifice on the part of one who is also actively engaged upon his own personal affairs. And the performance of services that, by custom, have become almost equally mandatory, materially adds to the measure of that sacrifice.

Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp has been unsparing of himself. Recognizing the unusual conditions which have called for encouraging and inspiring messages personally delivered, he has carried those messages to hundreds of Lodges in every section of the country. With an eloquence and forcefulness that has not been surpassed by any of his predecessors, he has re-enthused the whole Order and has led it sturdily, courageously and triumphantly forward.

Whether the statistical tables will show that the membership has been increased or not, the important fact is that the membership as a whole has renewed its allegiance to the high purposes of the Order, and is carrying on its charitable and benevolent activities with a keener zest and enthusiasm. And that this is true is due, in very definite degree, to the ability, earnestness and untiring personal efforts of Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp.

He has established himself in the affectionate regard of thousands of Elks who have come in contact with him and under the spell of his winning personality, and who have acclaimed him as one of the Order's most brilliant and distinguished leaders. The Elks Magazine shares in that estimate of him and of his splendid administration.

PRECEDENTS

■ The value of an established precedent is to be conceded only when its wisdom and appropriateness, as an original proposition, is unquestioned, and when it is invoked as applicable to substantially similar conditions. In such circumstances, the convenience attendant upon following a fixed course, and the admitted desirability of maintaining stable rules of procedure, would prompt the adoption of a precedent as a

guide to action. But the blind plodding along a given road, simply because it has been traveled before; and the supine acceptance of an example, merely because it has been deemed good at some other time and in other circumstances, is indicative of neither wisdom nor courage.

It is rarely the case that a problem is presented which does not involve features quite peculiar to itself. They should control its consideration and solution. Conditions change with time; new agencies and instrumentalities become available; opinions are altered; old theories are abandoned and give place to new ones more soundly based. Therefore, in dealing with any question, it should be studied and determined in the light of existing conditions and those which may reasonably be expected to arise in the future, not with a sole regard to those which may have obtained in the past when a similar question may have been decided.

These suggestions are deemed pertinent and timely as the annual convention of the Grand Lodge approaches. That body will have before it many matters of interest and concern to the whole Order. They should be discussed and disposed of with a view to meeting actual and anticipated conditions. Precedents should be considered, of course. They should be followed if they be deemed sound for adoption at this time. But they should be courageously discarded if they do not accord with existing circumstances and present day views and opinions.

Timidity rarely attends progress. Intelligent courage is essential to real accomplishment. Happily, the Grand Lodge is made up of those who have proved that they possess this attribute. It is to be expected, as it is to be desired, that they will display it in their deliberations and legislative enactments at Seattle.

A MILITANT FRATERNITY

■ The Order of Elks is a militant fraternity. It believes in doing good, not merely in being good. The best drilled and equipped army in the world cannot win victories by remaining in camp and holding dress parades. It must go forth to battle.

The Order has grown to its present size and power because of the fine humane, patriotic and fraternal things it has done. It can maintain its place in public esteem only by continuing to do them. And the opportunities are just as numerous and just as close at hand now as they have ever been. The Lodge that has found no local need that it can, and should, help to meet, has not looked two blocks beyond its own front door. The individual Elk who feels that there is nothing at hand which calls for his personal fraternal and benevolent service has kept his eyes closed as he walks the streets of his own town.

Perhaps the most frequent complaint that is heard from members is that their Lodge is *not doing anything*. Too often the criticism is just. But the criticism itself does little good. The thing to do is to get the Lodge



busy. There is not an individual Elk in any Lodge who could not stir it to fine activity if he would but point out the job worth doing, and put his heart in the effort to start the movement.

The new officers are now settled in harness. It is time to begin something that will count in the community life. The summer season offers its own peculiar opportunities for service by subordinate Lodges. They should be met in the true spirit of a real militant fraternity.

QUIET CONTEMPLATION

■ For the great majority of us the demands of life sweep us along with a constant pressure. From one task we are forced to another, with the first scarce finished. The end of one day finds us fagged with its efforts, but busily planning for the exacting requirements of the next. There seems little time to pause for real thought. There appear to be no convenient opportunities for quiet contemplation, for sober reflection.

It were better if the time be taken for restful thoughtfulness. It were wiser if opportunities be made for reflective contemplation. The unceasing drive, under high pressure, from day to day, generally moves one an appreciable distance from the starting point. But without occasional calm consideration of all the circumstances and conditions in which we live and work, of our own limitations, of our proper obligations to others as well as to ourselves, the direction of that movement may not be the most desirable. It may not be real progress.

If one has chosen his goal and sincerely desires to reach it, he must do something more than merely struggle. He must intelligently map his path and carefully and watchfully follow it. It is easy to be diverted from it by chance happenings, and to be unwittingly turned into by-roads leading nowhere. This can be avoided only by a pause now and then for a careful survey of our whereabouts.

The habit of contemplation is not often acquired during the period of youthful activity, nor even during



that of zestful middle age. It is more frequently an attribute of old age, if it be acquired at all. But this does not mean that it should be so. The vigor and eagerness of youth are assets all its own. They are assets to be prized and conserved. They are lost soon enough. Yet one who occasionally takes sober counsel of his true aspirations, his obligations,

his capabilities, his opportunities, is exercising a wisdom that cannot too early be attained.

It is because of the lack of such wise practice that worthwhile friends are often permitted to drift away, while we feel ourselves too busy to cultivate and cherish them. For a like reason the ties of love and affection are permitted to become weakened, selfishness engenders itself in the heart, and efforts are wasted because ill-formed plans prove fruitless. And when in later years a pause is finally made to look back upon the route that has been traveled, to view the end that has been

reached, it is all too often a moment of painful realization that conditions are so very different from those which had been hoped for, but for which we have not wisely striven.

Those happy conditions which all desire are not likely to be achieved without hours of quiet contemplation; not morose brooding, nor yet idle dreaming; but purposeful thoughtfulness. All of which has been said by wiser men, in more forceful phrases, many times before. But it is worth saying again here, even thus expressed.

THE OFFICERS' MANUAL

■ It is within the experience of many members who have been designated for committee service in the subordinate Lodges, or who have been elected, or appointed, to office therein, that they had little information as to the specific duties required of them, and no readily available source from which that information could be secured. It is true that the Grand Lodge statutes contain the essential provisions of law relating thereto; but they could not, of course, also contain the advice and the many suggestions that would naturally be most helpful. Such members, thus clothed with new duties and responsibilities, were left largely to their own devices, to ascertain as best they could what they were expected to do and to work out their own methods of doing it.

To meet the recognized need, the Good of the Order Committee has prepared a manual, distributed through the Grand Secretary's Office, in which are set forth, in convenient form, information, advice and numerous suggestions, applicable to all the offices and committees of the subordinate Lodges, and relating to the varied conditions likely to be faced. It will be found helpful, even to experienced officials, and of very definite and material aid to those newly called to service.

With such a document available, members may more readily and confidently undertake the novel tasks incident to Lodge activities with which they may not have already become familiar.

It is to be expected that individuals will exercise their own judgment and assume the responsibility of adopting their own methods, if they be legally permissible, in carrying on the work assigned to them. It is in such manner that true leadership is displayed and promotion to higher honors is won. But knowledge of the statutory and ritual requirements is basic; and suggestions born of wide experience are worthy of consideration and will be found most useful.

The officers and committee members of any Lodge will encounter, of course, in the pursuit of their duties and the discharge of their obligations many situations for which no general work, no matter how comprehensive, could hope to provide a detailed method of handling. Yet those who direct the affairs of the Lodge will gain much from the seasoned counsel outlined by members of the Order long experienced in the administration of its affairs.

In presenting these in the manner that has been adopted in the manual, the Good of the Order Committee has rendered a real service to the Order. It is commended to the careful study of all those who desire to be most effective in their official services to their respective Lodges.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order



One of the most attractive structures in the down-town section of Galion, O., is the Home of Lodge No. 1191. Its architecture, of a modified Colonial type, suggests an atmosphere both hospitable and entirely up-to-date

The Elks Memorial Hall in Paris Legion Building Is Completed

THE Elks Memorial Hall, the auditorium constructed by the Order in the American Legion Building, adjoining Pershing Hall, in Paris, France, has been completed. Announcement of this was made recently by Col. Francis E. Drake, President of the American Legion Building, Paris, Inc., the organization responsible for the establishment in the French capital of the two structures in honor of the Commander-in-Chief and the members of the American Expeditionary Force. Pershing Hall is located at 49 Rue Pierre Charron. Directly in the rear of this building, and connected with it, a new six-story structure has been erected. It is known as the American Legion Building, and in it is the Elks Memorial Hall. This splendid auditorium, capable of seating two hundred persons, is the contribution of the Order to the Legion's memorial to all Americans who offered their lives during the war. It will be dedicated to the seventy thousand Elks who served in the armed forces of their country, and particularly to the one thousand of that number who were killed. The participation of the Order in the projects of Pershing Hall and the American Legion Building came in response to an invitation from the Legion to do so. Formal acceptance of the invitation was voted at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City last year; and during the same session \$30,000 was appropriated for the expense of the enterprise. Coincident with his announcement of the completion of the Hall, Colonel Drake requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to inform the Order that all its members in good standing are invited to share the privileges

of the Legion's memorial buildings. These possess practical as well as tributary features. Their facilities are those of a first-class club, with reading and library rooms, lounges, a well-equipped information bureau and mail service, and a buffet. Any Elk, presenting a membership card showing his good standing, may avail himself of the advantages of the buildings.

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge Entertains 750 on "Boys' Night"

Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, was host a short time ago to 750 boys of its community. The occasion was designated "Boys' Night," and it consisted of a vaudeville show at the Lodge Home, followed by an outdoor feast at the City Park. A striking preliminary to the events was a parade through the streets of the city. In this were all the young guests of the Redondo Beach Elks and four bands. The procession was accorded a police escort from each of the towns of Redondo, Hermosa, Manhattan, Torrance, Hawthorne and El Segundo.

Elks of the Panama Canal Zone Show Energy in Welfare Work

Elks of the two Lodges of the Panama Canal Zone have shown unusual activity recently in charitable and welfare enterprises. One instance of this was that incident to the presentation of the Red Cross benefit show at a theater in Colon, with Will Rogers appearing in person. In the promotion of this entertainment, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. W. Glaw and A. W. Goulet; and Past Exalted Ruler J. W. Coffin of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, were among

the several members of this Lodge and of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, who made every effort to insure its success. A second example of the active interest of the same sort among members of the Order in the Canal Zone was that displayed by Archibald MacDonald, known to the circus world as Mr. Dunbar, of the Dunbar-Schweyer Circus. Not long after his recent initiation into Lodge No. 1542, Mr. MacDonald put his entire circus at the disposal of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, for the entertainment of more than eight hundred children inmates of orphanages and charity schools on the island of Porto Rico.

Lamar, Colo., Lodge Secretary Issues Warning Against Carl C. Smith

THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to warn the Secretaries of subordinate Lodges against Carl C. Smith, of Lamar, Colo., Lodge, No. 1319, who, according to the report of the Lodge's Secretary, C. H. Wooden, has passed worthless checks at a number of places. A communication relative to the same subject, received from L. E. Alderman, Sheriff of Powers County, Colo., declares that a felony warrant has been issued against Mr. Smith. The sheriff gives the following facts to assist in identifying him: Membership card No. 28, paid up to October 1, 1931; and member No. 773 in Lamar Lodge; thirty-two years old, five feet, six inches in height; weight 130 pounds; hair, dark brown; eyes, brown; bullet scar on left wrist; occupation, soda dispenser; he is traveling in a 1928 Ford roadster, 1931 Colorado license 358-338; motor No. A 654-055.

Galveston, Texas, Elks Win State Ten-Pin Association Award

One of the most successful bowling tournaments in the seventeen years of the Texas Ten-Pin Association was brought to a close recently when the "A" team of Galveston Lodge, No. 126, won the all-event prize. The tournament was held on the alleys of Galveston Lodge. Some 1,200 entries were on the cards. Among these were the teams of the neighboring Lodges of San Antonio, Houston, Austin and Brenham.

Memorial Tributes of Denver, Colo., Lodge Are of Unusual Beauty

An unusually beautiful and impressive means of paying tribute to the memory of a member of the Order who has died is that practised by Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. It consists in presenting to the member's family a magnificently designed and handsomely bound copy of the resolution passed by the Lodge in memory of the member it has lost. Between soft leather covers of rich purple, upon the front of which is impressed in gold the words, "In Memoriam," in Old English letters, the text of the resolution is set forth. It is engraved on pages of heavy white vellum paper, with every character hand-

drawn in a style similar to the lettering on the cover. Additional beauty and dignity is contributed by the introduction throughout the resolution of illuminated initials like those preserved in ecclesiastical manuscripts of the medieval church. The official gold seal of the Lodge appears at the foot of the text on the last page, with the signatures of the Exalted Ruler and the Secretary.

Tallahassee, Fla., Elks Give Banquet in Honor of Governor Carlton

Over two hundred and fifty Elks, including many prominent in the affairs of the Order, recently attended the Biennial Governor's Night Banquet, held at the Home of Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, in honor of Governor Doyle E. Carlton, of Florida. Among the distinguished guests present, besides the Governor, were Louis M. Lively, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; A. M. Taylor, Past Grand Inner Guard; David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. F. Chapman, L. D. Reagin, J. Edwin Baker, Harold Colee and Frank E. Thompson. Governor Carlton made the principal address of the evening. Exalted Ruler Marvin Collins extended greetings to the visiting Elks.

Six Lodges Bring Children to Visit West Frankfort, Ill., Elks Clinic

With six Lodges in the South District of the State bringing patients, West Frankfort, Ill., Lodge, No. 1340, had forty-eight boys and girls examined at a recent and highly successful crippled children's clinic. Of invaluable help in the management of the clinic were Dr. C. D. Midkiff, a member of the Crippled Children's Commission of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Mrs. E. B. Kuhn, Field Secretary of the Association's Crippled Children's Foundation.

"Judges' Night" at Oak Park, Ill., Lodge Attracts Guests of Note

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, in honor of one of its members, Ross C. Hall, who a short time before had been elected to the Superior Court of Cook County, recently held a meeting designated as "Judges' Night." Among those to attend the meeting and to address the Lodge, in addition to the guest of honor, were Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Forum and former Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois; John M. O'Connor and Otto Kerner, Justices of the Illinois Appellate Court; William J. Lindsay, Harry B. Miller and Walter T. Stanton, Judges of the Superior Court of Cook County; Michael Feinberg, Philip Finnegan and Joseph Burke,



The banquet tendered to Governor Carlton, of Florida, by Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937

Judges of the Circuit Court of Cook County; and Justin McCarthy, Francis Allegritti and Edgar A. Jonas, Judges of the Municipal Court of Chicago.

Mayor, Grand Lodge Officers Greet Good-Will Car at Chicago

Notables of the Order and of the city welcomed THE ELKS MAGAZINE Purple-and-White car, No. 3 of the Good-Will Fleet, upon its arrival at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Among the prominent Elks to greet the driver of the automobile, Harry K. Maples, were Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, John R. McCabe, Exalted Ruler, and Michael Feinberg, Past Exalted Ruler of Chicago Lodge, No. 4. Representing the city and extending its hospitality were Mayor Anton J. Cermak, Colonel Isham Randolph, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce; and Dr. Allen D. Albert, Vice-President of the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition.

Fremont, Neb., Elks Honor Pulitzer Winner, Charles S. Ryckman

Two testimonial dinners were given recently to Charles S. Ryckman, Past Exalted Ruler of Fremont, Nebr., Lodge, No. 514, and editor of the Fremont Tribune, in token of acclaim of his achievement in winning this year's Pulitzer Editorial Prize. This award is one of fifteen made annually by the Pulitzer Foundation, administered by the Trustees of Columbia University, in New York. It is offered for the best edi-

torial article written during the year, the test of excellence being clearness of style, moral purpose, sound reasoning, and power to influence public opinion in what the author conceives to be the right direction. The first banquet to this year's winner was that tendered by his Lodge, and attended by two hundred of its membership. Features of the entertainment were a vaudeville show and boxing bouts, preceding the dinner. At the Lodge meeting which followed, Mr. Ryckman received from his fellow members in No. 514, a handsome silver tea service, as a lasting memento of their pride in his accomplishment. Upon the evening following the Elks' testimonial banquet, Mr. Ryckman was the guest of honor at a similar affair given by the Fremont Chamber of Commerce. In attendance among the gathering of two hundred and fifty were a host of men notable in public life and in the world of journalism.

Celebrities at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Elks Dinner to Retiring Head

Men of high rank within the Order and in public life were present recently at the Home of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, when its members assembled at a dinner in honor of the retiring Exalted Ruler, Ray W. Aylesworth. The toastmaster upon the occasion was Justice William Bleakley, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. He introduced, among others, as speakers, his associate upon the bench State Supreme Court Justice Frederick P. Close; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mayor James Berg, of Mount Vernon.

Providence, R. I., Elks Make Half-Yearly Visit to Hospital

Under the leadership of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, members of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, made their regular semi-annual visit a short time ago to St. Joseph's Hospital Annex at Hills Grove. There they provided entertainment, consisting of singing and dancing and instrumental music, for the inmates; distributed tobacco and candy, and served refreshments of ice cream and cake. Details of arrangements for the visit were made by the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Will Show Talking Pictures in Home

Through the interest of a group of members within it, Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, has arranged for the installation of equipment in its Home for the showing of talking pictures. The group responsible for the innovation is known as "The Hollywood Club." It intends to give the equipment, valued at \$5,000, to the Lodge, when its plans are completed. After the installation is accomplished, three talking picture entertainments a week will be given in the Home.

Florida Elks Plan Extensive Work Among State's Crippled Children

Extensive plans for the treatment and rehabilitation of crippled children have been formulated by the Elks of Florida. This was announced recently, at a meeting of Daytona



The new Joseph T. Fanning ward, named in honor of the senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, at the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, in Atlantic City, N. J.



The "Charter Members' Show," presented recently by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge

Lodge, No. 1141, by David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and Don Milton, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of the Florida State Elks Association. Among the several prominent members of the Order present, besides Mr. Sholtz, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. F. Chapman and James F. Fernandez; and Joseph L. Reed, sr., Past President of the Association. The Lodge session followed a banquet at the Suwanee Hotel at which members of the Florida State Elks Welfare Association and the Florida Crippled Children's Commission were guests.

District Deputy Delos K. Moser, Of Ohio, Northeast, Is Dead

Delos K. Moser, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Ohio, Northeast, died recently in Warren, Ohio, the city where sixty-eight years before he had been born. His end followed a fifteen-weeks' illness and was attributed directly to heart disease. The loss of Mr. Moser proved a shock not only to the members of his family and of his own Lodge, No. 295, and others in the State, but also to the entire community. For thirty-three years Mr. Moser had been Chief of the Warren Fire Department. In token of the grief of his associates in the Department and in other branches of the city government, the Department's buildings in Warren were draped in black for a period of several days. City officials of the foremost rank, together with the fire chiefs of twenty-five other Ohio cities, attended his funeral. Among the prominent Elks present for Mr. Moser's funeral in St. Mary's Church were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Warren V. Ryder; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William E. Cunningham, John E. Creamer, William Bruning and Charles A. Booth. Mr. Moser was buried at Youngstown, beside his wife. The surviving members of his family are Philip F. Moser, his son; Mrs. Isabel Sexton, his daughter; and Daniel and Edward Moser, his two brothers. To them, to the members of Warren Lodge and to the legion of other steadfast friends of Mr. Moser's, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its sincere condolence.

Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp Dedicates New Home of Red Bank, N. J., Elks

In the presence of many dignitaries and several hundred members of the Order, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp dedicated the new quarter-million-dollar Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233, on Memorial Day. The large group of notables present to witness the brilliant street parade preceding the ceremonies, and the exercises themselves, and attending the banquet which followed, comprised three former heads of the fraternity, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Charles H. Grakelow and Murray Hulbert; Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles Wibiralski, Frank Strasburger, Maurice N. Creger and Robert Peacock; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred W.

Bain, Francis V. Dobbins, Thomas H. Flynn, William H. Kelley and Rene P. F. Van Minden. Representing the New Jersey State Elks Association were President Albert E. Dearden and Past Presidents Harold E. Pickersgill, Thomas F. Macksey, George L. Hirtzel, jr., Frederick A. Pope, Joseph G. Buch, William Conklin, John H. Cose, Edgar T. Reed and Fletcher L. Fritts. Five hundred members of the Order, including one hundred and fifty from Red Bank Lodge, took part in the parade. The procession was brilliant with the uniforms of the marchers and enlivened by the presence in it of Troop A, N. G., N. J., the Red Bank American Legion drum and bugle corps, and the bands of Rahway Lodge, No. 1075, and Plainfield Lodge, No. 885. At the dinner following the dedicatory rites, John W. Cantillon, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, served as toastmaster. He introduced, in addition to Mr. Rupp, the Reverend Francis Henry Smith, Chaplain of the Association, who offered the invocation; Exalted Ruler John D. Hughes, of Red Bank Lodge; and Mayor Charles R. English. The new Home of the Red Bank Elks is an imposing structure of brick. It is four stories high. Its noteworthy features include a large auditorium with a stage and balcony; a capacious restaurant, ample lounging rooms and an especially imposing Lodge room.

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

The Crippled Children's Committee of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, recently submitted to the officers and members of the Lodge a survey of the work it has done for the crippled children of New Brunswick during the last twelve months. The report, covering the efforts of the committee in its work in rehabilitation, education, and vocational guidance and training, shows that considerable progress has been made along these several lines of endeavor. Among some of the outstanding activities and accomplishments of the committee was the number of clinical cases it handled. The survey shows that medical

examinations were given to 250 children and operations were successfully performed upon twenty-six; that ninety little cripples are under the care of the clinic at the present time; and that over 2,000 massages, and 511 special light treatments were given during the past year. The survey further states that eighty children are recorded as improved and six have been discharged as cured. In closing the report, the committee expressed its gratitude to Dr. F. M. Hoffman and Miss Agnes Cleary, the field nurse, for their skilful and untiring work.

Ogdensburg, N. Y., Elks Present Flag Poles to Two Charity Homes

Members of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, recently presented to two charitable organizations of their city handsome 70-foot steel flag-poles and American flags. The institutions to receive these gifts were the United Helpers Home and the City Orphanage. At both places the Elks conducted the presentation ceremonies. Addresses were made by Exalted Ruler Henry J. LaRocque, of No. 772; and by Mayor John A. Wert, of Ogdensburg. The gifts were accepted by Reverend James L. Lacey, superintendent of the City Orphanage; and by Mrs. C. D. Hood, President of the United Helpers Home.

Betty Bacharach Home Gains \$10,000 From Athletics-Allentown Ball Game

From the proceeds of a charity baseball game played recently at Atlantic City, N. J., between the world's-champion Philadelphia Athletics and the Allentown, Pa., club, champions of the Eastern League, the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children received \$10,000. The Athletics won, 17 to 12. Governor Morgan F. Larson, introduced to the 15,000 fans by Harry Bacharach, Mayor of Atlantic City and Exalted Ruler of Lodge No. 276 there, pitched the first ball.

Vice-President Hotaling Visits Home Lodge at Ossining, N. Y.

On the occasion of his homecoming visit to his own Lodge, Ossining, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1486, Vice-President Isaac C. Hotaling, of the New York State Elks Association, was warmly greeted by a numerous gathering of members and distinguished guests. Among those prominent in the affairs of the Order present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. McGuire and Clarence J. Seaton; and President J. Edward Gallico, of the Association. Past and Present Exalted Rulers and officers of nearly every Lodge of the East District attended the meeting. District Deputies McGuire and Seaton, and President Gallico delivered the principal addresses of the evening.

Secretaries Warned Against Man Posing as Canadian Elk

Albert E. Williams, Secretary of Lorain, O., Lodge, No. 1301, has asked THE ELKS MAGAZINE to issue a warning to Secretaries of other Lodges against the impositions of a man giving



The New \$55,000 Home of Duncan, O.:la., Lodge. It was dedicated a short time ago



The Ritualistic Team of Hamilton, O., Lodge, No. 93, which won a short time ago the contest among the Lodges of its State for the championship

his name as J. W. Hall and claiming membership in the Canadian Elks. Already this man has borrowed, under false pretenses, small sums of money not only from Lorain Lodge but also from Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11 and Portsmouth, O., Lodge, No. 154. It is Hall's practice to ask for loans on the score of his having had all his money, together with his railroad passes, stolen. He has been unable to produce any Elk membership card, but he does carry with him a card in the railroad trainmen's organization in Vancouver, B. C. Hall is a man about fifty, rather fleshy, and five feet, ten inches in height.

Past District Deputy McQueoney, Of Butte, Mont., Lodge Dies

Frederick J. McQueoney, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Treasurer of the Montana State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Butte Lodge, No. 240, died recently at his home in Butte. In May, 1913, Mr. McQueoney was initiated into the Lodge. He served as its Exalted Ruler in 1918. He was appointed District Deputy of Montana, West, for the year 1921; and later, in 1924, began his activities as Treasurer of the Montana State Elks Association, a position he held up to the time of his death. Not only was Mr. McQueoney prominent in the affairs of the Order in Montana, but he was also a widely known and popular business man, a former director of the Butte Chamber of Commerce and an outstanding leader in civic affairs. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to express its sympathy to his family, to the members of Butte Lodge and to his many friends in his State for their loss.

