

The Elks

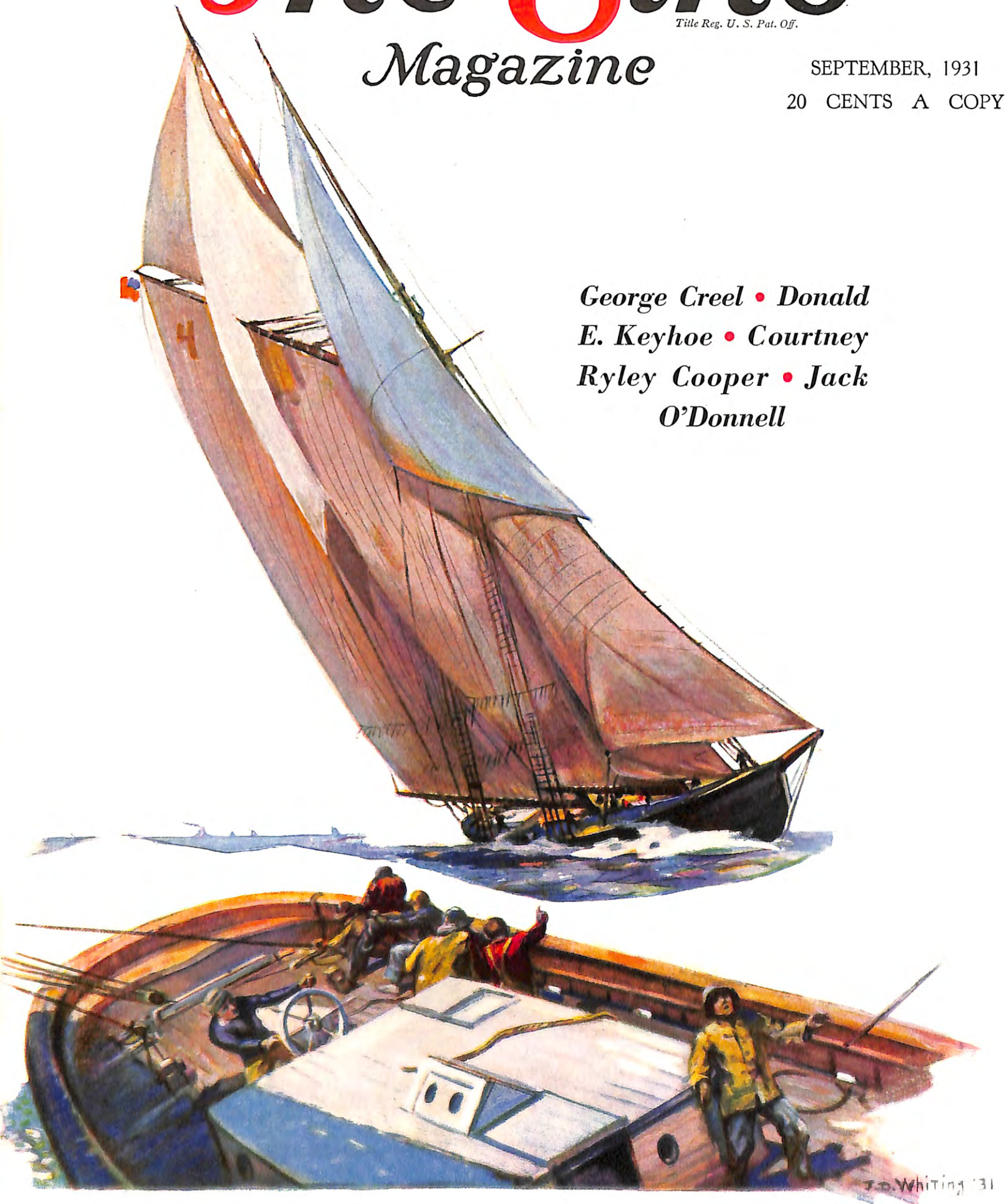
Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1931

20 CENTS A COPY

*George Creel • Donald
E. Keyhoe • Courtney
Ryley Cooper • Jack
O'Donnell*



To smokers who are **HARD-TO-CONVINCE**

We like nothing better than to induce a hard-to-convince smoker to switch to Camels for just one day.

For we know that after he has made a real test, it will be mighty hard to lure him away from this famous brand. It's not easy to smoke parched-dry cigarettes once you have known the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels.

After inhaling the cool, soft fragrance of the Camel blend of choice Turkish and mellow Domestic tobaccos protected by the Humidor Pack, your throat protests against the bite and sting and harsh hot-

ness that comes from crumbly, dry tobacco.

No matter where you pick them up, in any land, in any climate, Camels are the same fresh, factory-prime cigarettes.

For the Humidor Pack of moisture-proof Cellophane air-seals all the flavor in and keeps out weather, dust and germs.

This is no mere advertising story. It is a recitation of fact that has made the whole country conscious of a new superiority in Camels.

If you are hard to convince, won't you switch to Camels for just one day? Then leave them —if you can.



- Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. It delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until you smoke the last one

© 1931, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

Discontent

your first step to Greater Success!

IF you're contented—satisfied with your lot—merely hoping for things to come your way, the chances are you'll stay where you are.

If you're dissatisfied—discontented—studying over what the future holds and how you're going to get ahead—that can be your first step to success.

Be dissatisfied with yourself but don't stop there—let your dissatisfaction stir you to constructive action.

Analyze yourself and your ability, find out why you aren't going ahead, see what successful men have done to deserve success.

You'll find that there's an easy way out—a short cut to bigger ability and larger success—if you are really in earnest.

It lies through the field of specialized business training—that's where the big rewards are paid. That's where you should be.

* * *

Listen a moment to what other men who were in the same position you are today have done.

These are not unusual cases—similar reports come over our desks every day in the year.

For instance, W. A. Day wanted more money but he didn't wish to change employers—he made up his mind to get more money *right where he was*. That meant he must make himself worth more money to his employer, and that, in turn, meant training. LaSalle training was the answer—in two years, his salary increased 73.3%.

Mr. Paul F. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company. Eleven months after enrolling with LaSalle, he was promoted and his salary increased 30 per cent. Since then he has been made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, and today he is being entrusted with larger and larger responsibilities.

These are men who grew without seeking new employment. On the other hand, you may want to be in business for yourself.

In that case, consider W. R. MacNeal and Charles T. Spencer. Mr. Spencer was a salesman—traveling over western Canada—at a very modest salary. Today, he is head of the Spencer



Agencies with a very successful business. Mr. MacNeal was a mature, successful executive, vice-president of an old established company. Today, he is owner, president and general manager of Knadler & Lucas of Louisville, Ky.

If you believe that your future success lies in a new field or with a different employer—

Read the experiences of C. J. Farris, of Tennessee, U. S. McIntyre of Alabama, and Zura E. Bells of California.

Mr. Farris, at 45, was a Credit Manager at a small salary—now he is a Certified Public Accountant and head of a highly successful accounting firm. Mr. McIntyre was rate clerk for a western railroad—today he is operating a traffic bureau for three southern cities with an income increase of several hundred per cent. Mr. Bells was manager of a music goods store—now he is vice-president and sales manager of a prominent real estate firm and earning several times as

much as when he enrolled with LaSalle.

* * *

We could cite hundreds and thousands of similar cases of discontent leading to success through LaSalle training but these should be enough. What you need now is to *act*.

We have prepared a special, new 64-page book for you. It tells in detail about the new LaSalle spare time training under the unique LaSalle Problem Method. It analyzes and discusses your field of business in a very interesting, vital way. It will be valuable to you for that information alone—if, in addition, it leads you to take advantage of LaSalle training, only your future can ever measure its real value to you.

The coupon will bring this book, and another, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," to you quickly and without cost or obligation.

And—in your spare hours at home—at low cost and easy terms—you can turn discontent into success if you are the right man.

Measure the real meaning of your discontent by what you do with this coupon NOW.

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Tell us which of the following up-to-the-minute courses of the new home-study training interests you most.

Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
Modern Salesmanship: Training for all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
Modern Foremanship.
Industrial Management.
Personnel Management.
Traffic Management: Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
Telegraphy—Railway and Commercial.

Railway Station Management.
 Law—LL.B. Degree.
Commercial Law.
Banking and Finance.
Expert Bookkeeping.
C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
Modern Business Correspondence.
Credit and Collection Correspondence.
Business English.
Commercial Spanish.
Effective Speaking.
Railway Accounting.
Paper Salesman's Training.

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

— — — Find Yourself Through LaSalle! — — —

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
 Dept. 9328-R Chicago

I would welcome full particulars regarding opportunities in

(State subject in which you are interested)

Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of the new LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.

Name.....

Present Position.....

Address.....



Something About This Number

THE approach of autumn, to hundreds of thousands of Americans, conjures up pictures of stubble fields and upland meadows, of early morning starts and the whining of eager dogs, of the comforting feel of the well-oiled stock against the cheek, and the pleasurable jolt at the shoulder as the trigger is pulled. And of all the joys of the field not the least is the sight of one's dog, quartering, finding, stiffening to the point; enjoying, as much as oneself, the companionship and the hunt. To every lover of a good bird dog, be he a setter man or a partisan of the pointers, we commend Horace Lytle's story of the field trials in which the grandest dogs in the country each year battle for the championships and the honor and glory that go with them. "Bird Dogs in Competition" was written by a sportsman for sportsmen.

IF YOU are one of the constantly growing number of travelers who make regular or occasional use of the great system of airways developed in the past few years, you will find much in Donald E. Keyhoe's article that will be familiar, as well as much that will be new—and reassuring. If you have yet to make your first flight over an established route, "Airways and Means," should prove a revelation. Amazing progress has been and is still being made in the elimination of those risks of navigation which, but a short time ago, made flying in even the staunchest planes seem a chancy matter to most of us.

THE fictioneers of the month, George Creel, Courtney Ryley Cooper and John Chapman Hilder, need no introduction. They are among the Magazine's best known and most popular contributors. George Creel tells a tale of a now vanished but vastly picturesque institution of rural America—the medicine show. "Kickapoo Charlie" revives this grand old sample of high pressure salesmanship, and will bring reminiscent chuckles to anyone who can remember the Spanish War.

In "Blue Mesa," Courtney Ryley Cooper's contribution, there is one of the most satisfactorily gory free-for-all fights we've read about for a long time.

Mr. Colin O'Rourke, the intrepid young man who sets out to subdue a wild but far from woolly heiress in "Millions for Defiance," seems, up to date, to be just about as far from accomplishing his purpose as he was on the morning he woke up to find a dagger sticking in his mattress. He is staying with the job, however.

IF YOU want to know a few of the things that make it hard to pick a winner when the hang-tails run, Jack O'Donnell's story of "Speed and Temperament" among the thoroughbreds will tell you. Opera stars have nothing on these finicky beauties.

"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 Four

The Elks Magazine

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"I GAMBLED 2¢ and WON \$35,840 in 2 YEARS"

A Story for Men and Women who are dissatisfied with themselves

THIS is the story of a gamble—a 2c risk—which paid me a profit of \$35,840 in two years. I am not, and never was, a gambler by nature; in all probability I never would have taken the chance if more money was involved. So even if you, too, are against gambling, you will feel like risking two cents after you've read my story.

Some people believe I was lucky. Others think I am brilliant. But this sort of luck I had, everyone can have. My type of brilliance is that of any average man.

Almost any \$40-a-week wage earner has as complete a mental equipment as I had two years ago. And he feels today just about the way I did then. For two years ago, I too, was in the \$40-a-week rut. My earnings were \$2,080 per year!

I was discontented, unhappy. I was not getting ahead. There didn't seem to be much hope in the future. I wanted to earn more money—a lot more money. I wanted to wear better clothes and have a car, and travel. I wanted to be on a par with people I then looked up to. I wanted to feel equal to them mentally and financially.

But it all seemed hopeless. I was beset with fears. I was afraid of losing my job. I was afraid of the future. I could see nothing ahead for myself and my wife and baby but a hard struggle. I would live and work and die—just one of the millions who slaved their lives away. I was irritable, easily annoyed, discouraged, "sore" at my fate and at the world. I could not think clearly. My mind was in a constant whirl. I was "scatter-brained." I had a thousand half-baked ideas to make more money, but acted on none of them.

The end of each year found me in about the same position as the beginning. The tiny increases in salary, grudgingly given to me, were just about enough to meet the rising cost of living. Rent was higher; clothes cost more; food was more expensive. It was necessary for me to earn more money. So once in a while I got a few dollars more. But it wasn't because of any great change in my ability.

Today I have an income of \$20,000 a year. That's exactly \$17,920 more than it was two years ago. A difference of \$35,840 in two years. My family has everything it



needs for its comfort and pleasure. My bank account is growing rapidly. I have my own home in the suburbs. I am respected by my neighbors, and I have won my wife and children's love as only the comforts and pleasures of life can do. When I am old I will not be a millstone around anyone's neck. My children will not have to support me.

I look forward to the future with confidence and without fear. I know that only improvement can come with the years. Once I wandered through life aimlessly, cringing, afraid. Today I have a definite goal and the will to reach it. I know I cannot be beaten. Once my discontent resulted in wishes. Today my slightest discontent results in action. Once I looked forward hopefully to a \$5 a week increase in salary. Today I look forward confidently to a \$100 a week increase in my earnings.

What magic was it that caused the change in my circumstances? How did I, a \$40-a-week clerk, change my whole life so remarkably? I can give you the answer in one word—Pelmanism. I gambled 2c on it. Yet without it, I might have continued in my old \$40-a-week rut for the rest of my life.

Pelmanism taught me how to think straight and true. It crystallized my scattered ideas. It focused my aim on one thing. It gave me the will power to carry out my ideas. It dispelled my fears. It improved my memory. It taught me how to concentrate—how to observe keenly. Initiative resourcefulness, organizing ability, forcefulness were a natural result. I stopped putting things off. Inertia disappeared.

Mind-wandering and indecision were things of the past. With new allies on my side and old enemies beaten, there was nothing to hold me back.

I am writing this in appreciation of what Pelmanism did for me. I want other average men to gamble 2c as I did. For the cost of a postage stamp I sent for the booklet about Pelmanism called "Scientific Mind Training." Reading that free book started me on my climb. I took no risk when I enrolled for the Course because of the Institute's guarantee. All I gambled was 2c and I am \$36,000 better off now than I would have been had I not written for the book about Pelmanism.

* * * *

The Pelman Institute will be glad to send a copy of "Scientific Mind Training" to any interested individual. This book is free. It explains Pelmanism. It tells what it does to the mind. It tells what Pelmanism has meant to others.

For over 25 years Pelmanism has been helping people to happiness. Over 750,000 others have studied this remarkable science. Among those who have praised it are such great world figures as the late Jerome K. Jerome, the famous novelist, Sir Harry Lauder, Frank P. Walsh, Major Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, H. R. H. Prince Charles of Sweden, and many others. Your whole life may be altered as a result of reading "Scientific Mind Training." Send the coupon. You have nothing to lose. If Pelmanism does not help you it costs you nothing. There is no obligation in mailing the coupon. No salesman will call on you. Decide for yourself what to do after you read the free book about Pelmanism. Mail the coupon NOW.

THE PELMAN INSTITUTE of AMERICA
71 West 45th Street, Suite 1549, New York

The Pelman Institute of America
71 West 45th Street, Suite 1549
New York City

I want you to show me what Pelmanism has actually done for over 750,000 people. Please send me your free book, "Scientific Mind Training." This places me under no obligation whatever.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Office of the
Grand Esquire

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



Official Circular No. 4

Los Angeles, Calif.,
August 1, 1931

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

Through the medium of grafting (the term being employed solely in its horticultural or floricultural sense) the late, lamented Luther Burbank of California, internationally known as the "plant wizard," was enabled to develop the most mediocre varieties of plants, flowers, fruits and vegetables to such an extent that even the thorny cacti of the desert wastes became edible for livestock, drab flowers took on spectral hues and exhaled exotic fragrance, bitter fruit became luscious and palate-tickling, and even the lowly tuber developed into an aristocrat of the table.

Analogous to the remarkable scientific work of Burbank has been the development of the "Better Parades" Movement in Elkdom, an idea formulated, promulgated and nurtured by the New Jersey State Elks Association under the leadership of Brothers Wibiralski and Hirtzel and first exemplified at the Atlantic City Convention.

With the Seattle conclave now history, a retrospective analysis of the Grand Lodge parade held in the northwest metropolis indicates that the good brethren of Jersey builded, perhaps, better than they knew, for, from a standpoint of strict decorum, kaleidoscopic color, modernistic pageantry and esprit de corps, "Better Parades" has been taken out of the category of slogans and has become an actuality, or may we say, an institution in Elkdom.

While not as large, in point of numbers, as the Atlantic City parade, the Seattle procession constituted one of the best in the history of the Order and redounded to the great credit of our fraternity. The costuming was colorful, the floats magnificent, the music of high order and marching alignment perfect. In fact, according to the Grand Lodge officers who reviewed the pageant, not a single criticism could be leveled, and every unit was greeted with tumultuous applause by the 300,000 persons who thronged the line of march.

As this final circular comes somewhat in the nature of a valediction, I would, indeed, be remiss in my duty did I not take this opportunity of expressing to each and every Lodge and member participating in the parade sincere thanks for the splendid cooperation. The loyalty displayed by those organizations traveling across a continent for the glory of Elkdom was inspirational, and I am deeply grateful for their support.

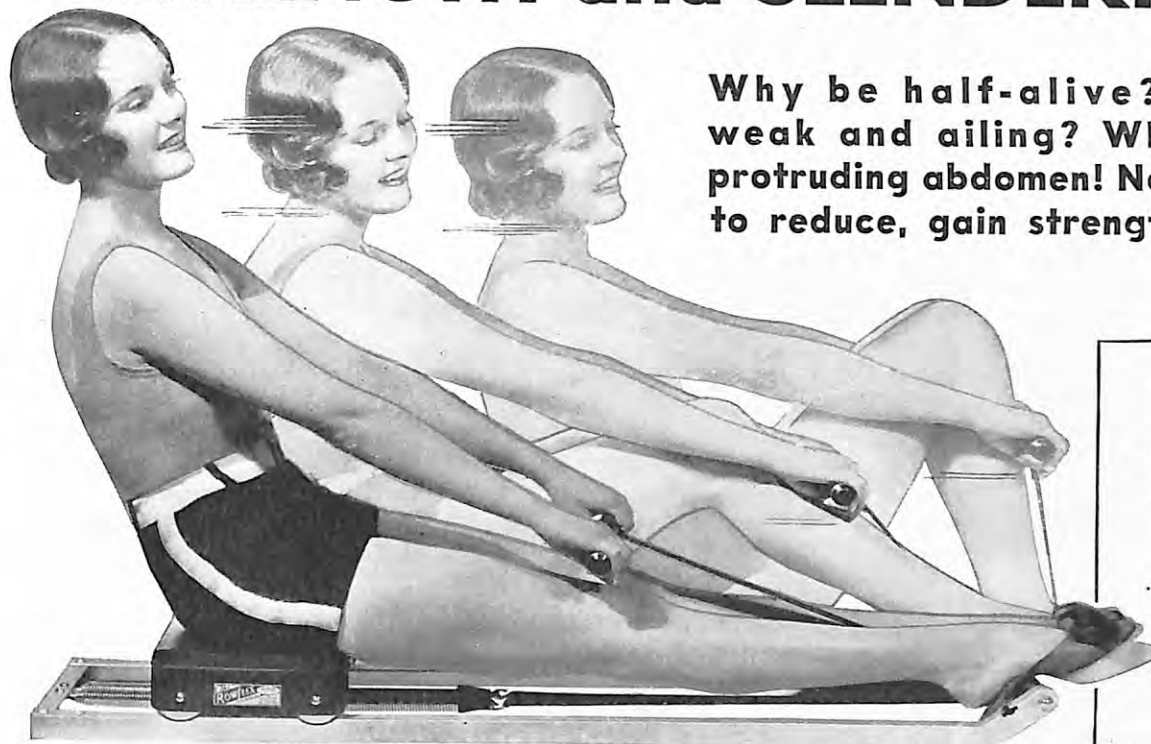
To Bert Swezea, Chief of Staff, his assistants, Brothers Chad Ballard and Charles Gant, and Brother Monroe Goldstein, my Executive Secretary, I want, particularly, to convey appreciation of their untiring efforts in making the parade the great success it proved to be. To the Seattle Convention Executive Committee I also extend grateful appreciation. To the brothers, who acted as my aides and admittedly constituted the best uniformed and best marching aggregation in line I can only say, inadequate as it may seem, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Finis" now having been written to the 67th National Convention I retire to the ranks, grateful for the recognition accorded by Brother Rupp and glad to have had the opportunity of serving our beloved Order.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Grand Esquire.

NOW! JOY-RIDE TO HEALTH STRENGTH and SLENDERNESS!



Why be half-alive? Why be weak and ailing? Why have a protruding abdomen! Now it's FUN to reduce, gain strength, keep fit

... rolls the seat of the new ROWFLEX Health Glider—just like a seat in a real racing shell. Full leg action reduces hips, thighs, waistline, and massages abdominal region. And it's FUN, not work!

ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER (with Rolling Seat)

Sent on 10 Days' Trial—Just Mail Coupon!

WE all know the value of giving muscles and organs some form of daily "workout." Yet we "take on flesh," grow flabby, let muscles lose elasticity and to sag; to let liver, kidneys, and stomach clog up—because ordinary exercise is monotonous WORK!

But now there is NO EXCUSE for being overweight, run-down, tired out, nervous, ailing. It's FUN to reduce—increase strength, improve health, become a new man or woman! Prove, in 10 days, in your bedroom, that five minutes' daily ROWING with ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER is most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE exercise invented—a Joy-Ride to the health and figure of YOUTH!

Reduce Unsightly, Unhealthy Waistline!

If you have acquired an unsightly, unhealthy waistline and too-large hips—if your stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels are not functioning properly—if your muscles (especially your abdominal muscles) are stretched, lifeless, sagging—the Rowflex is exactly what you have been wanting! It provides the necessary *incentive* to regular exercise. Its silent rolling seat works like the seat in a racing-shell. Strengthens the arms, legs, thighs,

back, chest, neck. Flexes dormant muscles, peps them up; stimulates circulation, drives out waste products, tones up vital organs! Dissolves harmful fat from abdomen, hips—builds natural corset of muscle to replace sagging muscles! Massages liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys, so they function properly! Just 5 minutes' Rowing daily with Rowflex works wonders with your health, strength and figure!

Not \$50, But Only \$11.85

So confident are we that you will be DELIGHTED with Rowflex Health Glider that we will send one by express, collect on delivery, with understanding that your money will be refunded at once, upon request. We believe, however, you will say it is equal in every essential respect to rowing machines costing as much as \$50. Yet our price is only \$11.85! The Rowflex is constructed of RAIL STEEL; nothing to break, wear out, or get

out of order. Actuating springs have been tested the equivalent of 5 years' use! Every part guaranteed. Weight, about 17 pounds. Silent in operation, portable, out of the way when not in use, harmless to floors or rugs. Mail coupon now, or write for further information. Address STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 49, 1783 East 11th Street, Cleveland, O.

Silent Rolling Seat of the Rowflex Health Glider provides racing-shell stroke, full leg and hip action, complete massage of abdominal and thigh region. Every muscle brought into play. Wheels made of special hard rubber composition. Quiet running. No oiling ever necessary. Metal housing protects clothing. Frame of RAIL STEEL, will stand any strain. Size 46 x 13 inches. Entire weight, 17 pounds. Price, complete, only \$11.85 plus delivery charges. If not the biggest value you ever saw in a rowing machine, or if not satisfactory for any reason, your money will be returned to you at once, upon request. Mail coupon NOW.

10-DAY TRIAL COUPON
 THE STEELFLEX CORP. OF AMERICA
 Dept. 49, 1783 E. 11th St., Cleveland, Ohio

Send me the Rowflex Health Glider complete with silent Rolling Seat and instructions for use. I will deposit \$11.85, plus delivery charges, with Express Company, with distinct understanding that my money is to be returned promptly should I decide to return machine within 10 days after receiving it.

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



THE NEW
BURROUGHS
CASH MACHINE

... the modern cash registering machine—smart and distinctive in appearance

REGISTERS AND PROTECTS YOUR CASH , , RECORDS YOUR TRANSACTIONS AND DOES ALL YOUR FIGURE WORK

Burroughs Cash Machine is a distinct advance over any cash registering equipment you have ever seen.

It is designed in a variety of models to meet the requirements of any type of retail business. It is compact, requiring minimum space . . . it is fast and easy to operate . . . it is sturdy in construction . . . and it is smart in appearance.

See for yourself the protection it offers

your cash and your stock . . . how it provides you with vital figure facts about your sales, by departments, by clerks or by commodities . . . how much you can save because of its surprisingly low purchase price and cost of upkeep.

Call the local Burroughs office, or mail the coupon for a special descriptive folder.

Burroughs

MAIL THIS
COUPON TODAY!

Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 6439 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.
Please send me special descriptive folder on Burroughs Cash Machines.

Name _____

Address _____



“Remember, we’ve got her!” he shouted

WEEKS often passed for Joe Whittier without the sight of a human being. Blue Mesa, sprawled high in the foothills against the main range in Western Colorado, is lonely country; except when the Stagg Boys, his foster brothers, came home from the rodeos, or a wandering cowpuncher rode by, Blue Mesa was a sagebrushed land of solitude for Joe. It surprised him therefore to look up from his work one afternoon and notice that a little gray roadster had bumped to an abrupt halt on the rutty road beyond the scrubby alfalfa patch.