Past District Deputy Kohl Is Honor Guest at Dinner

In appreciation of his many years' service as Secretary and Treasurer of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of New York, Southeast District, a dinner was given recently at the Home of White Plains, N. Y., Lodge, No. 535, to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Henry Kohl. Many Elks, including a number well-known in the Order, attended. Among these were William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly; J. Edward Gallico, President of the New York State Elks Association; and James H. Brennan, President of the Past Exalted Rulers Association.

Beaumont, Texas, Elks Sponsor New Crippled Children's Clinic

The first report of the newly organized Crippled Children's Committee, sponsored by Beaumont, Texas, Lodge, No. 311, was recently submitted to the officers and members of the Lodge. The report states that already more than 200 children have been examined by the doctors on the committee, and two successful operations performed.

Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Observes Forty-fifth Anniversary

Men prominent in the affairs of the nation, the State, the city and the Order attended the forty-fifth anniversary celebration of Minne-

apolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, held recently in its Home. Included in the list of notables who addressed the several hundred members of the Lodge gathered together in honor of the occasion were Congressman William J. Nolan, Governor Floyd B. Olson, Mayor William F. Kunze, and President B. J. Branton, of the Minnesota State Elks Association. Features of the festivities were a banquet, a musical program by the Lodge's "Purple and White Serenaders," and a series of performances by professional entertainers.

Pennsylvania Northwest District Association Names Officers

With every one of the nineteen Lodges within its jurisdiction represented, the Pennsylvania, Northwest, Elks Association met recently at the Home of Rochester Lodge, No. 283. Most prominent among the several items of business transacted was the election of officers. The following were chosen for the year to come: President, John T. Reed, Greenville Lodge, No. 145; Vice-President, L. D. Gent, Franklin Lodge, No. 110; Treasurer, Fred MacGribble, Woodlawn Lodge, No. 1221; Secretary, T. C. McDonald, Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356; members of the Executive Committee: C. W. Herman Hess, New Castle Lodge, No. 69; Ray J. Cooper, Bradford Lodge, No. 234; and S. P. Detweiler, Meadville Lodge, No. 219.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Elks Double Their 1930 Community Chest Donation

At a recent meeting, Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, voted an appropriation to the Community Chest of its city twice as large as it donated last year. The same session was the occasion for the awarding of life memberships in the Lodge to seven of its charter members.

Governor Praises North Dakota Elks For Service to Crippled Children

The North Dakota State Elks Association received a short time ago from Governor George F. Shafer an official letter of praise for its work in behalf of crippled children. The communication read: "For some time I have been familiar with the fine service which your Association has

been doing in North Dakota in behalf of our crippled children. There is no human service that so strongly appeals to our humanitarian instincts as that which is directed toward the relief of crippled children, and I wish to heartily commend your organization upon this very important contribution to social aid. You may be assured that every citizen in every walk of life applauds your mission and approves of your very practical effort in this field of child service."

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Class Breaks Seven Years' Record

The initiation of sixty candidates, representing the largest class during the last seven years, was effected recently by Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266. The initiatory rites were conducted by the officers of San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322. Following the ceremony of receiving the large class of candidates into the Order, the sixty new members, with several hundred regular members of No. 266, and their guests adjourned to enjoy a buffet supper and an entertainment given by professional performers.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Elks Hold Big House-Warming in Improved Home

The members of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, held a house-warming a short time ago in their newly reconstructed Home. The structure, both within and without, has been extensively improved. This work followed the plea, made several months ago, by Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp for members of the Order to speed any undertaking in project for the sake of relieving the unemployment situation. The Port Jervis Elks Home as it stands now is a model of comfort and attractiveness. One especially pleasing incident of the house-warming was the induction of a large class of candidates.

Fargo, N. D., Elks Promote Boxing Matches to Aid Crippled Children

In its recent report, the Crippled Children's Committee, sponsored by Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, stated that thirteen children have received special treatments. The expense of carrying on this work has been made possible by profits derived from a series of amateur boxing matches promoted by members of the Lodge.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Assists Community Chest

By donating the use of the main lounge in its Home, East Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 981, recently assisted in the annual Community Chest Campaign. About two hundred workers made the Home their headquarters for the meeting. This was the seventh annual campaign for funds, raised each year to aid a dozen various organizations and emergency funds of East Chicago.

Bangor, Pa., Elks Celebrate Opening Of Their Remodeled Home

More than 350 members of Bangor, Pa., Lodge, No. 1106, and their guests, recently attended the exercises for the official opening of their newly remodeled and refurbished Home. Past Exalted Ruler Robert W. Davies was master of ceremonies and, as such, introduced the



The spacious Lodge room in the Home of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge. Here sessions of the convention of the Idaho State Elks Association will be held on July 2, 3 and 4



The stage coach of pioneer days which was entered by Tucson, Ariz., Lodge in its city's first historical pageant. Drivers and guards all were Elks

guests of note and the speakers. Those who made addresses were Harvey Ritter, Trustee of the Pennsylvania State Association, and Wallace Ruhe, architect. The newly organized Elks Band and the Elks Male Chorus provided entertainment at intervals throughout the ceremonies.

Annual Banquet at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Great Success

Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott and many other members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, recently attended the Annual Banquet held at the Home of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler Joseph J. Flatley presided as toastmaster. Every speaker at the dinner was a member of No. 3. The banquet was one of the most successful in recent years.

Utica, N. Y., Elks Provide 8,000 Quarts of Milk for Sick Children

In a recent report of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Utica, N. Y., Lodge, No. 33, it was stated that since the inception of its Milk Fund, a few months ago, a total of nearly 8,000 quarts of milk have been distributed by the committee among the undernourished children of Utica. During a recent month, the report shows, over eighty families received milk for children; and thirty-two children, who are subnormal, received daily one pint of milk.

Tacoma, Wash., Lodge Wins State Ritualistic Championship

In the Lodge-room of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, the Degree Team of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, won the Ritualistic Championship of the State, with a total point score of 686.6. Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186, was second, with a sum of 667.02 points. The victors are expected to represent their State in the national contest during the Grand Lodge Convention.

Palatka, Fla., Elks Celebrate Their Lodge's Twentieth Anniversary

One hundred and twenty-five members of the Order recently attended a celebration at the Home of Palatka, Fla., Lodge, No. 1232, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the founding of the Lodge. Notable among those present was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harold Colee.

Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Tenth Anniversary

Eight hundred Elks, three hundred of whom were visitors, recently gathered at the Home of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, to celebrate the Lodge's tenth anniversary. The decennial observances covered three successive evenings. Upon the first evening, a dance and an entertainment were held at the Lodge Home. The following evening found six hundred mem-

bers of the Order gathered in the Lodge room for a formal meeting, with two hundred more assembled in the social rooms of the Home. Concurrently with the meeting, the band of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, gave a concert in City Park for the public and for the non-members of the Order who later were to be the Lodge's guests at a barbecue dinner and vaudeville show at the Home. Another program of entertainment was presented the evening thereafter. In the performance of this the Huntington Park Elks took part.

New York, N. Y., Elks at Grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach

Twenty-five members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, recently made a seventh annual pilgrimage from their city to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach, in Riverside cemetery, Waterbury, Conn. There, in company with several members of Waterbury Lodge, No. 265, they held memorial exercises in honor of the former head of the Order. Among the New York Elks to take part in the journey of tribute were William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Chief Magistrate James E. Macdonald, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1; Martin C. McCue, Chief Clerk of the Surrogate Courts of New York City; and Major-General Henry De Witt Hamilton.

Bronx, N. Y., Elks Sponsor Boxing Bouts For Crippled Children's Fund

The Athletic Committee of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, held a big out-door amateur boxing tournament recently, before an exceptionally large crowd at the New York Coliseum.

The proceeds derived from the affair will go to the Lodge's Crippled Children's Fund. It was one of the best boxing programs ever presented by Bronx Lodge. Almost half of those in attendance were ladies, the guests of members. Other guests of the Lodge included a number of patients from United States Veterans' Hospital, No. 81. Among the features of the affair was a concert given before and between the bouts by the Sanitation Department Band of sixty pieces. After the matches the band was entertained by the Bronx Elks at their Home.

Tucson, Ariz., Elks Play Important Part in City's First Pageant

Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, was a prominent participant recently in the first Tucson Pageant, a series of representations of several episodes of significance in the history of the city. Most notable among the parts played in the pageant by the Lodge was the enactment by a number of its members of the event of the arrival of the first mail coach at Tucson. The rangers guarding the stage were all members of No. 385, and Mayor George K. Smith, who welcomed the arrival of the mail, is a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge.

Duncan, Okla., Elks Dedicate New Home; Many Hundreds Attend

In the presence of a host of members and three hundred or more visitors, the new \$55,000 Home of Duncan Okla., Lodge, No. 1446, was recently dedicated. Among those taking part in the exercises were Exalted Ruler J. W. Wilkinson and Harry A. Baker, Chairman of the Building Committee. Immediately following the dedicatory rites the guests were conducted on a tour of inspection of the building. In the evening a dance was held, attended by 800 persons. The structure is of modern design and contains, on the main floor, lounge-rooms, a recreation hall and the secretary's office. In the basement is a fully equipped gymnasium. On the third floor is the Lodge-room, which is ninety feet long by forty feet wide.

News of the Order From Near and Far

Several of the officers of Atlantic, Ia., Lodge traveled recently to the Home of Omaha, Neb., Lodge where they witnessed an initiation ceremony conducted by their hosts.

Four hundred of the ladies associated with Albany, N. Y., Lodge, were its guests recently at a card party.

One of the oldest and best-beloved members of the Life Membership Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, Dr. John D. S. Davis, died recently. Dr. Davis was initiated into the Lodge during its first year of existence, forty-three years ago.

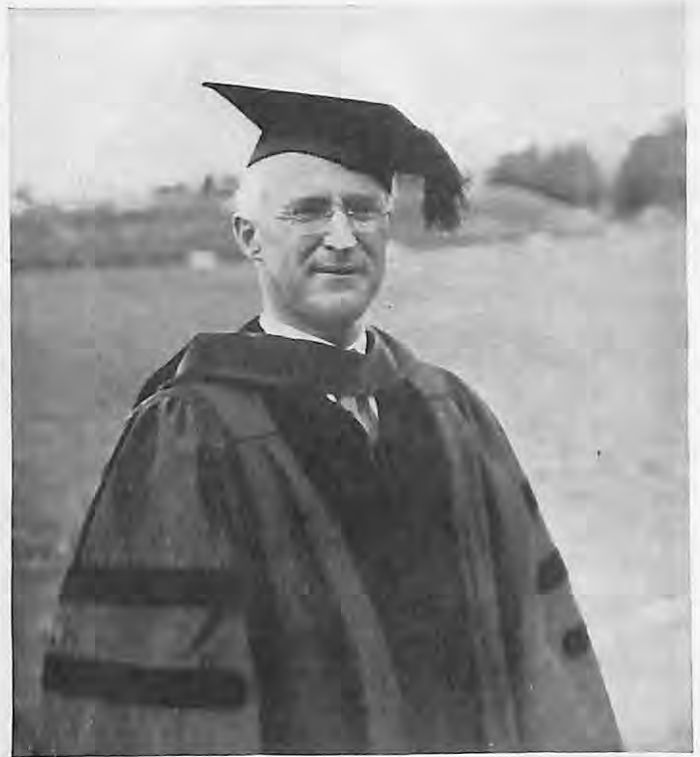
Richmond, Calif., Elks recently received a visit from the President of the California State Elks Association, Horace W. Williamson. Notable among others present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred B. Mellman.



The Ritualistic Team of Lewiston, Me., Lodge champion of its State, which recently met and defeated the champion team of Massachusetts, that of Natick Lodge

Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

*Mr. Rupp's Speech at the Home
of Jefferson at Monticello, Va.*



Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp in the cap and gown of the honorary Doctorate of Laws, conferred upon him this spring by his Alma Mater, Muhlenberg College, at Allentown, Pa.

FAR back in the past, when tribe fought against tribe and clan fought against clan, some symbol or sign of sovereignty was always borne into the fray. It may have been but a painted shield, a blood-stained cross, or a blazing torch. No matter how crude, it was the concrete expression of the power of the tribal leader, of the prince, or king, intended to inspire feelings of courage in the hearts of the fighting warriors.

To-day, instead of rude symbols, every nation of the world has its silken flags. In blue, in white, in red, in yellow, in orange and in gold, the banners of empires and kingdoms and republics flutter to the breeze. You may search the world around, among the flags of all the nations, but you will find none that to an American seems fairer than the Stars and Stripes.

In 1777, over a century and a half ago, Congress ordained "that the flag of the United States shall be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the Union be thirteen stars, on a blue field, representing a new constellation."

When Francis Scott Key wrote the song that has become endeared to American hearts, "The Star Spangled Banner," having caught the inspiration for that song as he stood on the deck of a British man-of-war while Fort McHenry was being bombarded, searching through the dawn with anxious eyes to see what flag might be floating upon its ramparts, the flag had fifteen stars and fifteen stripes.

It was on April 4, 1818, that the present status of the flag was established by Congressional enactment, "that the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union have twenty stars, white in a blue field, and that on the admission of every new State one star be added to the Union of the flag."

The whole history of the American Republic is woven into the folds and the fabric and the colors of the flag. The changes in the American scene have been like those in a kaleidoscope, of endless variety and infinite charm. In Colonial days there were the Puritans of New England, the Holland Dutch of New York, the Quakers of Pennsylvania, the Cavaliers of Virginia. There were the Adamses, the Otises, the Henrys, the Franklins, the Tom Paines, the Washingtons, the Jeffersons. They laid the foundations of a vast empire, that stretches from coast to coast, with far-flung islands of the seas. To-day our empire comprises two millions and a half square miles of territory and more, with fertile and productive soil, with varieties of climate and an abundance of resources, with great forests and desert sands, with rushing rivers and mountain streams and great lakes, with teeming cities and peaceful and pleasant towns, altogether the greatest continuous empire the sun shines on in all his rounds.

Baron Shaw, an Englishman, having traveled through this country some years ago, uttered this admonition: "Be proud of your country, of its grandeur, of its majestic scenery, of its strength, but above all things else be proud of its unity, a unity which binds forty-eight great States together under one flag, a unity which Europe, with her principalities and powers, with her bickerings and jealousies and racial and national intolerances and hatreds, can never understand."

It is quite fitting that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks should set apart the day which marks the birthday of our flag as one for universal celebration. We have perpetually linked the destiny of our Order with the destiny of the flag. All over America, to-day, in the fifteen hundred Lodges of our Order, brothers will recount the history of our flag and the great achievements that have marked the decades since the resolution of 1777 was enacted.

None of these celebrations are being held in surroundings that are more impressive than those about us here. One can almost imagine that the benignant shade of Thomas Jefferson hovers in the background, viewing this scene with calm satisfaction—the valleys and the sun-kissed hills, the home he built with so much loving care, the spreading trees, the people who have here assembled to do honor to the nation's flag.

Jefferson once said: "The first object of my heart is my country. In that is embarked my family, my fortunes and my own existence. I have not one farthing of interest, nor one fiber of attachment out of it, nor a single motive of preference of any one nation to another, but in proportion as they are more or less friendly to us."

When he died there was found among his papers in his own handwriting a memorandum of instructions regarding a monument he desired to be erected over his grave and the inscription to be placed on it. He suggested the erection of an obelisk and this inscription: "Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the statute of Virginia for religious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia."

In that inscription there is no reference to his important diplomatic triumphs, to the fact that he was Envoy to France, to the fact that he was Vice-President and President of the United States, but there is reference only to the things he deemed of supreme importance for the welfare of the people of the republic. In the Declaration of Independence he announced their political rights; in the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom was announced the doctrine of tolerance in matters of religion; in the foundation of the University of Virginia he fostered an institution for educational opportunity.

It seems strange, indeed, that Jefferson did not include in his epitaph one of the greatest achievements of his career, the Louisiana Purchase. The vast area he added to the United States by purchase from Napoleon is now the home of forty millions of our people. Its acquisition permitted the expansion of our nation to the Pacific. How different the history of the nation might have been but for the vision of Jefferson and his far-sightedness in sending Lewis and Clark on their memorable journey of exploration to the region "where rolls the Oregon!"

The years have come and gone since the

epitaph he suggested was carved upon the simple obelisk that marks his resting place, new problems press upon our people daily for solution, new complexities constantly arise, there are changing conceptions of social and ethical and political relations, yet these things that Jefferson stressed, political equality, religious freedom and educational opportunity, remain the most important considerations not only for the people of the American republic but also for the people of all the nations of the world.

The newspapers, to-day, are filled with the most disturbing and disquieting accounts of events in Europe. In Russia the political relations of the people to the state have been so greatly altered that no semblance of formerly accepted ideas remains. The old standards and concepts of religion have vanished away. The institution of marriage seems to have been destroyed and the home to have been wrecked. Material considerations seem to have trampled down all spiritual aspirations.

In Spain the throne of the Bourbons has been toppled down. Religious structures have been looted and burned. Riots have occurred and may occur again while a new experiment of democracy is being made in a land where kings and queens have ruled for centuries.

IN ITALY the state and the Holy See again are in conflict. There have been clashes and brawls upon the public streets of the eternal city of Rome. The ways that saw the processions of the imperial Cæsars now witness fights between the followers of a dictator and the followers of the Pope.

When the news of the expulsion of King Alfonso reached Paris one of the most famous of British diplomats remarked: "Europe has now become a large area of political and economic prostration, pleasantly situated between the Spanish and Soviet revolutions." An American observer says that this cynical phrase exactly portrays the condition in contemporary Europe.

What of America? Shall we hide our heads like the ostrich in the sands? Shall we say that there is no danger here of warped political and economic thinking? Can we truthfully assert that there is no danger here of religious disintegration and no evidence of religious intolerance? Are we in these difficult times holding fast to the eternal truths upon which our government was founded, so eloquently voiced by Jefferson? Do we still see in the flag not only a glorious history

(Continued on page 67)

Snapshots on the

Some typical photographs received in time for publication in this issue. Many others, received too late for press time, will be shown in subsequent issues



NEW HAVEN, CONN.



NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y.



ALLENTOWN, PA.



AKRON, O.



PEORIA, ILL.



LANSING, MICH.



KNOXVILLE, TENN.



FORT WAYNE, IND.



HOT SPRINGS, ARK.



JACKSON, MICH.



EAU CLAIRE, WIS.



CHATTANOOGA, TENN.



PORT WORTH, TEX.

Good-will Tour

More publicity for the Grand Lodge Convention and the local Lodges published in local newspapers than ever before, which is a splendid tribute to the cooperation of Lodge reception committees, officers and members



SHELBYVILLE, IND.



NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



CINCINNATI, O.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.



CLEVELAND, O.



DALLAS, TEX.



CHICAGO, ILL.



NEWARK, N. J.



UNION, N. J.



HAMILTON, O.



BALTIMORE, MD.



INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Directly below: The Grand Exalted Ruler at the new Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, which he dedicated during his visit there. Below at the right: Mr. Rupp is welcomed by the members of Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge

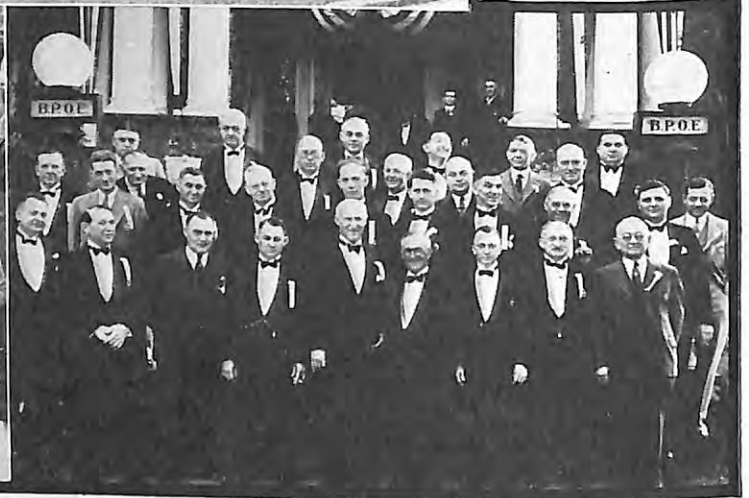


At the left: Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp making his address at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., incident to the dedication of a new dormitory wing there. This addition was built at a cost of \$200,000

PHOTO BY RICHARDSON'S STUDIO



A. P. HULL



BEFORE entering upon his visits to subordinate Lodges during May, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp attended, on the 10th of the month, the exercises incident to the dedication of three additional units to the Betty Bacharach Home for Afflicted Children, at Atlantic City, N. J. The new adjuncts to this institution sponsored by Lodge No. 276 are the Lois C. Grunow Memorial Recreation Hall, a structure given by William C. Grunow in memory of his daughter; and two hospital wards, the Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Stern Heliotherapy Ward; and the Joseph T. Fanning Ward, one endowed in perpetuity by the Board of Governors of the Home in honor of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. At the ceremonies Mr. Rupp was the principal speaker.

Four days later, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon Bloomsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 436, whose members were joined for the occasion by those of Berwick Lodge, No. 1138, and Danville Lodge, No. 754. Three hundred Elks were present to greet Mr. Rupp and to witness with him the initiation of a large class of candidates into the Order. This ceremony took place in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Rupp was the guest of honor at a banquet and at the Lodge meeting which followed.

Important Dedications Mark Mr. Rupp's Tour During May

Upon his return journey to his home in Allentown, the Grand Exalted Ruler halted at the Home of Berwick Lodge for a brief visit.

The 16th and the 17th of the month, Mr. Rupp spent at the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va. During his stay he spoke at the dedicatory ceremonies for the new dormitory of the Home, recently completed. This building, erected at a cost of \$200,000, was begun last fall. The funds for its construction were appropriated by the Grand Lodge at its convention last July in Atlantic City. Of the total cost, \$50,000 was drawn from the surplus earnings of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Five hundred Elks welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Home of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 319, when he called there upon the 21st. An impressive incident of the occasion was the initiation of a record class of 131 into the Lodge.

Among the seven hundred and fifty members of the Order, many of them coming from nearby Lodges, who assembled at the Home of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, when Mr. Rupp visited there upon the 23rd, were a number of notables of the Order. These comprised Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, District Deputies Maurice N. Greger, Frank Strasburger and Charles Wibiraliski; A. Harry Moore, former Governor of the State and Past President of the New Jersey State Elks Association; John W. Cantillon, Vice-President of the Association; and William Conklin, Thomas E. Macksey, Joseph G. Buch, John H. Cose, Edgar T. Reed and George L. Hirtzel, Past Presidents of the Association. At the Lodge session, eighty-one candidates were initiated.

The last two days of the month found Mr. Rupp attending, on the 30th, the dedication of the new Home of Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233; and on the 31st, the guest of the New York State Elks Association at its annual convention, held this year at Utica, N. Y.

Upon the following day, June 1, Mr. Rupp was honored by his alma mater, Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, Pa., by the granting to him of the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The ceremony attending this took place at the sixty-fourth commencement of the college.

News of the State Associations

Texas

AT ITS annual convention, held recently in Galveston, the Texas State Elks Association elected Dr. Harry A. Logsdon, of Ranger Lodge, No. 1373, its president for the coming year. Others chosen to administer the affairs of the Association for the same period were Henry E. Holmes, Temple Lodge, No. 138, George W. Loudermilk, Dallas Lodge, No. 71, H. B. Buckalew, Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489, J. O. Traweck, Port Arthur Lodge, No. 1069, H. F. Spellman, Fort Worth Lodge, No. 124, C. E. Smeltz, San Antonio Lodge, No. 216, and T. B. Phillips, of El Paso Lodge, No. 187, Vice-Presidents; Meyer J. Rachofsky, Dallas Lodge,

Treasurer; and C. B. Anderson, Austin Lodge, No. 201, P. L. Downs, Temple Lodge, and H. S. Rubenstein, Trustees. The newly elected president, Dr. Logsdon, appointed Otis R. Brady, of Ranger Lodge, Secretary. The naming of these officers, and of Laredo as the convention city for next year, took place during the final business session. At an earlier meeting, upon the day before, the Association, with its retiring president, Julian LaCrosse, in the chair, was welcomed to Galveston by the city's Mayor, Jack E. Pearce; and the President of its Chamber of Commerce, Clark W. Thompson. In the course of the same session, Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association, delivered to the delegates assembled a

greeting and a message from Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, whose specially appointed representative Mr. Clancy was at the Texan gathering. Upon the afternoon following the concluding business session, a ritualistic contest was held at the Lodge Home for the State championship. In this, Houston Lodge's Degree Team won first place, with a rating of 97.90 per cent. The representatives of San Antonio Lodge finished second, with 96.91 per cent. Throughout the duration of the convention, festivities of a most pleasurable sort took place. Upon the evening preceding the formal opening of the convention, a dinner was held at the Buccaneer Hotel, with Fred Hartel, Past Exalted Ruler of Galveston Lodge, acting most capably

as toastmaster. A grand ball upon the ensuing evening and Elks' Night at Galveston Beach upon the one thereafter were other events of memorable enjoyment. The delegates and other visiting members of the Order had the opportunity upon one afternoon of cruising about the harbor on the *U. S. S. Saranac*, and of watching a remarkable demonstration by the municipal fire-boat *Galveston*. Color and military dash were lent the gathering of Texas Elks by the exhibitions of the patrol of San Antonio Lodge and by the patrol, band, and the drum and bugle corps of Dallas Lodge.

South Carolina

GREENVILLE LODGE, No. 858, and its city figured prominently among the events of the seventeenth annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association, held recently at Charleston, under the auspices of Lodge, No. 242 there. Upon the opening day of the convention, the Greenville Lodge officers won first place in the ritualistic contest conducted by the Association for the championship of the State. Upon the second and concluding day, Wyatt Aiken, of No. 858, was elected President of the Association for the year to come; and Greenville was chosen as next year's convention city. The judges of the ritualistic contest, in summing up the final scores of the teams entered, awarded second place to Charleston Lodge and third place to Columbia Lodge, No. 1190. The delegates, in electing officers for the next twelve months, chose, in support of Mr. Aiken, the following others: J. R. Little, Columbia Lodge, First Vice-President; L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318, Second Vice-President; George M. Thompson, Charleston Lodge, Third Vice-President; Manley C. Sanders, Columbia Lodge, Inner Guard; T. W. Higgins, Georgetown Lodge, No. 900, Esquire; W. M. Anderson, Greenville Lodge, Secretary; the Reverend J. Franklin Burkhart, Charleston Lodge, Chaplain; Henry Tecklenburg, Charleston Lodge, Trustee for three years; E. M. Wharton, Greenville Lodge, member of the Educational Committee for three years. In the golf tournament, which took place upon the first day of the convention, Columbia Lodge made a clean sweep of the honors. The winner of the low-net contest, Ban Cronkrite; the winner, Paul Tewkesbury; and the runner-up, R. A. Porter, in the low-gross count, all are members of No. 1190. The golf tournament, played upon the Wappoo course of the Charleston Country Club, was but one of a number of social events of this year's gathering of South Carolina Elks. Others were a tour of the harbor, a bridge luncheon for the ladies attending the convention, and a dance at the Elks Home at Folly Beach. Incidents of the final business session of the Association were the pledging of a large sum of money to further the organization's campaign for educational assistance; and a vote of appreciation, prompted by an expression of thanks on the part of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Harth, to Charleston Lodge for its capable and highly hospitable conduct of this year's convention.

Georgia

AT THE annual convention of the Georgia State Elks Association, held recently at Athens and attended by over three hundred members of the Order and their guests, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Smith, of Macon Lodge No. 230, was elected President for the ensuing year. Other officers names were: Vice-

Presidents J. Gordon Hardy, District No. 1, Atlanta Lodge, No. 78; E. M. Flynt, District No. 2, Griffin Lodge, No. 1207; J. Howard Ennis, District No. 3, Milledgeville Lodge, No. 774; H. B. Roberts, District No. 4, Albany Lodge, No. 713; F. F. Preston, District No. 5, Douglas Lodge, No. 1286; Walter E. Lee, District No. 6, Waycross Lodge, No. 369. Robert E. Lee Reynolds, of Atlanta Lodge, was reelected Secretary and Treasurer. Among the features of the convention were an impressive address by John S. McClelland, Justice of the Grand Forum; a ritualistic contest in which the Degree Team of Macon Lodge, No. 230, won the cup offered by Past President G. P. Maggioni, of the Association; a banquet, a grand ball and a parade.

New York

THE nineteenth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association, held at Utica, N. Y., upon the last day of May and the first three days of June, proved to be the most largely attended and most highly successful convention in the Association's history of such events. Utica Lodge, No. 33, Mayor Charles S.

Donnelly and his associates, the Chamber of Commerce, and the citizens of Utica generally extended hospitality lavishly and generously. The opening feature of the convention was a banquet at the Hotel Martin, at which Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp was the guest of honor. Mr. Rupp was received with much enthusiasm and, in delivering one of his characteristic addresses, met with the hearty approval of his audience. Additional speakers were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Chairman William T. Phillips, of the Grand Lodge Committee on State Associations, and President Dr. J. Edward Gallico, of the Association. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, Howard A. Swartwood, Binghamton Lodge, No. 852; Secretary, Philip Clancy, Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, John T. Osowski, Elmira Lodge, No. 62; Vice-Presidents: Albert G. Schildwachter, Bronx Lodge, No. 871; Peter W. Soetemon, Yonkers Lodge, No. 707; Arthur Perryman, Catskill Lodge, No. 1341; Wilbur F. Knapp, Bath Lodge, No. 1547; Carl E. Schantz, Utica Lodge, No. 33; Harvey N. Smith, Syracuse Lodge, No. 31; Herbert A. Colf, Salamanca Lodge, No. 1025; Harry W. Bennett, Gloversville Lodge, No. 226; and Trustees: Joseph E. Steinmeyer, Bronx Lodge; Dr. James H. Brennan, New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756; Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, jr., Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81; William F. Edelmuth, Kingston Lodge, No. 550; D. H. Farrell, Little Falls Lodge, No. 42; Dr. Francis H. Marx, Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312. The trustees continuing by reason of previous election are Alonzo L. Waters, Medina Lodge No. 808; and Perl W. Devendorf, Watertown Lodge, No. 496. In the application for entertaining the convention in 1932, Watertown Lodge was successful and will hold the gathering at Alexandria Bay, New York.



Above: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews (center) with six other Past Presidents of the Georgia State Elks Association at its recent convention. Below: Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, between President Howard A. Swartwood (left) and the retiring President J. Edward Gallico, of the New York State Elks Association, at its meeting at Utica



In the ritualistic contest, which took place at the Lodge Home upon the next to last evening of the convention, the representatives of New York Lodge, No. 1, were victorious in winning the championship of the State. Next in order in the scoring were Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312, and Gloversville Lodge, No. 226. First honors in the military drill contest went to the squad of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, with Queens Borough Lodge No. 878, second and Bronx Lodge, No. 871, third. In the fancy drill competition, only one group was entered, that of Binghamton Lodge, No. 852. After an exhibition which brought rounds of applause from the spectators, it was awarded the cup for supremacy in its class. Troy Lodge, No. 141, took two prizes among those given for performances in the grand street parade upon the final day of the gathering, winning the honors for having the greatest number of uniformed men in the procession and also for presenting the best appearance of any delegation in line.

Kentucky

UNDER the auspices of Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, the twenty-third annual convention of the Kentucky State Elks Association was held recently in Louisville. The three-day meeting was notable for its large attendance of delegates, representing most of the Lodges of the State; and for the successful effort on the part of the members of Louisville Lodge in arranging an inviting program of entertainment. Among the features of the program were a series of talks by Elks prominent in the affairs of the Order; the Convention banquet and ball, held

(Continued on page 54)

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

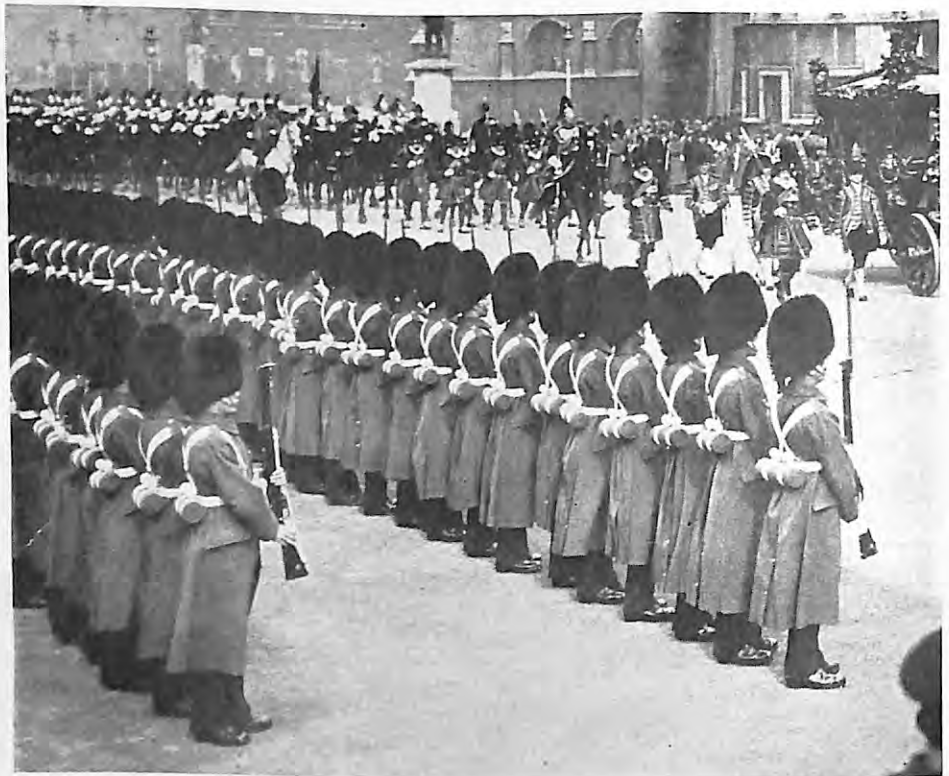
IT IS only after one has been in London during the spring of the year that one begins to appreciate the real significance of a famous and much quoted line in one of Browning's poems—"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there." Because London, in the spring, is unique. Regarded by men the world over as their own particular earthly paradise, London is, to the male of the species, much the same as Paris is to the fair sex. In the first place, London is essentially a man's city. Here his creature comforts are given a place of prime importance and everything possible is done for his convenience and comfort. In no other country are men and their likes and dislikes given so much careful consideration. In no other city in the world does one find so many shops catering exclusively to men—shops whose names are known throughout the world and which, in many instances, have been doing business under their original names for centuries. But aside from all this, London, during the "season," has many other attractions for the male visitor.

The season is that period of the year beginning with the first of May and lasting through the latter part of July. This is the season of the year when London really comes into its own, because, curiously enough, that is the time of year when all England flocks to London for a gay fling at life. Crowded into the short space of three months, the great majority of sporting and social events take place, and it is during this period that London becomes the Mecca of the English-speaking part of the world, to say nothing of the thousands of other foreigners who come to London annually, thus making it the most cosmopolitan capital in the world.

It is during the season that their Majesties hold their courts when all the debutantes are presented. The opera is in full swing and the new productions at the theatres are all being made. London makes a gala thing of its season. Houses which have been closed throughout nine months of the year are opened—houses spick-and-span with their fresh coats of cream-colored paint, gay with window-boxes filled with the most colorful of flowers. Everywhere there are excitement and gaiety, for in the short space of ten or twelve weeks must be crowded all the social events which, with us, extend throughout the year.

There are many of these events which induce travelers to come to London especially to see. Perhaps the most thrilling and exciting ceremonial of the year is the Trooping of the Colors, which takes place on the King's birthday. This is the ceremony when the King presents to the Guards Regiments their colors for the ensuing year. The scene is in historic Whitehall, and hours before the ceremony begins the streets

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and avenues leading from Buckingham Palace to Whitehall are thronged with people waiting to see the Royal Procession. Headed by the King, or, when he is unable to be present, by the Prince of Wales, the procession winds slowly to Whitehall, with bands playing and colors flying amid the enthusiastic cheers of thousands of people who occupy every bit of available space along the line of march. It is a grand, inspiring sight—this procession. First comes the King, or the Prince of Wales, followed by the Royal Princes and Dukes and other Court dignitaries, who in turn are followed by the Military Attaches of the foreign Embassies and Legations, each in the full-dress uniform of his own particular country. Then when the procession has finally taken its position on the Parade Ground of Whitehall, the Guards Regiments pass in review and are presented with the Colors, after which the Royal Procession wends its way back to Buckingham Palace.

Another interesting procession is at the opening of Parliament, when the King, in his great state coach, drawn by eight horses, with outriders, and accompanied by his Guard of Honor and State officials, proceeds from Buckingham Palace to the Houses of Parliament. In a day when kingdoms are falling in order to give way to a more democratic form of government, it is amazing to see how the English still cling to their love of pomp and pageantry. Not only have they a genuine and deeply-rooted affection for their Royal Family, but an enormous and reverent respect for the symbol of power and authority which is represented in the person of their King.

The great national sport of England is racing. Every one takes the greatest interest in this sport of sports, an interest which is but natural when one remembers that three of the greatest race meets in the world are annually held in England, namely, the Grand National, the Derby and Ascot. While Ascot is the smartest event from the purely social side of life, the Grand National and the Derby are the two big racing events which attract the attention of racing fans the world over. Every one, high and low, rich or poor, takes the keenest interest in these races, and there is always a mad scramble to purchase tickets in the great sweepstakes because, to the lucky holders of the winning tickets, it means financial independence for the rest of one's life.

But the men's shops of London are no less interesting in their way than these great public events. There are shops in London that actually have been in business for several hundred years and in one particular instance, that of Lock and Company, the famous hatters in St. James's

London Favors Stripes Blue is the Hue for

Street, business is still being conducted in the same shop as when they originally started. It is a quaint little shop with its original Georgian front still intact. Nor have any modern improvements been made within. No concessions have been made to the modern idea of elaborate and showy salesrooms. At first glance, it seems a very dingy and old-fashioned place. And that is exactly what it is because this small salesroom, with its one small mirror and one or two chairs, is exactly what it represents—a workshop. Their business is the making of hats, especially bowlers, as the English call our Derby hat, and one leaves the shop only after the kindly and interested old salesman is himself completely satisfied that the hat selected is the best one for the customer.

The Burlington and Piccadilly Arcades contain a notable collection of shops for men, as do Jermyn Street and both Old and New Bond Streets, to say nothing of the tailoring establishments which line Savile Row. The most bewildering assortment of shirts and neckties and, in fact, everything that a man wears, is to be seen. Shops which specialize only in the sale of furnishings, or gloves, or sticks and umbrellas, or shoes, flank each side in such profusion that a man can hardly be blamed for not being able to decide just what he wants—and the result is that one always buys much more than he really needs. Indeed, shopping has been made so easy and comfortable for a man in London that it can only be regarded as an exciting adventure rather than a dull and boring thing to be gotten over and done with as soon as possible.

AS LONDON has always been known as the center of men's fashions—it comes somewhat in the nature of a shock to find that the average Englishman in London bears a striking resemblance to the average well-turned-out man in America. And yet this is not so strange when one considers that, so far as men's clothes are concerned, the entire world takes its cue from London.

Perhaps the most striking impression of the average Englishman's appearance is the apparent sombreness of his attire. But after one has been in London for some time, one realizes how right the Englishman is to dress quietly, because when



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One of the most imposing of the State ceremonies during the London season is the procession incident to the King's opening of Parliament. The British cling with a stubborn affection to these outward symbols of their monarchy

with a necktie to match, made of the same material. These shirts and neckties are most practical because they can be laundered as easily as a cotton or madras shirt, and they are especially suitable with the heather and lovat shade of homespun and tweed, without which no sport kit is complete.

If the Englishman has a reputation for being well-dressed, it is largely due to the fact that his clothes are always suitable to the occasion when they are worn. In town, he never wears clothes that are essentially suitable only for sport and country wear. And vice versa. His golf clothes are really golf clothes and not some make-shift combination. So it is with tennis. And his clothes for general country wear are usually a combination of tweed and homespun jackets worn with flannel slacks, or trousers, as we call them.

Another hall-mark of the well-dressed Englishman is his boutonniere. Whether worn during the day, or at night when he is in evening dress, the flower in his buttonhole is, nine times out of ten, a deep red carnation. To be sure, one often sees white carnations at night, but in the main it is a dark, deep shade of red known as clove—a red so dark that it is almost black.

Another thing one notices about an Englishman and his way of dress is that he so often goes about at night during the season without a hat, even though he is in full evening dress. The reason is a very simple one. It is not only that the season occurs during the warmer part of the year, and silk hats are rather warm and heavy to wear, but unless a man checks his hat in the cloakroom, there is no place under his seat where he can stow his hat during the performance of a play unless he puts it on the floor.

AND now that we are on the subject of play-going, a noticeable feature is the promptness with which audiences arrive. Punctuality is the first law of the social code in England, and when the curtain goes up for the first time the audience, with but few exceptions, is already seated. Even at the play, the attention given to man's comfort and enjoyment is again emphasized, because in nearly all theaters smoking is permitted in the auditorium during the performance. Programs are not distributed free, as in America, but have to be purchased from the ushers for sixpence apiece. And, of course, during the intermissions, there is always a refreshment bar where one can have a cocktail or high-ball or whatever else one wishes in the way of liquid refreshment. Sometimes, however, this pandering to one's comfort becomes a little annoying, especially at matinees, when it is customary for the audience to have tea served to them in their seats, which is conscientiously consumed during the intermission and into the beginning of the next act.

in Shirts and Cravats; Suits for Town-Wear

all is said and done, the reason is purely climatic. The outward and visible sign of this condition is evidenced by the inevitable tightly-rolled umbrella with which practically every man goes about, even though he does not always go as far as to open it during the showers which are apt to occur some time during the day. Not that it rains daily in England. But a succession of clear, fine days is not the usual thing. Whereas, in America, we take the sun as a very natural thing, broken only from time to time by rain showers, in England dark, overcast days are taken as a matter of course.

And so, for town wear, the average Londoner is to be seen in dark, well-cut clothes, going about his daily routine in a bowler hat and the inevitable umbrella. This year, blue is the outstanding color—it may be navy blue or a blue-gray mixture—but one is really conscious only of blue. The darker shades of gray come next and finally the chocolate, tobacco and woody shades of brown.

The same color scheme in shirts and neckwear also holds true. Since comfort has always been the first thought of an Englishman, whether it is in his clothes or in his way of living, it is not surprising that his shirts should be of the negligee variety, with a soft tab-collar to match. This fashion, which was started by the Prince of Wales some years ago, is still very popular, although it is interesting to note that the white starched collar worn with a negligee shirt is regaining some of its lost popularity and is much more in evidence. For the most part, shirts are all in striped patterns—hair-line stripes as well as cluster stripes. Shirts in solid colors are worn, but they are in the small minority.

It is truly a season of stripes. Not only in shirts and suiting materials, but also in neckwear. The important patterns in neckwear are stripes, followed closely by the so-called "spot" designs. These designs are either in the form of polka dots or in small geometric patterns variously spaced on solid grounds. The small, geometric all-over design is also seen, but it has become rather an old story by now.

As the well-dressed Englishman never believes in too much of a good thing, we find that he never wears an all-striped ensemble. If the stripes in his suit are pronounced, then his shirt and collar are in a solid color and his necktie, too, will be a

solid color or in a spot design. If his necktie is a pronounced stripe pattern, his shirt may be of a very fine hair-line pattern which, at a distance, gives the effect of a solid color—or it will be plain in color, and his suit will be either a plain color or one with an all-over indistinct pattern.

Striped neckties have always had a great vogue in England. It is quite the usual thing for an Englishman to wear a striped necktie in his school, club or regimental colors—and he never makes the breach of wearing one of these ties unless he is entitled to. In America, one does not find this fine discrimination. If an American wears a striped tie, he does so because he likes the pattern and colors in the tie regardless of whether they be famous English club and regimental stripes or some equally attractive novelty cluster stripe pattern.

As in America, the well-dressed man in England rather lets himself go when it comes to color in his country clothes. And here, especially on the moors in Scotland, one finds patterns and colors which would be considered much too loud and bizarre in America. But they seem to fit in with the coloring of the countryside. They melt into the landscape and one becomes as quickly accustomed to them as to the darker tones favored for town wear.

And speaking of country clothes, one of the outstanding novelties of the season is the sport shirt made of wool or cashmere. These shirts come in every conceivable pattern. Some are in plain colors, some in stripes, others in small checks or the more prominent Glenurquhart patterns—but in each case they are worn



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To be truly and supremely smart, when going to the races at Ascot, one should go in a turnout like this. Unless, of course, as is the case here, the King and Queen are using it

The Grave Grass Quivers

(Continued from page 17)

"Get in," said Doc. And I did, without any more words. He drove down Main Street, north on Kowa Avenue, and under the Burlington viaduct. We seemed to be heading north of town. Two minutes later our car was making the Coon River bridge rattle and bang in every loose joint.

"This is the Louis Wilson farm," said Doc. "Hm. I reckon we can turn here past the Cedar school, and drive down the lane past the timber."

At the furthest corner of the cornfield we climbed out, taking the shovels and axe with us. Doc was breathing hoarsely, but the strange pallor had left his face. . . . His eyes were bright and intent; there was something almost furious in their gleam.

He led me through a fringe of oak timberland, skirting two brushy ravines, and coming out on a sloping knoll where one solitary oak tree stood, stunted and twisted by many winds. The grass beneath our feet was coarse, tangled, flat-bladed. Native prairie sod, without a doubt. . . . Far away, a band of crows was circling over the river, cawing with faint and raucous cries.

"This is the north hill," said Doc. "There's the town."

It was a very high hill, this bald mound on which we stood. Beneath us the Coon River swung in a flat band of glistening brown.

The thin, brittle grass of the barren hill was tufted with hundreds of pale, lilac-pastel flowers. The blossoms grew on short, fuzzy stems; the petals shaded from white to purple, with a heart of yellow in each flower.

"They're beautiful," I said, "I never saw anything like them before. What are they?"

"Wind-flowers. Easter flowers. Or I guess the more modern name is pasque-flower. Pretty things, aren't they? One of the earliest we have around here. . . . Well, I'm going to get busy."

DOC dropped the shovel he was carrying, and I was just as willing to relinquish the heavy load in my own arms. I went over and sat down against the gnarled oak tree, which was the only tree on all that bald, brownish hill. A million facts and statements and conjectures seemed boiling in my brain; I could make nothing out of them.

Before my eyes, Doc Martindale was behaving in a very strange manner. He was walking slowly in vague, indefinite circles, his eyes staring at the ground in front of him.

Occasionally he would move up beyond the brow of the hill and sweep the surrounding area with his eyes. I had the strange notion that Doctor George Martindale, after unloading the sad story of his youth, had taken two days in going deliberately and completely insane.

He thrust a small piece of stick into the ground, moved away, surveyed the spot carefully, and then came back to set up another stick, several feet from the first. He repeated this process two more times. He now had an uneven rectangle, eight or ten feet long, marked at its corners by the bits of stick. "We'll try it here," he said.

Without another word, he removed his coat, lifted the pickaxe, and sent its point into the ground.

I cried, "Wait a minute! Won't people down in the town see us up here?"

"They'll think we're cows or pigs," said Doc. And, as I have said before, we were alone—out there in the thin sunshine of early morning. We dug silently. Neither of us spoke a word. After Doc had penetrated some two feet in depth, at one side of the rectangle, he moved out toward the middle of the space he had marked. I followed, with my shovel.

We had been digging for about ten minutes, when we began to find things.

"Murdered," said Doc.

We were finding them, picking out the disordered relics from the rich earth where they had lain so long. Tibiæ, ribs . . . phalanges . . . the rusty remains of an ancient revolver.

Doc straightened up, and spoke to me gently. His face was set and strained; it might have been cast in iron. "There's a sheet and a grain-sack or two in the car," he said. "Will you go over and bring them?"

I was glad of the opportunity to get away for a few minutes. When I came back, Doc had most of the bones covered with his coat. The knees of his trousers were dark and earthy; he had been kneeling in the loose mold of the grave, picking out the smaller fragments.

"I want a witness," he said, shortly. "Take a look at this." From beneath the coat he withdrew a human skull and turned it slowly for me to see. There was a complete and noticeable fracture, such as might have been caused by the blow of a sharp axe. "The other is the same way," he added, and replaced the skull tenderly.

Then I spoke for the first time. "Can you identify them?"

"Easily," he said. "There's a Masonic

pocket-piece, the revolver, and knives and things. . . . The pocket-piece is the best bet. It's engraved with Pa's name. Not corroded at all. I rubbed it up and could read the engraving."

Wisely, he made no attempt to identify or isolate the separate skeletons. The bones made awkward bundles, in the grain sacks. We worked slowly, carrying them and the shovels back to the car. I was too stunned by the grim reality to ask any questions. We went away and left that uneven black hole in the middle of the blooming wind-flowers.

BACK in town, we went to Doc Martindale's garage, behind his little house on Omaha Street, and left the bundles there. Then we hurried to the office; fortunately there had been no phone calls at either house or office. It was after seven o'clock, and yet I had no desire for breakfast.

Doc sat at his desk and thumbed through a stack of old letters and notebooks. "Clell Howard's living in Long Beach," he muttered. "Got his address somewhere. . . . And Eph Spokesman is with his niece out in Portland. I've got to send telegrams right away." Then, strangely enough, he seemed to discover me standing there. "You go around and look at Mrs. Gustafson and that greenstick fracture and the little Walker boy; tell them I'm busy on an emergency case. Don't say a word to anybody."

"I won't," I promised. He said, "And be sure you don't forget the parade. It forms at 2 p.m., at the city hall square. You'll want to see that." And then he turned back to his rummaging.

I had all of the bedfast patients bandaged and dosed and sprayed and examined before 1:30 p.m. At two o'clock I was standing, with a group of pleasant and gossipy citizens, on the steps of the Cottonwood city hall. The triangular "square" was blooming with the gay sweaters and dresses of hundreds of school children who darted wildly underfoot, seething and yelling in a mad half-holiday.

At twenty minutes after two, the crowd was somewhat impatient. There had been a large turn-out; the Boy Scouts were there, and the members of the American Legion, chafing and shifting in line. There was even a huge truck, splashed with vivid bunting, on which were the grove of memorial elms all ready to be set out,



Old weathered pine on the Maine coast near Grindstone Inn, between Bar Harbor and Winter Harbor

their dirt-encrusted roots sticking from beneath the scarlet shimmer of flags, like so many witches' claws.

This crowd was waiting for Eli Goble, albeit waiting impatiently. If a man was so kind as to give away thirty acres of land, one could at least expect him to show up for the dedication.

It was almost two-thirty before a big Cadillac touring car slid around the corner by the Phillips's oil station, and the crowds in that vicinity began a desultory hand-clapping. Yes, it was Eli Goble. I could see that bearded, skeleton shape sitting hunched in the rear seat, a Navajo blanket across his knees. His narrow-eyed son, vice-president of the bank, was driving.