A girl alighted hurriedly and examined a front tire. Joe had seen her before, as he saw all girls—at a distance. He knew she was Mary Palmer, teller in the Tri-State Bank in Wharton, and the daughter of its cashier.

Copyright, 1931, by Courtney Ryley Cooper

Blue Mesa

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

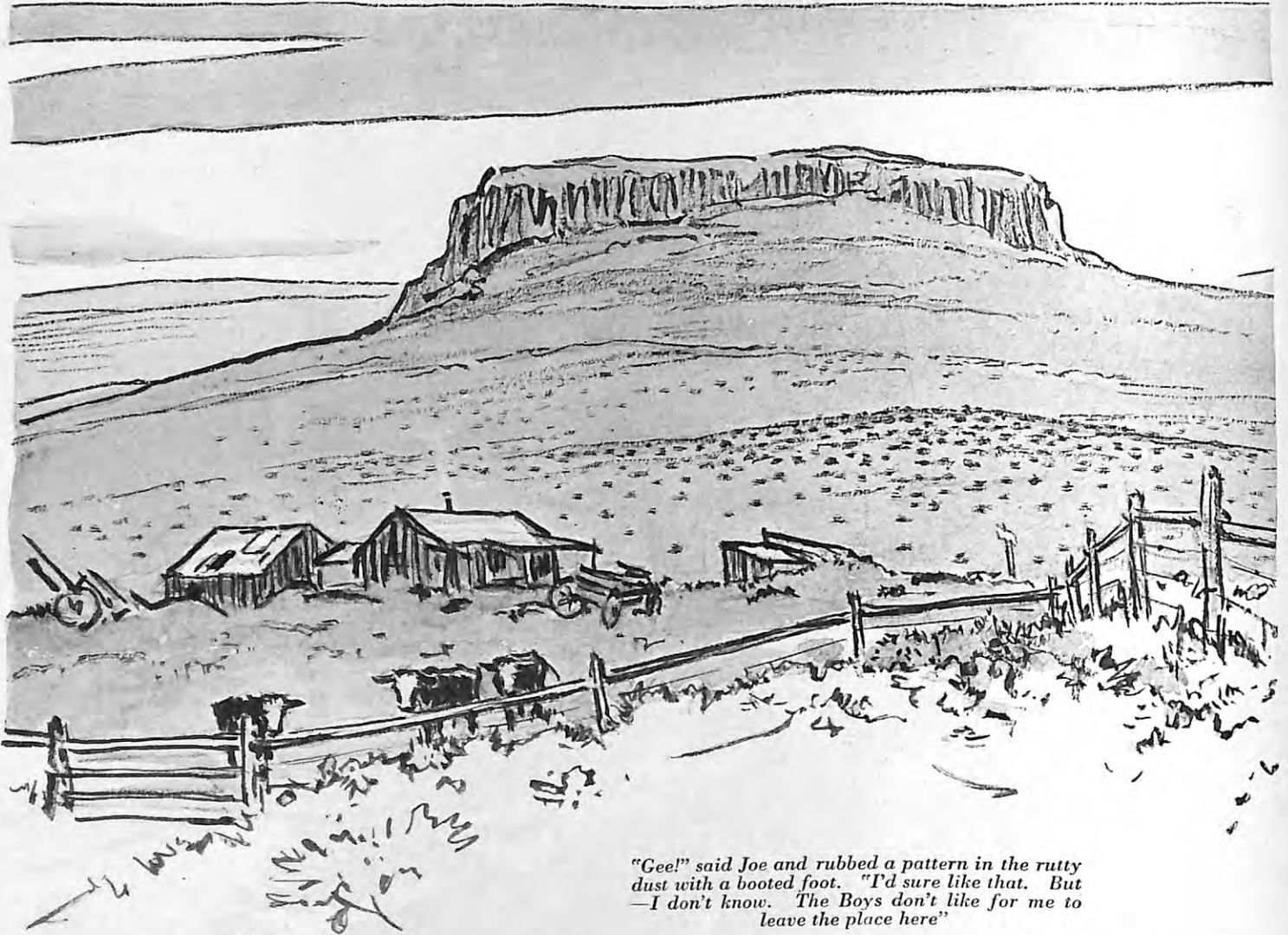
After a moment of survey, she came to the fence.

“Will you help me fix this tire?” she called.

The half hour which followed was hazy for Joe Whittier, inarticulate, and excited by feminine companionship. There was a naive excitement in the knowledge of her presence as she helped him with the lugs, in his hasty appraisals of her, the creaminess of her cheeks, the softness of her hair, the glint of humor in her blue eyes. He was mainly silent. But gradually she broke his reserve. At last they were friends.

“Well, perhaps the place isn’t much to look at,” she agreed, when the tire had been repaired. “But someone up here seems to be a pretty good judge of cattle.”

“Oh, they’re mine!” Joe exclaimed. He evaded a sight of the ramshackle cabin and



"Gee!" said Joe and rubbed a pattern in the ruddy dust with a booted foot. "I'd sure like that. But—I don't know. The Boys don't like for me to leave the place here"

sprawling outbuildings, to fasten his gaze upon three white-faced steers in a tiny meadow. "The Boys made an awful lot of fun of me when I brought those calves home. A fellow'd given 'em to me down on the main highway—he was driving to market, and they'd dropped out sick."

"I'll have to tell Dad," the girl said. "He goes in for white faces."

"Yeah, I know," Joe spoke wistfully. "I wish I could see his herd sometime."

"I'd be glad to take you out." Then she laughed: "Dad's always so complimented."

"GEE!" said Joe and rubbed a pattern in the ruddy dust with a booted foot. "I'd sure like that. But—I don't know. The Boys don't like for me to leave the place here."

"The idea! I could run you out and back in no time!"

At sunset three months later, Joe Whittier paused on the ruddy road which led up the hill to Blue Mesa. He usually got out here when Mary Palmer brought him home; easier on the car, he said. There had been many trips to the Palmer Ranch since that day when Mary had called to him for aid. Mr. Palmer had told him to come down often; he seemed to think Joe knew cattle. And Mary had said that she could call for him as easily as not, that she always drove in the afternoons anyway.

But to-day, the usual thrill of the visit was lacking. Joe stood tense and gaunt in the roadway, watching the little roadster speed away. His hands were gripped and there was pain in his eyes.

"Of course, I'd have to go and ruin

everything!" he said dully and stumbled on, suddenly to halt at the last turn of the hill. The miserable buildings of home showed before him; in front of the squat cabin stood a mud-splattered automobile, its rear crammed with saddles, chaps and battered suitcases, plastered with the advertisements of the various rodeos with which the West beguiles its summers. The door of the cabin stood open. Joe hurried forward. A bawling voice greeted him, accompanied by the clatter of utensils.

"Where the hell have you been?"

Joe Whittier pressed his lips, and eyed resentfully the three men within the cabin. They were huge-shouldered fellows, with tight-legged overalls folded high on their worn filagreed boots. They wore faded saaten shirts that once had known high coloration, and dirty neckerchiefs of the same material. Wide-brimmed, shapeless beaver hats shadowed their stubbled features; conchoed leather wristlets produced an illusion of stockily short arms, emphasizing their bulk of torso. The tall one shoved a boiled-over coffee pot back to the apron of the stove and wiped his hands on his thighs.

"USED to be able to count on you," he growled. "Now, we never know where you're at."

"I'm sorry Wilbur," the youth said. "I didn't know you were coming home."

A glare shot into the tall man's eyes. He grunted and turned again to the stove. The other brothers had been playing pitch on the one table. Norm, the younger, tossed in his hand.

"Hear that, Jake?" he asked caustically.

"We're supposed to tell him when t' expect us."

Jake grinned, thinly.

"That's what comes from runnin' around in big bankin' circles!"

Twin lumps made their appearance at the hinges of Joe Whittier's jaws, but he remained silent. Wilbur turned from the stove and moved toward the door, as if to lounge there. A half smile jerked at the corners of his tobacco-stained lips, making but little impression upon the rest of his muscular features. Closer he approached, suddenly to galvanize. A great hand shot out; he caught Joe by the shoulder and with a tremendous wrench, catapulted him within the cabin.

"We're gittin' sick of this!" he growled. "Every time we need you, you're out ridin' with that bank gal!"

There he halted, in amazement. Joe Whittier had sprawled into the kitchen, then whirled, his face contorted in rage.

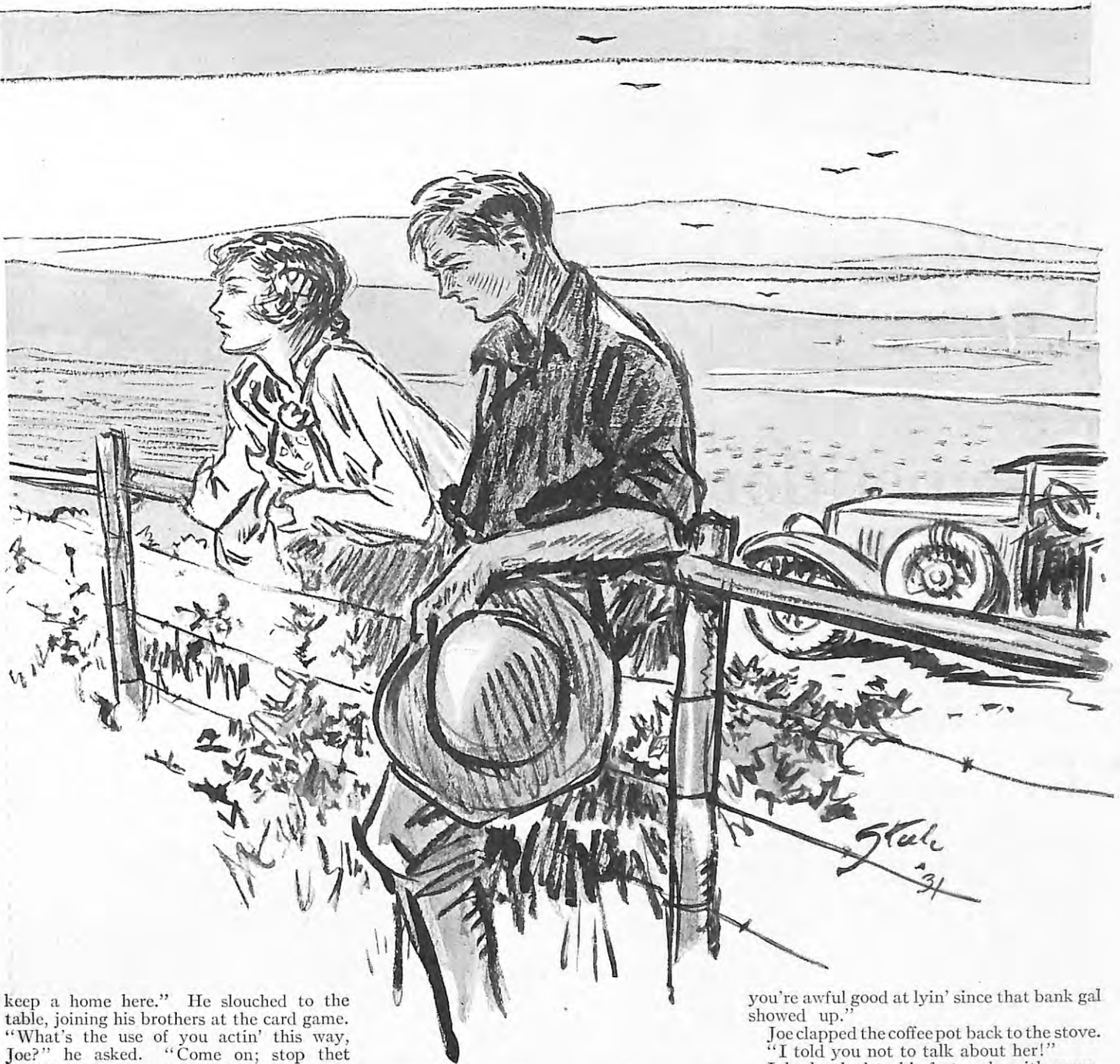
"You leave her out of this!" he commanded. It was the first time he ever had defied them. Wilbur could only answer:

"Then you stop this damn runnin' aroun'."

Again he halted. Joe Whittier had replied, through clenched teeth. "I'll run around as I please!"

Then, as if aghast at his own temerity, he stumbled to the grimy window, and with a hand rubbing at his aching shoulder, stared out at the sunset. An instantaneous glance passed between Jake and Norm and Wilbur. There was a moment of silence. Then the taller man said, with an air of injury:

"So that's the gratitude we git; workin' ourselves half to death at the rodeos to



keep a home here." He slouched to the table, joining his brothers at the card game. "What's the use of you actin' this way, Joe?" he asked. "Come on; stop thet sulkin' an' git us some grub."

Wearily, Joe turned at last to the stove, old instincts commanding obedience; subservience for him, had been lifelong.

Drunken old Pa Stagg had brought Joe Whittier to this cabin when he was two years old—to stay out the night and then be taken into town to the authorities. Pa had found him in a homestead cabin up on Tall Mountain, his parents dead where a forest fire had caught them at their work, higher on the hill. But Ma Stagg had begged that he be allowed to remain, and when begging had failed, Ma had defied her drunken mate and the sullen trio which formed her brood. Broken from work and frontier motherhood, disappointed and disillusioned, Ma Stagg had found in this dark-eyed, fine-browed child elements which were missing in her own boys. Thus the life of an interloper had begun; Pa Stagg's death left three young stalwarts to taunt and jibe and hate—a hatred vastly increased when at last Ma had traveled beyond, leaving her foundling to share alike with her own brood in her pitiful legacy.

"Grub's ready," said Joe at last and the three men ceased their game to wolf the food which he set before them. The youth himself ate from a plate set on the apron of the old stove; they had always segregated him, like a servant. Only recently had he considered the insult of it. So many viewpoints had changed since that day when Mary Palmer had called him across the alfalfa field. Ambitions had awakened, dreams come to life—

"Don't I git no more coffee?" Jake bawled.

"And give us some glasses," commanded Norm. "Leavin' us to set here, drinkin' out of a bottle."

Joe obeyed silently. It was easier. Wilbur scooped up the last of his pork and beans.

"I see you never fixed that fence by the west forty."

Joe filled the coffee cups.

"You didn't give me any money."

"Ain't quakin' asspoles no good anymore?"

"Not without a horse to snake 'em down. Tobey's had the heavens."

"Yeh?" asked Wilbur. "Since when?" He eyed his foster-brother. "Seems to me

you're awful good at lyin' since that bank gal showed up."

Joe clapped the coffee pot back to the stove.

"I told you not to talk about her!"

Jake lurched to his feet, ugly with moon.

"To hell with what you told us!" he growled.

"What d'you want to do about that?"

Slowly the younger man surveyed them, Jake weaving before him, the inscrutable twitch of Wilbur's lips, Norm, sagged in his chair, with the bottle of sugar whiskey poised over his glass.

"THERE'S one thing I can do," he answered slowly. "I can leave."

Jake rocked back to his chair.

"Aah!" he said. "I thought maybe you'd fight!"

The taunt seared Joe's brain. For a moment he only stared. Then the outburst came.

"Yes—fight the three of you, I suppose. Well, I don't have to fight. I can go away!"

A queer, racking note of deliverance swept his voice. "And this time you won't come after me and drag me back, like you did when I was a kid. Mr. Palmer's offered me a job on his ranch—buying cattle." He tore

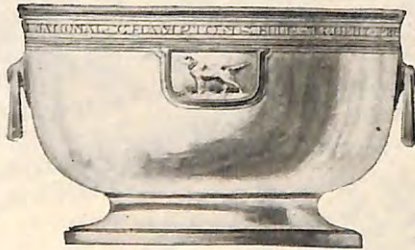
(Continued on page 58)

Mary Blue, National Champion in 1929 and again in 1931. She holds the first leg on the new National Championship cup, pictured below



Bird Dogs in Competition

By Horace Lytle



TO THE owners and lovers of thousands of bird dogs in this country, the National Bird Dog Championship held every year during January at Grand Junction, Tennessee, is a test in which most owners are interested. But only a few are familiar with its details and regulations.

Before telling the story of this year's winner, let us go back to last summer and follow the dogs that eventually met at Grand Junction for the supreme test.

Perhaps it is well to point out at this time the necessary qualities of a champion in order to show the advisability of the earlier trials that are held throughout the country. But before that even, whom are these dogs to please and what must they do to please them?

In selecting men qualified to occupy the official saddles in all field trials, those blessed with what is known as "judicial temperament" are the ones chosen to grade the work of the dogs. The integrity of field trial judges is almost never questioned. All clubs are most careful in the selection of their officials and the trust is guarded and cherished in a way that is an inspiration and a credit to the sport, even if there were no other splendid features to recommend it. If there is any other sport or business in which the integrity of judges averages so high as in field trials, the opportunity to know of such has never crossed my path.

And now for this work of the dogs. What are the judges looking for in those whose names they shall write as the winners? There's a multitude of both virtues and sins. A dog must work his ground well and appear eager and happy about doing it. He must carry himself in a pleasing manner and he must show speed. Without speed, a dog doesn't stand much of a chance. However,

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he must not over-run birds. He must not go too fast for his nose, for, after all, his job is to find the greatest number of game birds in the shortest possible time. That is the primary objective and the other things are but the trimmings, the deciding factors that mark the winners when all other things are nearly equal.

He must have range, which means he must go wide, as wide as necessary to find birds. He must pass up unlikely-looking territory and with his nose in the air, go quickly to the nearest cover that looks birdy. The knack of doing this well is known as "bird sense"; and a dog without it, who depends entirely upon his handler for directions, will find tough opposition at the National, or any other field trial.

A dog must be steady when he finds game and intense as well as stylish. One of the most, if not the most graceful, poses in the world is a bird dog on point. Styles on point differ, but the dog that points with his head high, has a quality much sought.

And, of course, a field trial dog must handle. He must respond to signals without sulking or resentment. However, he must have initiative with it all. He must be fast and sure in reaching out for birds, and yet take kindly to handling. He must have stamina to stand the pace and go the distance, especially in the National, for the run there is of three hours' duration. And last of all, he must have a matchless nose.

So the qualities of the field trial dog, the qualities looked for in awarding decisions are mainly these: speed and range, bird sense and nose, style, steadiness, and stamina plus initiative, blended with a willingness to handle. When all these things are nearly equal, it sometimes requires two or

even three heats to select the winner.

From the middle of June to the first of July, the professional handlers with their dogs flock to the prairies from all over the country for the conditioning and training work necessary for the fall opening.

The major circuit of field trials opens along in September with two events that are run on prairie chickens, the first of which is sponsored by the Manitoba Club of Canada and held either in Manitoba or Saskatchewan. The following week the All-America Field Trial Association holds its chicken trials over practically the same territory. Each club runs three stakes, an open Derby, an open All-Age and a Championship.

At these trials the chicken champions are crowned each year. A Derby stake is for dogs or bitches whelped on or after January first of the preceding year; thus its entries are all less than two years old. Naturally they are not finished performers, or expected to be. However, they are expected to show the right sort of natural qualities and it is upon these they are judged. A



A typical field trial gallery, photographed in the Shenandoah Valley National Park



LOLLAR

Feagin's Mohawk Pal, the setters' representative among the triple National Champions. He won his hard-earned titles in 1926, 1928, and 1930



Manitoba Rap, the first pointer ever to win the National Championship. Before his win in 1909 the setters had always carried off the title



Right: Triple National Champion Mary Montrose, photographed immediately after winning, with her handler, Herbert Tomlinson, of Archdale, North Carolina

Below: In point from tip to tip, is Becky Broom Hill, three times National Champion; outright winner for her owner, Louis Lee Haggin, of the Mary Montrose Cup

Derby dog may compete in an All-Age stake but no All-Age dog may compete in a Derby.

To qualify for the Championship, a dog must have a previous winning record. The first series of heats of a Championship are of much longer duration than the Derby or All-Age and sometimes it is necessary to run an additional series before a winner is crowned. In such cases, the dog to lose is known as "runner-up." When no second series is run, only the champion is named. Championship stakes usually are worth a tidy sum to the winner.

The National Championship at Grand Junction this year, besides carrying the splendid National Championship trophy donated by Judge Robert W. Bingham, of Louisville, Kentucky, was worth fifteen hundred dollars in first prize money. The National Championship cup becomes the sole property of the dog's owner when it has been won three times. These winnings need not be in succession or with the same dog. However, the three times that the cup has passed from competition, the same dogs have come through to win—but more of this later.

From the prairie chicken trials in September, we come to the grouse and pheasant trials that are run during September and October all through New England, New York, Pennsylvania, in the East; Michigan in the Middle West; and Wyoming, Washington, Idaho and Oregon, in the Far West.

The important quail trials start in Ohio



STUTLITZ

about the middle of October with the Miami Valley trials that are held south of Dayton, near the little town of Harveysburg, and move from there up to Marion, Ohio, where the Southern Ohio Field Trial Association events take place.

This brings us to the first of November, when the field trial season is on in full swing with events so numerous and widely scattered that it is almost impossible to keep trace of them all. The major circuit shifts to Venita, Oklahoma, where the American Field Futurity is held. This event is for Derby dogs only and is the premier breeder's stake, which carries the largest purse that is split between the breeders and the owners of the winners. In case the owner is also the breeder, he collects both ways. The total

Futurity purse is now three thousand dollars.

The circuit then swings down through the Southland to the Carolinas and Georgia on the East, through to Texas on the West. All, while coveted stakes in themselves, are really used to point dogs for the National Championship that is run at Grand Junction, Tennessee.

The Amateur Championship Stake of America is one of the most important, especially to the owners, and this year was run beginning February 9th near Petersburg, Virginia. This trial is held by an association composed of amateur field trial clubs scattered throughout the country. Only winners of licensed trials

held by the respective member clubs are eligible to compete for the championship.

Both before and after the National Championship, there are a number of major events in and around Grand Junction, but for the most part, the season is over for All-Age and Derby Dogs. But the puppy trials are just coming on. Many of these trials are now held near Holly Springs, Mississippi, just south of the Tennessee line.

Puppy events afford an opportunity to look over the prospects that will be the Derbies in a few more months. The most important of the puppy events is the Southern Ohio, which ranks, as far as the puppies are concerned, with the National for All Age Dogs.

(Continued on page 37)



Kickapoo Charlie To the Rescue

By George Creel

Illustrated by George Wright

BACK in a less sophisticated day, before every main-road farm boasted a filling station and quick lunch stand, and when the life of small communities centered around the public square, Kickapoo Charlie's Magic Remedy Company descended upon the sleepy Western village of Wheat Centre with avowed purpose both to delight and heal. Not only was a free show offered but also instant relief from all those ills that furnish humanity with most of its food for conversation.

It had been a winter of exceeding dullness. Aside from the Dora La Fayette Dramatic Company, presenting Ingomar the Barbarian and Hazel Kirke; and a hypnotist introducing the latest thing in liver pads, nothing had occurred to break the tedium, and Kickapoo Charlie's advent, naturally enough, thrilled Wheat Centre to its marrow. Even before twilight deepened to dusk, impatient husbands fidgeted on front porches while wives hurried through with the dishes, and by eight o'clock the Opera House, a bare hall above the grocery store, was packed to the doors.

The opening number, enlisting the services of the entire troupe of three, gave rich promise of what was to follow. Kickapoo

Charlie himself, gorgeous in beaded buckskin and long hair that fell below his shoulders in lustrous ringlets, worked wonders with a silver cornet. A slim youth, similarly garbed, operated brilliantly on the slide trombone, and a tall Indian, satisfactorily savage as to aspect, handled a mighty tuba with the requisite strength and determination. Old inhabitants, swept off their feet, loudly confided that they had heard brass bands make far less noise.

"We thank you, friends and fellow citizens," declared Kickapoo Charlie at the finish, acknowledging the applause with a pontifical gesture. "As the next numb-ah on our little program, I have the honor and privilege of introducing Broken Branch, the great war chief of the Tuscarora Sioux, traveling with this aggregation at the direct request of no less a personage than the President of the United States. It was the idea of the Great White Father, expressed to me in a memorable interview, that the red man must learn to know his pale-face brothers, and that white people, meeting this splendid specimen of his race, might lose some of their own unjust prejudices. Broken Branch, as a special fav-ah, has consented to give us the famous scalp dance of the Sioux, and at its conclusion, will eat *fiah!* Yes,

lad-ees and gen-tel-mun, before your very eyes the chief will devour living flame."

With the slim youth thrumming an accompaniment on a banjo head, Broken Branch gyrated spectacularly enough, punctuating his leaps by weird, guttural shouts that brought screams of terror from children in the audience, but it remained for his fire-eating act to develop mad enthusiasm. As he stuffed the blazing cotton into his mouth, munching it with every appearance of relish, the denizens of Wheat Centre burst into a chorused shout of wonder and delight.

"You do well to applaud," cried Kickapoo Charlie as Broken Branch sat down. "Great scientists, working over glass retorts in the laborator-ees of the world, have never yet been able to fathom the chemical secret of the awe-inspiring exhibition that you have just been privileged to witness. How does he do it? When the stars are old, and the earth is cold, that question, my friends, will still be ringing down the corridors of time.

"For your further edification," he continued sonorously, "we will present a group of banjo selections by Tallapoosa, which means Singing Wind in English. I can see the light of disbelief in your eyes, my

friends, and I can hear you saying to yourselves, 'Why, it's a *white* boy. Does the man think he can fool us with any such transparent trick?' Nevertheless, good people, let me assure you that not even Broken Branch is more Indian than young Tallapoosa.