Some fortunate fate had directed me to take up my station on those steps, above the mass of children. For I had a clear and unobstructed view of Doc Martindale, accompanied by a fat, pink-faced man who seemed very nervous, emerging from a dark stairway across the street.

I vaulted over the concrete railing beside me, and shouldered through the knotted humanity. Once or twice I had a quick glance at Doc and the pink-faced man, over the heads of the crowd. They were walking rapidly toward the corner where the Goble car was parked; the pink-faced man was drawing a folded paper from his pocket, and he seemed more nervous than ever.

We reached the corner simultaneously. A benign citizen, who wore a white silk badge, "Chairman," fluttering from his coat, was leaning at the side of the car, conversing with Eli Goble and his son.

"Daniel," said Doc Martindale.

The chairman turned.

"Get up on the city hall steps," Doc directed him, "and announce to the crowd that Mr. Goble's physician refuses to allow him to participate in the exercises. Then get them started with their parade."

Daniel began to stammer and sputter.

"Go 'long with you," ordered Doc, firmly. He opened the door of the back seat, and he and the pink-faced man slid in beside Eli Goble. And then Doc saw me standing there. "Get in the front seat, Dr. Patterson," he called, and before I knew it, I was sitting beside Vincent Goble, who was too excited to even bow.

"I don't understand this," he said importantly. "You're carrying things off with a very high hand, Doctor Martindale. It is my father's wish that—"

Doc's lips were thin and firm beneath his scraggly beard. "You keep your mouth shut, Vincent," he said. Vincent Goble gasped. "Drive around the corner on Queen Street, out of this crowd, and pull up at the curb."

THE younger man's face was flaming with rage, but he obeyed the command. The Cadillac purred ahead, past the corner, past the alley, past the crowd. A block away it drew up beside the curb.

Vincent Goble and I swung around to face the trio in back. Eli Goble sat in the middle, clutching and contracting his hands against the red triangles of the Navajo blanket.

"Go ahead, Ed," said Doctor Martindale.

The little pink-faced man gasped apologetically, and fluttered the folds of the paper in his hand. He began a whispered jumble of phrases: "As sheriff of Crockett County, it is my duty to place you, Eli Goble, under arrest. You are charged with the murder of Titus Martindale, and William Martindale, on or about the twenty-fourth of April, in the year 1861—"

Vincent Goble snarled. The old man still sat there, motionless except for the parchment hands which twisted in his lap. "Ain't true," he managed to whisper. "It—ain't true"

"You cowards!" cried his son. The banker's face was livid. "You'd devil the very life out of an old man with some crazy superstition like that! You'd—"

Doc Martindale said, "Drive up to the sheriff's office, Vincent. We want to talk things over."

"Like hell I will! Like—"

Ed Maxon, the sheriff, gulped fearfully. "Yes, Mr. Goble. That's right. Have to ask you to bring your father up to my office."

And so, we went. Vincent, cursing beneath his breath, Doc Martindale silent as the tomb,



"Can Maizie and Flossie come along, too?"

Ed Maxon twisting and rubbing a damp hand around his collar. And Eli Goble sitting there under the blanket, his eyes like black caverns, and saying: "I—never done it. You'll see. I never done—that."

"You saw the gold at the house. And made up your mind—"

"No."

"You followed them out there on the east prairie. Or maybe you were lying there, waiting for them."

"I never—done it."

"Say, Doctor Martindale! If my father should have another heart attack and die while you're questioning him—"

"Now, Mr. Goble, you—"

"I'm a physician, Vincent. And Eli's my patient. I'll look out for him if he starts to faint. . . . Eli, you killed them from ambush."

"I never. Never did."

"Then you left the bodies in the wagon, took the team, and drove out to the north hill. It was a long drive—must have taken hours to get out there. But you figured that nobody ever went up there, and it was away from the beaten track, and would be a good place to hide the bodies."

"I—I—George, I'm an old man. I—"

"Damn you, Martindale! You—"

"Sit down, Vincent, and shut up. I'm not going to fool with anybody to-day. . . . Let's take your pulse, Eli. . . . Hm. Guess you can stand it. All right. You buried them out on the north hill. Maybe you drove the wagon back and forth over the grave—an Indian trick. Trick you learned from the Sioux. And probably you scattered lots of grass and brush around."

"No. No."

"Titus had his gun strapped on; you left them in the ground, just as they were. You didn't take anything out of the wagon except those buckskin bags. Then you drove clear around town again, forded the river opposite Salt Creek, and drove over by Little Hell Slough. You left the team there, and skinned out. Took the gold somewhere and hid it, probably."

"Ain't so. Lie. . . ."

"Then you laid low, and waited to join in

the search. You were clever, Eli. Clever as an Indian. . . . You helped me search, too. Oh, how we searched! We even went right across that north hill. But we never saw anything that looked like a grave. . . . You kept it covered up, Eli. You were smart."

"Don't. . . . Don't talk so— I can't—"

"By God, you let my father alone!—"

"Now, Mr. Goble. Please. Control yourself. Please—"

"You concluded that seven thousand dollars was a big fortune. Well, it was. Worth waiting for. So you enlisted in the army, took your chances—I'll give you credit for nerve there, Eli—and turned up after the war with that story about finding your relatives and your family property back in Ohio. Yes, you were smart."

"I never—never done it."

"Why did you give this park to the city?"

"Mmmmm. I—"

"The Herald carried that Arbor Day announcement, night before last. And right away you had a heart attack. And the next morning you came out with that gift to the city. Provided—"

"Vincent. Vincent. Make 'em let me—"

"I'll—"

"Here, hold him!"

"I've got him. Now, Mr. Goble, you'll have to sit down."

"Don't be a fool, Vincent. This is true—all true. It's taken me sixty years to find out, but I've found out. . . . You gave that park to the city of Cottonwood, Eli Goble, provided that they set out the memorial grove over there,

on the east hill, instead of on the north hill. You didn't want anybody digging on the north hill, did you? It had never occurred to you to buy Louis Wilson's farm, so there wouldn't be a chance of people digging that ground up."

"No. . . . Don't talk so, George! . . . Old. I'm old an'—"

"Well, it was the first thing you ever gave away, in your life. And it set me to thinking. I thought, 'Why didn't Eli want that memorial grove planted up there?' And then, I began to understand things. I went up there this morning. Doctor Patterson was with me—I have a witness to what I am now about to relate. He saw me dig; he saw me find things. I found them, Eli."

Vincent Goble was slumped forward, his head buried in his hands. Eli sat there in the sheriff's big chair, staring across the table. He seemed to be looking squarely through the opposite wall.

"They were murdered, Eli. Their skulls had been broken. A heavy, sharp blow at the back of each skull. I found them."

The old man's lips were gray and rubbery. He whispered, "No, I never done it. Can't prove it was me."

"A hatchet, Eli. Someone had thrown a hatchet—or maybe two hatchets, in quick succession. They were sitting on that wagon board, in the bright moonlight. It would have been easy for anyone who could throw a tomahawk."

Doc fumbled in the breast pocket of his coat, and brought out three folded squares of yellow paper. "I'll read to you all," he said calmly. "Three telegrams. The first one I sent myself, early this morning, to Clell Howard, in Long Beach, California, and to Ephriam Spokesman in Portland, Oregon. . . . Remember those names, Eli? . . . Clell was mayor here, once. And Eph Spokesman—everybody knew him. Here's my telegram: 'Please reply by wire completely and at my expense. During the old days at Cottonwood, what man was skilful at throwing a knife or hatchet. Search your recollection and reply at once.'

"Here's the first reply I got. It came from Ephriam Spokesman's niece. Came about eleven o'clock. You can read it yourself, gentlemen. It says, 'Uncle Eph very sick but says man named Goble thought to be a half-breed

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(Continued from page 43)

was only one who could throw hatchet. Wants to hear full details why you ask."

"Along about eleven-forty-five, I got a telegram from Clell Howard. Here it is: 'Hello old neighbor regards to you. Am almost ninety but recall perfectly how I lost five dollars betting Eli Goble couldn't stick hatchet ten times in succession in big tree by Halsey blacksmith shop.'"

The room was perfectly still, except for the hoarse sputtering in Eli Goble's throat. "No," he whispered tremulously. "No."

Doc Martindale pointed to the further corner of the dusty old room. There was a table, which none of us had noticed before, and on that table was a white sheet, rumpled and bulky. . . . "Eli," said Doc, quietly. "They're over there. In the corner."

The aged man stiffened in his chair. His back arched up, the shoulders quaking; his claw hands seemed wrenching a chunk of wood from the table in front of him.

"Father!" his son cried.

Eli Goble shook his head, and dropped back in his chair, his deep-set eyes dull with a flat, blue light. "The dead," he whispered. "They found me. . . . They're here in this room. I done it. I killed them. Titus and Bill. Yes. Yes."

Vincent Goble dropped down, his head buried in his arms, and began to sob—big, gulping sobs. The sheriff twisted nervously in his seat.

"George. You—you gonna send me to—prison? You gonna have them—hang me? I'm old. . . . I done it. Yes."

Doc Martindale cleared his throat. "Yes, you are old, Eli. Lot older than I am. It's too late, now, to do anything about it. I told my

mother I'd get the man, and—But I can't see what good it would do, now, to send you to jail or even try you for murder."

Sheriff Maxon wiped his forehead. "The law," he said shrilly, "the law must take its course! Eli Goble, you must—"

"No," said Old Doc, decisively. "I'm running this show, Ed. Without me, without my testimony and the case I've built up, there isn't any show against Eli. I won't prosecute him, or furnish evidence."

"But he confessed to this murder!" shrielled Maxon. He—

Doc nodded. "Orally. Yes, but what if Vincent and Dr. Patterson and myself all swear that he never confessed? What if I destroy—the evidence!"

Maxon shook his head and bit his lips. "How much is your father worth?" asked Doc of Vincent Goble.

The banker lifted his face, on which the weary, baffled tears were still wet. "Couple of million, I guess."

"All yours," whispered Eli. "All yours. . . . 'Maybe,' Doc nodded. "Seven thousand dollars. Quite a nest egg, in those days. Like fifty thousand, now. Or even more. . . . No, gentlemen. Money won't do me any good. It can't bring back Titus and my father. But it can still do good. Yes."

Eli Goble's eyes had closed, like dark windows on which ragged curtains had been drawn. "I've seen 'em—I've seen 'em. Always. Since I got old—they come back. . . . I had to give in. Yes."

"You'll go home," said Doc. "I'll give you something to put you to sleep. Then, after you have a little rest and get your strength back, you'll have a lawyer up at our house. . . . You will give, to this county in which you live, one

million dollars for the purpose of founding and endowing a modern hospital, where every inhabitant can secure the best medical and surgical attention, free of charge. How does that sound?"

Head still buried in his arms, Vincent Goble nodded drunkenly. His father had opened his eyes and was shivering, still staring through the blank wall ahead of him. "Yes. Anything. . . . I give—anything. But take me away. I want to go—home. . . . I'm old. I don't want to stay in—this room. I don't want to stay with—them."

AFTER Eli Goble was in bed, and asleep, Doc and I came out into the damp warmth of the spring afternoon. Martindale looked ten years older than he did the day before. "After this," he said, "after everything is taken care of, I'll let things go. . . . You look after the practice beginning next Monday."

Our feet sounded flat and talkative, echoing on the long sidewalk. "One thing," I said. "I can't understand how you found the place. I can see how you reasoned out the rest—about that grove and about Eli Goble's not wanting the trees planted up there. But how did you know where to dig? We could have been up there for days, turning the soil."

Doc felt in his pocket for a cigar which wasn't there. "Wind-flowers," he said quietly. "They were scattered all over that hill. Beautiful, like you said. . . . But I knew enough to dig where there were no wind-flowers. The grass on that hill looked pretty much alike, all over, but there weren't any flowers growing in that place I marked off. Those little purple flowers are funny. They only grow on native soil. You can't get them to grow where the sod has ever been turned."

Shock Troops of Discovery

(Continued from page 14)

to be negotiated in the *kayaks*, a barren promontory clothed in an eerie mist showed for a little while, until the mist shrouded it completely and it vanished like a mirage.

For two days the two men pushed their way over broken ice and along irregular channels in search of a phantom land. Early in August they came at last to a strip of open water across which they could make out the glacier-covered heights of four islands. These islands on which they landed offered them one piece of driftwood and a quantity of boulders. With the driftwood they made a ridgepole for a tent of walrus hides. With the boulders they made a wall and a floor and a crude chimney. By the time winter was upon them they had shot and stored a supply of bear meat.

They celebrated Christmas with a turned shirt, a "bath in a tea cup," a chunk of bread fried in train oil, and a piece of chocolate.

Slowly the dying winter gave birth to a twilight that announced the coming of spring. A flock of little auks returned to the island. The blood of Nansen and Johansen was fired with a new restlessness, and on May 19, 1896—almost three years since they had sailed away from Norway in the *Fram*—the two men broke camp, fastened their *kayaks* together, and prepared for an attempt to reach civilization.

Three days later, Nansen, who had wandered a little way from where they were then camped, heard a faint distant sound like the bark of an animal. Moving towards it, he made out two black objects far away on the ice which resolved themselves into a man and a dog. Suddenly the man took off his hat and waved it. Nansen waved his in return. As they approached each other Nansen heard the man speak to his dog in English. Then the stranger called: "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" replied Nansen. The two shook hands.

THE newcomer proved to be F. G. Jackson, leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition to Franz Josef Land. He could hardly believe that the grimy apparition before him was the fair, light-haired explorer he had once seen in London. He tactfully refrained from inquiring about the *Fram*, because he assumed that

Nansen was the sole survivor of the crew. He took Nansen back to his camp, which was nearby, and provided him with a bath and a change of clothes. There he learned about Johansen, who happened to be waiting for his partner to come back for breakfast, and who was shortly afterwards amazed at the sight of a party of men arriving to fetch him.

A few weeks later Nansen sailed back to Norway, arriving at Vardo on August 13, 1896. And a week after that the *Fram* herself sailed into Vardo with the air of a conqueror coming home from the wars. She had drifted slowly northwest until the end of February, 1896, when the drift had stopped moving. In the middle of July her crew had forced a passage through the ice to open water and sailed for home.

Because this expedition failed to achieve its object, the world recalls it only vaguely now. But who can say how much Nansen's great pioneering work, his mistakes, and his records, helped Commander Robert E. Peary of the American Navy to make subsequently his historic journey to the North Pole, which he reached in 1909?

Antarctica furnishes its own examples of undying heroism. Not least of these is that of Robert Falcon Scott, the memory of whose tragic success deserves to burn everlastingly in every mind that cherishes high adventure. Late in 1910, Scott—with a party of men, dogs, and ponies—sailed from Lyttleton, New Zealand, on the first leg of a journey destined to bring him to the South Pole.

In November, 1911, Scott left his base camp at Cape Evans, where he had been wintering, and began his actual march to the Pole. His motor sledges lead the way, followed by the men and ponies, while the dogs brought up the rear.

First the motors broke down. Then the ponies began to fail. One by one they died or had to be killed, and by early December none of the original sixteen remained. Meanwhile about nine of the men themselves were forced to turn back. A violent blizzard had slowed up the march and caused a food shortage.

On New Year's Day, 1912, Scott was within 170 miles of the Pole. Including himself only five men remained: Scott, aged 43; Wilson, 39; "never wavering"—according to Scott's diary—

"from start to finish"; Evans, 37, "a giant worker"; Oates, 32, "goes hard all the time"; and Bowers, 28, "a marvel—he is thoroughly enjoying himself."

As he neared the Pole, Scott began to be afraid that Amundsen had already reached it. Amundsen had been wintering off the Bay of Wales, and had made his dash for the Pole, relying entirely upon his dogs to solve his transportation problems. His Norwegians were completely at home on skis, whereas Scott's men were only mediocre performers.

On January 16th, within a few miles of his goal, Scott became convinced that Amundsen had arrived before him. Faint marks that might have been the tracks of skis and sledges were discernible in the snow, extending incongruously but steadily southward. Nothing else was visible in the endless white world that stretched ahead of him, but some sixth sense told Scott that human beings had recently passed that way. None of his men could sleep that night. And next day, exhausted, hungry, and disappointed, they made a forced march of fourteen miles which brought them to the Pole. But it was an empty victory, for Amundsen in truth had attained the great goal almost exactly a month previous!

Nevertheless, Scott went through the formalities. He built a cairn and hoisted the Union Jack, which fluttered in mock triumph above a shining domain that had already been conquered. If perhaps it seemed to him that he and his men deserved a better fate, he was at least unaware of the destiny that was to hold out its icy arms to them on their return journey.

The following day saw them plodding back the way they had come. Their rations were almost gone, and one of the men—Evans—was dangerously ill. They managed to replenish their supplies at one of their depots, but Scott was desperately eager to get off the plateau and out of the extreme cold which aggravated the torture of Evans's lacerated and frozen hands. Almost a month later, about thirty miles from another depot, they ran into weather conditions and surfaces that beggared all description. Evans had reached the limit of human endurance. He became unconscious and died very quietly just after midnight on February 17th.

A little while later the four survivors reached

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Belle Walker Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.

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: Mrs. A. O. Anderson, Glendale, Calif.; L. H. Chapman, Attleboro, Mass.; William Cole, Represa, Calif.; Stanley A. Cooke, Buffalo, N. Y.; and Mrs. Helen Peters, Denver, Colo.

a depot where they found enough horse meat to provision them for the next lap of their long trek. By this time Oates' feet were so badly frost-bitten that he could hardly walk. He was in terrible pain and it was obvious—to him most of all—that his disability was slowing up the rest of the party, which averaged only six miles a day. On March 11th, fifty-five miles from the next depot, they had seven days' food left, and soon they were caught in a howling blizzard.

One morning, Oates, who had been sitting in a corner of the tent, got up suddenly and limped towards the opening. He peered for a moment into the blinding storm that shrieked and swirled above the fields of ice. Then he turned and said calmly: "I am just going outside—and may be some time." With that he was gone. His was a sacrifice about which Scott wrote heartbrokenly: "We knew that poor Oates was walking to his death . . . it was the act of a brave man and an English gentleman."

Scott, Wilson, and Bowers fought onward. Blizzard followed blizzard, until on March 10th, Scott scrawled: "Since the 21st we have had a continuous gale from W.S.W. and S.W. We had fuel to make two cups of tea apiece, and bare food for two days on the 20th. Every day we have been ready to start for our depot, eleven miles away, but outside the door of the tent it remains a scene of swirling drift. . . . We shall stick it out to the end, but we are getting weaker, of course, and the end cannot be far. It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."

Here there was a pause. Who can imagine what occupied the mind and heart of Captain Robert Falcon Scott at that moment? And then followed: "Last entry. For God's sake look after our people."

The following November a search party found the frozen bodies of the three heroes. A metal cylinder was erected at their grave, which bore the inscription:

"November 12, 1912, latitude 79° 50's. This cross and cairn are erected over the bodies of Captain Scott, C.V.O., R.N.; Doctor E. A. Wilson, M.B., B.C. (Cantab.); and Lieutenant H. R. Bowers, Royal Indian Marine. A slight token to perpetuate their successful and gallant attempt to reach the Pole. This they did on January 17, 1912, after the Norwegian expedition had already done so. Inclement weather, with lack of fuel, was the cause of their death. Also to commemorate their two gallant comrades, Captain L. W. G. Oates, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, who walked to his death in a blizzard to save his comrades, about 18 miles south of this position; also of Seaman Edgar Evans, who died at the foot of the Beardmore Glacier.

"The Lord gave and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

SEVEN years after the death of Scott, the imaginations of men were filled with the possibilities of trans-Atlantic airplane flight. One attempt, in 1919, was called "the greatest sporting achievement in the history of the world." It was made by Harry Hawker, whose name is already virtually lost in the numbers of those who followed him and succeeded where he failed.

Hawker was one of the swashbucklers of aviation. His daring, his amazing stunt flying, and his consistent good luck had earned him a tremendous reputation. For about three years before his ocean flight he was reputed to be the highest paid airman in the world, drawing down \$100,000 a year as test-pilot for the Sopwith Aviation Company of England. Though it was said he never took unnecessary risks, his loop-the-loops were daisy cutters that made onlookers gasp and turn their eyes away.

Hawker began crashing the front page with a series of sensational flights back in 1912. And in 1916 he made a world's airplane altitude record of 28,500 feet look easy, climbing up quite casually into the frozen reaches of space in ordinary clothes and without any oxygen apparatus.

But in the spring of 1919, facing the supreme test of a non-stop trans-Atlantic flight, he was more careful. His equipment included electrically heated flying clothes, as well as a rubber suit calculated to keep him afloat two days in case he fell into the sea. The flight itself was sponsored by the *London Daily Mail*, which offered a prize of \$50,000, open to all comers.

Hawker was properly the Sopwith Aviation Company's entrant for the prize. For a navi-

(Continued on page 46)

1		2	3		4	5		6	7		8	9		10
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58			59						60					61
		62						63				64		
65					66						67			

Across

- 1—Render indistinct
- 4—Periodically flowing and ebbing
- 8—Chamber
- 11—Petty
- 13—Moved swiftly
- 15—Part of the verb "to be"
- 17—Group
- 18—Deadly
- 19—To such a degree
- 20—Contrary assertions
- 23—Scolded
- 25—Pendent fringed ornaments
- 27—Part that turns in a machine
- 28—Sample
- 29—Fruit-bearing part of a cereal plant
- 31—Apportioned
- 33—Exclamation of grief
- 34—Broadened
- 36—Accomplish
- 37—Pouch
- 38—Covering of a seed
- 40—Exclamation of surprise
- 42—Metal cylinder containing air or oil to facilitate gradual descent of elevators
- 44—Sweet tropical fruit

- 46—Vestments
- 48—Sailor
- 49—Corolla-leaf
- 50—Fertile spot
- 52—Rare element discovered by its spectrum
- 54—Runs fast
- 56—Pertaining to an earthquake
- 58—Exists
- 59—Emits vapor
- 60—Round vessel
- 61—Behold!
- 62—Rhythmic arrangement of words
- 63—Danger
- 65—Require
- 66—Weird
- 67—Young of a mammal

Down

- 1—Small slender nail
- 2—Aloft
- 3—Struggles against
- 4—Distinctive name
- 5—Impersonal pronoun
- 6—Oriental tribesman
- 7—More tardy
- 8—Told
- 9—Force said to produce the phenomena of mesmerism
- 10—Temporary mental state
- 12—Vex
- 14—Glanced off
- 16—Constituent material
- 19—Cauterized
- 21—Of the nose
- 22—Artful trick
- 24—Small child
- 26—Gloomy
- 28—Small drum
- 30—Explosive sounds
- 32—Peg
- 34—Existed
- 35—Negative
- 37—Small, close-fitting helmet
- 39—Fact given
- 41—Circular bands
- 42—Craved
- 43—Remunerate
- 44—Relating to Deism
- 45—Mexican dumpling
- 47—Obstruct
- 49—Monastic officer
- 51—Cubic meter
- 53—Wigwam
- 54—Pantomimic gesture
- 55—Norwegian snowshoe
- 57—Spend idly
- 62—Myself
- 63—Mix up
- 64—Sixth tone of scale

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 46

(Continued from page 45)

gator, he had been allotted Lieutenant-Commander MacKenzie-Grieve, R.N. Their plane was a two-seater Sopwith with a single 375 H.P. Rolls-Royce engine. The minimum time for the trip from St. John's, Newfoundland, to the Irish coast was estimated at twenty hours. The press cheerily quoted odds of five to one against the success of the flight.

At last everything was ready. The cockpit of the hardy little Sopwith bulged with rations, water, and signal lights. The only thing now lacking was flying weather.

There was a constant barrage of reports from American weather experts. A trial balloon was sent careening skyward to find out whether there might be favoring winds at higher levels. Shortly after, on April 16th, a snowstorm came riding in on a howling wind, the forerunner of a series of mid-Atlantic gales.

The last day of April saw the Sopwith tuning up and pointing its nose out to sea. But a grim ring of floating ice-fields blew its foggy breath shoreward and warned them to pipe down.

To save weight, Hawker decided, as soon as the plane should be on its way, to cast off his landing gear. This meant that if he were fortunate enough to land on Irish soil he would have to crash or "pancake" to earth. It was a foolhardy gesture, but it showed the iron nerve of this man who was determined to succeed at any cost.

May 18th dawned with a cloudless sky and a following breeze. Hawker and Grieve, surrounded by a little group of about a hundred skeptical spectators, warmed up their engine, and at 1:31 P.M., New York time, they gave it the gun. Zooming to an altitude of 2,000 feet, they flashed in farewell above the aerodrome, then roared at 100 miles per hour towards the Irish coast that reported rain and fog. A wall of murk, lying just off Newfoundland, rose up to meet them and swallowed them from sight.

On the night of May 10th nothing had been heard from Hawker and Grieve. The British Government announced in the House of Commons that their whereabouts was unknown. The 20th dawned—and still there was no word. The week of suspense following the take-off from St. John's was one of the most thrilling in the history of aviation.

EIGHT searching British destroyers wallowed futilely for six days in the trough of the Irish Sea, belching their greasy smoke into the rain and fog. At last all hope was virtually abandoned. Mrs. Hawker seemed to be the only person in the world who clung to the belief that her husband was still alive. Even after receiving a telegram of condolence from King George, and refusing a consolation prize from the *Daily Mail*, she continued to hope.