"Even at the risk of re-opening old wounds, causing the lad's heart to bleed again, I must tell you the tragic story of his life. He was but two years old when the blood-thirsty Apaches tore him from the arms of his shrieking mother, crouched by the side of a father who had died in valiant defense of his home. Eighteen years the lad lived with the Indians, knowing only the wild and savage life of the mountain and plain, and it might well have been that he would now be huddled in some dreary wigwam but for a gift of music that the Great Spirit implanted in his childish breast.

"Even in his infancy, Tallapoosa blew sweet airs on reeds and birch bark whistles, and as he grew older, the whole tribe marveled to see the skill with which he coaxed ravishing tunes from the tom-tom, buffalo bones and other rude instruments within his reach. Two years ago I was in the Apache country and, happening to hear Tallapoosa soothing his lonely heart with entrancing music, I realized at once that here was a genius that must not be permitted to languish, as the poet has it, in the dark unfathomed caves of ocean.

"Fortunately, I had once saved the life of the Apache chieftain in battle with the Blackfeet, and the old warrior could not say nay when I asked him for the lad; and, hurrying to the great cit-ee of New York, I presented Singing Wind at a concert graced by

the wealth and beaut-ee of the metropolis. Not in the memory of man has such an ovation been given any performer, and many and magnifisunt offers came at once from the crowned heads of Europe. Drunk with a dream of wealth, I was about to accept their princely honorariums, but the clear vision of this simple, untutored lad saved me from my greed.

"No, White Chief,' he said, 'me play first for my own people.' Thank God, my friends, the pollutions of Eastern life had not entirely robbed me of my native patriotism, and without another word I gave stern refusal to the minions of Old World nobility, and arranged this tour through the towns and hamlets of the great West where beats the true heart of America. Singing Wind, stand forth."

Tallapoosa, rising gracefully, employed a burst of badly shattered English to assure one and all that he was happy to be back among his own people, and then, seating himself again, struck the banjo strings a mighty whack. To one and all familiar with college life, his repertoire might have seemed the boldest sort of steal from glee club programs, but the denizens of Wheat Centre remained blissfully ignorant of this fact, and seemed delighted that the Indian music was a kind that they could tap their feet to.

"AND now, my friends," and the speaker's mane was thrown back with a leonine gesture, "we come to what, after all, is the real purpose of this gathering. I feel that I do not have to waste any large amount of time in speaking of myself, for to an audience

such as this, keeping in constant touch with every current of world thought, the name and exploits of Kickapoo Charlie must be only too well known. It is not too much to say that from boyhood my life has been lived in the white glare of publicity. And yet, strange as it may seem, there is a chapter in my life that has never been written—a hidden chapter that not even the Argus eyes of the press have succeeded in unveiling.

"SOME years ago," and the rich voice fell to a thrilling, confidential note, "in company with equally daring companions, I slipped away from the haunts that had known me, and went deep into the hot, unknown jungles of Mexico. The object of the expedition, I may tell you now, was the location of the tombs of the ancient Aztec emperors, where fleshless skeletons lay in row on row, covered with gold and precious stones. No need to describe those weary journeys by dark and dangerous ways, to paint the horrors of the Valley of Doom, to relate our discovery of the singing stone; nor will I dwell on the terrible fight with the strange tribe that fell upon us as our hands reached for a treasure greater than that possessed by Solomon or Sheba.

"Let it be enough to say that of all that gallant band, I was the only one to escape massacre. But when the vast desert swallowed me, there were ghastly days that made life a mockery and a curse. By day I burned, by night I froze, and always hunger and thirst tormented me. Unconsciousness must have come at last, for when my eyes

(Continued on page 42)



"Shut up." Kickapoo Charlie, fixing iron fingers in the banker's lapel, shook him into silence

Behind the Footlights



The picturization of "An American Tragedy" naturally cannot follow the Theodore Dreiser novel through all the intricacies of detail which he built up to establish sympathy and credibility for Clyde Griffith's sordid and pathetic murder of his sweetheart, Roberta Alden. The two who play these rôles are pictured above—Phillips Holmes and Sylvia Sidney. Miss Sidney gives a very appealing performance, although she disappears comparatively early in the picture, which devotes its greater length to the courtroom trial of Clyde. Mr. Holmes is well cast for his part and gives a good performance, though it is difficult for him to hold the audience's sympathy almost single-handed through the greater part of the picture



The youngest scion of a great theatrical family, Ethel Barrymore Colt (left) makes her revue début in the eleventh edition of George White's "Scandals." Miss Colt's only previous appearance on the New York stage was in "Scarlet Sister Mary," the black-face drama adapted from Julia Peterkin's novel, in which her mother, Ethel Barrymore, was starred a year ago on Broadway and which they later took on tour. In the "Scandals" Miss Colt will compete for honors with Rudy Vallee, the Howard Brothers, Everett Marshall, Ray Bolger, and the Gale Sisters, to mention only a part of the lengthy cast

MORTIMER OFFNER



The story of "The Woman Between," which stars Lily Damita and Lester Vail (right), is far too complicated to be put in the size nutshell we have available here. Suffice it to say that it is the love story of a Parisian mannequin who marries an international financier and is socially ostracised by his children and friends. The rôle of Julie, the mannequin, is a dramatic one which gives Miss Damita ample opportunity to be alluring

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

The brilliant figure of our first Secretary of the Treasury is a natural focus for romance and drama. He emerges into the spotlight again in a screen play bearing his name as title, "Alexander Hamilton" and it bids fair to be a notable picture as George Arliss will play the title rôle. Mr. Arliss gets a double billing on this program as he is also co-author of the play on which the screen story is based. June Collyer, shown with him in the garden scene at the right, plays Mrs. Reynolds, a beautiful woman who is used by his political enemies in a plot to bring discredit upon him and bring to nothing his patriotic works



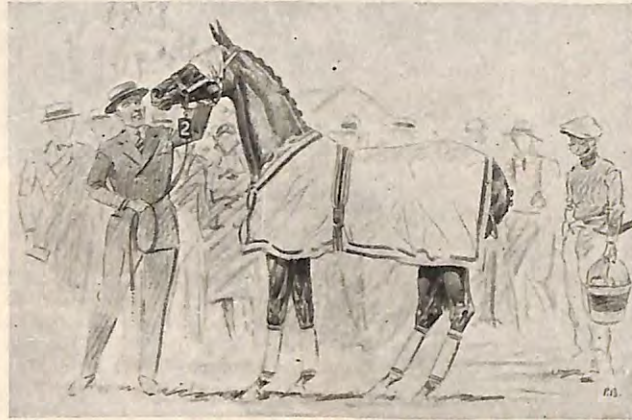
The title rôle of Edwin Milton Royle's drama made famous by William Faversham way back in 1907 is about to be reenacted by Warner Baxter in a screen version of "The Squaw Man." He is shown above with Roland Young as Sir John Applegate and Lupe Velez as Natchuria, the Indian wife who made bearable the long exile from England and from the woman for whom he sacrificed his honor. He is explaining to Sir John the impossibility of making Natchuria understand why her small son must be taken from her



At the moment of going to press, the new theatre which will house Earl Carroll's ninth edition of his "Vanities" is in the hectic throes of completion. Rumor says it is a very fine, ultra modern theatre, and Mr. Carroll says it is about to house the biggest and best "Vanities" to date. We can only add that Will Mahoney (left), with his amusing ways, will be among those present in a cast scheduled to include Lillian Roth, William Demarest, Milton Watson, Helen Lynd, Olive Olsen, the Forman Sisters, Mitchell and Durant, and a large bevy of beautiful ladies of the chorus



She likes Coney Island "red-hots"



A bandage over his eyes to shut out the sight of the crowd



To make the Hatter run, pretend you didn't want him to

Speed and Temperament

THE night of January 8 was a "headache" to one of America's slickest race-track tipsters, a fellow who for twenty years has made something better than a comfortable living by selling so-called "information" on the ponies to the gullible among the speculatively inclined. For several days he had been advertising a "guaranteed special" tip on a horse that was scheduled to run in the fourth race at Jefferson Park, New Orleans, on the afternoon of January 8th. He couldn't afford to pick a loser because

he had advertised that he would return the five dollars he was charging for the tip, if the horse didn't win.

About five o'clock on the morning of the ninth, after having spent six or seven hours looking at the past performances of the starters in that fourth race he drew a circle around one of the thoroughbred's names, stood up and announced to the fellow hustler who was sharing his room, "I got it!"

"Got what?" sleepily inquired his companion.

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"The winner of the fourth this afternoon!" "Yeah? Who is it?" inquired his friend with some interest.

"Elizabeth Bolla!" announced the tipster almost convincingly.

In an instant the sleepy friend was on his feet, excited, alert, vehement.

"Elizabeth Bolla!" he echoed. "Don't be a damn fool!"

"What d' y'a mean—'damn fool?'" snarled the tipster. "What's the matter with Elizabeth Bolla?"

"Nothin', only she's a spaghetti hound," answered his friend, sneeringly. "Th' beetles at this meet that train on good oats ain't any too good, but when you pick one to win that laps up spaghetti like an Eye-talian peanut peddler you're just a plain chump."

"Are you tryin' to kid somebody?" asked the tipster, suspiciously. "Who says Elizabeth Bolla eats spaghetti?"

"I say it, and it's the hottest, straightest tip you ever got on a hoss. I seen her with my own eyes at the Colgate barn just day before yesterday. She was gargling spaghetti like nobody's business. An' you know enough about hosses to know that spaghetti ain't no speed powder!"

Finally, convinced that his friend was telling the truth, the tipster went back to his dope sheet and in the end selected Colonel E. R. Bradley's Bide A Wee to win the heat.

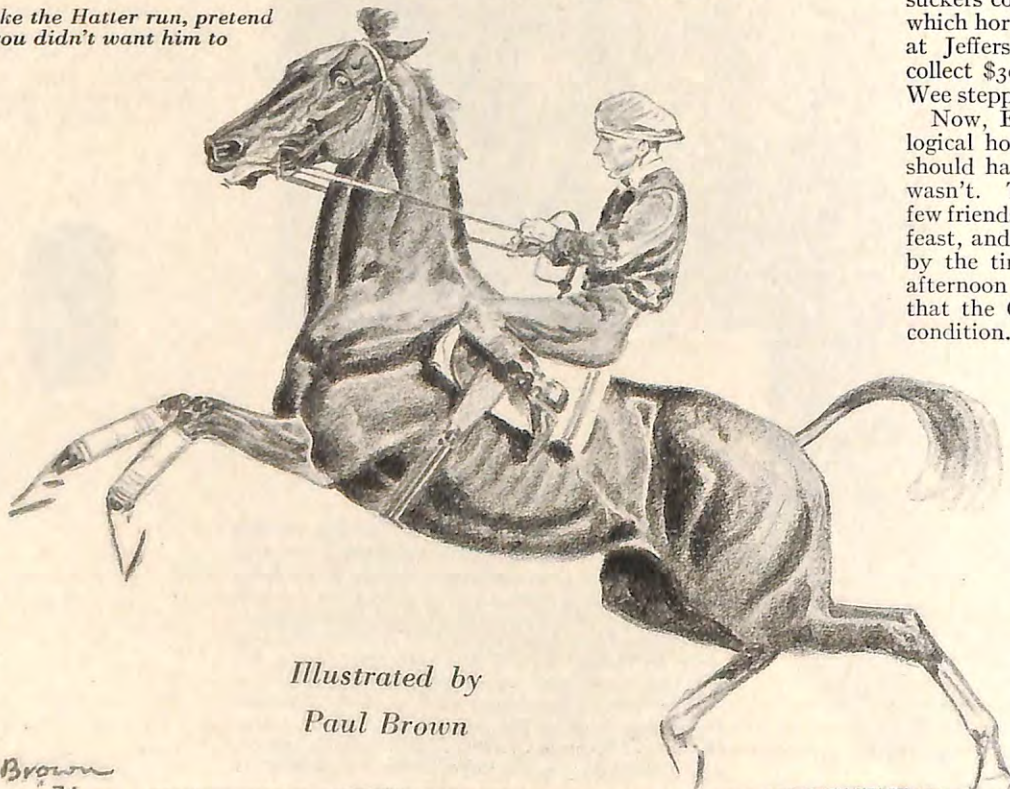
The tipster's advertisement was a real persuader and resulted in more than sixty suckers coming to the front with \$5 to learn which horse was going to win the fourth race at Jefferson Park. The tipster stood to collect \$300, minus commissions, if Bide A Wee stepped down in front.

Now, Elizabeth Bolla, on form, was the logical horse to win that fourth race. She should have been installed favorite, but she wasn't. The tipster and his friend told a few friends about Elizabeth Bolla's spaghetti feast, and these friends told others, so that by the time the fourth race came up that afternoon it was pretty generally believed that the Colgate stable's entry was out of condition. Bide A Wee, on the other hand,

received more play than her past performances warranted, with the result that Elizabeth Bolla was six to one at post time.

From the steps of the grandstand the tipster who had switched from Elizabeth Bolla to Bide A Wee watched the race, a six-furlong dash. There were seven horses in the field, and Bide A Wee was third to get away. She dropped back soon after the start, however, while Elizabeth Bolla elected to force the pace.

"She won't keep up that lick



Illustrated by
Paul Brown

Paul Brown
71

What makes a thoroughbred run, and what makes him sulk? An infinite variety of things, apparently—as witness these finicky bang-tails

By Jack O'Donnell

long if she's been on a spaghetti diet," the tipster muttered. But she didn't show any signs of weakening at the half, or at the head of the stretch. In fact, at the latter point "Lizzie," as she is called, decided to move up a notch, going into the lead. Meanwhile, Jockey Day, on Bide A Wee, had made his move and his mount was picking up the leaders. At the stretch turn he was a fast moving fourth.

"There she goes!" yelled the tipster. "There she goes!"

The backers of Elizabeth Bolla, on the other hand were yelling, "Here she comes," with equal gusto.

And she was coming! Spaghetti or no spaghetti, the five-year-old Lizzie was holding that lead as if her life depended upon it. True, Bide A Wee was gaining steadily, but every second was precious and it takes a mighty good hoss to make up a two-length lead on Lizzie Bolla when Lizzie feels like running. And that day she evidently felt in the right mood, for she managed to hold out long enough to win from Bide A Wee by half a length.

THERE was a near-tragedy in the lobby of the old St. Charles hotel down in New Orleans that night when the tipster met the hustler who had touted him off Elizabeth Bolla. Only the hustler's ability to talk fast saved his neck. He swore by all that he held dear that he had told the truth.

And the strange part of it is he had. Elizabeth Bolla, five-year-old daughter of Flying Squirrel-Sunny Days, is a spaghetti fiend. Furthermore she likes Hamburg steak, Coney Island "red hots," coffee, and on special occasions will throw her lip over French fried potatoes and top it all off with a cup of coffee. And she seems to thrive on this unusual diet, for she wins her share of races. She brought home the money nine times in 1930, and once in the first month of 1931 racing.

"Lizzie" is a spoiled, temperamental little aristocrat. In a manner of speaking, she has been brought up by hand—by the hand of Mrs. Charles Holland, known on the American turf as "Mother" Holland. Mrs. Holland acquired "Lizzie" when the filly was a two-year-old, paying \$1,000 for her. The filly didn't show much in the few races she ran that spring. "Mother" Holland decided that "baby horses" had no business running on hard race-courses, so she withdrew the miss from training and allowed her to roam at will about the Holland estate.

"Lizzie" became quite a pet, often coming to the kitchen door for a "hand-out." One day "Mother" Holland gave the miss a small dish of spaghetti. Lizzie ate it with evident relish and begged for more. After that, spaghetti was added to her regular

menu. When Mrs. Holland put the filly back in training Lizzie sulked when she failed to get the Italian dish, the chopped steak and other edibles to which she had become accustomed. Charley Holland, who trains "Lizzie," shook his head in despair. He didn't believe a race-horse could train on that sort of food and run good races. But Lizzie fooled him the first time she ran after getting her regular spaghetti dish. She won, and ever since has had her spaghetti, Hamburg steak, and coffee just like regular folks.

There are hundreds of race-horses like Elizabeth Bolla — prima donnas of the turf who have their moments when they will pout like spoiled children, sulk like high-strung opera stars, or become irritable and unmanageable because of some trivial happening in the paddock, the stable, or during the running of a race.

These temperamental equines are the bane of their owner's existence, the despair of handicappers, the friends of the bookmaker. They have cost their owners unnumbered hours of worry, and the betting public millions and millions of dollars in lost wagers. They add tremendously to the uncertainties of racing, because they invariably do the unexpected. These temperamentalists are represented in all classes of thoroughbreds. Some are the best-bred horses in the world—big money makers and record holders—while others are cheap selling platers hardly capable of earning their feed.

One of the most notorious temperamentalists that ever went to the races in America was Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt's Sarazen. Here was a horse with speed, courage, stamina, strength—everything that enters into the make-up of a great horse, except a good disposition. During his active racing career he burnt up millions of dollars for his backers. He became known as Sulky Sarah and was just as liable

(Continued on page 46)



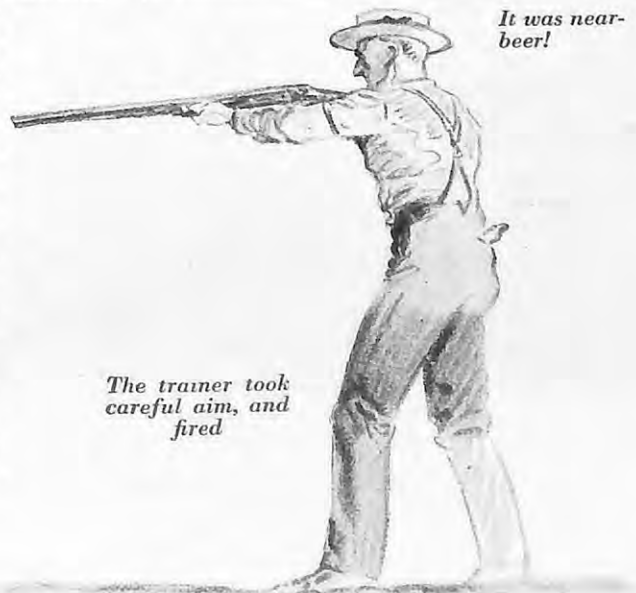
Only dynamite could get him away



Came to a stop so suddenly he almost unseated his jockey



The tumor was there the day he won the Suburban



It was near-beer!

The trainer took careful aim, and fired

After a Lively Encounter, Colin Finds a Vulnerable Spot in the Heiress's Armor, But His Problem Is Only the More Baffling

Millions for Defiance

By John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Douglas Duer



"Scuse me, boss," said a timid Negro voice, "is you-all all right?"

Part III

THE morning after the dinner party at the Legation Club, Colin's first waking thought was to look for traces of nocturnal trespassers in his room. Realizing that a closed trap catches no weasels, he had left his door unbolted upon going to bed, so that an intruder might enter unhampered. Though ordinarily a sound sleeper, he felt sure that, being aware of the possibility of a visitation, he would be instantly awakened by the mere entrance of another person. That this might be the case had occurred, seemingly, to him or her who had thrust the dagger into his mattress the night of his arrival; for on this, his second, morning in Hope's house, he could detect no evidence of a surreptitious entry.

In a way he was a little sorry that the dagger-wielder had not paid him a visit, because, although the finding of the weapon in his bed had not made him apprehensive, it had aroused his curiosity. Naturally, the question as to who had placed it there and why would occupy his mind until he found the answer. He would have liked to be free of it, so that he could devote all his thought to other, more important questions that also occupied his mind.

He lay in bed, staring at the gently waving cocopalms fronds outside his window and essayed to fit together in his mind's eye the jig-saw puzzle fragments of information gleaned during the previous day and evening. He reviewed his two encounters with the Princess—the rest of whose name he had not yet heard—but found little enlightenment in them. His short talk with Claire Sprague had added barely a jot to his knowledge, only supplementing what Wilson, the old butler, had already told him. The latter had said Hope was unhappy; Claire had said she was bored and restless. Neither of them had explained why.

What lay beneath Hope's unhappiness and stubborn determination to cling to so ruinous a course? What was her motive? There seemed to be but one reasonable explanation of her attitude. This was that, having had her own way for so long, the girl could not believe that when it came to the point, the Senator would place his obligation to her father above her own whim.

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There was no doubt in Colin's mind, however, that Senator Carter—even though at heart he was not in sympathy with it—took that obligation seriously. When the time came, he would hew to the line.

Hope was a combination of high explosive and dry ice, neither of which can be handled without caution. Colin had seen her in both moods. He had seen her also in a more casual, in-between sort of mood. None of the three had struck him as the kind to invite sage, brotherly counsel of the type he had to offer.

Nevertheless, offer it he must, to begin with, at any rate. Not only the Senator, but Hope herself, had challenged him to make her change her ways during this critical month. He had accepted their challenges. If she refused to listen to reason, he would have to resort to other measures. What those measures might be he had no idea. But neither had he any intention of returning to his chief to acknowledge failure. He told himself he would master Hope if he had to do it by main force.

CHAPTER XII

WHEN he went down to breakfast Colin found, to his surprise that Hope was already in the dining-room, alone. The unexpectedness of this discovery made his heart thump and brought him up short on the threshold. As Hope caught sight of him, and smiled, he felt as if imps with ice-tipped fingers were practising piano scales on his vertebrae. It was absurd that his heart should thump and his spine tingle. Absurd and annoying.

"Morning," said Hope.
 "Morning," said he, reddening.
 "You're up early. Going back north?"
 "I am not."
 "Good." Hope looked at him with frank amusement. "I was afraid perhaps you'd changed your mind."

"Afraid?" He advanced to the table and stood behind a chair.

"Yes. I thought you might have decided you'd acted hastily last night—when you said you intended to stay on and see this thing through. I thought you might realize you'd only be wasting your time and decide

to go after all. But I'm glad you didn't."

"Last night you said it would make no difference to you whether I stayed or went."

"It won't. Not the slightest. But it may be entertaining, having you here. I'm rather curious to see what you're going to do. How do you propose to begin with your—what'll we call it—police work?"

"That depends," he said, "on what you propose to do yourself."

"Oh—I see. Well, I wish you luck. But I warn you—you're beaten before you start."

"Maybe," he said.

"YOU haven't got a chance," pursued Hope cheerfully. "I'm thoroughly incorrigible, and I'm going on being incorrigible. What do you think of that?"

"Really want to know?"

"Shoot," she said.

"Well," he went on after a brief hesitation, "I think you must be either too stubborn and arrogant to live—or else—"

"Or else—?"

"Crazy," he said bluntly. He looked directly at her, expecting her to show resentment. No trace of it appeared in her expression, however, or sounded in her voice, as she remarked: "You're an honest young man, at any rate."

For some moments she continued to gaze at him, speculatively, then averted her head and stared abstractedly out of the window. Colin sat down. She seemed oblivious to the movement.

"Could you spare an honest man a cup of coffee, please, lady?" he said presently.

"What? Of course. Haven't you had breakfast?"

He shook his head.

"Nobody ever comes down but me," said Hope, reaching for a bell button with her toe. "They all have trays sent up."

His breakfast was served by Wilson, and while Colin was occupied with it he watched Hope, who was immersed in the local papers. It was no wonder, he thought, that many men had fallen in love with her. She was unusually beautiful. Also, as Senator Carter had warned him, she could be attractive in manner, too—when she chose.

Hope pushed aside the newspapers and

looked at him quizzically. "Any plans for to-day?" she asked.

"Plans? No. Why?"

"I was wondering. It's a marvelous morning and I feel like driving. You can go with me, if you want to. See some of the country while you're here. You can keep me under your eagle eye and combine business with pleasure. I feel like driving fast to-day. But if you're not afraid of risking your neck—I'll give you some sight-seeing."

WITHOUT waiting for Colin's acceptance of the offer, she rose. "Be ready in ten minutes if you want to go," she said, "and meet me at the front door. Bring a sweater in case it turns chilly. And if you see any of the others, don't say we're going. I don't want a crowd to-day."

In the garage yard, a colored boy, washing a car, dropped his sponge as Hope and Colin approached, and ran into the building. A moment later, he came out again, followed by a dour white man in grimy overalls wiping his hands on a bunch of waste. The dour man looked at Hope as who should say: "What's the trouble now?" and mumbled a good morning.

"It's all right, Stringer," said Hope. "I want to take Old Ironsides, that's all. Bring her out, will you."

"She's not ready, Miss," said the chauffeur, eyeing Colin skeptically.

"Why not? What's wrong with her?"

"She's not ready. Needs tuning up. Better take the Packard, Miss."

"Stringer," said Hope, "please stop this nonsense and get that car out."

The dour one did not move.

"Very well," said Hope, "I'll get her myself. Come on, O'Rourke."

"She's too heavy for you," protested the chauffeur.

"Don't be absurd," said Hope. She went into the garage, with Colin following, while the man, Stringer, shook his head and muttered under his breath. On the way to the car she wanted, they passed a disreputable old roadster, standing on a raised platform, under a canvas awning, as though it were a museum piece. Among its glistening neighbors it looked as incongruous as a hobo at a White House banquet. On its hood was painted the name "Sally Daimler." Colin had not noticed this strange exhibit on his brief visit to the garage with Wilson the day before, having merely glanced in from the farther end of the building. And he stopped now to stare at it.

"Come on, O'Rourke," called Hope, briskly, "open those doors."

He did so, then mounted beside her in an enormous apple-green convertible coupe, with a hood like a vast lacquered plain. With a good deal of popping from the carburetor and emanations of blue smoke, the great car rolled out of the garage and, stately as a liner leaving port, climbed the gentle grade to the public road. A hundred yards along the highway, Hope stopped, got out, thrust a slim hand beneath the hood and took the wheel again.

"Stringer doesn't know I'm onto that trick," she chuckled. "He cuts down the mixture on my cars just enough to cut down the speed. Thinks I won't know the difference. I found out how to change the adjust-



Mr. Hornsby, the snake and snail man, was not at home. Pressed for suggestions as to where he might be located, the slatternly Negress who answered his doorbell at first protested ignorance of his whereabouts

ment myself. I cut it down just before I get home. This car wouldn't have done more than seventy if I hadn't fixed the needle valve."

"What'll she do now?"

"About ninety," said Hope casually. "I've had her up to ninety-two, but that pushes her a bit too hard. Seventy to eighty's her natural gait—you'll see."

They were running out of the County Road, where many of the exclusive shops are, into South Ocean Boulevard, which plays hide and seek with the shore for a couple of miles before definitely becoming a sea-front road.

Along the highway bordering the sea, which was at its bluest that morning, they drifted at an easy pace. Except for a gentle hiss, the big car, steady as a train despite the roughness of the pavement, was uncannily silent. So effortless was its motion that Colin was astonished to note, by the speedometer, that it was traveling nearly a mile a minute.

Soon the shore road ended abruptly, where it had been washed out in the hurricane of 1928, and Hope swung west over the bridge leading into the city of Lake Worth. A few minutes of threading through residential streets, lined with vari-colored stucco or frame bungalows, set in yards aflame with crimson hibiscus and scarlet sage, brought them onto a broad concrete stretch of the Dixie Highway.

"Hold your hat, brother," said Hope, "we're going to move."

And move they did. Up leaped the figures on the dial: fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, seventy-nine, eighty-two—and still the speed increased. The great motor drew breath with a subdued roar. The flat, smooth road flowed under the broad hood as if it were being drawn through the radiator with the rushing air. Telegraph poles

flashed by like pickets in a fence. Other cars, overtaken, seemed to be going backwards, as did a train on the tracks paralleling the highway.

COLIN glanced at Hope. Hatless, her hair, blown erect by the back-draft, made a brilliant aureole above her alert young face. Her profile stood out sharply against the blurred yellow-green of the cut-over pine lands beside the road. Every line of her features portrayed grim concentration. It struck him that Queen Boadicea must have looked much the same as this when she drove her knife-wheeled chariot into the ranks of her enemies.

At times, when laggard drivers did not immediately yield the road in response to her peremptory signals, Colin saw Hope's lips compress and her fingers tighten on the wheel, but she gave no sign of nervousness or indecision. She slackened speed just enough to gain her opening, then hurtled through, like a ball carrier in a football game who has shaken off a team of tacklers in his stride. Once, as they whizzed through a small town, a policeman lounging on a corner shouted irately and tooted his whistle. But the wide street was clear and Hope merely stepped on the gas and waved at him derisively.

At length they came into Fort Lauderdale and stopped for a red light. Brushing a wisp of hair from her forehead, Hope half-turned to Colin and smiled.

"Isn't she a car?" she said, exultantly.

"She is that."

"Stringer's pet. He's so crazy about her himself he's jealous of my driving her. Afraid I'll wreck her."

"You have cracked up a few, haven't you?" Colin asked.

"Only three—I didn't like 'em much anyway."

"Only three, eh?"

"It wasn't my fault. Things broke."

"You must have a charmed life."

"I'm not going to die that way," she said, slipping the lever into gear as the traffic signal changed. "It's not in my stars."

"How do you expect to die? Of old age?"

"God forbid," she said. "What a morbid specimen you are. Ought to have been a Russian."

"An Irishman's entitled to his moods," protested Colin. "You have ups and downs yourself and you're not even Irish."

"My mother was," said Hope.

"Beg your pardon," he apologized. "The Senator didn't tell me."

"Did he tell you he'd been in love with her himself? No, he'd hardly have mentioned that. But he was. He's a good sport, poor old thing. I'm really awfully fond of him."

"You have a peculiar way of showing it," blurted Colin.

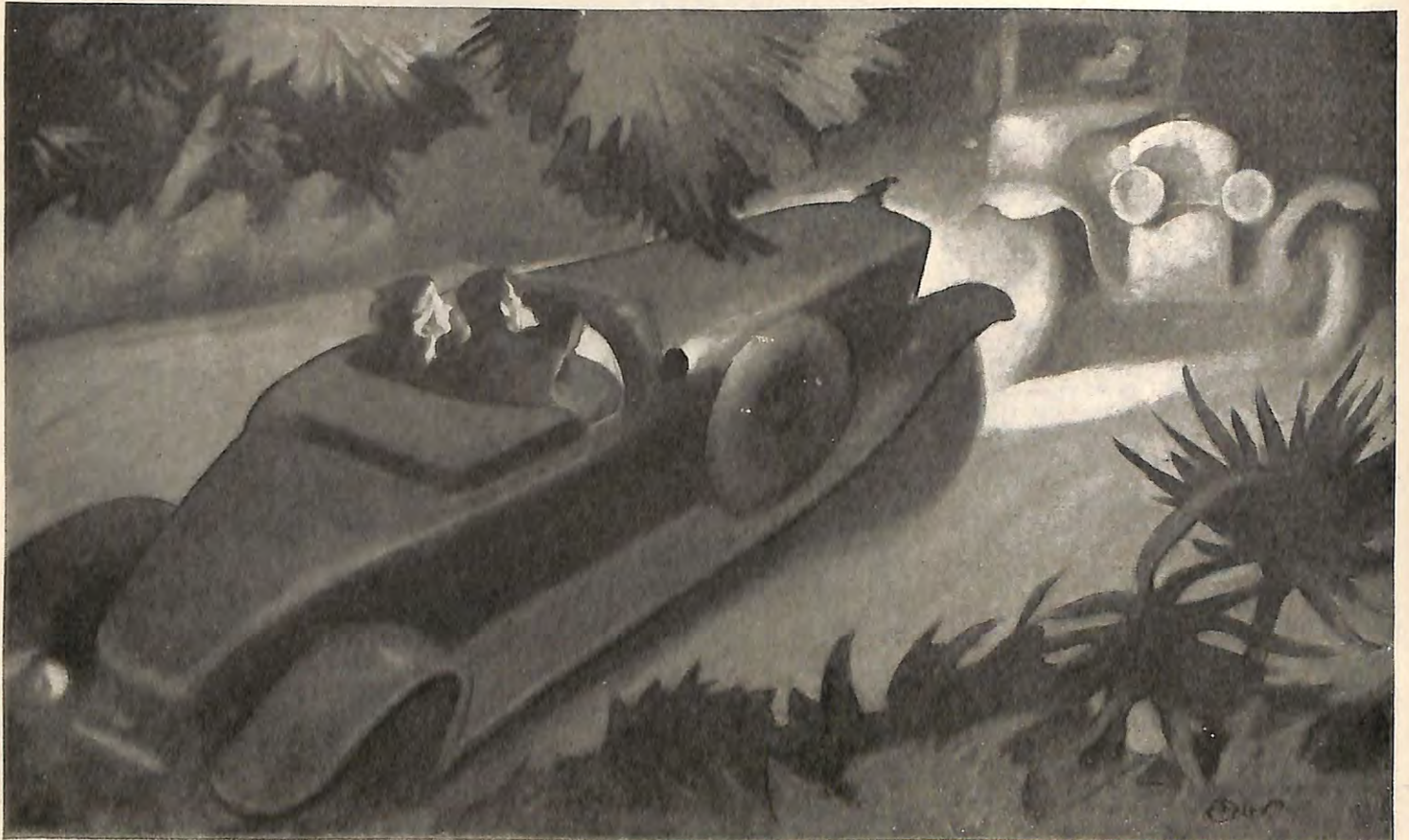
Hope smiled faintly. They were still in the town, forced to move slowly.

"If you're so fond of him," he pursued, "why do you drive him to distraction? He's been fair with you. Why aren't you fair with him? He's in a pretty tough position. Why can't you be reasonable—make things easier for him? Lord knows he doesn't ask much of you."

Hope's face clouded. She drove in silence to the outskirts of the city, then pulled over to the curb in front of some vacant lots.

"O'Rourke," she said, deliberately, "listen to this once and for all. I've already told you that nothing you say can make any difference to me. I know what I'm doing and I don't care whether the Senator thinks I'm crazy or not. I'm not going to change. That's final. And you and the Senator might as well accept the fact now. As for his being in a difficult position—well, he's been in plenty of others in his time."

(Continued on page 30)



Colin seized the wheel. With a screeching of tires, the car swerved, half-tipped, then righted itself and shot across the road

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 Bungalow In the Sound Marsh Woods

HARDLY one year after he had opened his private detective agency in New York City, Daniel Ford came to public attention in effective fashion by his handling of the Bancroft kidnapping case. Leslie Bancroft, wealthy corporation lawyer, was personally unknown to Ford, and to some extent the young detective's reputation was launched by a stroke of luck.

At 10.40 one July morning, Bancroft's private secretary received a frantic telephone call from the lawyer's sister in Rollaire, Long Island, the site of the Bancroft country estate. Leslie Bancroft's five-year-old son, Fritz, had been boldly kidnapped from the estate's private pier on Long Island Sound by a single man in a motor-boat. More than twenty minutes had elapsed, and the police had just been notified. Bancroft, who commuted by fast motor-boat, was en route to the office, ignorant of the tragic happening. What should be done? Bancroft was a widower; his elderly sister was obviously not of the temperament to handle the situation and indeed was quite hysterical and incoherent in delivering her news. The lawyer could not reach the office for a half-hour at least. His quick-witted girl secretary immediately telephoned a friend on a New York newspaper and poured as many details as possible into the press for

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circulation, not forgetting to add a \$5,000 reward for information leading to recovery. She then asked for the name of an enterprising private detective and received Dan Ford's. The reporter and Ford were old Nebraska friends.

Dan's first act was to instruct his assistants as follows:

"Keep 'phoning the estate till you get absolutely accurate descriptions of the kid and his clothing—get every detail. Spread them to all police centers and newspapers, no matter what reports either may have had from other sources. Send Bancroft back with two men immediately. I'm off for Rollaire. Relay any news to me there."

A mad dash to train and an even speedier relay by hired car brought him to the lawyer's estate in less than forty minutes. The house was paralyzed with excitement, local police hardly less incompetent than the unfortunate sister of the lawyer. Alarms had been spread to the Connecticut shore, ten miles across the Sound, in which direction the motor-boat had sped; but no news had come, and more than an hour and a quarter had elapsed. Bancroft was now on his way back. Ford took charge and learned the following details, which he speedily telephoned his office for transmission to the press and police:

The boy had been snatched away under

the very eyes of his nurse, a French girl of apparently good character who had been with the household several years. In view of the girl's obvious honesty and the kidnapper's well-planned stratagem, Ford quickly decided that she was not an accomplice. Fritz had been playing about the estate's private beach on the Sound, after seeing his father depart for the city. The beach was several hundred yards from the house. The nurse was watching the boy, as was her custom, from a small summerhouse at the end of a short boardwalk which led across the beach to the estate's dock. About twenty minutes after Bancroft's departure, a large motor-dory had drawn up to the dock. The nurse knew the boat as "the new fish man's boat," for it was driven by a tall man, of Spanish or Italian extraction—an exceedingly pleasant and engaging character—who had sold fresh fish and lobsters to the house several times in the past few weeks. As this man walked up the pier with his basket, Fritz had run to meet him, for on previous occasions the "fish man" had let him poke at live lobsters. The nurse watched but suspected nothing.

SUDDENLY, to her surprise, Fritz waved to her, turned and hurried with the man to

(Continued on page 52)

secure for the isolated fields and flight bases in the American Desert, or in the wilds of the Rockies.

But the airways were built. Had the barnstormer of 1925 been able to look ahead to the modern airway and airport system of to-day he would have believed himself dreaming, so swift has been the progress.

The pilot of a huge passenger transport of 1931 has none of the problems of the barnstormer. He is a cog, an important one to be sure, but still a cog in a carefully built machine. He knows his route as well as the engineer of a crack passenger train. Much the same as the engineer, he boards his plane after it has been serviced, inspected, and made ready for its run. He taxis it from a modern fireproof hangar to its position near the landing platform, waiting for the signal from the traffic control tower, as the engineer waits for signal-lights before he enters a section leading into the railroad station where passengers are waiting.

The signal comes. The pilot taxis into position. Baggage porters stow the passengers' luggage in the baggage compartment. The mail is placed aboard. Passengers enter the cabin and take their seats. An official gives the pilot his last-minute directions and then a clearance order. The take-off signal comes from the control tower—and the big plane is off.

But the contact with the airport is not ended. At the instant of taking-off, a dispatcher or communication official rattles out

Many ports in a storm are making air-travel safer for a nation of sky-high passengers

that information on a telegraph typewriter. The plane number, pilot's name, number of passengers, time of take-off and other details are instantly reprinted on teletype paper all along the airway, at various intermediate fields and at the terminal airport. The dispatcher marks the plane's position on the airway-map board and waits for the first report, from the next section.

Meanwhile, the pilot climbs to a cruising altitude. He has no fear of conditions ahead. He has a complete weather report, and receives others by radio. He knows that it is raining moderately eighty-five miles ahead, that there is a ground fog 160 miles beyond, but no really bad weather. And what is most important—he knows there are fields available all the way, and a terminal airport as complete in its relation to the airplane as the Grand Central Station of New York is to the trains that enter its confines.

An hour passes. The rain is left behind as the pilot detours slightly or climbs above the cloud. He can fly through, but it is not necessary. Below, he sees the airway markers, the fields in which he could alight in emergency. He is in sight of one field at all times, flying at several thousand feet.

Dusk falls. The lights are switched on in the cabin. The passengers read, or partake of a buffet supper served by the plane's steward. Out in the pilots' compartment the pilot and his assistant discuss the weather data just received by radio.

"We'll climb up through those clouds," the pilot says. "It'll be easier than holding underneath in this haze."

He noses the big ship upward. The co-pilot touches a switch. On the instrument board a device goes into action, receiving a guiding signal by radio from a radio-beacon transmitter at the end of the route, 100 miles away. The signal comes in a narrow beam, and the moment the big plane deviates to right or left of the correct course the device before the pilot gives instant warning.

ANOTHER hour. Then an important message is received:

"Terminal wants to know where we are," says the co-pilot. "No. 43 intermediate field missed us when we went over."

"Clouds hid us," the pilot says laconically. "Flash back to Terminal and 43. Tell them we're just about over 42. And I guess we'd better drop down through these clouds. Ask 42 how much lower the clouds go."

The co-pilot switches on his transmitter. In a few seconds he is back:



WIDE WORLD

"O. K. Plenty of room underneath."

The plane settles through the gray masses, glides into clear air. The co-pilot turns off the radio-beacon receiver. There is no need for it now. For, miles ahead, are visible the powerful electric beacons and lighted intermediate fields of the airway. The rest of the run is routine.

"Tell Terminal we've got seven passengers for the north-bound," the pilot says. "We'll be in right on the dot."

The glow of a city shows ahead, then a slowly rotating beacon signalling to aerial travelers that a lighted airport lies at that point. As the big transport approaches its haven the pilot looks down on one of the most modern airports in the world. It is like a seaport, a great harbor—and yet it is more like a terminal of a great system of railroad lines. For at this point converge half a dozen airways, with lighted air-lanes leading to the huge field.

The pilot circles, waiting his signal to land. It comes from the tower—a standardized winking of lights. He half closes his throttles, noses

(Continued on page 53)



INTERNATIONAL

The world's largest airplane hangar, at Burbank, California. It has a floor space of 72,000 square feet



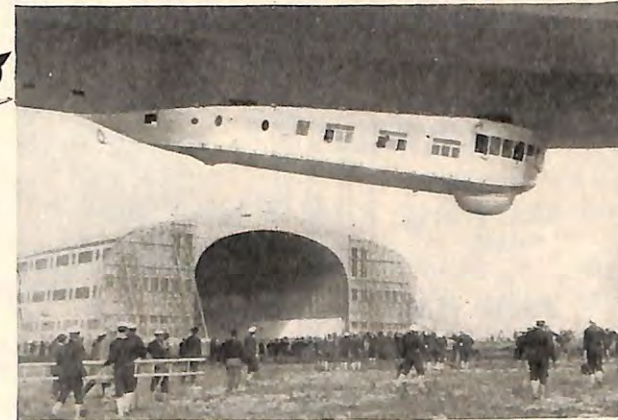
PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAY SYSTEM

A giant tri-motor plane in readiness to soar from its field, at Miami, Florida, for Havana



WIDE WORLD

A whale and a minnow of the air: the Graf Zeppelin escorted to Lakehurst, New Jersey, by a tiny blimp



P. O. A.

The German Zeppelin, ZR-2, arrives from overseas to make its first landing upon American soil



P. O. A.

The gangplank of a liner of the air: passengers boarding one of the modern planes for a transcontinental flight



P. O. A.

Inside the great Burbank hangar, whose mammoth doors will admit airplanes with a wing-spread of nearly 300 feet

Radio Rambles

—Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



Rex Cole Mountaineers

The Rex Cole Mountaineers (NBC). No relatives of the late Old King Cole, but Kings in their own right. Somebody said they keep Cole in the hottest weather. The Judge excused the murderer on the grounds of justifiable homicide. They always get a warm reception—in Court or elsewhere, because they always carry their own Frigidaire



Paula Hemminghaus

Lovely Paula Hemminghaus (NBC) is the contralto who figures on many artistic programs, including the Deems Taylor classic concerts recently concluded—amid regrets—a good pianiste—and a good scout



Annette Henshaw

Annette Henshaw, a young artist, well known socially, a favorite with the Junior Leaguers, and a CBS feature—She is wrapping up, in this weather, against the gale—of fan letters—that is, against the mail!



Morton Downey

In case you don't know—Morton Downey, discovery of Paul Whiteman—singer of national fame (CBS), former attendant on donkey engines in a freight yard—fired for speeding—now operates another, obsolete kind of engine, the piano—rides Camels like a desert sheik



A Stroke of Genius

"There's a fine fellow in the college crew."
 "Yes, he's a gentleman and a sculler."
 —Colby White Mule.

Vacuum Cleaning

Psychoanalyst: "Don't try to think, madam, just tell me what's on your mind."
 —Life.

Smack!

Father: "Doesn't that young man know how to say good-night?"

Daughter: "I'll say he does!"
 —Hudson Star.

Old Flames

Mrs. Reed (with newspaper): "It says here that a woman in Omaha has just cremated her third husband."

Miss Willing: "Heigho! Isn't that just the way? Some of us can't get one and other women have husbands to burn."
 —Boston Transcript.

Tough

A Russian was being led off to execution by a squad of Bolshevik soldiers on a rainy morning.

"What brutes you Bolsheviks are," grumbled the doomed one, "to march me through the rain like this."

"How about us?" retorted one of the squad. "We have to march back."
 —Iowa Frivol.

Horse Sense

A farmer once asked the editor of a country paper for advice, as follows:

"I have a horse that at times appears normal, but at other times is lame to an alarming degree. What shall I do?"

The reply came:
 "The next time your horse appears normal, sell him."
 —Argonaut.

Naval Engagement

Captain (receiving new middy): "Well, my boy, the old story, I suppose—fool of the family sent to sea?"

"Oh, no, sir," replied the youth, "that's all altered since your day."
 —Pathfinder.

Besides Feet

Enthusiastic Agent: "Now, there is a house without a flaw!"

Customer: "My gosh, what do you walk on?"
 —Annapolis Log.

Stammer and Tongs

"K-k-k-ka-kantcha s-ss-see whu-whu-where you're g-ga-ga-ga—"

"Going?"
 "—going, ya b-bu-bu-big Boo-Boo-Boo—"

"Boob?"
 "Thu-thu-thank you."
 —Life.

Displeasure

Then there was the case of the show that

Auto-Suggestion

"Hello, Mammie. I understand Bill gave you a new Ford for your birthday."

"Yes, he did. What did Jerry give you?"
 "Only the Willys, dear, only the Willys."
 —Wisconsin Octopus.

Hand-to-Hand Combat

"If a man smashed a clock, could he be accused of killing time?"

"Not if he could prove that the clock struck first."
 —Texas Longhorn.

Goodness Nose!

"What! No handkerchiefs? What kind of a cigar store is this anyway?"
 —Life.

Telling the Truth

Bertha: "And they are keeping their engagement a secret, aren't they?"

Mattie: "Well, that's what they are telling everybody."
 —Toronto Goblin.

Things Half-For-gotten

Merchant: "Look here, you've been owing me this bill for a year. I'll meet you half-way. I'm ready to forget half what you owe me."

Debtor: "Fine! I'll meet you. I'll forget the other half."
 —Pathfinder.

Still in the Red

An American writes from Russia that the workers are dissatisfied with the Five-Year Plan. We once talked with a man who bought a piano that way and he wasn't hilarious.
 —Life.

Spats Before the Eyes

I came out in small pink spats a few days ago. What do you think the trouble can be?—Medical Column in a Local Paper.
 Mental, without a doubt. —Humorist.

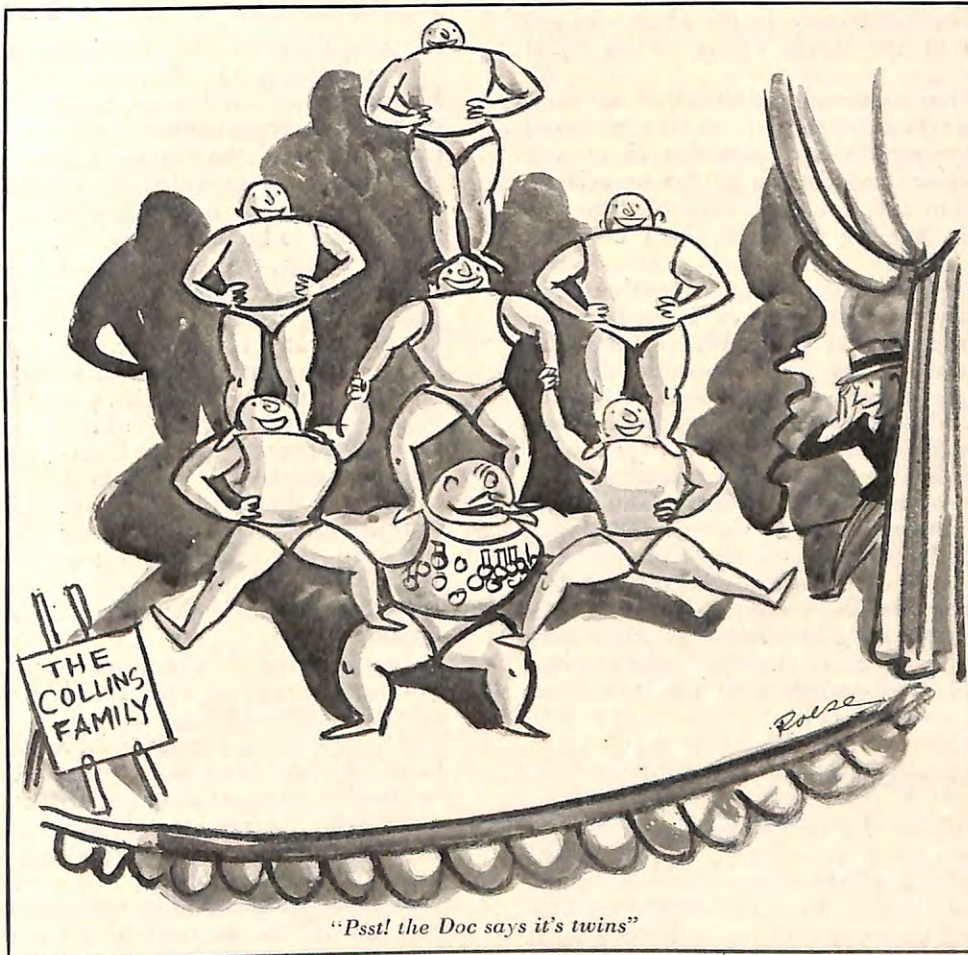
Married to 'Em

"I want to know if I have grounds for divorce."

"Are you married?"
 "Yes."
 "Of course you have."
 —Northwestern Purple Parrot.

Hand-Picked

Wife: "How do you like the potato salad?"
 Hubby: "It's delicious. Did you buy it yourself?"
 —Life.



"Psst! the Doc says it's twins"

was so bad that, after about ten minutes, a man came out and asked the lady at the box-office if she could change his seat to one behind a pillar.
 —Dublin Opinion.

Why and Dry

Mother, may I go to the shore?
 No, my darling daughter,
 The sun lamp burns you just as sore,
 So why go near the water?
 —Judge.

Banditry

"I can't seem to find 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"
 "Someone must have stolen a march on you."
 —Harvard Lampoon.

The Rising Generation

Rubber flooring is being advertised for nurseries. For bouncing babies?—Judge.



EDITORIAL

GRAND EXALTED RULER COEN

■ The election of John R. Coen as Grand Exalted Ruler, at Seattle, was a deserved reward bestowed in recognition of his distinguished service to the Order. The character of that service, principally as a member and Chairman of the important Judiciary Committee, was such as to inspire confidence in his ability to administer the affairs of the whole Order as its Chief Executive.

But there is another essential qualification to complete success in that high office. It is the personal popularity of the incumbent, his capacity to attract and retain the affection and esteem of his associates. The unanimous acclaim which attended his election was convincing evidence that he possesses this essential qualification also.

The Order is fortunate in having an executive head whose ability, fidelity and enthusiasm have been so conclusively demonstrated. It is doubly fortunate in having one whose personality and charm of manner will assure the loyal support and cooperation of his official family, and will win the fraternal regard and affection of the entire membership.