"He must, he will come back!" she said. It was seven days after Hawker's take-off from St. John's that a nondescript Danish tramp steamer—the *Mary*—hove in sight off the Butt of Lewis in the Hebrides. A watcher on shore, noticing that she was signaling with flags, idly began deciphering her message. Suddenly he became rigid, unable to believe his eyes.

"Saved hands of Sopwith airplane," waved the flags. "Is it Hawker?" signaled the watcher. And the flags waved: "Yes!"

Hawker and Grieve were safe! A wave of almost hysterical relief swept England and America when the news was flashed. Within a few hours a torpedo boat destroyer had ranged alongside the *Mary* and taken the aviators off, transferring them later to the flagship *Revenge*, which carried them on to London.

Eagerly the whole civilized world devoured their story. Ten minutes after the take-off Hawker had dropped his under-carriage as he

had planned. For five hours he battled to get above the Newfoundland fog bank, climbing finally to an altitude of 12,000 feet. There he leveled out and flew on, navigating by compass and sextant. The Sopwith was nothing but a careening atom in a universe composed of sky above and an endless drifting sea of mist below.

A northeast wind began to push the plane southward off its course. Another complication developed about six hours out when the water stopped circulating in the engine. Soon it began

when his machine, like a glowing cinder, would sizzle into the Atlantic.

Through the interminable hours of night that followed, the flyers strained their eyes for signs of a ship. It was not until about three A.M.—the hour when life is said to be almost at its lowest ebb—that a light was sighted in the distance.

Firing off some flares, Hawker pancaked skillfully into the water, two miles from the ship. The red hot motor spluttered and died.

A hard wind was blowing, and the plane, settling a little, began to rock in the heavy swell. Hawker and Grieve, though fairly dry in their watertight suits, found themselves waist-deep in water. Worst of all was the suspense. Had the ship seen their flares?

The minutes merged into an hour. Another half-hour went by, and then, to the waiting ears of the castaways, came the sound of creaking oar-locks. Six sailors in a life-boat took them from the plane and rowed them to the *Mary*.

Bound from Norfolk to Denmark, the *Mary* was in a position 1,050 miles from Newfoundland and 850 miles from the Irish coast. Without a wireless she was unable to report the rescue until she reached the Hebrides. Hawker and Grieve received a consolation prize of \$25,000—and were soon forgotten.

Hot on the heels—or perhaps one should say the tail—of this courageous effort came Captain John Alcock, an Englishman, and Lieutenant A. Whitten Brown, of American parentage.

They set out from Newfoundland on June 14, 1919. Helped by a 30-mile following wind they headed for Ireland, flying at the rate of two miles a minute, but almost immediately a dense fog enveloped them. When night descended visibility became even worse. Then their radio went out of commission, so that it was impossible for them to get bearings from steamers.

When dawn came Alcock and Brown found themselves in thick clouds. Snow and sleet during that long night had played havoc with the flyers, their plane, and their instruments. Flying low, Brown managed to fix their position. They were on their course and nearing the Irish coast!

Soon they recognized two small islands, but the mainland was obscured by drifting rain until they were directly over it. Eventually they picked up the masts of the Clifden radio station and, circling around, they fired off colored lights, but these were not seen from the ground.

Finally they made out what appeared to be a green meadow large enough for a landing. It turned out to be a bog. The wheels of their under-carriage sank in the mire, causing the plane to nose over and land on its back. The machine was damaged, but Alcock and Brown came out of the mud without having suffered any serious injury. The first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight had been made. But because, perhaps, it was not a clean-cut job the world hardly recalls it now.

Nevertheless, the teams of Hawker and Grieve, and Alcock and Brown, had felt the way. They had broken the ice for Charles A. Lindbergh to make his glorious, single-handed flight in 1927.

THE above are only a few of literally hundreds of exploits that have taken place within a generation or two; exploits during which experience was gained, data gathered, and the way more or less paved for other men. And because these other men were successful their names are bywords; their deeds remain forever fresh in the public mind. But let us think sometimes of those who did the spade-work—the unsung little army of heroes who might well be termed the shock troops of discovery.



Waiting for a load. This schooner is typical of the hundreds of sailing vessels that carry tramp freight up and down the maze of small streams along Chesapeake Bay

to boil in the tank. A little later, as Hawker tried to climb over a thick bank of clouds, he realized that he was really in trouble. The engine was red hot.

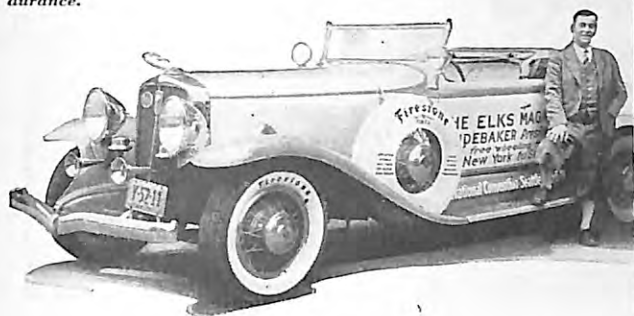
Pointing the plane's nose downward, he dived through the fog. At barely 500 feet above the sea he found visibility and leveled out again. Now he was forced to play cautious, zigzagging along the main shipping lane and wondering

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 45)

B	L	U	R	T	I	D	A	L	R	O	O	M	
R	P	E	T	I	T	R	A	C	E	D	O		
A	M	S	E	T	F	A	T	A	L	S	O		
D	E	N	I	A	L	S	B	E	R	A	T	E	D
	T	A	S	S	E	L	S	R	O	T	O	R	
T	A	S	T	E	E	A	R	M	E	T	E	D	
A	L	A	S	W	I	D	E	N	E	D	D	O	
B	L	B	A	G	P	O	D	D	W				
O	H	D	A	S	H	P	O	T	D	A	T	E	
R	O	B	E	S	T	A	R	P	E	T	A	L	
	O	A	S	I	S	Y	T	T	R	I	U	M	
S	P	R	I	N	T	S	S	E	I	S	M	A	L
I	S	R	E	E	K	S	P	O	T	L	O		
G	M	E	T	R	E	P	E	R	I	L	A		
N	E	E	D	E	E	R	I	E	C	A	L	F	

One of the cars of THE ELKS' PURPLE AND WHITE FLEET nearing the end of its transcontinental tour. This fleet, like the racing drivers at Indianapolis, use Firestone Tires for safety and endurance.



**The Gold Standard
of Tire Values**

**Hold all
World's
Records**
on road and track for

SAFETY . . . MILEAGE . . . SPEED . . . ENDURANCE

*Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires flash to victory for the
12th consecutive year on the Indianapolis Speedway*

FIRESTONE experts and engineers have taken the Indianapolis Race as a challenge to tire making. From this race they have developed vital improvements which have given to Firestone Tires the world leadership in safety, mileage, speed and endurance.

Firestone engineers designed and developed *The Balloon Tire*—permitting greater speed with safety and comfort; *Gum-Dipping*—insulating every fiber of every cord with pure liquid rubber;

World's Performance Records

- for twelve consecutive years Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires have won the 500-mile Indianapolis Endurance Race.
- were on the winning cars in the Pike's Peak Race where a slip meant death.
- were on the G. M. C. Truck, carrying a two-ton load, that hung up the coast-to-coast endurance record.
- were on the Studebaker car which on a board track in Atlantic City in 1928 went 30,000 miles in 26,326 minutes.
- on 125 buses of the Washington Electric & Railway Company, ran 3,674,266 bus miles during 1930 with only 13 tire delays.
- on 150 trucks of the Safeway Stores, Inc., ran 1,500,000 miles in one year without one single hour of delay on the road.

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and the patented *Double Cord Breaker*—giving 56% stronger bond between tread and tire body and 26% greater protection against punctures and blow-outs.

Men whose lives and fortunes depend on knowing tires buy Firestone Gum-Dipped High Speed Tires. For your own safety and your family's you should buy them, too. See the Firestone Service Dealer in your neighborhood today. *Prices are lowest in tire history!*

Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

When writing to THE FIRESTONE TIRE & RUBBER CO., please mention *The Elks Magazine*—It's your magazine



They'll be at the Convention

Three *free wheeling* Studebaker President Eights

finish their *Elks Magazine* transcontinental
tour in Seattle July 6

THREE Free Wheeling Studebaker President Eight Roadsters left New York, May 10, on the Elks Magazine Transcontinental Tour. They are crossing the country by three different routes to meet in Seattle in time to open the B. P. O. E. Convention on July 6. *They'll be there!*

On the way, these World Champion Presidents visited hundreds of Elks Clubs, spreading the Convention spirit across the entire continent. They have covered thousands of miles apiece — but they traveled one-fifth of the way *free*.

When you see them, take a look at their *twin* speedometers. Look first at the meter that registers *road* miles. Then look at the special speedometer

that measures road miles covered *under engine power*.

There's a difference. *Engine* miles will be at least 20% less than *road* miles. Gas and oil consumption will be 15% to 30% less than in conventional cars. These are Free Wheeling Studebakers—they travel two miles in ten *free of engine effort!*

Here's your chance to get the real Free Wheeling story, straight from the lips of unbiased drivers who have finished 10,000 miles of travel. Ask *them* what they think of Studebaker Free Wheeling.

The facts are there—the speedometers prove the difference between Free Wheeling miles and conventional miles, between Free Wheeling costs and conventional costs. But only experience

at the wheel can tell you how refreshingly free and unfettered is Free Wheeling travel.

Clutch-pushing is gone—you need use the clutch only to start or back up. Noise is gone—there is no clashing when shifting. Strain is gone. It takes a finger—no more—to change from high to second, back and forth, at any speed.

And the safety factor of Free Wheeling has been praised by traffic and highway officials everywhere. These Elks drivers have come over mountains. Ask *them* what it means to have Free Wheeling *with positive gear control* ready in any emergency.

This is your chance to get the facts about Free Wheeling from men who have been over the road, who will give you the unbiased facts. But if you didn't meet The President that visited your Lodge, if you can't see them at the Convention, go to your Studebaker dealer. He'll put you behind the wheel of a Free Wheeling Studebaker . . . let you learn, first-hand, the thrill and thrift of this great automotive advancement.



676 Free Miles

From New York to Chicago, this Free Wheeling Studebaker President Eight traveled 2761 road miles, visiting scores of Elks clubs along the route and covering all kinds of roads and terrain. But when this Champion Free Wheeling President arrived in Chicago the engine had traveled only 2085 miles. The difference—676 miles—is the difference Free Wheeling makes in engine effort. This President's engine *rested* 24.33% of the way—saved more than 20% on gas and oil!

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

There is a Free Wheeling Studebaker for every purse. The Champion President Eight, \$1850 to \$2550—The famous Commander Eight, \$1585 to \$1685—The popular Dictator Eight, \$1095 to \$1225 and the low-priced Studebaker Six, \$845 to \$970 at the factory. 5 wire wheels optional at no extra cost.



Dictator Eight Coupe—by scientific Torsio-graphic tests the smoothest Eight within hundreds of dollars of its price. This model \$1095 at the factory, 5 wire wheels optional at no extra cost—bumpers and spare tires extra.

Studebaker

Builder of Champions •• Pioneer of Free Wheeling

Millions for Defiance

(Continued from page 11)

chin. As he brooded, his expression lost much of its severity, and he came to look more like a tired old gentleman than a fire-breathing old despot.

"Naturally there's a catch," he said, "every lawyer knows there's a catch in everything. If there weren't we'd all starve. Because I mention a partnership, you mustn't think you're a Martin Littleton or a Choate. In fact, I've considered your procedure at times to be a trifle un-lawyerlike. However, I'm going to give you a chance to show your—ah—your versatility, let's say. When you hear the conditions, you may not care to accept. I'm going to propose that you attempt a job in which I have failed. Perhaps you can guess what it is, but I'll be specific, so that there can be no misunderstanding. The remedy you prescribed for Hope Marsden coincides with my own. She needs a sound spanking. But I don't feel equal to the task. It's a job for a younger man."

The old lawyer paused, selected a cigar from a box on his desk, carefully clipped and lit it, and continued:

"Hope's future is a very serious problem to me. If it were not I shouldn't let her behavior ruffle me. By her repeated indiscretions and her utter disregard of my remonstrances, she is forcing me to take a position I am extremely reluctant to adopt. What I am about to tell you is strictly between ourselves. It is known only to three other persons besides myself. One is Osgood, another is an old servant in Hope's employ, and the third is Hope herself. The first two can be trusted implicitly. Hope assures me she has spoken of it to no one, and I believe her."

The Senator walked across the room, stood in front of the window for a moment and then returned to Colin.

"Hope is like her father in a good many ways," the Senator went on, resuming his seat. "Mr. Marsden was an extraordinary man. He was born in abject poverty. Though he made a great fortune, he was in constant fear of a return to poverty. He was not a miser, exactly. He lived expensively and, for a man wholly self-educated, had exceptionally good taste. But the amassing of money was his chief interest. I was closely associated with him for years and saw many of his largest operations at first hand. He was a financial genius."

Mr. Carter drew thoughtfully on his cigar, and sat studying a photograph of Mr. Marsden.

"Yes, sir, a financial genius," he repeated. "His net estate, at the time of his death, was more than a hundred million dollars. The bulk of this money, aside from a few personal bequests, went to museums and other institutions, and to establish the Marsden Foundation for Financial Education, with which you're probably familiar. I can see you're wondering where Hope figures in all this. I'm coming to that shortly—"

"It was a bitter disappointment to Henry Marsden that his first child should be a girl. He was accustomed to getting what he wanted and he had wanted a boy. He had built up visions of his son as a replica of himself. Poor

Henry. I shall never forget the night the child was born. When a nurse came into the study and announced that it was a girl, he refused at first to believe her. Then it was all I could do to prevent him from shooting the nurses, the doctors, Mrs. Marsden—even the baby. He'd have shot at the stars, in the hope of hitting God, if I hadn't restrained him. . . ." Mr. Carter shook his head. "I've been through a good many scenes in my time," he observed, "but never a worse one than that. Marsden was a madman."

"The next morning," said Mr. Carter, "Marsden was calm and perfectly lucid—but a changed man."

"Mrs. Marsden died about a year later. She willed herself to death, I think, hurt beyond endurance by her husband's blind injustice. As for the little girl—he named her Hope in bitter irony—she was brought up by nurses and governesses. She seldom got a glimpse of her father. When he died, literally burnt out at fifty, she was abroad at school."

"How old was she then?" asked Colin.

"Fifteen. A slim little thing, headstrong as the devil. I didn't much relish assuming the responsibility of being her guardian, but I had no alternative. I did my best for her and, for a



Chon Day

"Darn it! There comes that lion again"

The Senator picked up the newspaper and gave evidence of returning asperity.

"This infernal baby-bottle business," he continued, "is no worse than any number of other fooleries. But it comes at an unfortunate time. It makes things extremely difficult. In a moment you'll understand why." The old gentleman leaned forward in his chair and tapped his desk with his forefinger to emphasize what he was about to say.

"I've told you already that Mr. Marsden left a great fortune. He did not leave it to Hope. All he left to Hope, *in his will*, was fifty dollars a week, a house at Palm Beach and a house at Bar Harbor. Those were the only legacies to her mentioned in his will. Fifty dollars a week for life and two houses. But he provided for her in another way. It was irregular and eccentric and I told him so, but his mind was made up. One day he put in my hands a check for ten million dollars and told me to invest it in safe bonds. 'It's for Hope,' he said. 'Should anything happen to me, I want you to spend fifty thousand a year of the income on her education and living expenses, until she is twenty-one. After that, give her an allowance of two hundred thousand a year until she is twenty-five. If at the age of twenty-five she seems to you capable of administering money wisely, turn over the principal and accrued interest to her freely and without conditions. But—'

here," said Mr. Carter, "here's the rub. Marsden then stipulated that if, in my judgment, Hope had not shown herself capable of administering money wisely by the time she was twenty-five, every cent of this fund must go to the Foundation. Do you see what that would mean? It would mean that Hope would have nothing but a pittance of fifty dollars a week and two houses, which on that income would be white elephants."

"It doesn't make sense," Colin protested. "It's a crazy arrangement."

"Quite so," agreed the Senator, "but there it is, call it what you like. And now, O'Rourke, get this—Hope's twenty-fifth birthday comes next month."

Colin whistled.

"She knows all about this?" he asked.

"She's known for years."

"Good Lord! She must be crazy. Ten million—it must be more than that now—that's over half a million a year. Half a million—against twenty-five hundred. She must be a lunatic, Mr. Carter."

"I don't think so," said the old gentleman, "I think she simply takes a delight in trying to see how far she can stretch my indulgence. But frankly, my boy, I don't know what to do. Viewing the situation coldly I have only one course. That is to turn the money over to the Foundation. Yet it is no light matter to deprive the girl of a fortune. To one who spends as Hope does, fifty dollars a week would be penury. She pays more than that for one pair of shoes."

"She might marry," suggested Colin.

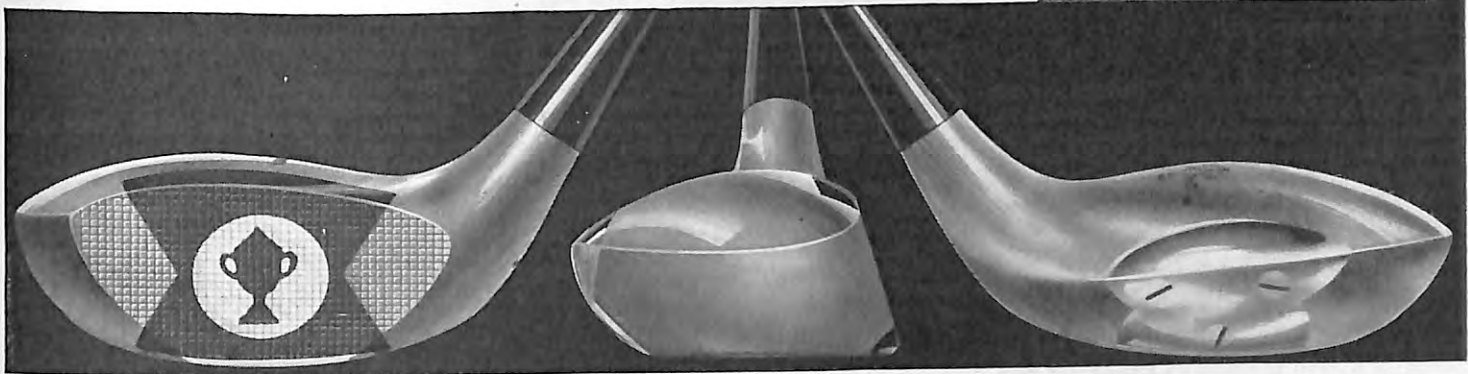
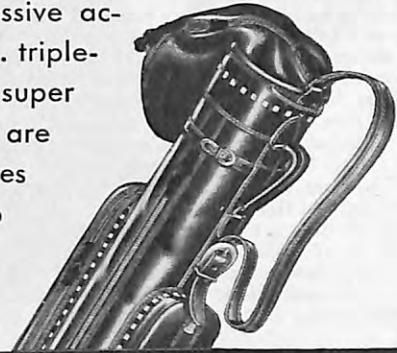
"No. She's alienated all the decent, substantial people. The wretches she associates with now

(Continued on page 52)

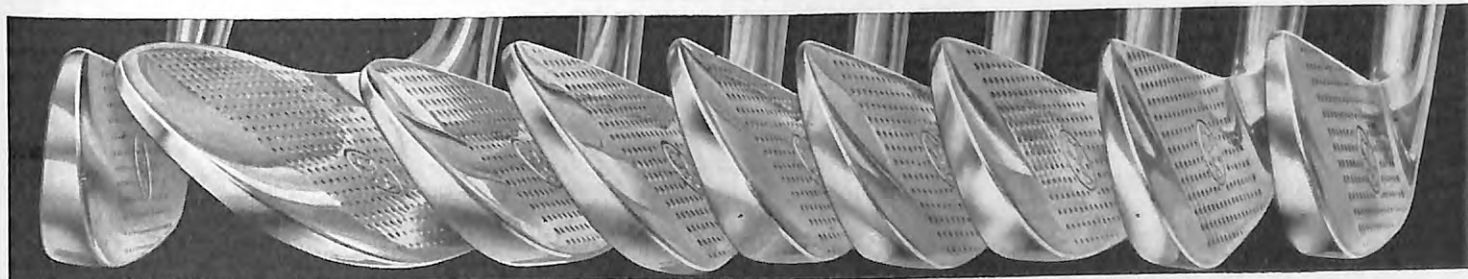
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CUSTOM built woods of modern design and eye-filling beauty... de luxe Indestructo bags... gleaming irons of chromium plated steel with deep, close-coupled blades... shafted with flawless steel in the Wilson manner to insure comfort to the wrists and solid anchorage of the club heads... matched for swinging balance to a degree of perfection not to be found in any other clubs... golf balls of dynamic life, unequalled distance and impressive accuracy around the greens... triple-tested and guaranteed for super compression. Here are All-American team-mates you will be proud to own and happy to play with.

Wilson Indestructo bags equipped with Talon Fasteners



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W I L S O N I R O N S



W I L S O N G O L F B A L L S

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When writing to WILSON-WESTERN SPORTING GOODS COMPANY, please mention The Elks Magazine—It's your magazine

(Continued from page 50)

would drop her in a minute if they knew she had no money. No, I'm afraid she'd find herself very much alone. It's not as though she had an old-established social position to fall back on. . . ."

"But what does she say?" inquired Colin. "What does she say when you warn her and rake her over the coals?"

Mr. Carter shrugged and waved eloquently at the story of the baby parade.

"It's not what she says, but what she does." The old gentleman brooded. "O'Rourke," he said, "I'm a tough old bird, but damn it all I don't want to have to do what Hope is forcing me to do. Marsden's arrangement was irrational and unfair. Granted. For that reason I'm willing to be lenient and to interpret it as liberally as I can. But I can't honestly disregard it. As things stand at present, strictly speaking, the money ought to go to the Foundation. But if Hope, between now and February fourteenth, would give me the slightest excuse for turning it over to her, I'd do so with an easy conscience." Mr. Carter looked at Colin, who smiled.

"And you think I can go down there and make her toe the mark, sir?"

"What do you think?"

"Well—" Colin began, then hesitated. He had been about to say that the idea of his being able to influence Hope when Mr. Carter couldn't seemed pretty fantastic; but he thought better of it.

"Well?"

"I'm game to try, sir."

"GOOD," said the Senator. "Perhaps you can find some side of her that can be appealed to. There must be some chink in her armor, though I haven't been able to discover it. The fact that you're young may make her more willing to listen to you than to me. Keep her name out of the papers. If you can manage to do that for a month, I'll consider you've been successful." Mr. Carter pressed the buzzer button. "Osgood," he directed his secretary, "Mr. O'Rourke's leaving for Palm Beach to-morrow night. Get him a drawing-room and tickets. Give him five hundred dollars in cash and arrange for a letter of credit for twenty-five hundred more. Wire Miss Marsden that Mr. Colin O'Rourke of this office—no, wait a minute, don't wire, I'll write her—" He dismissed Osgood, then addressed Colin again.

"I shan't attempt to suggest how you'll go about this business. You must use your own judgment. Be as hard-boiled as necessary. However, I will give you one piece of advice, though it may seem superfluous. Whatever you do, don't let yourself be fascinated by Hope. She is very beautiful and she can be very attractive, if she feels like it. But she's moody and capricious. A good many men have fallen in love with her, only to find themselves snubbed and laughed at. If you should fall in love with her, you would be useless for this assignment. You would lose all influence over her. You'd fail utterly. And you'd only be hurt in the end."

"There's not much danger of that," said Colin, "I've learned my lesson."

"You'd better trot along now," said Mr. Carter. "I'll write to Hope to meet your train and put you up at her house. Drop in to see me to-morrow before you leave."

Some minutes later, after Colin had returned to his own office, the secretary took Mr. Carter the checks to be signed.

"Osgood," said the Senator, laying aside the letter paper on which he was writing, "my memory isn't what it used to be. You looked him up, I believe, before we engaged him. Do you recall exactly how it

was that Mr. O'Rourke got that limp and that broken nose?"

"He crashed behind the German lines, sir. That accounts for the leg. The nose was injured when a party of the enemy tried to prevent him from crawling back to his own lines. He was eighteen at the time," Osgood added. "He'd lied about his age when he enlisted."

As his secretary reached the door, Mr. Carter called him back.

"One other thing, Osgood," he said. "Mr. O'Rourke made a remark just now that interested me. I didn't ask him to explain it, because I didn't wish to seem to pry. He said he had learned his lesson. We were talking about falling in love. You know him pretty well. Do you happen to know—ah—I'm not asking you to reveal a confidence, understand, and you're not obliged to answer."

The other hesitated. "I don't believe it's a secret, sir," he said. "Mr. O'Rourke would probably tell you himself if you asked him, though he'd hardly volunteer it. When he came back from the war he found the girl he had expected to marry was married to somebody else. He took it quite hard, apparently."

The old gentleman nodded slowly and the suspicion of a smile hovered about his mouth. "Thank you," he said. When Osgood had left, he picked up the pen and paper again and covered two pages with his rapid, precise script. Reading over what he had written, he chuckled. "No fool like an old fool," he said to himself. Then he sealed the two letters with wax, stamped them and went out into the hall to drop them down the mail chute with his own hands.

Passing through the reception-room on his way back, the Senator paused by the switchboard.

"Why aren't you married, my dear?" he asked the telephone girl. "Every young woman ought to be married. There ought to be a law." With that, he strode down the corridor, chuckling.

The switchboard girl looked at the office boy, made a grimace and tapped her forehead with her pencil. The office boy snickered.