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen is a real leader. His sincerity and earnestness were manifest to all who heard his speech of acceptance, which was filled with fine expressions of high purpose and true courage, and which was received with a responsive approval that is only accorded to recognized leadership. It may safely be predicted that, under his administration, the Order will experience another year of worthy achievement. THE ELKS MAGAZINE gladly pledges to him its earnest support to that end.

A GRATIFYING TRIBUTE

■ It is quite usual for the newspapers of the Convention City to extend editorial greetings to the Order and to its members in attendance upon the annual sessions of the Grand Lodge. The expressions are uniformly hospitable and gracious and naturally are most pleasing to the fraternal visitors. In Seattle this was so generously done that it is deemed appropriate to make appreciative acknowledgment in these columns.

A leading editorial in the *Post-Intelligencer* paid a notable tribute to the Order from which it is pleasing to quote as follows:

"Our position as host carries with it the sobering glow, elusive of accurate description, which comes from realization that our visitors are a cross-section, a sampling, of the best of a living America.

"No lodge or organization is more representative of the ideals, the patriotism, the enthusiasms, the practical virtues, the lovable weaknesses—in short, the humanities—of the American people.

"Elks know how to work and how to play. They know how to make the most of life because they have learned to know that life is both a task and a privilege.

"They know and teach that practical love of country calls for something more than mere faith in a country's institutions, because faith without works is dead. Therefore they seek to preserve faith in these institutions by working for them, to make the good in them lasting and to make the bad in them good."

A most gratifying tribute this; one which stirs the pride and loyalty of the whole membership. It likewise inspires the laudable purpose to continue to merit such encomiums.

THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

■ Obedient to the requirement of the resolution creating it in 1921, the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, in their final report presented at Seattle, recommended a plan for the permanent administration of the National Memorial and THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It provided for a statutory Commission of five members, to be nominated by the Grand Exalted Ruler, and to be ratified by the Grand Lodge, for terms of five years, one expiring each year.

At the special request of the Grand Exalted Ruler-elect, the Grand Lodge authorized a present membership of eight, so that he might appoint all of the remaining members of the Commission which has had these matters in hand for the past ten years. It was specifically provided that when the new Commission becomes reduced, by natural causes or otherwise, to five, the recommendations embodied in the report should become operative.

In effect, the old Commission, under the new name of National Memorial and Publication Commission, will continue their service.

The action of the Grand Exalted Ruler and of the Grand Lodge was a graceful tribute to those who have conducted these two important enterprises from their inception. And it assures, for the immediate future, a maintenance of the policies which have been attended with gratifying success.

It is to be hoped that the membership of the Commission will not be reduced, by natural causes at least, for many years to come.



WEAR YOUR EMBLEM

■ Emblems designed to be worn for the purpose of indicating membership in the Order are available in many forms. Lapel buttons or pins, badges, charms, scarf pins, and other jewels may be had within a range of cost to suit every pocketbook, and in a variety of styles to meet every divergent taste. And each member of the Order should wear the emblem in some form.

Membership in the Order of Elks is a matter of proper pride. The fraternal contacts and associations incident to it are worthy of cultivation. One who does not so regard his membership will not long remain an Elk. One who does experience this just pride, should invite such contacts and associations. He will derive real pleasure therefrom; and the suitably displayed emblem is a very appropriate and effective method of extending that invitation.

It frequently happens that strangers are casually brought together in circumstances which encourage friendly advances. If they should chance to be Elks, wearing the insignia of the Order, there would at once be recognized a common ground upon which a real friendship might be builded with assurance of its value. If neither should wear an emblem, they might meet, exchange a few civilities, and part without knowledge of the tie which would have drawn them promptly and more intimately toward each other.

No one will advocate or condone the flamboyant advertisement of fraternal membership. Good taste will not permit this cheap appeal for notice. True Elks will not so offend. But an emblem of proper character, suitably displayed, will attract the attention and fraternal greeting of many brothers along the way. The way will be brightened thereby; and the journey along it will be made a happier one for all.

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A FATHER

■ Vacation time is nearly over. How many of you Elk fathers have spent it with your children? What have you done during this season, so favorable to such a result, to bring them closer to you? How often have you joined with real interest in their recreational activities? How frequently have you had them share your own in a companionship that you have sought to encourage and stimulate? How many times have you refused their requests for these very associations which offer to you your best opportunity to learn their real thoughts and to exert your best influence upon them?

In a few weeks they will be returning to school, going back to college. Will they be a little more out of touch with you, a little further away from you, a little more indifferent to you, because of their vacation experience? Or will they have grown closer to you as they have learned more of your love for them and your desire for their welfare and happiness?



The answers to these questions will indicate how you are attending to your business of being a father.

The relationship of father and child is one that imposes sacred obligations on the father in the rearing and training of the child. It would seem natural to assume that paternal love,

which is a natural human emotion, would of itself insure the observation of those obligations. But under modern conditions fathers have drifted quite generally into the habit of letting others look after this important duty. They have permitted themselves to become so absorbed in what they term their business, that they have neglected a vastly more important job which is definitely their own.

In too many cases the domestic training of children is completely surrendered to the mother. Their religious instruction is left in the hands of Sunday School teachers, with little or no paternal supervision. Their education is practically abandoned to the schools. No wonder that in such cases Father is a mere figure in the

background, someone who pays the bills and occasionally administers discipline with questionable judgment. It is natural that children should grow up and develop independently of, and indifferent to, paternal contacts which are so casual and incidental.

Every Dad is a hero to his son as long as he really wishes to be. There is no other person, not even the mother, who possesses the same inherent capability of moulding his boy's mind and character. It is the failure on the part of fathers to exercise that capacity with sincerity and earnestness which has relegated them to the inferior position they too often occupy in the domestic circle.

Vacation time is a wonderful period during which to be effectively active about the important business of being a father. Earnest attention to that business will produce better dividends than were ever paid in dollars and cents. A few weeks yet remain of the favorable period during which much can be done. Why not get on the job?

VISITING BROTHERS

■ There is a quite general misconception throughout the Order as to the privileges which a visiting Elk may demand as a matter of right, as distinguished from those which, although usually accorded to him, are extended purely as a fraternal courtesy. Many members assume that, by virtue of their membership, they are entitled to all the privileges of Elks Clubs, wherever conducted, as well as to those of the Lodge sessions. This is an error that sometimes leads to disappointing experiences.

Under Section 202 of the Grand Lodge Statutes, any Elk in good standing in his own Lodge has the right to be admitted to the sessions of any other Lodge, upon presentation of his membership card and proper proof of his fraternal identity. And in such meetings he enjoys all the rights that local members possess, except the right to vote and to hold office.

There is no such provision with reference to visitors to the social quarters of a sister Lodge. Those are established and maintained, under statutory authority, for the exclusive use of the Lodge's own members and under their control. And while Section 207 contains the proviso that the governing body may confer temporary privileges upon members of other Lodges, and while this is quite universally done, such privileges are granted only as an act of considerate courtesy, and are not to be demanded nor exercised as a right.

If this distinction be kept in mind, by both host and guest members, visitors will be more definitely assured of appropriate welcome; for the one will recognize the duties of hospitality and the other will be properly conscious of his status as a guest and of its attendant obligations.

It is not conducive to the most congenial atmosphere for a stranger to enter a club as if he owned it and to make use of its facilities with an air of proprietorship. With a correct appreciation of the situation he will not do this. But he will, by his manner, if not by formal expression, make suitable acknowledgment of the courtesy of which he avails himself. And this attitude is sure to win a generous and warm-hearted reception.



The Social Side of the 1931 Grand Lodge Convention

FROM the standpoint of social activity and of opportunities for recreation, entertainment and sport, it is doubtful if any previous gathering of the Elks of the nation has exceeded that incident to the Sixty-seventh annual Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle.

So many were the events, both occasional and recurrent, arranged for the visitors that the problem at almost any time during the day or the evening was not one of what to do but of which to do. Yet so thoughtfully was the schedule of diversion prepared that those who decided to forego one pleasure for another night, at another time, enjoy the first.

Because of this care in the planning of entertainment and the unusual facilities of Seattle and the country nearby for recreation, the variety of enjoyment offered was exceptional. Sightseeing jaunts, both by land and by water; fishing expeditions, dances and other entertainments; concerts and exhibitions; receptions, carnivals, and competitions, athletic and otherwise; and brilliant spectacles, the climax of which was the parade of the Order upon the final day—all followed one upon the other in swift and pleasurable succession.

Sharing in the responsibility for the success of every social activity were three elements. The first was the weather, which, like that at Atlantic City the year before, was clear and sunny throughout the period of the Convention. The second was the sincere warmth of friendship displayed by the entire citizenship of Seattle, including particularly Mayor Frank Edwards and his every official associate. The third element was the thoroughgoing work of preparation and execution on the part of the Elks Sixty-seventh National Convention Committee and the several sub-committees serving under it. Members of the Executive Committee were Arthur S. Morganstern, Chairman; J. E. Drummey, Charles D. Davis, Walter F. Meier, Peter N. Oos, E. E. Kelly, Victor Zednick and Robert S. Macfarlane. The Chairmen of the committees functioning under the authority of this directing committee were the following: Automobile, Elmo Jones; Registration, Fred Verschueren; Information, Joseph Latham; Decorations, Thomas Miles; Auditing, Henry Lochow; Drill Teams, M. M. Merrill; Bands, A. E. McBreen; Drum and Bugle Corps, A. E. McBreen; Choruses and Chanters, Frederick McGee; Naval Affairs, Ed Oliver; Convention Dances and Balls, C. D. Clinton; Concessions, Harry Wilbur; "92 Club," Henry Lochow; Golf, Harry Calohan; Bowling, Col. E. H. Vaden; Hotels and Accommodations, Arnold J. Barash; Ladies'

Theatre Party, Bruce Rose; Medical, Dr. H. J. Friedman; Trapshoot, Police Sergeant E. C. Griffin; Publicity, Leo Lassen; Fishing, William G. Long; Trip Through Locks, Art Ochsner; Trip to Bremerton, E. Prince; Speed-boat Races, Quent Williams; Side Trips, Lew Mahan; Flower, Ladies of the L. O. E.; Trip Through Public Markets, Capt. T. V. Scoones; Parade, Bert Swezea; Church Services, the Reverend T. A. Hilton; Ritualistic Contest, Elkan Morganstern; Visiting Automobiles, L. Roe; Past Exalted Rulers, Ed F. White; and Motorcycle Escort, Owen McGill.

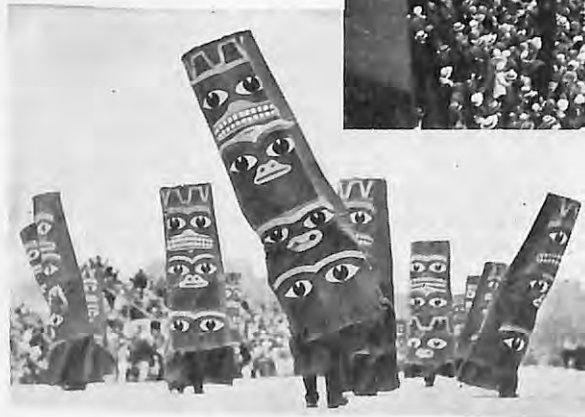
Prominent among the many events arranged through the able services of the Committees were those of daily occurrence. These included both morning and afternoon automobile tours of the city and the points of interest nearby. These brief trips, planned in co-operation with the Automobile Club of Washington, began at the Home of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, and included glimpses of the boulevards of the city, the waterfront and the campus of the University of Washington. Twice daily, too, there were sightseeing journeys by water, one from Puget Sound through the Government locks into Lake Washington; and another from Madison Park through Lake Union, the Canal and the Government locks. A third and special trip was arranged for Wednesday, July 8, to Bremerton, for an inspection of the Puget Sound Navy Yard. In addition to these short marine tours, opportunity was provided, every day from mid-morning until late in the afternoon, for visitors to go aboard the several battleships anchored in the Sound. For the Elks and their wives who preferred to remain in the city, Seattle Lodge held open house all day and, upon two evenings, gave dances for all uniformed bodies attending the Convention. There were also presented

nightly at the Elks Stamping Ground, in Seattle, a celebration and a carnival for visitors preferring out-of-door entertainment.

The official opening of the Convention, reported in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, took place at the Civic Auditorium on the evening of July 6. But events related to the national meeting of the Order preceded this by a day or more. Early in the morning of July 4, Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, accompanied by his Secretary, Gurney Afflerbach, Past Exalted Ruler of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, arrived in the city. He was met by a distinguished delegation of Elks which included Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, W. W. Mountain, Charles H. Grakelow and Walter P. Andrews; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Grand Chaplain, the Reverend Dr. John Dysart; and Grand Trustee John K. Burch. After welcoming Mr. Rupp, this group escorted him to the Grand Lodge headquarters at the Olympic Hotel. Soon there-



The parade (above) passing through the downtown streets of Seattle. At the left is the delegation of marchers from Alaskan Lodges, given honorable mention for merit in costumes; and at the bottom of the page is the float of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, winner of first prize



PHOTOS BY WALTER F. MILLER

after, however, the chief executive of the Order left the hotel to witness Seattle's Fourth of July Parade, a part of the celebration held under the auspices of the American Legion. During a later part of the exercises, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a patriotic address. As a sequel to this event, there took place in the evening a display of fireworks in the stadium of the University of Washington. The Band and the Drill Team of Seattle Lodge participated prominently in this exhibition.

Sunday, the day following, was one noteworthy for the stream of arrivals which poured in from every part of the country. In special trains from several States, in smaller groups upon the regular trains, in automobiles and by airplane, Elks

thronged into the city. Two noteworthy units which arrived by motor were the three cars constituting THE ELKS MAGAZINE Good-will Fleet and the four hundred automobiles which made up the California Elks Caravan. The drivers of the Good-will Fleet, Joseph Downing, E. C. O'Donnell and Harry K. Maples, were welcomed to Seattle by Mayor Edwards, to whom was delivered a message from Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York. When the Caravan arrived, escorted into the city by State highway patrolmen and Seattle traffic-police officers, it was met by Governor Roland H. Hartley, of Washington; by Mayor Edwards and by the Band, the Drill Team, and the "92 Greeters" of Seattle Lodge. In command of the Caravan, which made the long journey up from Los Angeles without a single mishap, were Casey Brain, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, and Capt. Harry Comber of the San Clemente, Calif.,

well, Grand Tiler L. F. McCreedy, Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Grand Chaplain, the Reverend John Dysart.

Early in the afternoon the National Ritualistic Championship Contest was held at the Elks Home in Seattle. A complete account of this competition appeared in the August issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. It was contained in the report to the Grand Lodge of David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

The principal event of the evening, following the ceremonies at the Civic Auditorium marking the official opening of the Convention, was the reception to Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp in the Spanish ballroom of the Olympic Hotel. The affair was a public one, and attending it, to welcome the head of the Order, were officials of the Army and the Navy, Governor Hartley and other representatives of the State; Mayor Edwards and members of his administration; and the



WALTER P. MILLER

The Drill Team of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge (above), winner of the national championship for organizations of its kind. At the left is the Drum and Bugle Corps of Butte, Mont., Lodge, another championship group



police force. In the afternoon, many of the Elks and their families, who had arrived on Saturday or Sunday, attended special all-Elks service at the First Presbyterian Church, conducted under the direction of the Reverend Mark A. Matthews. Upon Sunday, too, began in force the registration of visitors. Delegates and other Grand Lodge members registered at Grand Lodge headquarters at the Olympic Hotel. Other members of the Order, together with their families, were formally recorded as present at the Fraser-Peterson Building.

Upon Monday morning, July 6, competition in three sporting events began. First of these contests was the golf tournament, which included play for the championship trophy donated by Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, the four-man team championship, and individual handicap contests. Play was held upon the course of the Inglewood, the Olympic and the Rainier Country Clubs. A second important event was the Elks National Trapshoot, held at the Seattle Gun Club; and a third was the Elks Sweepstakes Bowling Tournament, held upon the alleys of the Home of Seattle Lodge.

An event of unusual interest to take place at noon upon the same day was a luncheon given by Admiral J. V. Chase upon the U. S. S. Texas, flagship of the battle fleet in Puget Sound, to Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, the Past Grand Exalted Rulers attending the Convention, and a number of Grand Lodge officers. Present as the guests of the Admiral were, in addition to Mr. Rupp, Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Raymond Benjamin, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, W. W. Mountain, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley and Walter P. Andrews; Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Leonard R. Ellis, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight J. T. Farrer; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Max-



WALTER P. MILLER
The Band of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, awarded first place in the Class A band contest



WALTER P. MILLER
The Band of Everett, Wash., Lodge, winner of first prize in the Class B contest

President and other officers of the Chamber of Commerce, in addition to a host of members of the Fraternity.

The competitions of a fraternal nature took place during the forenoon of the following day, July 7. These were the contests for drill teams and for drum and bugle corps. They were held at the Civic Auditorium Field, with the Drill Team and the Drum and Bugle Corps of Seattle Lodge acting as a guard of honor. First place and the national championship in the drill-team contest went to the representatives of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6. The Drill Team of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, took second honors. Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415, was third; and Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, fourth. In the drum-and-bugle corps com-

petition, Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240, was declared champion. Second place went to Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823. The judges for the drill-team contest were Col. J. B. W. Corey, U. S. A. (retired); Lieut.-Col. David A. Maurier, Assistant Chief of Staff, 96th Division; and Lieut.-Col. Wilmer B. Brinton, Q. M. C., Reserve. Those who decided upon the awards in the competition among drum and bugle corps were Albert P. Adams, director of the Municipal Park Band; H. A. Pelletier, President of the Seattle Musicians Association; Clyde Morris, of the Bethlehem Commandery; A. L. Cleveland, of the Seattle Symphony Orchestra; and Capt. John L. Stoddard, of the 146th Field Artillery.

Soon after noon a musical event of unusual interest was held in the Civic Auditorium, when a concert of massed bands, totaling 1,500 pieces, broadcast a program through Station KOMO over the coast-to-coast network of the National Broadcasting Company. The concert, under the direction of Edward J. Carey, conductor of the Seattle Lodge Band, was extraordinarily impressive.

Hardly was it terminated when, at the Civic Auditorium Field near by, the band contest among Lodges was begun. This comprised two classes of contestants: Class A, for bands of thirty-five pieces or more; and Class B, for smaller units. In the Class A competition, the Band of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, proved victorious; and in the Class B, that of Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, with the Band of Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168, second. The judges were those who had served earlier at the drum-and-bugle corps contest. The Chairman of the contest was Edward J. Carey, conductor of No. 92's Band.

Spectacular and sporting events were a prominent part of the rest of the day. In the afternoon, and again in the evening, there was presented at Boeing Field an air circus. In this fifty planes participated, giving demonstrations of skill and daring which comprised parachute jumps, a 200-mile speed flight and, after dark and with the assistance of floodlights, a sham battle in the air. The airplanes were constituents of the Pacific Northwest Air Tour Circus which, with the exhibition at Seattle, concluded a ten-day tour of fifteen cities of Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

While the aviators were maneuvering after dark, there were held, for those of the Elks who preferred athletic exhibitions, two events of interest. The one was a wrestling show in the Ice Arena of the Civic Auditorium, and the other

was a night baseball game at the Rainier Valley Ball Park. Both affairs drew an ample crowd of enthusiasts.

These entertainments followed a speedboat regatta in the afternoon, at Green Lake, where both amateur and professional drivers of craft, equipped with both inboard and outboard motors, competed. This aquatic carnival was sponsored jointly by Seattle Lodge and by the Seattle Outboard Association.

The evening saw, in addition to the athletic events, two occasions of especial interest from a social standpoint. The first of these was a banquet to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, given by Elks from the State of Pennsylvania and held in the Spanish ballroom of the Olympic Hotel. The second was the Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball, at the Civic Auditorium; and this was a particularly brilliant affair, bright with the uniforms of officers of the Army and the Navy, with the colorful costumes of special delegations of visiting Elks and the smart gowns of the ladies accompanying them. Music for the ball was provided by the Band of Seattle Lodge. The sole interruption in the gaiety was the rendering of the Eleven O'clock Toast, pronounced by Past Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871.

Activities began unusually early upon the morning of the following day, July 8. The first pleasant affair was a breakfast given by the Olympic Breakfast Club at the Civic Auditorium. Four hundred members of the Order, many of them accompanied by their wives, were the guests. In addition to their enjoyment of a splendid breakfast, those in attendance had the pleasure of hearing music by the Band of Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 194, selections on the harp by Miss Ruth Osborn Boyer, serenades by "The Blue Mountain Wranglers" from La Grande, Ore., Lodge, No. 433; and a highly interesting address by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James A. Farley of New York. A. J. Ritchie acted most ably as master of ceremonies during the breakfast.

The afternoon of the day also was eventful. Beginning at noon and continuing at frequent intervals during the next several hours, serenades were played by Elks bands before newspaper offices and in a number of different sections of the city. A special occasion for the ladies at the Convention was a theatre party at the Fifth Avenue Theatre soon after luncheon. The evening brought both indoor and outdoor entertainment. Boxing bouts were presented in the Ice Arena of the Civic Auditorium and later in the evening there was a dance at the Eagles' Hall, held through the courtesy of Seattle Aerie, No. 1, F. O. E. Not long after nightfall, on Montlake Canal, a water carnival, which included a spectacular illuminated boat parade, took place. Thousands along the shores of the canal were thrilled by the brilliant beauty of the sight.

This same day, Wednesday, found all the results of the sporting events of the Convention



The crack Drill Team of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, marching smartly in the parade

recorded. These were the Elks National Trapshoot, the Elks National 54-hole Golf Tournament and the Elks Sweepstakes Bowling Tournament.

Play in the golf tournament, beginning Monday morning, continued throughout the day and the following morning, whereafter those entrants whose scores qualified them for a chance to win the individual championship and the John J. Doyle Trophy continued for a third round of 18 holes on Tuesday afternoon. In addition to the competition for this trophy there were contests in four subordinate classes and a four-man team competition. One hundred and eighty-seven golfers in all were entered.

The national title and the Doyle trophy went to Jack S. Gaines, of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, with a total score of 222 for 54 holes. Mr. Gaines's victory was won virtually in his first round of play when he turned in a card of 71, or two strokes under the par for the course. Chuck Hunter, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174, finished second, only two strokes behind the winner; and Fay Coleman, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, was third, with a total of 226.

Glendale, Calif., Lodge's four-man team repeated its victory of last year at Atlantic City by turning in the best aggregate score, 951 for thirty-six holes at Seattle. The players were Wilbur Johnson, Russell and Harold Thompson and Mr. Gaines, the national champion. Tacoma, Wash., Lodge's quartet won second prize, with Mr. Hunter, runner-up to Mr.

Gaines; William Yost, Ray Roberts and Sterling Cox composing the team.

Results of the handicap matches were as follows: Class A (handicap)—Won by Ray Roberts, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge; second, Hugh Baird, Seattle, Wash., Lodge; third, Wilbur Johnson, Glendale, Calif., Lodge; Class B (handicap)—Won by H. L. Maier, The Dalles, Ore., Lodge, No. 303; second, L. Chambers, The Dalles Lodge; third, Walter R. Swaug, Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514; Class C; scores net)—Won by A. Goldman; second, I. L. Boling; third, C. B. Fitzgerald, all of Seattle Lodge; Class D (scores net)—Won by H. D. LaSelle, Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593; second, C. J. Helgeland, Seattle Lodge; third, Jack Rohowitz, Seattle Lodge.

Competition in the Elks National Trapshoot at the Seattle Gun Club began Monday afternoon, July 6. It followed immediately the conclusion of a meet for the members of the North Division of the Pacific Interstate Trapshoot Association; and there was a friendly relationship between the two events. This manifested itself in the offering by the Elks, on



Monday morning, the final period of the Association's shoot, of a series of trophies for a special contest among the Association's gunners. Several of these, members of the Order, later competed in the Elks trapshoot.

The events in the Elks National Trapshoot comprised the national singles championship, national handicap, national women's singles, national doubles, and all-around.

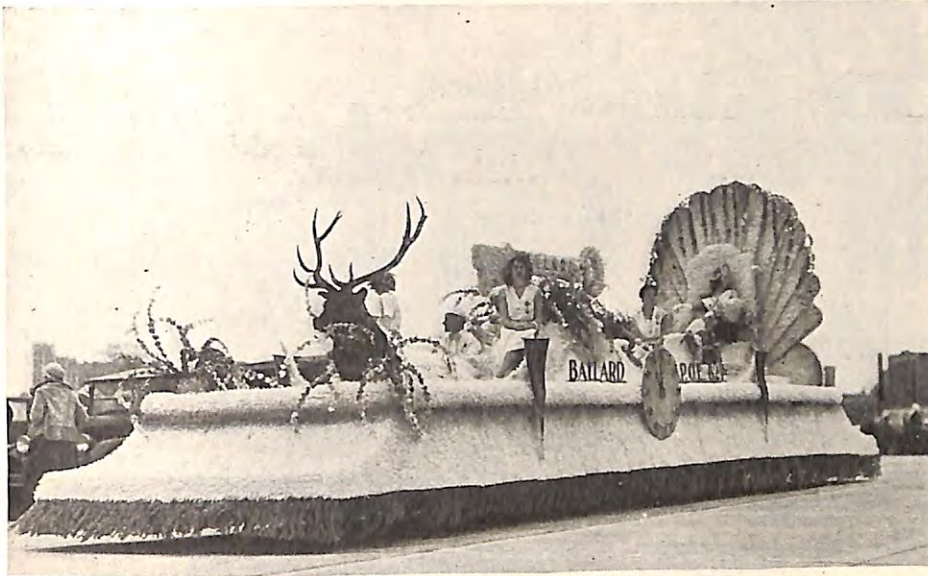
To gunners from Washington went three of the titles, as well as a tie for first place in another event. Harry B. Quick, of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge, No. 1374, won the national singles, calling for 100 targets at sixteen years, with a score of 90. In the national handicap, Henry L. Kath, of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827, proved victorious with a score of 92; and in the national women's singles, Mrs. Eddie Bauer, of Seattle, lead the field with a score of 95; and Eddie

Jack Gaines (at the left), with the John J. Doyle trophy, which he won. At the right, Ray Roberts, of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, first in the Class A handicap; and at the extreme right, Harold L. Maier, of The Dalles, Ore., Lodge, Class B winner



At the right, the four-man team of Glendale, Calif., Lodge, golf champions of the Order this year as well as last. They are, from left to right: Jack Gaines, Wilbur Johnson, Harold Thompson and Russell Thompson

PHOTO BY WALTER F. MILLER



The float of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, in the parade. It won second prize

motorcycle police and State highway patrolmen, followed by a body of mounted police in special purple-and-white uniforms in honor of the Order. At the head of the members of the fraternity first came Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Grand Marshal of the parade; his chief of staff, Bert L. Swezea, of Seattle Lodge; and the staff, including Major J. J. Sullivan, of Seattle Lodge, Aide to the Chief of Staff; M. F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, Aide to the Chief; and Monroe Goldstein, of Los Angeles Lodge, Executive Secretary to the Grand Esquire. The Navy Band marched with them.

The newly-elected Grand Exalted Ruler, John R. Coen, and his immediate predecessor, Lawrence H. Rupp, were next in line; followed by the Past Grand Exalted Rulers and the Grand Lodge officers.

Thereafter marched the forty-nine delegations of Elks representing subordinate Lodges and States. They were, in the order of their positions: Seattle Lodge, No. 92; New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3; Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174; Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34; the State of New Jersey; Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22; Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge, No. 1415; Puyallup, Wash., Lodge, No. 1450; Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142; Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482; the Territory of Alaska; Rochester, Minn., Lodge, No. 1091; Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6; Port Angeles, Wash., Lodge, No. 353, with the band from the U. S. S. *Maryland*; Grants Pass, Ore., Lodge, No. 1584; Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827; Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99; Anaconda, Mont., Lodge, No. 239; Astoria, Ore., Lodge, No. 180; Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266; the State of Colorado; Bremerton, Wash., Lodge, No. 1181; with the massed bands of the U. S. S. *Idaho*, *Tennessee*, and *West Virginia*; Aberdeen, Wash., Lodge, No. 593; Butte, Mont., Lodge, No. 240; Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378; Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479; Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85; Billings, Mont., Lodge, No. 394; Raymond, Wash., Lodge, No. 1292; Bellingham, Wash., Lodge, No. 104; Boise, Idaho, Lodge, No. 310; Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228; Olympia, Wash., Lodge, No. 186; Dillon, Mont., Lodge, No. 1554; Medford, Ore., Lodge, No. 1168; Oregon City, Ore., Lodge, No. 1189; Chehalis, Wash., Lodge, No. 1374; Walla Walla, Wash., Lodge, No. 287; Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186; Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336; Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823; the State of Texas; and Ellensburg, Wash., Lodge, No. 1102. The decorated floats came next in line.

Bauer, of Seattle Lodge, tied with Frank H. Troeh, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142, for first place in all-around scoring. Mr. Troeh, however, won the doubles. The five-man team championship was won by Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge, No. 896, with a total score of 459 targets broken out of a possible 500. Members of the victorious team were Guy Chiesemen, 96 targets; C. A. Galloway, 94; S. Stonebraker, and Norman Wann, each with 93; and J. L. Crawford, 83. Second in this competition was Team No. 2 of Seattle Lodge, with Matt Grossman, 95; W. H. Carsten, 94; Paul Barber, 93; William Warner, 89; and George Hambricht, 87; a total of 458; and in third place was Team No. 1 of Seattle Lodge, with Eddie Bauer, 96; Mrs. Bauer, 95; Ike Fisher, 92; and E. A. Dever and E. C. Griffin, each with 86; a total of 455.

In the preliminary shoot, that among the Pacific Interstate Trapshoot Association gunners who were members of the Order, or associated with members, the results were:

Class A singles, won by Frank H. Troeh, of Portland; Class B singles, won by Dr. B. J. West, of Puyallup; Class C singles, won by W. W. Council, of Juneau,

On Thursday, July 9, the final day of the convention, the principal event was the parade of members of the Order. Except for two other incidents, a tour of the city during the forenoon by the "99 Chanters," of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, who sang several selections at the Orthopaedic Hospital, at newspaper offices and at other places; and the informal farewell dance for all Elks in the Spanish ballroom of the Olympic Hotel in the evening, the procession of Grand Lodge officers and delegations representing subordinate Lodges was the center of all interest.

The day of the parade marked the achievement of the highest peak in registration of Elks. The total number present at that time, according to figures issued by Arthur S. Morganstern, Chairman of the Convention Executive Committee, was 20,720.

A large percentage of this number formed early in the afternoon for the start, at three o'clock, of the splendid and well-trained procession through the principal streets of Seattle, between long lines of cheering thousands of onlookers. It was estimated that there were more than 8,000 marchers, including the members of twenty-two bands, nine drill teams, four bodies of chanters and sixteen drum and bugle corps. In addition, seventeen strikingly decorated floats, two of which carried orchestras, were in line.

As the spectacular procession moved through the streets, it was preceded by an escort of

For excellence in the parade prizes were awarded. First honors for decorated floats was won by Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, whose exhibit was a giant Indian war canoe, bearing sixteen girl paddlers and a giant steersman. Second came the float of Ballard, Wash., Lodge. Winners
(Continued on page 56)



PHOTOS BY WALTER P. MILLER

Harry B. Quick, of Chehalis, Wash., Lodge (at the left of the page), receives the cup emblematic of the national singles championship. Directly at the left: Frank H. Troeh, of Portland, Ore., Lodge, doubles winner; at the right, Henry L. Kath, of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, winner of the national handicap

Alaska; Class D singles, won by E. A. Dever, of Seattle; and doubles, won by Frank H. Troeh, of Portland.

Four events were contested in the Elks Sweepstakes Bowling Tournament, held at the alleys of the Home of Seattle Lodge: singles, doubles, and five-man team competitions. O. White, of Port Angeles, Wash., Lodge, No. 353, won first place in the singles, with 594 pins. In the doubles, Roy W. Stokes and George A. Kidd, of Seattle Lodge, with a total of 1,237 pins, emerged the victors. The five-man team competition was won by Port Angeles Lodge, with a total of 2,757 pins. Members of the teams were, J. H. Wright, Cleve Durkee, J. B. Cashman, C. G. Coolidge and O. White.



The champion five-man team (left), of Lewiston, Ida., Lodge. From left to right, its members are: J. R. Crawford, Sumner Stonebraker, C. A. Galloway, Norman Wann, and Guy Chiesemen





The gathering, including Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, at the laying of the cornerstone of the new Home of San Fernando, Calif., Lodge

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Calls on Members of Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

GRAND Exalted Ruler John R. Coen recently made one of the first official subordinate Lodge visitations of his administration, when he called upon Pasadena, Calif., Lodge, No. 672. Mr. Coen was guest of honor early in the evening at a banquet at the Hotel Vista del Arroyo. Among the 200 guests assembled at this affair were many notables, including Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy B. Witman; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Hal Reynolds; Horace S. Williamson, President, Newton M. Todd, Vice-President, and Richard C. Benbough, Secretary, of the California State Elks Association; and Superior Court Judge Marshall F. McComb, of Los Angeles. Exalted Ruler Eldon J. Fairbanks presided at the dinner, with Past Exalted Ruler Russell A. Stapleton acting as master of ceremonies. At the conclusion of the banquet the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Lodge Home where, on the lawn, the Lodge band played a selection in token of welcome. The Drill Team of No. 672 then formed a guard of honor to conduct Mr. Coen to the Lodge room where 700 Elks from Pasadena and many other Lodges in southern California were assembled to greet him. The high point among the meeting's many inspiring events was the Grand Exalted Ruler's address. He left Pasadena the following day for his home in Sterling, Colo.

Members of Eustis, Fla., Lodge Equip Bathing Beach for Children

In addition to their contribution to the charity fund of Eustis, Fla., Lodge, No. 1578, a few of its members subscribed not long ago several hundred dollars for the improvement of a bathing beach for the enjoyment of children of their city. The site is at Lake Joanna, and there the Elks have had built picnic tables, Dutch ovens and water equipment. Since the institution of these facilities, it has been a common sight to find between fifty and one hundred and fifty Eustis youngsters at the beach during the day.

San Fernando, Calif., Lodge Lays Cornerstone of \$65,000 Home

In the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and before a throng estimated at 2,000 persons, San Fernando, Calif., Lodge, No. 1539, recently laid the cornerstone of its new \$65,000 Home. A dinner, at which the San Fernando Elks were hosts to visiting notables of the Order, and a parade preceded the ceremony incident to the formal beginning of building. The evening concluded with a buffet supper. Outstanding among the elements of the program of exercises was a stimulating speech by the Grand Exalted Ruler. He was introduced by Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, the master of ceremonies for the evening. Mr. Doyle earlier was presented to the audience by Exalted Ruler

T. W. Binda, of San Fernando Lodge, who, with its other officers, conducted the ceremonies of laying the cornerstone. An address of welcome by Mayor J. O. Maclay and a program of music by the band of Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, were other incidents of note. Among the guests present upon the occasion was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. The parade to the new Home included, besides a majority of the membership of San Fernando Lodge, officers of the Grand Lodge and of neighboring subordinate Lodges, the Drum and Bugle Corps of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888, the Band and the Drill Team of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, the Drum Corps of Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613; and delegations representing Glendale Lodge and Burbank Lodge, No. 1497.

Past Exalted Ruler Falkenbury, of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, Is Honored

For distinguished service rendered to the Order, Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, recently presented to Past Exalted Ruler Samuel E. Falkenbury, upon the eve of his departure to reside in Cleveland, O., an honorary life membership. The award was made at a banquet in Mr. Falkenbury's honor. Besides having been head of his Lodge, Mr. Falkenbury is a charter member and holds the Lodge's attendance record, with but three absences in the nineteen years of his membership.

Waukegan, Ill., Elks Are Guests Of Great Lakes Naval Station

Members of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, many of them accompanied by friends, were the guests a short time ago of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Entertainment consisted of a program of excellent boxing bouts in the drill hall of the Station and an informal social gathering later, when a buffet supper was served. This event was but one of a number of

unusually enjoyable affairs participated in recently by the Waukegan Elks. A second was a golf tournament at the Fox Lake Golf and Country Club and a dinner thereafter, at which five hundred persons were present.

Superior, Wis., Lodge Opens Indoor Golf-Training School in Home

Superior, Wis., Lodge, No. 403, recently installed an indoor golf training school in its Home. The equipment consists of four driving nets and nine putting greens. The school is run under the capable supervision of a professional. It will be open during the entire winter.

Rochester, N. Y., Elks Entertain Nine Hundred Orphans

Over nine hundred orphans of Rochester, N. Y., recently enjoyed a day's outing and entertainment under the supervision of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Rochester Lodge, No. 24. The Elks transported the children to and from the baseball park where the youngsters saw the Rochester baseball team play Reading. During an intermission in the game a boxing bout between four-year old twins provided additional entertainment. Throughout the afternoon the children enjoyed refreshments.

Oil Belt Elks Association Meets At Sweetwater, Tex., Lodge

At a recent meeting of the Oil Belt Elks Association, of Texas, held at the Home of Sweetwater Lodge, No. 1257, there were in attendance about fifty visitors representing Breckenridge, Cisco and Ranger Lodges. Among the distinguished guests present upon the occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Jack Burke; and President Harry A. Logsdon, of the Texas State Elks Association.



The golf school recently installed in the Home of Superior, Wis., Lodge



The new Florence Crittenden Home at Chattanooga, Tenn. It was erected at a cost of \$27,000, under the auspices and direction of Chattanooga Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler J. P. Majors, of Sweetwater Lodge, welcomed the visitors on behalf of the Lodge. Responses were made by Past Exalted Rulers of each of the Lodges represented at the meeting. During the course of the business session the delegates chose Cisco as the place for the next meeting of the Association.

Warning Issued Against H. H. Schenck, Former Summit, N. J., Elk

Daniel J. Kerns, Secretary of Summit, N. J., Lodge, No. 1246, has requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to warn Secretaries of other Lodges against a former member of Summit Lodge, H. H. Schenck, who has, according to a report from another Lodge, cashed worthless checks. Schenck, member No. 363 of No. 1246, was dropped from its rolls in 1923, but a notice sent out by Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge, No. 23, asserts that recently he appeared there, representing himself as still a member of Summit Lodge. In the event of any Elk's knowing of the present whereabouts of Schenck, it is urged that he communicate with Mr. Kerns or with Harry J. Schaefer, auditor of the Buffalo Elks Home.

John Jay Curtis, of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, Dies; Noted Publisher

John Jay Curtis, charter member and life member of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, and, since 1926, President of the book publishing firm, the Bobbs-Merrill Company, died recently of pneumonia in the Methodist Hospital in Indianapolis at the age of seventy-four. Born in Johnson County, Indiana, January 21, 1857, Mr. Curtis was graduated from Northwestern Christian University, now known as Butler University, and soon thereafter entered the firm he later was to head, then Bowen, Stewart and Company. His career as a publisher was outstanding. To him has been given the credit for the discovery of Charles Major and for the origin of the title of that author's celebrated novel, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." He

was noted, too, for his innovation of the use of brightly colored book-jackets as an adjunct to book advertising. These and other manifestations of ability won for him a steady advance in his company until, five years ago, he became its chief. He had, in 1920, for the benefit of its motion picture interests, established a branch of his concern in Hollywood, and in that city he resided. Organizations of which Mr. Curtis was a member, in addition to the Order of Elks, included the Veterans of the Indianapolis Light Infantry, Sons of the Revolution, the Masons, the Players Club of New York City and the Hollywood Country Club. His widow, Mrs. Bertha Justine Curtis, survives him. To her, to Mr. Curtis's host of friends both within and without the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its heartfelt sympathy for their loss.

Floral Display in San Francisco Park Greets Visiting Elks

In token of a greeting to Elks visiting San Francisco after the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle, the gardeners of Golden Gate Park in the Californian city arranged not long ago a specially designed bed of flowers, a prominent part of which was the words "Welcome, B. P. O. E." The background of the design was purple. Against this was set a white-and-red star. Smaller units of flowers of many different colors completed the exceptionally attractive display.

Panama Canal Zone Elks Hosts to Visitors Returning from Seattle

For an entire day and an evening, the members of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, were hosts to several hundred Elks and their families when the steamship *California*, bearing them homeward from the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle, passed through the Isthmus. The visitors were met at the dock by a delegation of welcome comprising Richard M. Davies, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Past Exalted Ruler Robert W. Glaw

and Esteemed Loyal Knight W. C. Friday, of No. 1414; as well as by members of Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542. Nearby, awaiting the guests, were seventy-two automobiles and in these they were driven for a tour of Old and New Panama and the Canal Zone. Luncheon, with music and dancing, followed. At this, addresses of welcome were made by Exalted Ruler Charles F. Magee, of No. 1414. The festivities lasted until well into the afternoon. In the evening came the climax to the round of entertainment, a banquet at the Miramar Club. Six hundred persons attended, among them sixty-five members of No. 1542, and many personages of importance in governmental circles, as well as in the Order. The notables included President Ricardo J. Alfaro, of the Republic of Panama, and Mrs. Alfaro; Honorable Roy T. Davis, American Minister to Panama, and Mrs. Davis, Governor Harry Burgess and Mrs. Burgess; Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and Mrs. Fanning; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Lang Wardlaw. The toastmaster was Mr. Davies. He introduced as speakers President Alfaro, Mr. Davis, Governor Burgess and Mr. Fanning. Dancing in the ballroom of the club ensued after the conclusion of the banquet.

Watervliet, N. Y., Elks Bowling Team Presents Cup to Lodge

At a banquet held recently in Utica, N. Y., for the members of the champion team of the State Elks Bowling League, that of Watervliet Lodge, No. 1500, the cup, which the team had won in May of this year, was presented to the Lodge. The presentation was made by Thomas Thorns, jr., captain of the team, to Exalted Ruler William S. J. Shanahan, of the Lodge. The Watervliet team were inter-sectional pennant winners of the New York State Northeast District for two successive years, 1929-30 and 1930-31. The same players won the city championship, defeating those of the Watervliet Masons. Following the banquet and presentation exercises there took place a reception, smoker, supper and entertainment.

Bergenfield, N. J., Elks Give Their First Crippled Children's Outing

Under the direction of its Crippled Children's Committee, Bergenfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 1477, recently sponsored its first crippled children's outing. The youngsters were taken from the Home of the Lodge in a special bus, under police escort, to the Palisades Park, at Fort Lee. There they received tickets for free rides on many concessions. Box lunches, made up by the ladies of the Doe League, provided refreshments.

New Orleans, La., Elks Hold Weekly Dinner and Luncheon Meetings

In order to promote further good-fellowship among the members of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, the officers recently inaugurated a regular Saturday evening dinner-dance on the roof of the Home and a Wednesday luncheon club. Both these affairs have proved to be very popular and each is attaining its intended end.

Three Brothers Initiated Into Denver, Colo., Lodge

Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, at one of its regular meetings recently, initiated three brothers. They were Carl F. Lawrence R., and William R. Kobel.

Two Past Exalted Rulers of Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge, Die

Past Exalted Rulers Jesse L. Page and Allyn B. Hart, of Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, for a long time prominent and active in the affairs of the Lodge, died recently at their homes. This double loss followed closely upon the tragic deaths of Exalted Ruler Harvey Breeze and Past Exalted Ruler William A. Bryant, who were drowned in the Ohio River a short time ago, as reported in the August number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. All four of the late officers were men of high standing in the community and of prominence in the affairs of the Lodge.



The floral display in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, arranged in honor of visiting members of the Order returning from the Grand Lodge Convention



Golfers of Richmond, Ind., and Greenville, O., Lodges, at the tournament held recently upon the links of the Richmond Elks Golf Club

Their active interest in the welfare of No. 277 brought them into constant touch with their fellow members. Seldom did they miss a regular meeting. To the families surviving Past Exalted Rulers Page and Hart, and to the many members of Mt. Vernon Lodge who have suffered greatly with the shock of their recent tragedies, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to express its deepest sympathy.

Many Orphans Are Entertained at Outing by Glen Cove, N. Y., Elks

Under the supervision of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Glen Cove, N. Y. Lodge, No. 1458, over a hundred and fifty children from the Syosset Orphans' Home recently were guests of the Lodge on a day's outing. A program of entertainment, athletic games and a luncheon filled a very busy and happy afternoon for the youngsters. Three large buses and a number of private cars called for the children at Syosset and returned them late in the afternoon to the orphans' home.

Charles Lederman, Senior Past Exalted Ruler of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, Dies

Charles Lederman, first Exalted Ruler of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, one of its founders, and a life member, died recently in the Radium Hospital in Columbus, after a sudden illness. He was eighty years old. Coming to Marion from Germany as a young man, Mr. Lederman rapidly established himself successfully in business and soon thereafter became interested in organizing an Elks Lodge in Marion. Together with several associates, he helped to obtain a charter for Marion Lodge, the thirty-second in the Order. Mr. Lederman was well loved and respected in his city and held among his friends many men prominent in both civic and fraternal affairs in the State of Ohio.

Thousand Members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, Attend Bouts

One thousand members of Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, witnessed a program of boxing bouts, held recently in the auditorium of the Home. The matches were staged in a new portable ring which had been built especially for the occasion by a member of the Lodge. During the bouts refreshments and cigars and cigarettes were served free of charge to the members. The affair was pronounced a huge success.

Hudson, Wis., Elks Mourn Death Of Past Exalted Ruler King

Members of Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, are mourning the loss of Dr. C. F. King, Past Exalted Ruler, Past Chaplain, Charter Member and Honorary Life Member of the Lodge, who died recently at his home in Hudson. With Dr. King's passing, the Lodge feels that it has been bereft of one of the most active and sincerely devoted members it has held since its institution thirty years ago.

Car Stolen from New Smyrna, Fla., Elk; Reward Offered by Owner

Fifty dollars has been offered as a reward by F. B. Olcott, of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, to any one giving information leading to the recovery of a Chevrolet sedan automobile, stolen from New Smyrna recently. The car bore

the license number 313995, Florida. It is a 1931 model, with dark green body and dark green wheels, and carries Elks and W.O.W. emblems on the radiator. There is a silver tire-cover on the spare. The mileage registered when last seen was 1,000. The engine number is 2355016 and the serial number is 12E11482. It is requested that information be wired to J. B. White, Chief of Police, New Smyrna, Fla.

San Francisco, Calif., Elks Welcome Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning

When Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning stopped at San Francisco, Calif., en route to the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle recently, he was greeted by a large delegation of the members and a Special Reception Committee of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3. The group included Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Past President John J. Lermen, of the California State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler Arthur Heinz, Past Exalted Ruler Oliver D. Flahavan and Mayor Angelo J. Rossi, of San Francisco Lodge.

Juneau, Alaska, Lodge Entertains Pennsylvania Elks on Tour

Seventy-one Elks from the State of Pennsylvania, many of them accompanied by members of their families, were the guests a short time ago

of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420. Their visit came in the course of their voyage to Skagway, after the conclusion of the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle. When the steamer docked at Juneau, a delegation of members of No. 420, headed by Exalted Ruler Martin S. Jorgensen, Mayor Thomas B. Judson and Chief of Police George Getchell, met the Pennsylvanians and escorted them to the Lodge Home. There a reception was held and later an informal dance. In the course of the second event, John F. Nugent, Past President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, delivered the Eleven O'Clock Toast.

Boys' Baseball Team of Pekin, Ill., Lodge Again City Champions

For the second successive season, the Junior Elks Baseball Team sponsored by Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, recently won the championship of its city. The youngsters, all within the ages prescribed by the American Legion National Baseball Tournament, ended their season with 31 victories and 3 defeats.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge Cares For Sixty Children at Health Camp

Sixty undernourished boys and girls, of ages ranging from six to twelve years, have been the guests of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No.



Within this substantial building in the heart of the business district of Marion, O., is the Home of Lodge No. 32, one of the most active in its State

275. during the summer at the Elks Health Camp, at Freedom Plains, near Poughkeepsie. The camp, equipped by the Lodge and conducted by the Dutchess County Tubercular Association, affords every natural aid for the recuperation of health and strength. Wholesome, airy sleeping quarters; food of a sound and carefully prepared nature; and recreational facilities for water sports and games are found there. The results of only a week's residence at the camp show that in every single instance the children have gained weight.

Tablet in Memory of Colonel James Hollis Wells Is Unveiled

The Veterans Association of the 71st Infantry Regiment of the National Guard of New York unveiled recently a memorial tablet, in the armory, in memory of the regiment's former commanding officer, Colonel James Hollis Wells, who died in 1926. Colonel Wells, during the construction of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, served as an advisory architect to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission.

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen Visits Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge

Accompanied by Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen recently paid an informal visit to the Home of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906. Although his stay was not a long one, the Grand Exalted Ruler, escorted by Past Exalted Ruler Milton D. Gardner of Santa Monica Lodge, made a thorough inspection of the Lodge. Before Mr. Coen left for a tour of other Lodges in the vicinity of No. 906, he was entertained at a luncheon at the Home.

Newark, O., Lodge Gives Band Concert for Children in Home

For the entertainment of the seventy-eight young inmates of the city's Children's Home, Newark, O., Lodge, No. 391, gave a band concert a short time ago, accompanied by a distribution of toys and refreshments. The instrumental music, by the Elks-Buckeye Orchestra, under the auspices of the Lodge, was supplemented by several vocal solos. The scene during the concert, with the grounds especially illuminated for the occasion, was an exceptionally bright and cheery one.

Visiting Elks at Convention Rescue Sinking Boat

A number of Elks from Boston Mass., Lodge, No. 10, and Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, attending the Grand Lodge Convention recently, helped rescue a sinking yacht on Lake Washington, near Seattle. The incident occurred during a sightseeing cruise, on which the Elks were guests of Adolph D. Schmidt, managing



One of the first official visits of his administration, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen (fourth from the left in the front row) calls upon Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

director of the New Washington Hotel, and owner of the rescuing vessel. Mr. Schmidt sighted the yacht in distress, and he and his guests performed the difficult feat of towing the fast-sinking boat ashore. The Elks on board the hotel manager's craft were Henry C. Hoyt and C. J. Hancock, of Boston; and Ira Unger, Joseph Peek, Louis Brinkman, A. L. Van Wansella, Lorne Hagen, William J. Fleischmann and Andrew Murdock, of Detroit.

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Adds Fifty-nine to Its Membership

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, initiated recently one of the largest classes in its history, a group of fifty-nine. Twenty-one of the initiates were police traffic officers. The ceremonies of induction were performed by the officers of Visalia Lodge, No. 1298. With the reception into Bakersfield Lodge of this class of nearly three-score, the total number of members added to its rolls within the last five months is about two hundred and fifty.

Rose Party Given by Lowell, Mass., Elks for Charity, Is Successful

A Rose Party given recently by the members of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, for the benefit of the Lodge's charity fund, was extremely successful both socially and financially. Profits from the affair amounted to over \$1,000.

Member of Hudson, Mass., Lodge Saves Girl from 2,000-foot Fall

On his way as a delegate to attend the Grand Lodge Convention in Seattle, Wash., recently, Past Exalted Ruler P. E. Kearney, of Hudson, Mass., Lodge, No. 959, saved a girl from a

2,000-foot fall in Glacier National Park. The incident occurred during a horseback trip up a steep trail, when the young woman's horse shied and would have crashed down the 2,000-foot drop, but for Mr. Kearney's quick action. Mr. Kearney raced after the girl, caught her and swung her off the saddle, as the horse skidded on the brink of the chasm. Both the rider and her mount were saved.