CHAPTER III

THE Havana Special steamed into West Palm Beach at about half an hour after midnight. Colin's Pullman, the last car but one, set him down in the dark at the extreme end of the long platform. For a moment he stood there, to accustom his eyes to the darkness, then, without waiting for a porter, he picked up his bags and started slowly toward the lighted station. Part way along, his dim figure was spied by a man and a girl in evening dress who were peering through the murk. The pair bore down on him on the run, then, as his face came into the light, halted abruptly. "This isn't Joe," laughed the girl. "I'll bet the poor sap missed it."

"Sorry," said the man to Colin, "thought you were someone else."

Colin limped on. His heart, which in spite of

himself had begun to thump at sight of the girl approaching, resumed its normal beat. He was annoyed that it had thumped. But then, why should he expect her? Hadn't Mr. Carter intimated that Hope was unreliable in such matters? The Senator had said that he had written to Wilson, Hope's old colored butler and factotum, notifying him or Colin's arrival, so that in case the young lady herself neglected to open the Senator's letter or ignored its contents, someone would be at the station to meet him. And yet, Colin now realized that during the hours on the train, he had been half-expecting her to be there.

A HALF-DOZEN paces further, he saw another figure start towards him. It was an elderly negro. This, he guessed, would be Wilson.

"Cap'n O'Rourke, suh? You de genelman for Miss Marsden's?" At Colin's reply in the affirmative, the man touched his hat. "Leave me take yo' baigs, suh. De car's right over yonder." With remarkable spryness for one of his apparent years, he relieved Colin of the two suitcases and set off briskly for a shining roadster backed to the edge of the platform. He held the door for Colin, deposited the luggage in the rumble, and took the wheel.

"Ain' no one heah, only de 'menian princess," he vouchsafed apologetically. "Miss Hope she down to de Keys, fishin' off de boat wid de rest o' de pahty. The 'menian princess don't like de boat so good."

"Did Miss Hope get Mr. Carter's letter saying I was coming?"

"Yassuh, she got it."

"This morning?"

"Yassuh, same time I get mine. Senator he write me one too."

"When did Miss Hope go off with the boat? This morning?"

"Yassuh." Wilson busied himself with the switch key and the starter, as though to put an end to this catechism. Colin smiled grimly. Hope's deliberately absenting herself the day of his arrival was obviously a gesture of defiance, aimed, through him, at Senator Carter. Mentally he chalked it on the record against her.

Soon they were gliding through the silent streets, deserted save for an occasional parked car and here and there a random pedestrian. The air was damp and a little raw, different from what Colin had expected. West Palm Beach, in this aspect at least, seemed a cheerless place. But as they came to the end of Clematis Street and swung south into the Lake Drive, he was fascinated by the view that met his eyes. For at this moment, as if for his special benefit, the moon shone out from behind a scurrying cloud, bathing Lake Worth and Palm Beach proper in magic light.

The car swept over a bridge onto a broad avenue flanked by royal palms, then turned into another road. In the glare of the head-lamps, Colin got a fleeting impression of flowered hedges and high stucco walls, wrought-iron gates and spiky, tropical plants. At length, Wilson drove through an open gateway and along a winding drive. A hundred yards of this, then a circular space and the imposing white bulk of the house.

Colin had no chance for a good look at the exterior, for Wilson, remarking that it was a chilly night, hustled him inside, through a lofty, dimly lit lounge, into a cloistered patio and up an outdoor covered stair to a gallery. Here he threw open a door and, with a courtly gesture, ushered Colin into a brightly lighted bedroom.

"Dis yer's a smallish room, suh, Cap'n," he said, "but de others is all took. Ah hope you-all 'll find it comfort'ble. De bed's good an' de bath is right thoo dat door. Private

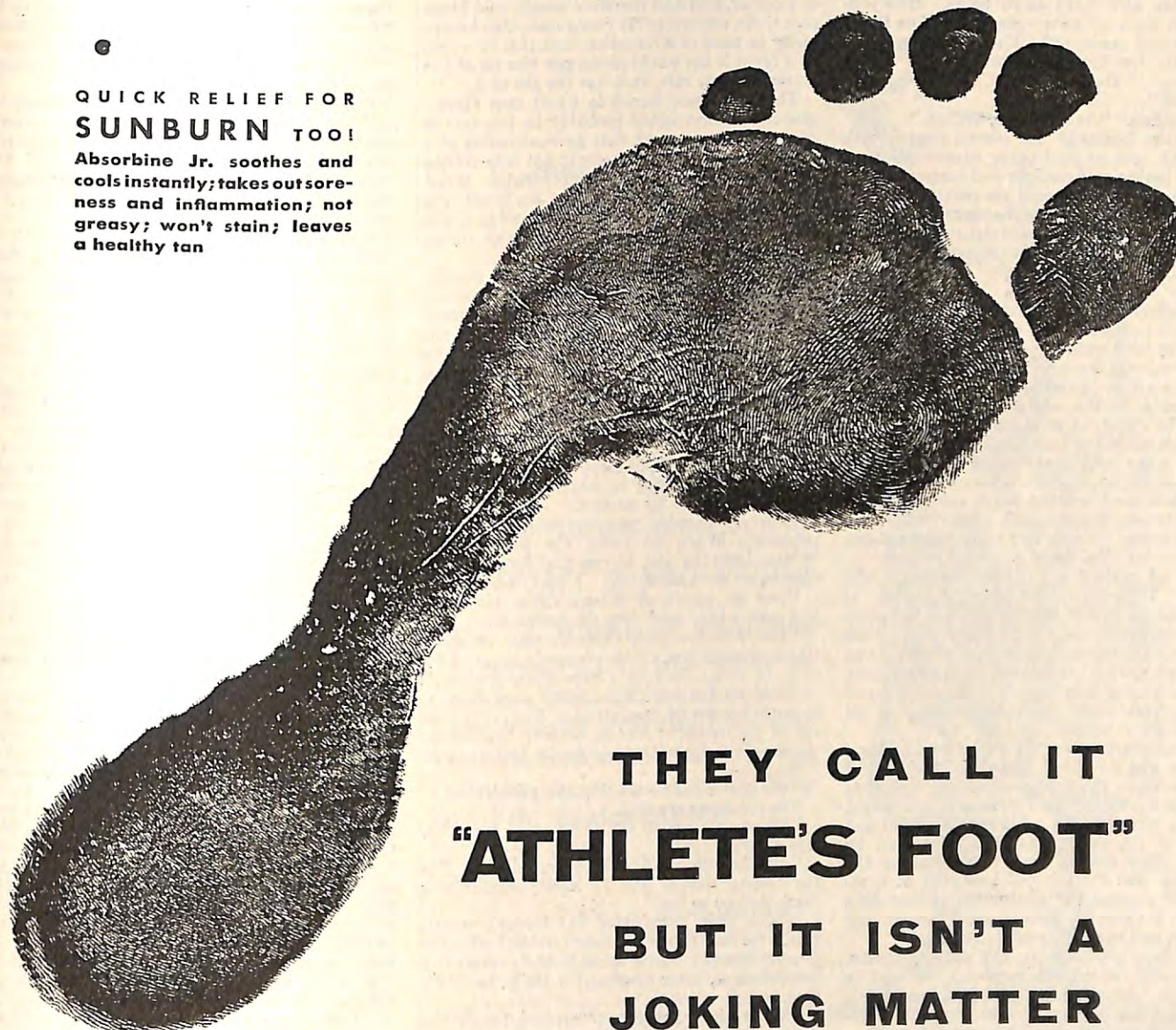


"And he told me he didn't have a cent!"

(Continued on page 54)

**QUICK RELIEF FOR
SUNBURN TOO!**

Absorbine Jr. soothes and cools instantly; takes out soreness and inflammation; not greasy; won't stain; leaves a healthy tan



**THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER**

● Many a man and woman has paid large doctor bills and limped around for weeks because of an infection that started with a slight itching sensation between the toes.

They made the mistake of not taking more seriously this common symptom* of "Athlete's Foot." Neglected, the skin between the toes soon became unwholesomely moist. It cracked—then blistered, perhaps turned red, peeled and finally became so raw as to cause pain when shoes were worn.

**It's a real infection; don't
YOU take chances**

Nine times out of ten this infection, popularly called "Athlete's Foot," comes from a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*,

***WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS
THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"**

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

which health authorities estimate to have preyed on at least half the adult population at some time in life.

Be on your guard; you may be the next victim because you are bound to encounter *tinea trichophyton* wherever you go. It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on shower bath floors, locker- and dressing-room floors, in bath-houses, beach walks, gyms—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the
germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

Strange to say, the *tinea trichophyton* germ thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, when once it becomes embedded in the toes. This parasite is so hardy, in fact, that socks must be boiled fifteen minutes to kill it.

You can, however, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet, rubbing it well between the toes, morning and night and after every bath. For laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills

tinea trichophyton quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also shown its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep on using it, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like Absorbine Jr. At drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman St., Springfield, Massachusetts. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



ABSORBINE JR.

**for years has relieved sore
muscles, muscular aches, bruises,
burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions**

(Continued from page 52)
bath, yassuh. Now ah'll jes' fix you a little night-cap, an' den ah'll fotch up yo' baigs. How you-all take yo' liquor, Cap'n—gingeale, White Rock, or as de Lawd made it?" The old retainer held up a bottle for Colin's inspection and sniffed ecstatically. "Dat's pure gold, Cap'n," he said, "pure gold."

Colin smiled. "As is, please, Wilson."

The butler beamed. He placed a tray, with the whisky, glasses and other accessories, on a low table beside an armchair and suggested that the Cap'n set down an' rest his coat. But while Wilson went off to get his baggage, Colin, still cramped from tedious hours of sitting in the train, stood in the doorway and surveyed the patio.

THE gallery extended around the four inner walls of the house and was sheltered by the wide eaves of the tiled roof. No windows opened onto it; heavy, carved doors, of some dark, weathered wood, with grilles in the upper panels, made the only openings in the white walls of the second story. The effect, of almost monastic severity, was carried out in the bedroom.

On the lower level of the patio, four tile walks led diagonally from the corners to an eight-sided sunken pool, around which rose a graceful iron framework, topped with glass, forming an octagonal table. About this table were a dozen iron chairs with tiled seats.

It was all perfect, a little too perfect, Colin thought. Though undeniably beautiful, it struck him as being artificial in the extreme. Artificial and hard; more like a stage setting than his first quick glimpse of Palm Beach itself. Even the lighting, which at the moment came from two torchères flanking the glass double doors of the lounge, and from the open doorway of his room, seemed theatrical.

This, he thought, would certainly be an ideal setting for the rest and change he had looked forward to since the Senator spoke to him that morning in the office. At the same time it would give him a glimpse into a life he had never had the time or the money to see. However, he did not include among these compensations the partnership Mr. Carter had proffered as a reward. He wanted the distinction of becoming a partner because he was a good lawyer, not because he had been successful in a stunt.

On bidding good-bye to the old gentleman, he had briefly stated his position. He said he thought Mr. Carter's offer generous, but he disliked to risk his prospects of an eventual partnership on so precarious a barque as Miss Marsden's caprice.

"Of course," the Senator had said, "you may find her tractable. A day or two and you may have her eating out of your hand."

"More likely she'll be biting it off," Colin had replied, "if her behavior toward you is any criterion."

He wondered now what sort of reception Hope would accord him upon her return from the fishing trip. It would depend upon her mood; and her mood, doubtless, would depend to some extent on what she had read into Mr. Carter's letter. As to exactly what he had written her, the old gentleman had been singularly vague. Not having dictated the letter, he had no copy

for Colin to read. He had thought it advisable, he said, not to introduce him directly in the rôle of monitor, and had therefore simply told Hope that Colin was one of his young men, that he was badly in need of a vacation, and that it would be a favor if she would please put him up at the house. At any rate, that was the gist of it.

Though he was forced to admit that Hope's attitude at first would probably be less hostile than if she had known that he was coming as a would-be reformer, Colin could not help feeling that he would have preferred it otherwise. When Hope found out, as before long she must, the real reason why Mr. Carter had sent him, she would almost certainly resent the way things had been done.

Colin determined to tell her the fact frankly as soon as possible. She would be furious, of course. She might, perhaps, ask him to leave the house. Well, he was not afraid of her anger. And if she did order him out of the house, he would refuse to go. Under the circumstances she would be scarcely likely to summon the police to eject him; he felt confident the rest of the household would be unequal to the assignment.

For a moment Colin essayed to formulate in his mind the phrases in which he would enlighten Hope as to his mission.

They all sounded pompous and offensively priggish. When he heard the footsteps of Wilson down the hall, he was glad for the interruption of these thoughts.

Upon the return of Wilson, Colin, his drink still untouched, went into the bedroom.

"Don't bother with those things," he said. "I can unpack 'em. Pour yourself a snort. You must be tired. Besides, I hate drinking alone."

"Ain' no bother, Cap'n, suh," said Wilson, unfastening one of the suitcases, but casting an eye at the bottle. "Ain' no bother. Senator he say for me to look after you special and when de Senator—"

"What else did he say?" Colin asked.

The old darkey shuffled.

"He say for me to ack like you-all was him, suh, Cap'n."

"He did, eh. All right then, imagine I'm the Senator telling you to help yourself to a drink and go to bed."

A slow grin illuminated the butler's seamy face. He saluted and without further hesitation poured himself some whisky and reverently swallowed it, after waiting for Colin to drink first.

"What time's breakfast?" asked the latter, munching a sandwich.

"Any time you-all wants it, suh. Jes' ring dat bell an' ah'll come a-runnin'. Ain' no use for you to git up. Ain' nobuddy aroun' to git up for. Princess, she don' never take nothin' only grapefruit juice. How'll you take yo' aigs, Cap'n?"

"Oh yes, the princess. I'd forgotten about her. What's her name?"

"Ah ain' say her name, Cap'n, suh. Ah jes' calls her Madam Princess." Wilson jerked his head toward the door and lowered his voice. "You-all want to watch out for dat woman, Cap'n, she's a—she's a—" he groped for a descriptive word, but failed to find it.

Colin did not press him for an explanation.

He was tired and sleepy and he wanted to be fit in the morning in case Hope should return. There would be plenty of other chances to hear Wilson on the subject of the princess and besides he preferred to form his own first impressions.

"Good-night, Wilson," he said, turning to one of his bags.

The old fellow cleared his throat, shifted from one foot to the other, twisted a button on his coat, gulped once or twice, then said good night and went out.

Colin undressed rapidly. As he was about to get into bed, there was a tap on his door. He opened it.

"What is it, Wilson?" he asked.

"Scuse me, suh, Cap'n," said the butler humbly, "ah wanted to say—" he stopped abruptly and looked across the patio. Colin followed his glance just in time to see a white face disappear behind the quickly closed shutter of the grille in the door opposite his own. He motioned to Wilson to come into his room.

"What was it you wanted to say?" he inquired.

"Ah wanted to say, Cap'n, suh—" Wilson halted, then blurted: "Senator didn't say jes' why you-all was comin' down, Cap'n, but ah reckon ah can guess. An'—" he hesitated again, "an' please, suh, Cap'n, please don' be hard on Miss Hope. She de onhappiest girl in de worl'."

With that, the old fellow blinked, saluted and hurried out. Colin followed him to the door and stood there watching and listening. After the butler's suffling footsteps had died away, silence seemed to shut down like a fog over the patio. Above this silence, Colin's ears gradually identified two sounds—the steady trickling of the fountain in the pool below and the muffled beat of surf on the nearby beach.

He went into his room and closed the door. For a moment he contemplated the stout bolt which constituted the only lock. Then, advising himself not to be an old woman, he climbed into bed. But, though it was late and he was tired, he did not at once drop off to sleep. He was thinking over what Wilson had come back to tell him about Hope. And he was wondering about the owner of the pale face that had looked at him through the grille across the patio. After all, why shouldn't the princess—whatever her name was—look at him through the grille? The noise of his arrival had waked her up, probably, and she had looked out to investigate. Perfectly natural. But Wilson had intimated that the woman was a dangerous character. Oh, well, darkies were full of fears and superstitions. . . . So Hope Marsden was the unhappiest girl in the world. . . . Maybe. . . . She certainly had a queer way of showing it. . . . Wonder when she'd turn up. . . .

Colin drifted off to sleep. He slept very soundly. He had learned in the army the art of sleeping through noises of all kinds. When he awoke, next morning, he opened his eyes slowly, closed them again, stretched and yawned luxuriously. Then he sat up with a start. For out of the corner of his eye he had suddenly caught sight of a surprising object. It was an object that had not been there when he went to bed.

It was the ivory handle of a dagger. And its blade was imbedded in the hilt in the mattress less than an inch from his pillow.

(To be continued)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 39)

at the Brown Hotel; sight-seeing tours for the delegates and the ladies; and the Elks Convention Handicap races at Churchill Downs. A silver cup was presented to Ashland Lodge, No. 350, for being represented at the convention by the largest number of delegates. During the principal business session, held on the second day of the convention, the members of the Association elected officers for the new term. Roger L. Neff, jr., of Newport Lodge, No. 273, was chosen President to succeed Henry E. Curtis, of Lexington Lodge, No. 89. Other officers named were: First Vice-President Charles Pepper, Princeton Lodge, No. 1115; Second Vice-President W. T. Cox, Catlettsburg Lodge, No. 942; Third Vice-President Richard W. Omer, Madisonville Lodge, No. 738; Secretary-Treasurer Richard H. Slack, Owensboro Lodge, No. 144; Trustees, Edwin N. Williams, Hender-

son Lodge, No. 206, and Clyde R. Levi, Ashland Lodge, No. 350. Immediately after the election the officers were installed by the retiring President, Henry E. Curtis. The delegates voted that the selection for the meeting place for next year's convention would be decided by the Trustees at a later date.

Indiana

TWO THOUSAND Elks, three hundred of whom were delegates, attended the thirtieth annual convention of the Indiana State Elks Association a short time ago at South Bend. The gathering assembled for a period of two days. Business sessions took place in the Home of South Bend Lodge, No. 235. The officers for the coming year, elected upon the first day and installed upon the second, were: President, Fran' E. Coughlin, South Bend Lodge; First Vice-Presi-

dent, Lee F. Bays, Sullivan Lodge, No. 911; Second Vice-President, Joseph L. Clarke, Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13; Third Vice-President, O. R. Miner, Warsaw Lodge, No. 802; Secretary, W. C. Groehl, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457; Treasurer, Harry K. Kremer, Michigan City Lodge, No. 432; and Trustee for five years, E. J. Greenwald, Whiting Lodge, No. 1273. The delegates decided during the initial session to hold next year's convention at Huntington, under the auspices of Lodge No. 805 there. At this same meeting, at which the retiring President, Fred A. Wiecking, of Bluffton Lodge, No. 796, presided, Mayor W. R. Hinkle, of South Bend, spoke the greetings of the city; and Exalted Ruler George F. Eberhart, of No. 235, extended the welcome of the Lodge. Early in the afternoon following this meeting, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp arrived in South

Bend. He was met at the station by a delegation of welcome and escorted to his headquarters at the Hotel LaSalle. The afternoon saw also the contest among the Lodges of the State for the Joseph T. Fanning cup, a trophy donated to the Association by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning. Its possession is awarded yearly as an emblem of the ritualistic championship of Indiana. Hartford City Lodge, No. 625, won first place in the competition for the cup, with Alexandria Lodge, No. 478, Bedford Lodge, No. 826, and Bluffton Lodge, No. 796, finishing in the order named. Two events took place in the evening following the ritualistic contest. The first was a banquet in the dining hall of the University of Notre Dame. At this the Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker. Frank E. Hering, an editor of South Bend, served as toastmaster; and those who attended the dinner had the pleasure of hearing, in the course of the festivities, a program by the University's Glee Club. A second pleasurable affair which ensued after the conclusion of the banquet was an informal dance in the Knights of Columbus ballroom. At the final business session the following morning, Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp spoke again. Present upon this occasion to hear his address, in addition to the officers of the Association and the delegates to the convention, were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; and George W. Hasselman, President of the Illinois State Elks Association. At this same meeting, F. J. McMichael, Past President of the Indiana State Elks Association, presented to the Ritualistic Team of Hartford City Lodge the Joseph T. Fanning cup which it had won the day before. In the afternoon of this second day, a spectacular and brilliant street parade was held. Approximately two thousand marchers were in the procession, with many more thousands of spectators lining the principal business streets through which it swung. Awards for excellence in performance in the parade were as follows: for bands, La Porte Lodge, No. 396, first; Gary Lodge, No. 1152, second; for drum corps, the La Porte American Legion, first; the Mishawaka American Legion, second; for the delegation with the most striking dress, Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500; and for the most unique special feature during the parade, Michigan City Lodge, No. 432. The concluding entertainment of the convention was a picnic in the evening at Four-Mile Bridge.

New Mexico

THE Third Annual Convention of the New Mexico State Elks Association was held recently at Tucumcari. J. P. Gribbin, of Gallup Lodge, No. 1440, was reelected President for the new term. Other officers named were First Vice-President, Walter G. Turley, Santa Fe Lodge, No. 460; Second Vice-President, Ludwig W. Ilfeld, Las Vegas Lodge, No. 408; Third Vice-President, J. W. Bonem, Tucumcari Lodge, No. 1172; Secretary, J. F. Conner, Gallup Lodge; Treasurer, L. J. Benjamin, Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461; and Trustees, Fred Miller, Roswell Lodge, No. 909; Fred J. Voorhees, Raton Lodge, No. 865; and A. Mandell, Clovis Lodge, No. 1244. Before the close of the session the delegates selected Roswell as the place for the next convention. The date is to be set later by the Trustees.

Kansas

ENLARGEMENT of the student scholarship loan fund was one of the principal matters discussed at the Twenty-sixth Annual Convention of the Kansas State Elks Association, held recently at Junction City. It was announced at the first session that a plan to increase substantially the present fund, amounting to \$1,100, had been proposed by the chairman of the Student Scholarship Loan Committee, W. H. McKone. The plan would require every Elk in the State to donate the sum of one dollar to the fund. This method would enable the committee to collect about \$8,000. At the second session was held the election of the officers for the ensuing year. Dr. Fred M. Brown, of Newton Lodge, No. 706, was elected President; R. T. Humbarger, Salina Lodge, No. 718, First Vice-President; John Steuri, Great Bend Lodge, No. 1127, Second Vice-President; W. R. McCormick,

(Continued on page 56)

BURKE 50-50 AGAINST THE FIELD

26 Golfers

saved on an average of 3 strokes a full round

IN the Wisconsin State Elks Ass'n. Championship at Racine, these golfers played the first 9 holes with the ball they were accustomed to use. In the afternoon, on the same 9, they used the **Burke 50/50**.

Comparing scores, it was found that

Two golfers scored the same with each ball; 5 scored 11 strokes more and 19 golfers scored 49 less. Averaging all 26 players, this means that the total score reduction when the **Burke 50/50** was used was on an average of 3 strokes a full round!

Here are **FACTS**—not promises or advertisement claims. Another important fact is: The **Burke 50/50** costs you only 50¢. It proves that a ball doesn't have to be expensive to be good.

As W. B. Hart, in charge of the test, wrote, "The **Burke 50/50** is certainly too good to miss!" It scores better and cuts your ball cost $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$.

Make your own test of the **Burke 50/50** the very next round you play.



W. B. HART (right) in charge of ball test at Wisconsin State Elks Ass'n Championship, writes:



"The success of the **BURKE 50/50** in this test is all the more striking, as it involved the scoring of Class A golfers, shooting from 75 to 95."

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The **Burke 50/50** has length of the tee and line-holding toughness on the green. It is known for its coast to coast to coast as the best ball at its price.

This offer good only until August 15th, 1931.

(Continued from page 55)

Pittsburg Lodge, No. 412, Third Vice-President; Lou F. Goerman, Newton Lodge, reelected Secretary; William E. Lawrence, Wichita Lodge, No. 427, Treasurer; and I. M. Platt, Junction City Lodge, No. 1037, William H. Hunt, Independence Lodge, No. 780, and L. Timken, Augusta Lodge, No. 1462, Trustees. The convention closed with a dance for the delegates and their guests at the Community House.

Mississippi

THE annual convention of the Mississippi State Elks Association assembled in the Lodge room of Hattiesburg Lodge, No. 509, on May 10th. The sessions continued throughout that and the following day. The report of the President was received with acclaim, as were the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer. Philip Clancy, special representative of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge, addressed the assemblage. The delegates accepted his recommendations and subscribed for a Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation. Much enthusiasm was created by the action of Jackson Lodge, No. 416, in joining the Association. It is the hope of the officers that every Lodge in the State soon will be enrolled in the Association. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, William Estopinal, Gulfport Lodge, No. 978, reelected; Secretary-Treasurer, William W. Walker, Pascagoula Lodge, No. 1120; First Vice-President, Samuel Albrecht, Vicksburg Lodge, No. 95; Second Vice-President, Edward B. Causey, Hattiesburg Lodge, No. 599; Trustees: W. B. Wilkes, Greenville Lodge, No. 148 and C. H. Castenera, Gulfport Lodge, No. 978. Vicksburg Lodge will be host of the convention in 1932.