Card of Bellaire, O., Elk Is Stolen: Lodges Warned Against Impostor.

Kenneth B. Schramm, Secretary of Bellaire, O., Lodge, No. 419, has reported the theft of a membership card in the Lodge belonging to Ben M. Morris; and he urges that the Secretary of any other Lodge to which it may be presented take it up at once. The man who stole the card has been using it to obtain money dishonestly. The number of the card is 1115; receipt No. 9, 1931-1932 cards; paid up to October, 1931.

Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge Entertains Fifty-two Orphans at Theatre

Fifty-two orphans of the city of Phoenix, Ariz., were the guests recently of Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, at a theatrical performance. The children were brought from the various organizations and homes of the city.

Fifty Richmond, Calif., Elks Visit Oakland Lodge

Over fifty members of Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, recently made a fraternal call at the Home of Oakland Lodge, No. 171. One of the features of the evening was the initiation of a class of candidates for Oakland Lodge by the officers of No. 1251.

News of the State Associations

Washington

AT Seattle, and concurrently with the Grand Lodge Convention, three hundred delegates assembled recently at the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Washington State Elks Association. Sessions were held at the Home of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, where expressions of welcome were voiced by Mayor Frank Edwards, in behalf of the city; and by Exalted Ruler E. E. Kelly, for the Lodge. Major Charles O. Bates, Past Exalted Ruler of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, responded for the Association. An outstanding event of the gathering was an address to the Washington Elks by Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp. At the election of officers, John C. Slater, of Seattle Lodge, was chosen President; A. W. Tenney, of Ballard Lodge, No. 827, First Vice-President; Elmer J. Nelson, of Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186, Second Vice-President; George E. Secord, of Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, Third Vice-President; Victor Zednick, of Seattle Lodge, Secretary; and

Richard A. Anderson, of Port Angeles Lodge, No. 353, Treasurer.

Montana

THE Montana State Elks Association established recently a publication devoted to its interests. It is entitled "The Montana State Elks." The first issue, that for July, was designated the "Camp Edition," and was given over to a clearly and interestingly written and liberally illustrated description of the Association's camp on Flathead Lake, fourteen miles south of Kalispell.

Maine

AT THE annual convention of the Maine State Elks Association, held recently at Lakewood, Fred L. Sylvester, of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, was elected to serve as President for the new term. Other officers chosen were: First Vice-President, Albert L. Skinner, Houlton Lodge, No. 835; Second Vice-President, A. C. Jones, Rockland Lodge, No. 1008; Third

Vice-President, Arthur C. Labbe, Augusta Lodge, No. 964; Secretary and Treasurer Edward R. Twomey, Portland Lodge, No. 188; and Trustee for three years, J. O. E. Noel, jr., Waterville Lodge, No. 905. It was not decided at the business session where the 1932 convention would be held. Immediately following the meeting the more than a hundred delegates and their families enjoyed a dinner at the Lakewood Inn. During the afternoon the Elks participated in a program of sports.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places and on the dates named below:

- California, at San Diego, October 8-9-10.
- Nevada, at Ely, September 4-5-6.
- Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 30-September 1-2-3-4.
- Oklahoma, at McAlester, September 7-8.
- Vermont, at Barre, in October.



The importance of well-fitting suits lies primarily in a snug fit around the neck and an easy, comfortable fit across the shoulders. The single-breasted suit with notched lapels will be as popular for fall and winter as the double-breasted suit with peaked lapels

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

BEING well-dressed does not necessarily mean that a man should have a large and elaborate wardrobe. But the wardrobe itself, whether large or small, should be selected with an eye to its general usefulness as well as to the size of one's income. If, at the time of purchasing clothes, a man takes into consideration a few well-known reminders, the actual cost of being well-dressed can come well within the smallest of budgets.

The first thing to be borne in mind is suitability. Regardless of the amount of money a man has decided to pay for a suit, unless the suit selected is one that is becoming to him, so far as color is concerned, unless it is cut along conservative lines and is made of a fabric that will withstand the general wear and tear that all clothes receive, then it is a rank extravagance, and should not be considered. Very often, also, too little attention is paid to the necessity of buying clothes that fit well. This does not mean that a suit should fit a man as closely as the paper on the wall. But it does mean that the clothes should look as though they really belonged to the man wearing them. Fashions in clothes come and go. One year the broad-shoulder effect will be the rage. Another year, the trend will be for normal shoulders. But whatever the vagary of fashion may be, clothes should be cut along conservative lines that do not accentuate any particular feature. Clothes that are extreme in cut become dated long before they actually wear out. That is one reason why

they should never be considered from the standpoint of economy. Another reason is that anything extreme is never in the best of taste.

The second thing to remember in the selection of suits is the matter of practicability. Fabrics and colors should be chosen which will prove practical for the daily occupation of the wearer. Clothes that are light in color show soil more easily than darker colors. Even though a man's occupation is not one which involves actual manual labor, too many suits in light colors should not be included in his wardrobe unless, of course, expense is no object in his life. It is, therefore, a matter of economy for the major part of one's wardrobe to consist mainly of clothes in medium and dark shades which can be worn generally throughout the year.

There is, also, a very definite economy in having clothes that fit well. Well-fitting clothes actually last longer than clothes which do not fit. Also, they are far more comfortable to wear, in addition to improving the appearance and grooming of a man. The most important part of a well-fitting jacket is to

have it sufficiently broad across the shoulders so that it hangs easily and without binding in any way. The fit around the collar should be a snug one so that the coat does not fall away from the neck. If the collar is snug and the shoulders broad enough to insure the utmost comfort and ease in movement, the coat will remain in place.

The length of the coat depends upon a man's height, but in any case should be long enough to come to the edge or just a little below the seat of the trousers. The sleeves should be long enough to show about half an inch of the shirt cuff. If the sleeves of the coat are so long that

they come down below the shirt cuff, thus covering the upper part of the hand, it will be found that the edge of the sleeve will quickly show signs of wear, especially on materials of a soft texture and a roughish nap. This is not so true of hard-finished fabrics, but in any case too long a sleeve is not really comfortable, as a man is always conscious of his coat sleeve resting upon his hand.

The width of the sleeves should be rather full from the shoulder to the elbow, tapering gradually from the elbow to the wrist. The width of the sleeve at the wrist should be about half an inch wider than



A new type of pajama coat with collars and cuffs in three contrasting colors

the shirt cuff so that the coat can be slipped on and off easily. Men with well-developed arm muscles frequently find the sleeves binding and wrinkling across the muscles. This is more often due to the fact that the sleeves are too narrow at this point than to the fact that the sleeves might have been badly cut or set into the coat incorrectly.

Another feature of an easy, well-fitting coat is the fit at the waistline. A coat that is slightly fitted at the normal waistline not only helps to keep the coat in place at all times but also prevents much wrinkling at the back. This does not mean that the coat should fit the figure closely at the waistline. A too-tight fit there is as bad as no fit at all. But a slight suggestion of fit is essential for a neat appearance.

The waistcoat, whether it be single- or double-breasted, should be cut sufficiently low to allow a nice showing of the shirt and necktie. In the case of a double-breasted coat, the waistcoat should be cut low enough not to show when the coat is buttoned.

TROUSERS should be cut on rather generous lines. The day of the extreme "flapper" trousers is, happily, past. Trousers should fit snugly at the waistline and should be full enough across the seat to enable the wearer to put his hands in his trousers pockets easily and without strain. They should taper from the knees to the bottoms. An easy, full cut around the knees is essential, otherwise trousers will become baggy and wrinkle. Wide-bottom trousers are no longer in style. Well-cut trousers should be about two inches narrower at the bottom than at the knee and should come to the top of the instep in front, sloping gradually down in the rear about half an inch so as to cover the heel of the shoe. In no case should the trousers at the rear touch the ground, nor should they ever be so wide as to flap about when walking. Another important point in the hang of trousers is the wearing of braces. This is essential, especially in a day when there is a decided preference for trousers cut with rather a high rise. To be sure, during the hot summer months when men frequently go about their daily business in shirt sleeves, a belt undeniably looks neater than a pair of braces. In offices where women are employed, there is a prejudice against a man's appearing in shirt sleeves and braces. But aside from all this, braces do insure a proper hang to the trousers in addition to being comfortable and not binding around the waistline.

Whether a man looks better in a single- or double-breasted suit depends entirely upon his general physique. The man of average height and proportions will look equally well in either. The thing to remember is that a single-breasted suit tends to heighten a man's appearance. If he is short and of stocky build, a single-breasted suit will look better on him. If he is tall and slender, a double-breasted suit will offset his

height by giving him a suggestion of greater breadth.

The Trend for Fall

The coming fall and winter will see a continuance of blue and gray so far as color is concerned. The blues and grays, however, are not in solid colors. This is a season of mixtures and designs. Blue is combined with white, gray is combined with black, and many of the smartest patterns for men's suitings are in black-and-white mixtures. The hard-finished pinhead worsteds are still well to the fore, being woven in combinations of two colors—sometimes three—so as to form neat geometric designs in twists or ticks which evolve into more or less well-defined striped designs. The all-over small-patterned effects, such as bird's wing and honeycomb and miniature diamond patterns, worked in lighter and darker shades of blue, gray and brown, will also be quite as popular as the striped effects. In all fabrics the color trend is for rich, subdued effects, which is merely another indication of the present-day trend toward thrift and economy, since clothes of this type are always good and one does not tire of them as easily as the more pronounced and definite colors and designs.

The Proper Care of Clothes

No mention of clothes is complete without a word on the care and upkeep of clothes. Naturally, the more suits a man has, the longer they last him. But whether his suits are few or many in number, they will wear longer if they are given proper care. In order for suits to look well, it is not necessary to have them pressed after each time they are worn. Of course, some fabrics wrinkle more easily than others. But, on the whole, if a man has two or three suits which he is in the habit of wearing constantly, it will not be necessary for him to keep one suit regularly at the tailor's, being pressed. When a suit has been taken off, it should be thoroughly brushed before being placed on a hanger. If possible, a suit should not be worn two days in succession. By alternating the wearing of one's suits, it gives them all a chance to rest and to come back to life. Brushing clothes before they are hung up helps to smooth out the wrinkles. Whereas, on the other hand, if clothes are pressed too often with steam pressing-irons, it destroys the life of the fabric. Another way of keeping clothes looking fresh is to have on hand at all times a bottle of cleaning fluid. When spots appear on a suit, it is an easy matter to apply the fluid

to the spot and remove it. It isn't necessary to send the suit out to be dry-cleaned, and the difference in the appearance of a clean, spotless suit is well worth the slight effort involved.

Stripes Popular in Accessories

The note of conservatism is also apparent in shirts and neckwear. There is a great preference in this field for striped patterns. In shirtings, the stripes are hair-line stripes close together, while in neckwear the stripes are more pronounced and in every conceivable combination of stripes.

Pajamas and dressing-gowns offer many opportunities for novel and sometimes bizarre effects in men's attire. The pajama coat illustrated is an idea which has recently been imported from Europe. Made of broadcloth in a plain color, such as white, blue, tan or gray, the collar and cuffs are in three contrasting colors which blend well with the color of the garment itself. For instance, with a plain blue broadcloth, the stripes would be of black, white, and blue of a darker shade than the blue of the pajama suit. Any attractive three-color combination can be used with a suit of white pajamas. Brown, in a medium shade, combined with white and maroon, is an excellent combination on tan pajamas, while blue, black and white, or black, green and white would also be effective color contrasts with light gray.

All-over stripe patterns in pajamas still continue in popularity. The best of these are the cluster stripe effects in varying shades of the same color on a contrasting ground, and the so-called candy-stripe patterns which have held their own, year in and year out. Woven stripes with a jacquard pattern in neat, geometric designs are also much in demand.

In addition to the usual sleeping pajamas, lounging pajamas have come in for great popularity. Like sleeping pajamas, the lounging pajama is made of cotton or silk, but because the lounging pajama does double service for both the sleeping pajama and the dressing gown, many of these popular lounging suits are made of light weight woollens and heavier silks than the usual washable variety. The styles are too numerous to mention. They are to be had in both single- and double-breasted models, and almost invariably they are finished with cuffs, collars and belts in a contrasting color or material—sometimes both. Certainly this is the ideal garment to wear in the privacy of one's home in hours of relaxation.



The latest fad in London and one which bids fair to achieve great popularity in America is the fashion for wearing shirts with collars and ties to match

Note to Elk Haberdashers, Men's Wear and Shoe Dealers—THE ELKS MAGAZINE is furnishing a monthly service consisting of advance proofs of Mr. White's articles, together with other merchandising suggestions, free of charge, on written application—Address Mr. Schuyler White, care of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 E. 42nd St., New York City.

Bird Dogs in Competition

(Continued from page 11)

Perhaps the best way to give an idea of what a field trial is like will be to take you to one, metaphorically speaking. All right—let's go! And let's decide that we will select for our first experience, one of the trials on quail. In order to keep away from extremes, we go to one of the trials held in the Middle West somewhere along the Ohio River. Our destination will not be any metropolis. We must choose the small town principally because we want to pick a territory that is suited for our purpose—namely, one that will yield birds.

Unless we have made a reservation at the local hotel, we would probably be out of luck for accommodations, but you can bet that won't be our case, because the reservations have already

been made. Not much of a hotel this, but what it lacks in tinsel is more than made up in the great warmth of spontaneous hospitality—for it is pretty apt to be here that you may find the real heart of America.

And bird dogs—say, there's dogs everywhere—in the hotel—in the street—the livery barn is crowded with them. And on each corner as crowds congregate, you will hear nothing but bird dog talk—from pointers to setters, back to pointers—dogs past and present who have made field trial history.

Supper over and we approach the "zero hour," the time for the drawings. We gather in the big dining-room and draw our chairs as close as possible to the center of operations, the secretary

of the club with the list of entries. He has before him the entry blanks, with the nominating fee attached; and one after another, he calls upon those present for the starting fee on every entry they want drawn.

With this detail over, the name of each dog that is to start is written on a slip of paper and the slips then all dumped into a hat. The first two drawn constitute the first brace; the second two, the second brace; and so on until all slips have been drawn from the hat. In case of an odd one, then this dog shall run as a bye. A bye run is generally dreaded by the handlers for it means that the incentive of competition is lacking. The truly great dog, however, will go out

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and do his stuff regardless. The "in and outer" when drawn as a bye is pretty apt to miss the money.

The drawings are then posted in the lobby for the reference of all, and immediately you will note the different effects the pairings have made on different owners and handlers.

An indifferent night's sleep for most of us and then morning; and by the time we are ready for breakfast, the handlers have already attended to their dogs. Those drawn to run in early braces will not be fed until after their race is over. Those further along the line may be given a raw egg or two, beaten up perhaps in a cup of milk. Too much food makes for sluggishness and would take the finely-drawn temper from a keen-edged nose.

Finally, we are all set and on horseback, we follow the dog truck to the course. The field marshal points out the course which has previously been laid out and when all is ready the judges make the age-old inquiry of the handlers, "Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Let them go!" comes the order, quickly following an answer that is always the same. From then on, the dogs are poetry of motion. There's a dog race, boy—the kind you read about! Which one will find birds first?

"Point, Judge!"

Yes, sure enough—there's January Joe snapped into one of his characteristic stands. Lucy is perhaps a quarter of a mile away and doesn't see him. We gallop toward the pointer, who shows beyond all question by his attitude that he has his birds well located.

"Call your little bitch over an' let's see if she'll—"

"Point, Judge!" and, sure enough, there's Little Lucy, also, locked up on as pretty a point as heart could wish to see. This interrupted an order to swing her over to back her brace mate.

JOE'S birds are quickly flushed and he is steady and we gallop toward the winsome little setter and her find. On sight the pointer backs her beautifully—paying in this way a tribute to the good work of his rival. Both have made good finds and both have handled them in matchless manner. They are sent on again and we ride forward expectantly behind the handlers and judges. Both dogs go out wide and well, and finish strong; but no more birds are found. It has been an inspiring heat, but the time is up. The judges call for the next brace, and another, and another, and another throughout the day. That's bird dog trials as we find them all over the country.

So much for the trials and the qualifications—now for the dogs themselves. Briefly, there are but two breeds of bird dogs that stand out as field trial champions. The pointer and the English setter. The Gordon setter originated in Scotland; and while being a good shooting dog, is too slow for field trial work as a rule, probably because of his bloodhound ancestry, which causes him to spend too much time on foot scent, whereas field trial judges like to see a dog go boldly up to the body scent in a lofty manner. Irish setters are as a rule superior to Gordons, but only a few Irish setters have made great records.

The Irish setter is probably the most beautiful dog of them all, but his beauty was the cause of his downfall as a field trial winner. The bench show enthusiasts took him up and as their ideas of dogs are based on

points, and those points not on birds but on color of coat, length of tail, shape of ears, etc., the red dogs have not been prominent of late as field trial winners. Years ago they were more successful.

It is the English setter and the pointer who have written field trial history. The National Championship has been run a total of thirty-five times from 1896 to 1931 inclusive. Only one year have the trials been called off and that was in 1897 on account of impossible weather.

Out of the thirty-five winners of this title twenty-one wins have been made by English setters and fourteen wins have been made by pointers. The pointers were late in starting, but once they got in the habit of winning, they kept at it. A pointer bitch, Mary Montrose, was the only Derby ever to win this most prized event, and to prove she was a peerless performer, proceeded to win it again on two later occasions, her first win coming in 1917 to be followed in 1919 and 1920. She was followed by another three-time winner, Becky Broomhill, another Pointer bitch who captured first honors in 1922, 1923 and 1925.

The setter dog, Feagin's Mohawk Pal, won his third National Championship title last year, thus giving his owner, E. M. Tutweiler, jr., of Montgomery, Alabama, permanent possession of the Colonel Merriman Memorial trophy. Pal is the only setter to win the National three times, his wins coming in 1926, 1928 and 1930. For five years Feagin's Mohawk Pal was groomed, exclusively, for this event. And in capturing the title three times out of five starts, he accomplished a proud feat for his owner and a total of almost five thousand dollars for his handler, Forrest Dean, who, by the way, was the only trainer ever to blow the whistle over this famous setter.

Report of This Year's National

Sport never seems to be affected by adverse business conditions; and this truth proved out in the thirty-fifth running of the National Bird Dog Championship. There were 35 nominations and 25 actual starters—the largest starting list

in the long history of this great stake. When the drawings were held the evening of Sunday January 18th at the little field trial center of Grand Junction, Tenn., it was seen that for the first time it would require more than one full week to find the champion for 1931. A total of 18 pointers and 7 setters was drawn to face the judges, who this year were Hobart Ames, Louis Lee Haggin and Dr. B. E. Barham. Only four dogs can be run each day, a brace of two each morning and two more in the afternoon. The morning heats are run from 9 to 12 o'clock, and the afternoon heats from 1 until 4 o'clock. Thus but 12 braces, or 24 dogs, could finish their first series heats by four o'clock Saturday afternoon January 24th, thus leaving the 25th, or "bye," dog to run his heat alone on Monday morning, January 26th. This bye dog was the pointer, Shore's Carolina Jack, owned by T. C. Bailey of Baltimore, handled by R. D. Bevan of Thomasville, N. C.

AS MATTERS stood on Saturday evening, with the bye dog still to run, there was considerable speculation as to the final outcome. This year the morning course held the fewest birds, and it was not thought Shore's Carolina Jack could score a sufficient number of finds to offset the good work that had preceded him. The pointer bitch, Rumson Farm Queen, had achieved a total of six covey finds on the afternoon course, the highest score of the trials on birds. But right behind her stood the good pointer dog, Yankee Doodle Jack, with a record of five finds over the same course and with a ground working heat which was superior to that of Rumson Farm Queen. Then there was the great pointer bitch, Mary Blue, National Champion of 1929, with the best ground work of them all and a score of three good finds over the morning course. The only fly in the ointment for Mary Blue was that on her first find the location was faulty. Had this been otherwise a far different story might be told, for Mary's speed and range and handling were simply superb.

Still to be reckoned with, too, were two other pointer bitches. One of these was Rex's Tarheelia, whose sire, Seaview Rex, had twice been runner-up in this event. She had a creditable

heat, with a score of three good covey finds, all perfectly handled. And next behind Rex's Tarheelia stood Junedale Lady Bird, owned by Dr. F. H. Lahey of Boston and handled by Henry Gilchrist of South Carolina. From among these entries, all of the pointer breed, it was known that the judges must select their second series—unless Shore's Carolina Jack could accomplish the seemingly impossible on Monday and achieve the title without a second series being necessary. Even this much was but the gallery's speculation—for from among the dogs which had already run the judges might possibly name their champion without calling for any more running. If such might be the case, it was common opinion that it would lie between Yankee Doodle Jack and Mary Blue. Many were of the opinion that these two should run it out in direct competition before either could be placed over the other. Still others favored the chances of Rumson Farm Queen, feeling that her perfect score on birds could not be overlooked, even though quality of performance is of greater moment in field trials than mere quantity of



"I think I like this new ball better"

finds. Thus matters stood with Shore's Carolina Jack's performance still to come and hence an unknown factor. The other unknown factor was the interpretation of the judges upon the work they had seen. All this gave keen speculation fertile ground to work on and caused much anticipation as we were laid up with no activity on Sunday, January 25th.

All week there had been a good gallery following the dogs with much interest. Many of these were old-timers to whom it was not new. Others were seeing their first field trial. These were constantly asking questions of those of us who are supposed to know. Some of these questions were trivial. Others showed deep appreciation of what it was all about. There are a number of wild deer on the Ames preserve and some of these were seen each day on the afternoon course. These constituted quite a hazard for the dogs and it required quite some handling to keep keen canines from chasing this loping and graceful four-footed game. Some parts of both courses are open where a dog may stretch out wide to the very limits. In other places the courses wind about through deep woods where it takes matchless handling—and dogs that will handle—or they will go out of judgment and hence out of the stake. But, be it ever remembered, this is the National Championship, where the dog that wins must do *everything* to prove himself, or herself, worthy to wear the proudest title that the realm of bird dogs has to bestow. One handler, who was making his first visit to Grand Junction, likened it to a miniature golf course where every kind of conceivable hazard has been devised.

Sunday, January 25th, was a long day of idleness, especially for those handlers whose

entries were known to be in for consideration. But Monday finally came and Shore's Carolina Jack began the long grind at promptly nine o'clock that morning—and three hours is a long grind in a field trial with weather as warm as it was during the entire running of this championship of 1931. This warm weather had affected the setters more than it had the short-haired breed, which is one reason this has been "another pointer year." But, too, of course the setters were outnumbered in entries more than two to one—there being but seven setters competing against 18 pointers. The record to date over thirty-five years of competition shows 21 National Championships won by setters against 14 won by pointers. But here is another interesting comparison: 18 setters have won the title 21 times; and 10 pointers have won it 14 times. The setters piled up most of their wins in the early years of the Championship event. Since 1914 the pointers have been doing most of the winning, except for the three wins of Feagin's Mohawk Pal. Prior to 1909 no pointer had ever won the title. Since 1914 only two different Setters have won it.

But to get back to the conclusion of the championship this year. Monday morning came and Shore's Carolina Jack went the long route alone as the bye dog. For two hours it looked as if he might win the title outright, without any second series being needed. But this is an endurance stake and during the last hour this good pointer let down in his speed and range to such an extent that, when his heat was over, the judges announced that they wanted to see Mary Blue and Yankee Doodle Jack in a second series heat together at one o'clock Monday afternoon, January 26th. Thus it lay be-

tween these two to fight it out for the title. Mary is seven years old and this would make her second win of the National Championship. Jack is still a young dog. But Mary Blue is the hardest canine alive to beat in a three-hour race and the younger dog was not quite equal to it. In a shorter heat he might have done it, but Mary Blue gets better the longer she runs. This can be said of no other field trial dog running to-day.

THUS when the smoke of battle had cleared away, it was Mary Blue which the judges named as the National Champion for 1931. Yankee Doodle Jack had outbirded her, but he could not match her wonderful endurance. This happened to be one of the few sporting events when age conquered youth. This makes the second win of the National Championship for Mary Blue for she had previously captured the same crown in 1929. She is owned by W. C. Teagle of New York City, President of the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey. She was handled by Chesley Harris of Hayneville, Alabama. The runner-up, Yankee Doodle Jack, is owned by Jewell Hicks of Oklahoma City and was handled by Pete Dixon of Catoosa, Okla.

Mary Blue is now a double National Champion. The question before the field trial world, therefore, is whether or not she can make it three before she is retired from competition. On three previous occasions it has been done. Can Mary Blue tie the great record? We wonder—but we wish her well. Truly she is a great pointer and her name will go down in field trial history as one of the mighty field trial competitors of all time, whether she ever wins again or not.

Millions for Defiance

(Continued from page 20)

"I can't understand your view-point," said Colin.

"I don't expect you to," she returned, calmly. "You never could—you, or the Senator either. But it doesn't matter whether you do or not. It's of no importance."

"That's just your opinion."

"My opinion's the only one that counts, in this case."

"How about the Senator's? Forgetting that, aren't you?"

"When the time comes," said Hope, confidently, "the Senator will do exactly what I want him to."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that. He might listen to a recommendation from me."

Hope laughed lightly and ran her finger up and down the ridges in the steering wheel.

"I think you also will do what I want you to," she said.

"You do, eh?"