Alabama

THE Alabama State Elks Association, upon the second and final day of its recent convention at Birmingham, elected Dr. George W. Randall, of Blocton Lodge, No. 710, its President for the coming year. Other officers chosen were Bryant Goode, Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, First Vice-President; Dr. I. Silverman,

Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, Second Vice-President; S. B. Israel, Blocton Lodge, Third Vice-President; John W. Allen, Birmingham Lodge, Treasurer; Albert S. Eagar, Birmingham Lodge, Secretary; Pat J. Coyle, Birmingham Lodge, Tiler; Joe K. Saks, Birmingham Lodge, First Trustee; Sam Lefkowitz, Bessemer Lodge, No. 721, Second Trustee; Hugh McElchry, Talladega Lodge, No. 603, Third Trustee; James H. Sullivan, Bessemer Lodge, Fourth Trustee; J. Crook, Bessemer Lodge, Sergeant-at-Arms; the Reverend Richard Wilkerson, Montgomery Lodge, No. 596, Chaplain; and H. W. English, Birmingham Lodge, Press Representative. The Association chose Bessemer as its 1932 meeting place. At the business sessions of the convention, the retiring President, E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham Lodge, occupied the chair. After the conclusion of official business, the delegates and other Elks, together with their families, attending the gathering, motored to Cahaba Beach for a barbecue dinner at mid-day. In the evening a dance was held at the Lodge Home.

Maine

IN THE first ritualistic contest between the champion degree teams of the States of Maine and Massachusetts, held recently at the Home of Lewiston, Me., Lodge, No. 371, the Degree Team of Lewiston Lodge won the championship of the two States by defeating the officers of Natick, Mass., Lodge, No. 1425. The contest was made possible through the efforts of Joseph N. Shafer, editor of *The Eastern Elk*, who has been prominent in affairs of the Order in both States. It has been suggested that the event be made an annual affair and the other Lodges of the New England States that have won State championships be invited to participate. Among prominent Elks present upon the occasion were Past Grand Tier Thomas J. Brady; Arthur C. Labbe, Member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Alden W. Allen, of Maine; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Michael H. McCarron, B. E. Carbin, Frank B. Twitchell, of Massachusetts, and L. Kenneth Green, of Maine; President William E. Earle and Trustee Daniel J. Honan, of the Massachusetts State Elks

Association; and President Wilfred G. Perry, of the Maine State Elks Association.

Illinois

OTTAWA, Ill., Lodge, No. 588, won the ritualistic championship of the Illinois State Elks Association at the final contest staged at the Home of Streator Lodge, No. 591. The team defeated Aurora Lodge, No. 705, which had held the State title for two years, and Kewanee Lodge, No. 724. As an emblem of their victory, the Ottawa team will be presented with the Charles A. White trophy at the convention of the Association, to be held August 6, 7 and 8, at Springfield. There will also be held at that time a memorial service for the late John J. Faulkner, Past Grand Trustee, and a Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association.

Returns from the survey conducted by the Illinois State Elks Association to determine the number of crippled children in the entire State indicated the total to be about 15,000. Reports have been received so far from 65 of the 102 counties in the State. Within these there are 10,000 youngsters under the age of eighteen requiring treatment. An estimate of the remaining thirty-seven counties places the number within them at about 5,000. The 10,000 known cases are now listed upon the Association's records, and will all receive attention at the earliest possible opportunity from the Association and from the Lodges which are members of it.

Massachusetts

THIRTY-FOUR of the sixty Lodges in Massachusetts have contributed to the fund established by the Massachusetts State Elks Association to enable worthy college students in need of money to complete their courses. This was announced in a talk by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley to the officers of the Association when they met a short time ago at the Home of Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078. The dispensation of the fund is administered by a corporation known as the Massachusetts Elks Scholarship, Inc. Fifteen Lodges have contributed \$1,000 to it, and nineteen other Lodges have given amounts ranging from \$100 to \$600 each.

Answers to Your Radio Questions

Bertha Compton, Memphis, Tenn. You ask if James Melton and Paul Oliver are one and the same. Well, Jimmy is a Southerner, and Paul is a New Yorker, and the Civil War is over. They are both superb warblers and you show great discernment in picking them out. Bet you don't mix them up the next time!

L. W. Lowrie, Bedford, Va. About Amos and Andy and that breach of promise suit. Both Amos and Andy can lay claim to being the first contortionists of the air . . . they double in all parts! But the honors go to Amos in the famous suit for breach of promise. He tripled and quadrupled himself in his rôles.

I. G. Viell, Schenectady, N. Y. No sir! Glen has taken many parts in his day, but only one at a time. Gene and Glen are Jake and Lena, and Jake and Lena, Gene and Glen.

Mrs. G. Reheis, Jr., Newark, N. J. I have tried to find out for you whether Rudy Vallee ever played with Emil Coleman's orchestra at the Montmartre, but I cannot find that he ever did. Wherever he plays he's the boy who put the sex in the saxophone.

Mrs. M. M. Worcester, Seattle, Wash. You little knew what you were asking when you wrote me to "tell you all about Tony Wands." He's been a butcher, a baker, a chairslat maker . . . a woodsman philosopher from North Wisconsin. A cow-puncher from Arizona. A wounded veteran from the Great War, and he is now the world's champion wielder of scissors and pastebrush. I'll publish a picture of him later surrounded by paste and fan mail. . . . By the way. . . . He is the M. C. on the Camel ¼ hour (WABC) every night except Sunday. . . . So listen in.

Eunice A. Budelman, Lynbrook, N. Y. You will already have seen answers to other readers that covered most of your questions, but the theme song to "Moonshine and Honeysuckle" is called "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." By Hollands Robinson, published by Carl Fischer.

Isabelle Larkin, River Falls, Wis. Such a lot of questions about Tony Wands. He'd have to have an even bigger scrap-book than he has if he kept count of them all. Do you mind reading my answer to Mrs. M. M. Worcester about him in this column? Snoop and Peep are played by Charles Finan and Paul Winkop.

This is an N. B. C. sustaining program and comes to you from their Chicago studios. . . . Charley does the snooping and Paul does the peeping.

Theora Belle Burns, Twin Falls, Idaho. A very interesting question, Theora. . . . I wish there were heaps more listeners as keen as you are. Lawyer Collins in the Amos and Andy program is a white man, but Lawyer M. Smith is colored. If at ten, Theora, you can fathom such a radio secret, maybe at twenty you'll be starring in a Broadcast Studio.

Henry H. Gifford, Newport Beach. No Macs ever need a middle name. You are wrong. . . . Graham's second label is Spelt McNamee, and he has no middle monicker . . . but is often called other things!

Helen M. Bowers, Galena, Ill. I'm sorry, but I'm afraid that you won't be able to get a copy of "Arabesque." It was written specially for broadcasting, and has never been published.

Viola Schriever, Sequin, Texas. Thank you for your letter. You write, "Just as there are

art collectors, and antique collectors, so am I a collector of pictures of radio stars." And you add that before seeing these ramblings of mine, you had called your album "Radio Rambles." Do you allocate radio announcers to the art or the antique department? Most all of those I know, belong to the former. As for "Radio Rambles" that must have been little old telepathy again, although, of course, there is that saying about "great minds," etc.—but far be it from me!

Mary Alice McGinnis, Baraboo, Wis. Dear Mary, I always suspect letters written to me on April 1st, but I'll assume yours was just a happen-so, and not a meant-to-be. I thought everyone knew all about Jessica Dragonette; however, watch out for a picture and plenty of news about her in a later issue.

Anne Cahill, Meriden, Conn. You want to know all about Harry Reser. Big order, that! Well, here goes. Harry has always been a hunter and has captured time. First he kept it in books as a railway clerk, and now he keeps it (and doesn't he?) at the tips of his fingers, and in his band. He was born at Piqua, Ohio, and at the age of five was an expert guitar player—at seven, he learned the violin—during his high-school days he conducted the school orchestra, and filled in his spare time studying the piano. He decided against clerking, and got a job in the mountains of Tennessee—and two years later decided that after all a banjo was really his instrument. He knew. Now millions of fans know that he was right—and he's an awfully nice person all the time.

A. L. Bardes, Stapleton, Staten Island. Lanny Ross's first name is really Lancelot, but his classmates at Taft School just couldn't bear it, so

Ross bears the name of Lanny, until some Guinevere discovers him. He is a graduate of Yale. Is a skilful painter, and a champion athlete. As a member of a track team, was A. U. champion in the 300-yard indoor race for two years; he's a fast kid. He had the choice of going to Amsterdam with the Olympic team, but was afraid of getting "in Dutch" and preferred to make a European tour as head canary of the Yale Glee Club. "Lancelot" (I beg his pardon) is the Troubadour of the Moon, on WOR, then he comes to earth and exercises his larynx on many N. B. C. programs.

G. S. E.

The Mystery of the Hermit Millionaire

(Continued from page 23)

While the police were finishing the examination, the hotel's house-detective, who had been summoned from a holiday visit, arrived at the scene of the tragedy. This was young Daniel Ford, who has since become famous as a private detective. Dan conferred with the police, who were unanimously of the opinion that it was a case of suicide. Apparently, there was no evidence to the contrary. It was known that Nellison at times suffered great pain, and that at such times he was exceedingly nervous, and smoked incessantly. Beside the couch where the valet said Nellison had been resting, was a little table with cigarettes, matches and ash-tray (see drawing on page 23). Several cushions were piled at the head of the couch, and a blanket was thrown untidily across the foot.

It could not be determined that any of the dead man's property was missing. His bank-book showed a withdrawal of \$450 two days previous, while the cash found in his wallet amounted only to \$53. But of course this proved nothing. Several pieces of valuable jewelry were found in a drawer of the chiffonier.

Later, when the gun was examined for fingerprints, two were found—clear enough to be identified. They proved to be Nellison's.

But, at the inquest, the evidence submitted by Dan Ford caused a sensation. The house-detective based his statements on evidence gathered by him at the examination in the death-chamber, and later verified. It was this evidence which most influenced the verdict of the coroner's jury.

Would you have found this sensational evidence?

The questions to be answered are:

1. Was it suicide or murder?
2. Why?

Solution to "The Pursuit of Michael Brosnan"

DETECTIVE KILGALLEN observed that the surface of the hardened jello was not parallel to the level shelf where Mrs. Brosnan had left it to harden that morning. He therefore deduced that someone must have disturbed it before it hardened.

He further deduced that the someone had removed the dish of jello and set it on the ground in order to enter through the window. He observed that the ground slanted away from the house at an angle *similar to the slant* of the hardened jello in the bowl. Therefore, he reasoned that the jello had remained on the ground long enough for it to harden (probably several hours). He believed that the intruder had remained in the house for a considerable time, and had departed by way of the window, putting the bowl back on the level shelf. The jello had congealed slantwise in the bowl because of the grade of the lawn.

Detective Kilgallen telephoned for help from the local constabulary, believing that Bronson was hiding—probably armed and desperate—in the neighborhood. That night the fugitive was captured in a wood not far from his wife's cottage. He had learned where she was living from friends who sympathized with him, but denied that he had harbored a desire for revenge. However, he admitted having entered her home about noon and remained there for several hours. He was returned to prison under heavy guard.

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and every inch of snowy
canvas marks this proud
aristocrat just as character
created by unusual blend
distinguishes

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Use and Abuse of a Margin Account

By N. E. Peieff

Vice-President, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

BACK in 1920 tens of thousands of people who would be shocked at the mere suggestion of gambling, bought securities on a small margin hoping to make their fortune. Some may have made a profit but by far the greatest majority lost all they had risked. Thousands more rushed into the market during the spring of 1930, only to suffer similar losses. They did not realize that we were in a major world depression—with overproduction in almost every line of industry—falling commodity prices—excessive bank loans and a generally weakened credit structure. The theory of the "New Era" had taken root in their minds. The itch to make a large sum of money through margin buying was too great for them to resist.

The purpose of this article is not to lock the barn after the horse has been stolen but to point out certain fundamental truths to aid the investor in the future. There is a time and place for margin buying—in fact as this article was penned late in May we were approaching a point where it would be comparatively safe to buy securities on margin, but we are getting ahead of my story. In discussing margin buying we are not concerned with the weakly margined account—for this is just like playing roulette—the odds are against you. We are considering, however, a 50% margin or equity and this is usually thought of as being safe and involving little risk. The amount of risk, however, depends entirely upon the astuteness of the investor and his knowledge of industries and the fundamental business and stock market trends.

Now let us suppose, for example, that on February 25, 1931, a speculator purchased 10 shares each of a diversified list of 10 stocks. The market had been well deflated since the crash in November, 1929. Investment prices had fallen in many cases more than 50%. For example, Anaconda Copper had declined from a price above \$170 to \$40 per share on February 25, 1931. The securities purchased by this speculator had a good market following and were of a fair quality. This investor also purchased dividend paying securities which he thought would more than carry themselves. These are listed with prices and dividends in Table 1.

Stock	Shares	Div. Rate		Share Price	
		Feb. 23	Feb. 25	Apr. 29	Apr. 29
Allis-Chalmers.....	10	\$3.00	42	\$2.00	29
Am. Car and Foundry.....	10	6.00	37	3.00	19
Am. International.....	10	2.00	25	None	13
Anaconda.....	10	2.50	41	1.50	27
Bethlehem Steel.....	10	6.00	67	6.00	40
International Cement.....	10	4.00	60	4.00	35
Liquid Carbonic.....	10	4.00	53	3.00	32
Otis Elevator.....	10	2.50	57	2.50	38
St. Louis & San Francisco.....	10	8.00	57	None	19
Texas Corp.....	10	3.00	35	3.00	21
Total.....	100		474		273

Cost 10 Shares Each February 25, 1931..... \$4,740
Value 10 Shares Each April 29, 1931..... 2,730

Equity February 25th.....	2,370
Equity April 29th.....	360

Shortly after purchasing these securities the general market resumed the bear trend and by April 29th, approximately two months after their purchase, the speculator would have been called upon by his broker for additional margin. His equity had dropped from \$2,370 to \$360.

This speculator felt that after a long and continued period of liquidation and with dividends more than sufficient to carry the interest, it was safe to buy with a 50% equity. The results in the course of two months, however, clearly demonstrated that he was buying while the major trend was still down, and also that stocks purchased were those that had not fully discounted the unfavorable position of their respective industries. This latter point is clearly indicated by the fact that two companies in which investments were made passed their dividends between February 25 and April 29 and four of them reduced their dividends.

Stock	Shares	Div. Rate		Share Price	
		Feb. 25	Feb. 25	Apr. 29	Apr. 29
Am. Machine & Foundry..	5	\$1.40	\$41	\$1.40	\$33
Am. Tel and Tel.....	5	9.00	200	9.00	177
Am. Tobacco "B".....	5	5.00	120	5.00	121
Best and Company.....	5	2.00	44	2.00	37
Consolidated Gas.....	5	5.00	99	4.00	89
Drug Incorporated.....	5	4.00	71	4.00	68
General Motors.....	5	3.00	44	3.00	37
Hershey Chocolate.....	5	5.00	94	5.00	93
McKeesport Tinplate....	5	4.00	84	6.00	79
Sears Roebuck.....	5	2.50	59	2.50	48
Total.....	50		\$856		\$782

Cost 5 Shares Each.....	\$4,280
Value Shares April 29.....	3,910
Equity February 25.....	2,140
Equity April 29.....	1,955

THE weak position of speculator No. 1 was largely due to the fact that no attention was given to the selection of stocks in industries which had greater stability and a favorable outlook. Let us assume speculator No. 2 bought on the same day with 50% equity 5 shares each of 10 different stocks involving approximately the same amount of money as the first speculator. The former, however, while buying under the same conditions, gave consideration to the stability of the industries, the earning power and safety of dividends of the individual companies chosen. The result was quite different from that of speculator No. 1. While the stocks depreciated somewhat, the account of speculator No. 2 was not seriously impaired, for on April 29 he had an equity of \$1,770. Or, to explain it another way, the paper loss of speculator No. 2 was only \$370. The dividends had been maintained in each case, in fact American Tobacco "B" declared an extra dividend of \$1.00 during this period.

The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. Which has this country more of, men or women?
2. Has any president of the United States ever been impeached?
3. Is Ruth Chatterton married?
4. What is an anemometer?
5. How old is John D. Rockefeller?
6. Who wrote "Home, Sweet Home"?
7. What is the largest steamship afloat?
8. Where was Knute Rockne born?
9. At the narrowest point, how wide are the Straits of Gibraltar?
10. Who invented dynamite?
11. About how much does the average human heart weigh?
12. Who was the sovereign of England when the Spanish Armada made its attack?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 61)

Two Essential Points

To protect capital, the speculator or investor must carefully observe two essential factors. One, the timing of any investment and, two, the selectivity. By timing is meant that no securities should be purchased on margin until there has been a definite reversal in the trend of business and the security market. The experiences of the two theoretical speculators given in Tables No. 1 and No. 2 were made during a period while still in a bear market.

As pointed out above, there should be a reversal in the trend of business before a margin position is assumed.

After the buying time has arrived, selecting the most attractive stocks is the problem. This

resolves itself into appraisal of the soundest industries with the best outlook and selecting the strongest companies in these industries. The appraisal of the soundest industries, however, and the selection of the strongest companies in those industries involves extensive analytical work. In buying, the right timing assures the minimum risk, but equally important to assure maximum appreciation is the selection of the right stocks.

At present it is not certain that liquidation has culminated and that business has definitely turned up. It is the part of speculative wisdom, therefore, to defer margin buying until the balance of probability shows this has been accomplished.

With David Lawrence in Washington

(Continued from page 27)

of a loss for some and a slight profit for others. This process of readjustment is going on in many industries and many businesses; but, after all, as we look at the problem of specific industries, we are able to understand why it takes time—why we can't, overnight, change the business situation merely by expressing the hope, by exhorting other people to be optimistic.

THE most important thing, I believe, about the depression, is to know that some day it is going to end. So many people don't believe that it ever will end; and, if we have confidence that some day it will end—if everybody believes that—we will proceed with a great deal more confidence and more assurance. Well, it's just as inevitable that the depression should end as that human life should end. All things in their course must do so; because factors are producing, every day, circumstances that enable us to see not only from past history, but from present events as well, that there is a cycle. The big question mark, of course, is how long will the depression last and what is its intensity. There, again, I think we can get some general impression from a careful examination of each industry. Let's take two or three in order to clarify our thinking.

The automobile industry was one of the most conspicuous—one of the most spectacular—industries of the last decade. It contributed a great deal to the prosperity of the last ten years. The construction industry contributed a great deal. Only a few years ago, during the war, we found it necessary to restrict construction, because prices were high and materials were needed for certain essential functions; and after the war we began to catch up. We were under-built, and so the construction industry gave an impetus to the first part of the decade and continued on. Much of it was due to the under-building of the war period. Take the agriculture industry. We began supplying the rest of the world with food during the war, and our farmers were stimulated to produce as much as they could in order to feed the rest

of the world. So we stimulated our agricultural industry for a purpose; and, after the war was over, we found that market and that demand was still there, and we kept it up. The demand for building was still there, and we kept on building. As far as the motor industry was concerned, with the profit obtained through the sale of our surplus goods, we individually bought motor cars—bought transportation first as a pleasure and a luxury, and then we realized how much of a necessity it had become. Transportation by motor is one of the characteristics of the age—it is ingrained in our life. It is going to take hold in other countries, too. Well, the motor car industry imagined it had a limitless market in this country; and then it discovered a few years ago that this market had been interfered with seriously by the diminished buying power of the farm areas, where, I believe, the first falling off in sales occurred, because the farmers failed to sell their crops in their former markets of the world. So all these markets are interdependent.

Now the motor car industry has been trying to find a way out. Naturally, there are several factors in every industry's prosperity—the prices of products, the quality of the product, the acceptability of the product. The convenience of a particular model or some particular feature that makes it attractive may mean a great deal to the individual manufacturer, but basically it is the general market for that product which counts. In this country we found no way of getting rid of used cars except by junking them and burning them when they reached the point of utter uselessness, but we had no useful means of disposing of those cars in order to induce further sales. And so we looked abroad. And before the depression of 1929 began, we were making rather rapid progress in other parts of the world in the sale of motor cars; in fact, the estimates of production in succeeding years took that market into account. Then that market suddenly collapsed, too. And so the motor car industry began to economize—began to reorganize in the hope of adjusting sup-

(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

ply and demand, of adjusting its production to consumption and at the same time trying to figure out where the next market was coming from.

THAT has been the picture in other industries. The radio industry, another sick industry, has somewhat of an analogous situation with its saturation point in radio sets, its struggle, too, to find a new market. They have made some adjustments in prices and models, in the hope of selling the second and the third set, just as the automobile people are trying to find a way of getting rid of the used cars and adjusting their prices so as to make a new market in this country. It is not merely a replacement market that has to be found; a new market has to be found as well. And so each industry has its problem.

We might go on and take steel and other basic industries and see how they are related to some of these manufactured articles; because, after all, you use a good deal of steel in automobiles—you use a good deal of steel in construction—and the basic industries, like steel and copper, all depend for their growth on the by-product of the manufacturing industry.

We consume in this country about 90 per cent. of what we produce. That means that we have got to find a market for that other 10 per cent. The whole problem is finding a market for that extra 10 per cent. The time was when it was velvet—that extra foreign market. It meant an increase in profit. We regarded foreign trade as just so much extra. It wasn't a primary part of our economic scheme. Our whole tariff system is built on the idea that the home market is most important—we must protect our home market, and if we hurt our foreign trade, well, that's just too bad. That has been the theory of the last generation or more, until now we have discovered that we've got to sell that 10 per cent as a primary market—we've got to get an extra surplus to dispose of in order to keep factories going.

When I remind you that we sold in 1929 a billion, two hundred million dollars' worth of goods that we didn't sell in 1930, you know that some of the factories that are closed, some of the men who are out of work, owe their distress to the fact that we didn't sell that billion, two hundred million dollars' worth of goods. When I add also that we failed to buy from other parts of the world, from other countries, about a billion, one hundred million dollars' worth of goods, you recognize that something must have happened to the purchasing power of the other countries in order to prevent them from buying from us. After all, the world has become coalesced. The various countries are closer to one another, and to-day we have a world-wide economic machinery to consider where years ago we could consider only our home market. I am not saying that the tariff is wrong—I'm not saying that it is wrong in principle or that it is too high or too low—I am saying merely what the fact is all over the world—that we have got ourselves into compartments—that we have got ourselves isolated with tariff laws. Europe is feeling the effects of it, we are feeling the effects of it, and all over the world we are discussing one question to-day—how can international trade be restored?

And scarcely a day goes by that some significant development in that direction isn't recorded. Only two or three months ago, Germany and Austria, after many years of discussion about tariffs in Europe, proclaimed a new tariff arrangement between themselves. It was a climax to the discussions that began almost immediately after the war. It is so hard for us to realize, we who live in provincial America and have been minding our own business for a hundred and fifty years or more, and are told by the politicians to keep on minding our own business, that there is another part of the world which affects us. And so we find immediately after the Versailles Treaty was adopted by the Europeans, that we had carved up the continent of Europe and completely torn up by its roots the European economic system. Just bear in mind that the Austro-Hungarian Empire was an economic entity before the war. Certain channels of trade had been developed. Recall also the difficulty we had in establishing economic areas in this country when we tried to district the Federal Reserve System, and even to-day how hard it is to know just what are the lines of trade between our cities and just what the banking flow is.

Just so in Europe for generations, back before the war, an economic system prevailed. All of a sudden, a war and a treaty, and we carved up these old countries and set up the republic of Czecho-Slovakia; Austria, independent, Hungary, independent; Poland carved out of another country, independent; certain parts of Germany grafted onto France; and the entire economic machinery changed. Is it any wonder that it took ten years for an adjustment? After all, certain of those countries, while they will always have their political independence, will never achieve economic independence. They will be unable to surround themselves with tariff laws and say, "We will refuse to do business with other countries, except at certain penalties." They need too much from one another. And so to-day Europe is rearranging her tariff walls; and when Europe rearranges her tariff walls and when she retains a free flow of trade—not free trade—we will be affected. We are bound to be affected, because we want to sell in those parts, and we have got to come ultimately to a principle of reciprocity—of give and take—of protecting, as far as we can, our home market and making certain concessions in order to obtain a foreign market.

That is just one of the things on which it is going to be necessary to crystallize opinion if we are going to get that 10 per cent sold. Now most of us don't realize yet how important it is to sell that 10 per cent. We are still groping, trying to find a way to increase consumption at home, little realizing that, after all, the rest of the world is the place to look for larger markets. And so it is necessary for us to crystallize our thinking and develop a national perspective. For the next five years, looking ahead now into the next generation, we are going to find two schools of thought: Those who believe we must reach out and have a national perspective—adopt national policies for the maximum good of the many—and those who still think in the terms of 1913, who believe that this country has not progressed very far and has no responsibilities beyond the home market.

ACTUALLY, we are going to find, I am sure, that the rest of the world will adjust itself slowly but surely to its new territories; and the rest of the world will require from us much cooperation before we can do business with them. That isn't merely as to the tariff; that's the flow of capital too. We have surplus capital—we are a wealthy nation. We have an annual income of anywhere from seventy to ninety billion, depending on how you estimate it; a national wealth of three hundred and seventy billion. We are like the rich individual who must invest his money in order to keep earning on his money. With our national income, we are bound to invest and reinvest; so we have got to find ways and means to invest efficiently and so the flow of capital to the rest of the world will operate ultimately to induce trade, because, in financing foreign trade, capital is essential.

We have learned a great deal about foreign trade in the last few years. We are going to learn much more. We are going to export our young men to different parts of the world to represent American companies—we were just getting started in that direction when the collapse came, and American concerns closed their offices abroad and pulled out their young men. We will be reopening those foreign offices in the next few years. Banking institutions will be establishing foreign branches in order to finance trade in the way trade has to be financed, according to the peculiar conditions of the country; for, after all, we have the wealth to support a large system of credit. We have the ingenuity to compete among ourselves, to be sure; but, also, to compete in the markets of the world. We have a choice to make. If we content ourselves with home markets and simply say it will be a contest between groups—between industries—for the dollar of the consumer of this country, then we select the path that merely means the end of the present standard of living. If, on the other hand, we figure that American labor is entitled to the standard to which it has become accustomed; if we figure that American industry is entitled to go forward and increase its profits beyond 1929, because that has been the history of our country—gradual increase not only in the

national wealth but in the earning power of our country—if we think that our path lies ahead and not behind; if we consider that we must develop an economic system that will enable us to expand, then we must look abroad. If we think we have reached the limit and that our facilities have over-expanded, and that labor is too high and must be deflated, and that we must sell only to ourselves, then we must go back, of course, to pre-war standards; but I seriously doubt whether that is the vision or the outlook of the average American business man to-day. It is significant that he seeks larger and larger returns each year. He doesn't consider 1929 to have been an impossible peak. He looks toward 1929 as the peak of this generation. He wants to attain it again. He is not going to be satisfied with smaller profits and more economical distribution, because any business that merely economizes without increasing its sales curve is on the road to collapse.

And so we might economize, we might reduce the scale of wages, we might do a great many things in individual industries; and that is why it is so difficult to generalize, because what is inevitable in one industry is not at all necessary in another. So I say we are likely to look for a second growth—for expansion—we are not looking for contraction.

What is the way out? When are we going to get out? Those are questions that naturally are uppermost in our minds, and it is a kind of a paradox to say that the answer is an uncertainty. Really, the characteristic of our whole psychology is uncertainty. And yet in what other depression have we found ourselves any more certain? In other words, it is normal to be uncertain and puzzled in the midst of a depression.

Flag Day Address of the Grand Exalted Ruler

(Continued from page 35)

but also a promise for political equality and religious tolerance and educational opportunity? Our Order is founded upon principles intended to promote these ends. We rejoice in the program of all religions to advance the cause and instill the idea of brotherhood, of charity and of justice. Protestants, Catholics and Jews gather at our altars. They are assembled, to-day, in a common purpose to honor our flag.

I have stood and looked with awe upon some of the great cathedrals that have been built by the Catholic Church, apparently as elemental as the earth itself, mute reminders of the men and women who through the centuries have lived and labored to enhance the glory of God in the eyes of man. That church carried almost all there was of religion and education, of charity and justice, through the darkness of the Middle Ages.

I rejoice, too, in the history of Judaism and the spiritual quality of the devout Jew. Judaism gave to mankind the fundamental concepts of religious practice and to the Christian Church in particular the great leader after whom it is named. Judaism has given to the world many of its greatest leaders, many of its greatest benefactors, and poets and singers, sculptors and artists, scientists and scholars.

It would be a sorry day in America if the time were to come when men should quarrel about religious tenets and creeds. While Elkdome remains true to the principles upon which it is founded it will, without question, frown upon all intolerances and will follow the footsteps of Thomas Jefferson along the paths of religious freedom.

Elkdome will assist, too, in preserving former ideals of political equality. As we love our flag so we hate the red banners of revolution, of Sovietism, of Communism. Justice does not lie in the preachments of the Reds. The juggernaut

It would not be a depression if we saw clearly every step of the journey. But what we do know is that we have gone through a period of readjustment already; that we reached the low point in December, 1930; that we are in the middle of the readjustment in our principal industries; that it is going to take time; and that we have got to be patient. Anyone who says it is going to last one year, two years, three years, four years, or five years, doesn't know a bit more about it than you do; and we who are in Washington, examining all the facts that come to us, don't know much more about it than you do.

All we know is that everyone is working hard to make this important change—this important readjustment. And the only thing that can be said to you is that, if you have confidence in American ingenuity, if you have confidence in American adaptability and capacity to meet any emergency, then you know that there is going to be an end to the depression, and that it will merely be a question of how intensive is our effort and what are the resistances that are being encountered in other parts of the world before we reach our goal; because the whole effort of this country to-day is to readjust—the effort of other countries is to readjust. The thing is happening before our very eyes, and six months from now—a year from now—we will see clearly this adjustment process which was happening in June, 1931. We will perceive it just as distinctly as we now perceive that gradual decline which climaxed in December, 1930. The basic fact that is really important is to know that a country which possesses the wealth that we possess and the brains that we possess and the ingenuity that we possess, must ultimately win out.

car of revolution leaves behind it the crushed and mangled bodies of the dead.

We have faith in the genius of American citizenship, which peopled this great land from sea to sea, which explored our rivers and our valleys, which dug into the earth for ore, which built our mills and factories, our great cities, our towns and hamlets, our millions of comfortable homes, which in our last great crisis mobilized all our people and all our wealth to send our flag across three thousand miles of sea into the battle for democracy.

We believe that this is no time for despair. We believe, rather, that it is a time to appraise the past and gather from it the prophecy for a still happier and more prosperous future.

The genius of American citizenship will not down. The foundations of our government are still secure. Education in America in the main is in the hands of devout and kindly men. The youth of our land will step into the ranks to assist in carrying life's burdens, their shoulders back, their eyes bright, and their hearts singing with courage. The world will go forward and humanity will go upward. Brotherhood, and justice, and charity, and tolerance, and equality are not empty words. They have been coined of the mintage of the soul to express fundamental human needs.

It was said of Jefferson that "he never abandoned a plan, a principle or a friend." It seems to me that all our plans for the future, all our principles, all our hopes for the welfare and happiness of our friends are interwoven with the things that are represented by our nation's flag. We are resolved not to abandon it. Indeed, we

"Believe, with courage firm and faith sublime, That it will float until the eternal morning Pales in its glories all the lights of time."

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 59)

1. Men; about 2,000,000 more than women.
2. Yes; Andrew Johnson, in 1868.
3. Yes; to Ralph Forbes.
4. An instrument for measuring the velocity of wind.
5. Ninety-two years, the eighth of this month.
6. John Howard Payne.
7. The Leviathan.
8. In Norway.
9. 15 miles.
10. Nobel, a Swede, in 1867.
11. 10 ounces.
12. Queen Elizabeth.

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Wrestling Comes Back—And Why!

(Continued from page 21)

the so-called championships have been reduced to minor considerations.

Now about some of the fortunate personalities who are riding to new high levels of financial success on the current wrestling wave. Londos is a Greek. They call him the Greek God. Londos isn't his real name. I forget what it is. At any rate it is a typical Greek name and bristles with vowels.

He says he is thirty-three. I suspect he is much closer to forty. He has been in the game a great number of years. He is not particularly enormous as to bulk but he is superbly muscled, immensely strong, swarthy, with black curly hair, and at times affects a mustache, both luxuriant and prodigious in character.

Londos came from Greece as a wide-eyed youngster, settled in San Francisco and, to the consternation and dismay of his countrymen, he didn't open a restaurant. Possibly he failed to meet another Greek. But one of the first things he did was to join a gymnasium. It was here that he built the groundwork of his present ability and technique.

Mr. Jack Curley, the world's most famous exploiter of specialized beef, remembers Londos twenty years back.

"I was in Frisco trying to steam up interest in a match between Stanislaus Zbyszko and some other well-known wrestler," relates Mr. Curley, "when I got a phone call. It was Londos. I imagine he was about seventeen, and weighed no more than 150 pounds. He could scarcely talk English. He had an interpreter with him. He had never wrestled professionally. I think he was the Y. M. C. A. champion of the town at the time. Through the interpreter I learned he wished to challenge Zbyszko.

"But you are just a child," I remonstrated. "Zbyszko would kill you." "I know what I can do," he answered quietly, "I am very good!" Of course I couldn't use him," says Mr. Curley, "but I had to admire his high confidence and ambition."

A lot of gravy has been spilled on a lot of freshly laundered vests since that particular day, but the ambitious Greek kid who wanted to match his prowess with the great Zbyszko—and Zibby was great in those days—has finally fought his way to the top of his profession. A year ago he threw the veteran Dick Shikat to become the "champion."

Londos makes a very acceptable champion, too, with or without the quotes. He's a skilled catch-as-catch-can wrestler, the style generally employed in this country. But what is more important in the modern scheme of things, is that he is a colorful performer, a great showman, and a perfectly swell actor.

You won't find a better acrobat on the RKO circuit. You won't see a pantomimist more deft or incisive in registering such primitive emotions as anger, pain, rage, or hunger. You won't see any member of Mr. Ringling's simian colony more proficient in leaping briskly from rope to rope in simulated frenzies as an onrushing opponent moves in to attack. In short, you will go a long way before you see a more finished entertainer—a Barrymore in tights, with bulging muscles.

But with all this, Londos is legitimately a first-rate wrestler. I don't know any one who can throw him. Unless you accept Ray Steele, the Nebraskan, who is younger, bigger and stronger. One of these days Steele will be a champion, and a real champion, himself.

Very likely Steele would have been a champion before now if he hadn't become disabled in a match with one Doc Mulligan, several years ago, in Los Angeles. Steele wrenched his spine and had to retire. For many months it was feared he would never be able to wrestle again. As a matter of fact, he was out of the game for a year and a half.

"My weight dropped from 200 pounds to 175," says Steele. "I never expected to come back to the mat. I used to go to the matches and watch the other fellows. It was plain agony. I mean, sitting there and feeling that I was through. Finally I quit worrying, decided to take things as they came, and went to work.

"Almost instantly I began to improve. I suppose my changed mental attitude had something to do with it. At any rate, where I had

been a semi-invalid for months, the first week I was at work my weight began to pick up and I could feel myself getting stronger, with the result that to-day I am bigger and more powerful than ever. That spine injury actually helped me, and at first I thought it had ruined me."

Some weeks ago Steele wrestled Londos, in the Garden. It was one of the great matches of the year. It took the Greek God an hour and forty-two minutes to pin the Westerner. And to many ringside observers he was aided no little by luck. In one of the falls Steele's head crashed to the canvas with a terrific wham. This left him dazed and reeling. A few minutes later his shoulders were pinned.

The ballyhoo department seeking to capitalize the modern trend has tried to build up Steele as a collegian. From time to time you will read that he first attracted attention as an athlete at the University of Southern California. I doubt that Steele has had any part in this duplicity, although he might easily pass for a college man in appearance and speech.

"The truth is, I never went to college in my life," says Steele. "I don't feel that it is necessary to pose as a collegian to succeed in wrestling. The closest I ever got to the University of Southern California or any other university was the grand stand at a football game."

STEELE contracted the wrestling urge in Lincoln, Nebraska, that fertile hot-bed of corn-fed hammerlocks and flying mares. As a youth he had watched Caddock and Stecher, current community rivals, perform and it was from them that he received his first stimulus. To-day his technique is suggestive in many ways of both of the old champions. Having merged their virtues, he retained the best features of each.

A gentleman by the name of Ray Page was his first manager. You may have heard of him. He is the imaginative young man who financed Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic. Steele was also a schoolmate of one of the greatest fighters the Middle West ever produced—the tough, rugged, but always colorful Ace Hudkins.

In talking with Steele, the other day, I was surprised to note that both his ears are ruffled, knotty, and spongy, presenting the general effect of dried apples. In the prize ring such ears are technically called cauliflowers. It hadn't occurred to me that the matmen ever had them. But it develops they are even more common in wrestling than in fighting. The answer: headlocks.

One of the best of the legitimate college products is Jim McMillen. There aren't more than four or five wrestlers who can handle him, and he is getting better right along. McMillen was an all-America football hero at Illinois at the time Red Grange was turning out touchdowns on a Ford production basis. McMillen was Red's clean-up man. He opened the holes through which the Galloping Ghost ran to fame.

McMillen is big, rangy and powerful. His football training has done him a lot of good on the mat. He can rough it with the roughest, and there are few who are stronger. In addition to his routine capabilities he has that all-important thing which modern wrestling demands—showmanship. True, he lacks the grandeur of manner which Londos affects and the grave dignity of Lewis, but his facial contortions are matchless. The distinguished Lon Chaney needed make-up to achieve the same grotesqueries that McMillen gets by merely rolling his eyes, baring his fangs, and emitting at duly spaced intervals strange, raucous sounds of the like usually associated with wild animals at war. The newspapers refer to him as "the man with a thousand faces."

Of course, no man could suffer as acutely as McMillen seems to, and still live. Not night after night, anyway. The McMillen facials are merely tossed in to add to the gayety of nations. The customers seem to demand forthright and conclusive evidence of pain. Their attitude is that they pay their money to see the boys suffer and, by the great god Gumbo-Rumbo, suffering is what they must have. So they get it.

The histrionic flourishes of Londos, McMillen and the other modern wrestlers are innocent



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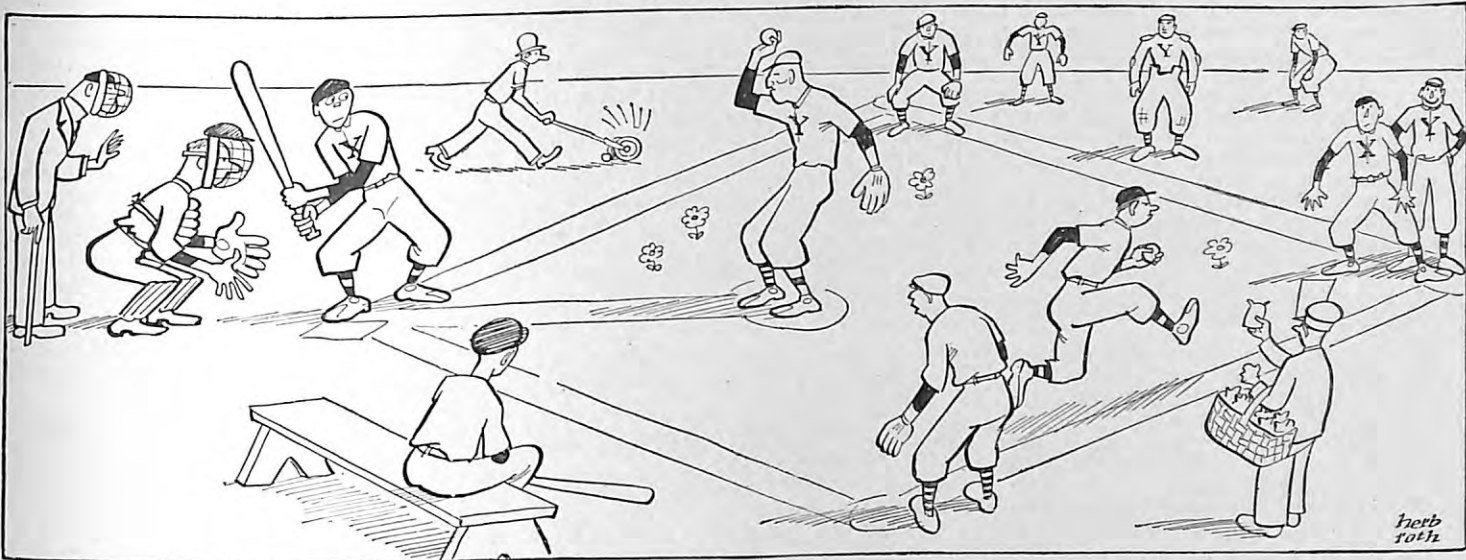
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What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



devices calculated to pop the eyes and boil the passions of the customers. It all comes under the head of good, clean fun. Generally speaking, the best man in an important wrestling match always wins. By imparting a few gaudy, bizarre stage touches, the victor merely makes it look better. And if the customers seem to go for that sort of thing—why not?

Londos is an interesting personality. He walks with military erectness. There is a grave, old-world dignity about him. To his countrymen he is literally "The Greek God." He takes his championship status with great pride. He deplores the mockeries of the sophisticates and sinister insinuations of sports writers. Very solemnly and with restrained indignation, he tells you he has never once faked a match.

"I have loved wrestling since I was a boy," he says. "To me the thrill of pinning another man's shoulders to the mat is more important than money."

Just the same, Londos, richest of all wrestlers, is worth a half-million dollars in spendable assets. A large part of this he earned before he reached the headlines, for, as I say, he has been in the game a long time, and wrestlers work much more often than prize-fighters. In recent months, for instance, Londos has averaged five matches a week. Your champion prize-fighter won't average that many bouts a year.

But the fancy dough in wrestling is only for the champion. The second-raters have to be content with exercise and small change—say, from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year. And of course

the large majority, the "program fillers," average quite a bit less. To-day a tremendous figure like Gotch would probably make a million. This is the gold-rush age of wrestling, logically comparable to that incredible era of prize-fighting when Dempsey and Tunney captured the public imagination—to say nothing of the public purse.

This condition may have something to do with the furious clamor of college giants to get into the business. Whether it has or not, there are more reformed fullbacks and weight-throwers interpreting the sinewy mysteries of the hammerlock and the half-Nelson to-day than ever before. And most of them are doing all right by themselves, tips included.

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

I suppose it is true that the injection of collegiate blood into the game has contributed to its fresh popularity. Most of these fellows were pretty well known to the sports-page public before they entered the professional realms, and there was a natural curiosity on the part of this public to see them in their new habiliments.

For a while, Don George of Michigan—not a bad wrestler, either—held one of the several miscellaneous championships, and commanded a large following in the West. Gus Sonnenberg, of Dartmouth and Detroit Universities, deserted professional football for wrestling, innovated the flying tackle, beat Strangler Lewis, and for a number of months was conspicuously successful.

I AM reminded of an incident in connection with Sonnenberg which serves further to illustrate the gay indifference of the customers to the ethics of the performers. Sonnenberg was re-matched with Lewis, in Boston. One of the Boston newspapers, in a sudden seizure of moral righteousness, decided to expose wrestling. This newspaper disclosed that Sonnenberg had wrestled the same man in five cities, under five different names. In view of this shocking impiety the newspaper demanded that Sonnenberg be not allowed to fulfil his social appointment with Lewis. But the promoters went through with the match anyway—and it played to a record-breaking gate of \$70,000. Unwittingly, the newspaper had given the show a terrific ballyhoo.

There seems to be an impression that the college wrestler is something new, like the noiseless refrigerator and the gun moll. Don't let 'em kid you, Jasper. Back in the days when the Floradora Sextette was wowing Broadway and Cy Young was pitching shut-outs, a gent by the name of Dr. E. F. Roller, All-America football star of DePauw University, from out Indiana way, was riding the flying mare to victories over the greatest wrestlers of his or any other time.

You may be interested to know, incidentally, that this same Dr. Roller is now one of the leading surgeons of New York, and not so many years ago he performed a miraculous Cæsarian operation which yielded him a check of \$50,000,

Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 63)

1. The umpire is carrying a cane.
2. The catcher has a fielder's glove.
3. The catcher's cap is on top of his mask.
4. The batter holds his bat wrong.
5. The groundskeeper doesn't cut grass while a game is on.
6. The pitcher is tossing the ball like a girl.
7. The pitcher's stockings aren't mates.
8. The player's bench is too close to the diamond.
9. A runner is going to second base while there is a man on second.
10. Flowers don't grow in the diamond.
11. The runner is carrying a ball.
12. Peanut vendors are not allowed on the field during a game.
13. Outfielder has on a football suit.

in addition to the universal applause of many distinguished fellow scientists.

And, offhand, I'd say that's a little bit more than he used to get sweating and squirming around on the mat with Tom Jenkins and those other old-time gladiators out in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and points west.

The public acceptance of wrestling has been as mercurial and fickle as the business life of the game itself. There have been periods when the wrestlers were permitted to perform only by sufferance, in small-time, obscure, smelly halls. And there have been other times when they were the toast of the town, the pets of the 400—if you can picture Serge Kalmikoff as a pet of the Vanderocks!

It is astonishing to learn that the wrestlers of to-day attract the patronage of the first families from Butte to Boston; it may be equally astonishing to learn that, back in the gay nineties, they invaded the sacred portals of the Metropolitan Opera House—foremost temple of the musical arts in this country.

But in the interest of faithful reporting I hasten to add that they invaded it only once. The match in point ended in a rousing fight, a

general riot of alarming proportions followed, and the famous Golden Horseshoe wherein the elegants of the land are wont to loll and pose and yawn, was all but demolished. It cost more than \$20,000 to meet the bill for repairs.

The principals were Ernest Roeber, now a nationally known referee, and Yousouf the Turk, one of the most picturesque wrestlers the old country ever produced. Roeber was handled by Bob Fitzsimmons, the prize-fighter; Yousouf was managed by William A. Brady, who was later to gain world-wide fame as a theatrical promoter.

I am not familiar with the minute details, but it seems that Mr. Fitzsimmons had taught his protégé the delicate science of smashing with the fists, and at a particularly compelling point in the match Mr. Fitzsimmons shouted at his man to use the old left uppercut. I can imagine that, in those days, that to disregard orders from Mr. Fitzsimmons was neither very wise nor very healthy.

Whatever emotions Roeber may have felt at the moment, the facts are that upon hearing Mr. Fitzsimmons' voice he promptly brought the old left uppercut into swift execution, depositing it with such violence upon the Turk's jaw as to render him practically null and void for the evening.

NOT long afterward the Turk sailed for his native land and was the victim of a disaster at sea. There has been an enduring legend that he carried all his money in gold in a belt strapped around his waist, and that the weight of the many coins caused him to sink before lifeboats could reach him.

"That is pure fiction," insists Jack Curley. "I have known Bill Brady for a great number of years, and I know he is too efficient a manager ever to permit a wrestler to leave our beloved country with enough money to endanger his life. If it had been claimed that Yousouf had starved to death at sea, I could believe it."

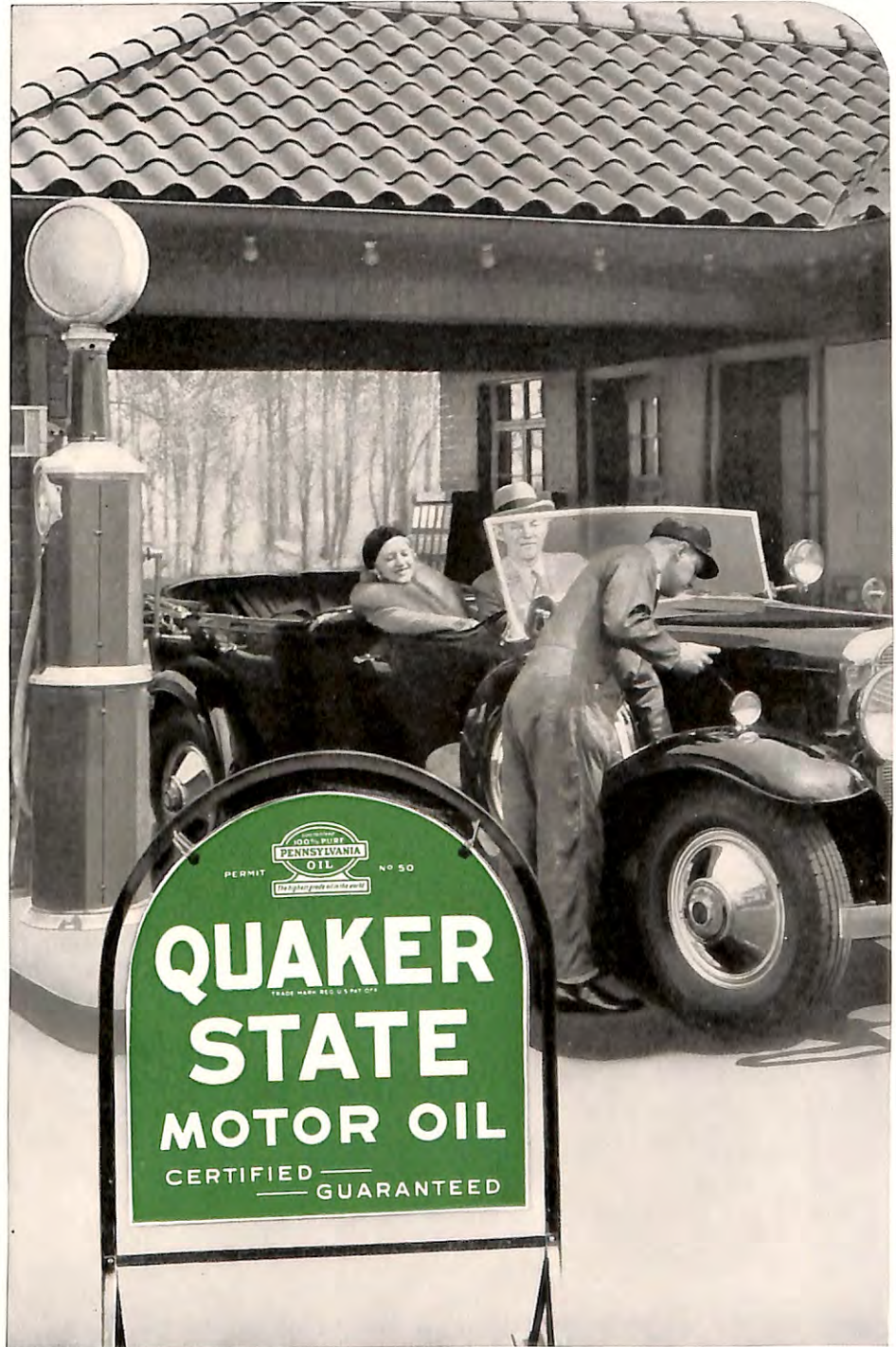
In any event, I am sure the story is a rank canard and should be publicly denied if for no other reason than to clear Brady of the stigma from which he has so unjustly suffered all these years. Can't you see this is tantamount to saying that as a manager he lacked business acumen?—and that was never so.



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