"I do. Anyhow, I refuse to worry and I advise you not to, either. You're much too young to be so earnest. Young men who are too earnest come to bad ends. Look at these empty lots—sidewalks and hydrants and bee-yootiful plaster gate posts—all going to pot. Laid out by men who were so earnest they couldn't see they were only blowing bubbles."

"You blow a few bubbles yourself, occasionally," Colin reminded her.

"But I'm not earnest about it. I don't fool myself that I'm being constructive. Blowing bubbles amuses me. I like to watch 'em burst."

"You certainly are incorrigible," he said. "I don't get you at all. You seem intelligent, but you do the damndest things. That parade—was that your idea?"

"All mine. It was a riot, too." She chuckled reminiscently. "Too bad you missed it. You'd have had the time of your life. Tell you what—I'll organize another. In your honor. You'd look rather imposing riding in state in a pair of blue rompers."

"Not for me, thanks," he said. "And no more parades for you, either."

"No?"

"No."

"Who says so?"

"I do."

Hope laughed.

"What a man! How would you stop me?"

"Try to put on a parade and you'll see," he

promised grimly, without the faintest notion, actually, as to what he would do.

"I'll have one on my birthday," she said. "There's part of the program settled right now. You shall have a milk-white donkey to ride on, for suggesting it. How's that?"

"It's out."

"All right, we'll see." She set the car in motion again. "You know," she observed, "I rather like you in spite of everything. You say what you think. You must let me find you a rich girl to marry while you're down here. Give you something to keep you out of mischief. No use wasting your time entirely."

"I'm not in the market for a wife, thanks. And I don't expect to waste my time, anyway."

THE conversation ended there, as once more the car gathered speed. In a little while they reached Hollywood, where the road to the south splits, one branch leading to Miami direct, the other by way of that gilded foundling, Miami Beach. Hope chose the latter, and for the next few miles their route skirted the sea, on the left, and on the right a dismal, swampy waste.

Then came houses, at first isolated cases in somewhat arid developments, then more houses, closer together, and the celebrated canals, with their pseudo-Venetian bridges and gondolas. Next came the Beach Club and the hotels, with their phalanxes of parked cars and groups of loitering, bored chauffeurs. At length Hope turned into a broad street, of ugly stores and restaurants, that gave onto a causeway with a magnificent view of the Miami skyline at the distant end.

"Are we headed for anywhere in particular?"

Colin inquired.

"Going to see a big snake and snail man," said Hope.

"A what?"

"A specialist in snakes and snails."

"What for—lunch?"

"Information."

"About snakes, or snails?"

"Neither. About Indians."

"Indians?"

"Indians. I—n—d—"

"Why do you want information about Indians?"

"I'm going to get some."

"What for—to stuff?"

"Oh, for Pat's sake—"

"Well, how should I know what you want Indians for?"

"Lord preserve us!" exclaimed Hope. "Listen to the man! Why do I want Indians? Why does anybody want Indians, stupid?"

"I'll bite. Why?"

"I want some for my parade," said Hope blandly.

"But you're not going to have a parade," he assured her. "So you won't have any use for 'em."

"You're a pretty tiresome fellow, O'Rourke," she remarked. "I'm likely to lose my temper with you any minute."

"Go ahead. Lose it. I'm not afraid of your temper. I've got one myself. It's worse than yours. I know. I've seen yours."

At this reference to their first encounter, when he had been playing the piano and she had commanded him to stop, it seemed to Colin that Hope winced.

"What's the matter with 'Clair de Lune,' anyway?" he went on. "Why was I ordered never to play it in your house again?"

"I'd rather not answer that," she replied soberly.

"Don't you think you owe me an explanation, at least?"

She was silent.

"Don't you?" he urged.

"Please—" she begged. In her voice was a note of distress that made him feel a sudden, wondering pity for her.

"Sorry," he said. "Question withdrawn."

But as he said this, he was conscious, deep down, of a little thrill of triumph. For, as the Senator had suggested, there was, after all, a chink in Hope's armor. She was not invulnerable.

CHAPTER XIV

MR. ALONZO HORNSBY, the snake and snail man, was not at home. Pressed for sug-
(Continued on page 40)



(Continued from page 39)

gestions as to where he might be located, the slatternly Negress who answered his doorbell at first protested ignorance of his whereabouts. But a crisp bill, slipped into her pink palm, magically lubricated her tongue. Mr. Hornsby had been ailin', of late, she vouchsafed, and he had only that morning gone down to Royal Palm Park, to rest himself.

"Did he take a tent?" Hope inquired, "or will he be at the inn?"

"No'm, he ain' take no tent. He done take a quart o' corn an' a shirt, but he ain' take no tent, no ma'am."

Hope thanked her and the two got back into the car.

"This'll probably be a wild goose chase," she said. "When Hornsby's not feeling well it's because he's been on a binge. He's never been really sick a day in his life. You couldn't kill him with an axe. But gosh, how he can drink! Quite a character, Hornsby. He's one of the greatest living authorities on tree snails and snakes. And he knows more about the Everglades than anybody down here. Trouble is, if he's all tanked up he won't talk. Still, we'll take a chance and run down to the Park. You ought to see that country, anyway. It's unique."

"I've heard of the Everglades, vaguely," said Colin, "but I don't know what they are."

"Mostly swamp," she told him. "But you'll see." They had lunch at the Royal Palm State Park.

"We'll order some food," Hope said, "then we'll see if old Whats-his-name's in shape to talk, and then push on a bit toward Cape Sable. The road's pretty foul—at least it was last year—but it's passable."

A pleasant, swarthy man came out to greet them. To Hope's inquiry as to the condition of Mr. Hornsby, he replied that it was not too good. "I'll tell him you-all's asking for him, Miss Marsden," he said, "but I don't hardly reckon he'll see you. Was it important?" He ushered them into the house.

"Nothing immediate. I wanted him to help me," she said, explaining what she had in mind. "I don't mean just these town Indians who make a business of exhibiting themselves," she added. "I want some of the real ones, who live in the glades, like old Johnny White Blanket—that type. Hornsby knows 'em all, or claims to."

"Yes, ma'am. He knows 'em, sho' nuff." The man looked and sounded dubious. "But I don't guess he'd ask 'em to do that. Maybe he would. I can't speak for him. They're a right queer bunch, these Seminoles. Don't like the white folks much."

"Not averse to making a little money, are they? Plenty of 'em turn out for the big Sun Dance up at West Palm."

"That's kind of a city affair." "This party of mine will be, too, in a way," she said, flashing Colin a smile of friendly malice. "At any rate, ask Hornsby to get in touch with me about it, will you? If he won't do anything, I might try to round up a few Indians myself."

"You'd never find 'em, Miss Marsden." "Oh, I don't know. I've flown over the glades a good deal. I could spot their camps from the air and land on one of the lakes and go after 'em in a collapsible boat."

"Don't you do it," said the man, horrified. "It'd be suicide. You can't land a plane in the glades."

"A seaplane? Why not? There's plenty of water."

"Mister," he said, turning to Colin, "don't let her try it. Hear?"

"Don't worry," Colin assured him. "She won't try it."

Hope laughed. "Would you bet on that?"

"I never bet on a sure thing," he said, grinning.

After lunch, in the course of which news was brought that Mr. Hornsby declined to show himself, they drove a dozen miles over the execrable

coral rock road in the direction of Cape Sable, through what seemed to Colin the most desolate landscape he had ever seen outside of the war zone in France.

"This is pretty frightful," Hope agreed, "but further north it's much worse. Here you at least have the hammocks, to break the monotony. Those clumps of green are called hammocks."



Haying time in the Maine countryside near Portland

They're thick with all sorts of weird trees and plants. But in the north and west you can go for miles and miles and see nothing but saw grass and sky. Except smoke, sometimes. The glades are always on fire, in spots. The soil is nothing but peat and when that starts burning it goes right on. There are places where it's been burning for ten years or more, underground. Impossible to put it out. Thousands of acres have been ruined by crazy fools who thought the easiest way to clear the land would be by setting fire to it. They've even set fire to forests, to smoke out game. There used to be lots of flamingos and egrets and black panthers and deer down here, but they've been almost wiped out. It's a crime."

COLIN was astonished at the extent of Hope's information. She told him of the first attempts by white men to penetrate the Everglades and of the hardships they endured.

"The whole region's an enormous basin, you see," explained Hope. "Millions of acres of it are flooded all the time. In the rainy season it's all flooded pretty much. There's a network of water courses, a regular maze of them, running through the saw grass. The saw grass grows taller than a man in some places. You can't look over the top of it. Even if you could, all you'd see would be more saw grass. You simply have to follow a water course and trust to luck it'll lead somewhere."

"Charming," observed Colin. "And that's the kind of country you propose to land a plane in and hunt Indians with a rubber boat. A bright idea, I don't think."

"I presume you *have* heard of such things as aerial photos," she said, with heavy sarcasm.

"Yes. I've even made a few. But what's the good of aerial photos if there are no landmarks? You might as well take a picture of a blanket."

"You've taken air pictures?" she asked, with quick interest.

"Yes. But I'm not going to make any for you, so don't get excited. Anyway, you won't

need any air pictures, because you won't need any Indians, because you're not going to have a parade at your party—or any party at all. The whole business is out. See?"

"Ho, ho," jeered Hope.

"Ho, ho, yourself," returned Colin.

"You know, O'Rourke, I'm rather glad the Senator sent you. You amuse me."

"That's fine. You amuse me, too."

She looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"Do you realize," she said at length, "that I know nothing about you? I mean about you, personally."

"Does that matter?"

"Not a particle. Only—it suddenly occurred to me—you're the first young man I've met who hasn't tried to tell me the story of his life."

"You ought to be properly grateful."

"I am. Intensely. . . . By the way, who broke your nose?"

"I didn't get his name," said Colin. "It happened rather quickly."

"Was it in the war?"

"What? My nose? Let me think. It's so long ago—"

"Don't be a goat. Was it broken in the war?"

"No. As a matter of fact—I didn't want to have this come out—but as a matter of fact, my nurse dropped me when I was a baby."

"That might account for a lot of things. That's why you limp, too, I suppose."

"Right again."

"You got a Croix de Guerre out of that nursery accident, didn't you?"

Colin flushed.

"Didn't you?" she repeated.

"How did you know?"

"Never mind. You got one, though, didn't you?"

Colin grinned.

"You know what Whistler said about the Legion of Honor," he said, "well, it was the same with the Croix de Guerre."

"What did Whistler say?"

"Few can escape it."

Hope smiled.

"Who told you—the Senator?" Colin queried.

"No."

"I bet he did."

"He didn't tell me a thing—except that you were a serious young man. I made a few inquiries myself. A girl can't be too careful, you know."

"A minute ago," he accused her, "you said you knew nothing about me."

"Well, that was more or less true. I only knew what I'd been told. I know a little more now."

Colin wriggled.

"Let's talk about something interesting," he said.

"For instance?"

"Well—" he hesitated, "anything."

"Ah!" she exclaimed. "Good lad. I was afraid you were going to suggest me."

"I was. Look here, Hope, as man to man, why not drop all this quibbling business and tell me what's on your mind?" He spoke fast to avert interruption. "You can talk to me. I won't spill anything. You're not happy. I know that. You don't get any fun out of these stunts of yours. I'd like to help you, if you'll let me. What's it all about?"

For the briefest instant he thought, from the way she looked at him, that this appeal would prove to have been well-timed. Then, as her eyes hardened and she turned away, he knew, before she spoke, that it had failed. He felt like a fisherman whose taut line has suddenly gone slack.

"You won't tell me."

She shook her head slowly.

"I can't."

"I'm sorry," he said.

"So am I."

It was some time before either of them moved or spoke. The red sun was falling and the air

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Ray Drumheiser, Glendale, Calif.

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: A. E. Hayward, Las Vegas, N. M.; Juanita Jackson, Phoenix, Ariz.; C. McCormick, Represa, Calif.; Charles Revell, Represa, Calif.; and Andrew Strolis, Ruhthon, Minn.

was still. In all that vast solitude there seemed no other living thing. A few rods away, a deserted farmhouse, its door standing open on sagging hinges, its fields reclaimed by the wilderness, served but to emphasize the loneliness of the narrow, white road. Presently a snake crawled out of the half-filled ditch, glided swiftly across the way, in front of the car, and vanished in the saw-grass on the other side. Hope shivered and sat up straight.

"Do something for me?" she asked him.
"If I can."
"Promise not to ask me again."
"I can't promise that. I've got to find out. I'll have to keep on until you change your mind about telling me."

"But I will tell you, one of these days—perhaps—if you don't ask me again in the meantime."

"When?"
"After my birthday."
"That'll be too late."

Hope shrugged.
"Xenia warned me you were a stiff-necked, uncompromising wretch," she said, with a bitter laugh, "and I guess she was right. Let's get out of this place, shall we? It gives me the creeps."

On the slow run back over the pocked and eroded pike, Hope was too occupied with the mechanics of driving for further conversation. As for Colin, he was busy trying to analyze the conversations they had already had.

Although, on the face of things, he had made no progress toward his goal, he could not help feeling that he had improved his "technical position," so to speak. Beginning the day as strangers, Hope and he were nearing its end not as friends, perhaps, but on friendly terms. After to-day, he told himself, she could scarcely shut him out of her mind and treat him, as she had done the evening before, as though he didn't exist.

He forgot, for the moment, that Fate maintains a special bureau to deal with persons given to easy optimism.

CHAPTER XV

CLEAR of the park and once more on a paved road, Hope put on speed. It was dusk. In the half-light, visibility was bad. At that hour, a car's lamps make little impression on the murk, yet one cannot entirely do without them. Colin wondered why, under such conditions, Hope drove so fast. It seemed a needless chance to take. He was not afraid. He liked speed. Nevertheless he was uneasy, with the uneasiness of almost every good driver when being driven by someone who is not doing exactly as he would in the same circumstances. Hope was quick, and her eye for distance was accurate, but she had a habit of cutting her left-hand curves and swinging wide on bends to the right—a questionable practice at any time, but particularly dangerous at twilight. As the heavy machine swept along, past intersections, on the wrong side of curves, and perilously close, on occasion, to pedestrians, he squirmed in his seat and his fingers itched to take the wheel. He said nothing, but he was considerably relieved when the bright towers of Miami flashed into view and Hope was compelled by traffic to travel at a moderate pace.

She turned east into Flagler Street and north again on the wide boulevard that fronts on Biscayne Bay, which was agleam with the lights of anchored yachts and the city's reflected glow.

They had supper at Joe's, where Colin was introduced for the first time to the stone crab. The meal was perfect and Colin, after gorging himself, exclaimed:

"Woof! He found real need for recourse to the finger-bowl. 'Why didn't you warn me? I feel like a python that's swallowed a horse.'"

"Good," said Hope. "Keep you quiet for a while."

"I don't think I'll be able to walk."
"You don't need to walk far. If you can manage to totter out to the car, you'll be able to sleep all the way home."

"Sleep? With you driving?" he laughed.
"What's wrong with my driving?" she flashed.
"Too fast for you?"

"No," he said, evenly, "it isn't too fast for me. But it's careless."

Hope bit her lip, but made no reply. It was plain, however, that she was angry.

(Continued on page 42)

1	2	3	4	5		6	7	8	9		10	11	12	13
14						15					16			
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67					68						69			
70					71						72			
73					74						75			

Across

- 1—Cabin
- 6—Throw
- 10—Harbor
- 14—Embellish
- 15—Spanish jar
- 16—Open space
- 17—Firm
- 18—Middy
- 19—Wild goat
- 20—Woody plant
- 21—Pace
- 22—Propel
- 23—Loose
- 25—Before
- 27—Spread hay for drying
- 28—Projection on the side of a fireplace
- 31—Has
- 33—Unit
- 35—Elude
- 37—Disputable
- 42—Tableland
- 43—Number
- 44—Close tightly
- 45—Feigned
- 47—Steering gears
- 48—Fuss
- 49—Prevalent
- 51—Tiny mound

- 52—Exist
- 55—Flow back
- 57—Cipher
- 59—Seat
- 61—Pastoral pipe
- 63—Bovine mammal
- 67—Part of a stove
- 68—Farm building
- 69—Additions to formal endings in musical compositions
- 70—Lease
- 71—An affection of the skin
- 72—Old-womanish
- 73—Gaelic
- 74—Act
- 75—Measured

- 13—Charged with
- 21—Ply the needle
- 22—Indentation
- 24—Fish eggs
- 26—Vari-colored horse
- 28—Used in making rope
- 29—Above
- 30—Foundation
- 32—Disjoin
- 34—Rest
- 36—Facts
- 38—Decked with vulgar finery
- 39—Girdle
- 40—Crippled
- 41—Other
- 43—One who apes his superiors
- 46—Paradise
- 47—That woman
- 50—Gave food to
- 52—Worship
- 53—Stream
- 54—Levels
- 56—Supporting member
- 58—Gaseous element
- 60—Poker stake
- 62—Eagle
- 64—Revise
- 65—Large bundle
- 66—Employed
- 68—Evil
- 69—Rotating part of machinery

Down

- 1—At the end
- 2—Scent
- 3—Portion
- 4—Distress
- 5—Finish
- 6—Fought
- 7—Medicinal plant
- 8—Slant
- 9—A color
- 10—Couple
- 11—Eye socket
- 12—Female of the ruff

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

(Continued from page 41)

"You're a skilful driver," he blundered on, "but not a good one. There's a difference. It's not a question of speed. A really good driver—"

She interrupted him with a gesture of impatience. "Pay the check, please," she said stiffly, "I'd like to go now." She got up and went out, walking very erect. While he waited for his change, Colin watched her through the window, by the light of a street lamp under which the car was parked. She took her place at the wheel and sat there staring straight ahead.

"Wouldn't you rather go by train?" she inquired frostily, when he rejoined her. "You could get a taxi to the station."

His answer was to advise her not to be childish.

It quickly became apparent that his criticism of her driving was going to have the effect of making her more reckless than ever. Leaving Miami Beach along the shore road, she cut in and out of traffic in a manner to make the other drivers profane. Then, with the road open before her, she jammed her foot down on the throttle and kept it down. The dash light was not on, so that Colin could only guess at their speed; he judged, however, that it must be nearer ninety than eighty.

It was a magnificent night, soft and warm. The moon had risen spectacularly out of the sea, only to be enfolded, soon after, in a heavy mantle of lace-edged cloud. At one point, a fine spray from the surf was blown across the road. It made a film on the windshield. But though her vision was materially impaired thereby, Hope did not slacken speed. With a last-minute call on the brakes, she slithered round the right-angle turn leading to Hollywood at a rate that would have spun a lesser car like a top. If they had met another machine on that turn, or if a steering knuckle had broken, or a tire had burst, nothing could have saved them.

For a time a succession of towns slowed them down. But there was little traffic. Soon they had covered two-thirds of the run to Palm Beach. Neither of them had said a word since starting away from the restaurant. They sat rigid as statues, Hope gripping the wheel, Colin clasping his knees, both looking grim. The great motor, urged to its utmost, responded valiantly, cleaving the darkness.

Then, with appalling swiftness, the thing happened. They were rounding a curve, a right-hand curve. As usual, Hope was on the wrong side. Suddenly, without warning, there loomed

up dead ahead that ever-present menace of southern highways—a farm truck, without lights, without even a windshield that would have reflected their own. . . .

Hope held her course as if hypnotized. There was but one chance for them—a slim chance. Colin took it. He seized the wheel. With a screeching of tires, the car swerved, half-tipped, then righted itself and shot across the road. An instant later it had come to rest, brought to a standstill by hub-deep sand. It was a miraculous escape.

Colin relinquished his grip on the wheel. Now that it was over, he felt a trifle shaky. But more than anything he was desperately angry. For a moment he sat motionless, struggling for control. His rage got the better of him.

"You priceless little fool!" he stormed. "You scatter-brained, self-satisfied little tin despot! You—you—"

As he groped for epithets, a timid negro voice sounded at his elbow.

"Scuse me boss," said this voice, "is you-all all right? Is de lady all right? Gawd A'mighty, boss. We sho' come mighty close to de pearly gates dat time. A-men."

(To be continued)

Kickapoo Charlie to the Rescue

(Continued from page 13)

opened again, I found myself on a bed of soft skins in what was plainly an Indian tepee.

"A wave of thankfulness washed over me, but all too soon it was followed by one of sick terror, for the first weak groping movements of my hands told a story of tragic change. My head was as naked as that of a new born babe's, the bones were ready to burst through my tight-stretched skin, and out of my knowledge of medicine and anatomy, I realized that heart, lungs, liver and kidneys were diseased to a point where death would be a blessing.

"Even as despair possessed me, I looked up to see the bronzed face of an old squaw, and as if reading my thoughts, she smiled encouragingly, and pointing to a bowl containing some dark-colored liquid, gave me to understand by signs that I would be well in less than a moon. And so I was, my friends. I was! Hair and flesh returned within thirty days, aches and pains left my body, every organ resumed its normal functions, and I knew health such as I had never enjoyed before in my whole life.

"As the days went by, I came to some familiarity with the dialect of the Tarahumaris, and I learned that the name of the wonder working potion was Ixachiuatl. By no means, however, was I able to gain the secret of the formula, for it had been handed down from generation to generation, and was so closely joined with their ancient religion that any disclosure was looked upon as blasphemy and profanation, quick death the penalty.

"WHAT I am about to tell you now, my friends, may turn you against me, but I ask you to believe that I was moved by no base motive, but proceeded out of those humanitarian principles that I learned at my mother's knee. I stole the formula." For a long moment Kickapoo Charlie stood with bowed head, and then, by a powerful effort, resumed his narrative. "True," he cried, "the Tarahumaris had been kind to me, but what must be said of their selfishness in refusing to let the world share in a blessing their shadowy ancestors had been fortunate enough to discover?

"I thought it cruel, my friends, and on that thought I acted. As custodian of the sacred formula, however, I have tried to conduct myself in such manner as to justify that midnight theft. Millions have been offered me for the secret, but knowing full well that such a sale would mean exorbitant prices, putting Ixachiuatl out of the reach of the great mass of plain people, I refused, and have gone about the country as you see me now, preferring small profits and a happy heart to fortune and the stinging of my conscience.

"Here it is, fellow Americans." At the majestic wave of his hand, two muscular darkies came upon the stage, pushing before them a huge crate filled to the brim with quart bottles.

"Ixachiuatl, the magic remedy! Perhaps the very elixir that enabled the ancient prophets of Israel to live a hundred years. There is no ill to which the flesh is heir—and I say this advisedly—that Ixachiuatl will not cure. And only a dollar a bottle, my friends. Practically the cost of manufacture. Right down the aisles to the stage, and carry health home with you."

The men and women of Wheat Centre, thrilled and convinced, needed no further urging, and while the two others exchanged bottles for dollars at top speed, Singing Wind coaxed gay melodies from his banjo. At last the crate was empty, and Kickapoo Charlie, after assuring the audience that the next evening would disclose a new supply and a brand-new entertainment, gave the signal for the descent of the curtain.

"What did I tell you, boys?" Gaily jingling a canvas coin sack, and tilting his sombrero at a more rakish angle, he handed Broken Branch a mighty slap on the back. "She's goin' to be a big week. Why, you can't see the ribs of this burg for the fat."

"Let's hope so." Singing Wind ran a discontented eye over his buckskins. "I ought to have a new suit, Charlie. These things are so ragged I got to wear regular pants under 'em."

"If you paid more attention to your banjo playin', and quit thinkin' about girls, clothes wouldn't bother you," Kickapoo Charlie observed austerely. "Give your whole soul to your music, Davy, and people won't care what you got on."

"Speaking of attire," remarked Broken Branch, "what about my wardrobe? Honest, Charlie, you must have swiped this outfit from a Siwash junkpile."

"You're a fine one to bellow about clothes," the friend of suffering humanity took no pains to hide his exasperation. "Say, when I took you out of Haskell, you were wearing your football suit for underwear."

"All right." The big Indian shrugged resignedly. "It's not my show. But it won't be long before I'll have to do that dance of mine in a barrel."

"Let's see." Stooping down, Kickapoo Charlie gave the tattered buckskins a careful examination. "They are pretty bad," he admitted grudgingly. "Well, if these rubes give down like they ought to, I'll send to Chicago for a couple of brand-new outfits. Does that make you two young collegians feel any better?"

Carrying their instruments, and chatting animatedly on highly professional topics, the three made their way to Wheat Centre's one and only hotel. A slip of a girl, not more than nineteen at the most, handed them their keys, and Singing Wind, as he climbed the stairs, was frankly guilty of various backward glances.

"Say," he exclaimed, dumping his banjo on the bed. "Did you ever see a prettier girl in 'all your life? Gosh!"

"That's a trifle strong," commented Broken Branch, his tone judicial, "but I'll go part way with you. Wonder what she's been crying about?"

"I noticed that myself." The boy's ingenuous face took on a worried look. "I'll bet she's in trouble of some kind, Bill. What do you think of me going down and finding out if there's anything I can do?"

"Take her a bottle of Ixachiuatl," grinned the Indian.

"NOW is that nice?" Kickapoo Charlie looked up quickly from his cunct of the evening's proceeds. "Honest, Bill, I wish you'd cut out those cracks at our product. How can I work myself up to the proper pitch every night if I know you're sittin' there handin' me the horse laugh? And it isn't as if we weren't givin' the rubes a lot of value. Why, not countin' the bottle and the label, there's thirty cents worth of raw alcohol and capsicum in every darned quart."

"All right, old man, I'll quit kidding. Anyway, that spiel of yours is worth the money."

"It oughta be. I give that newspaper bum fifteen bucks for writin' it. Say, Bill, don't you think it's a bit high-brow for the sticks. There's words in there I don't understand myself."

"Not at all." The Big Indian shook his head vigorously. "There's nothing that pleases the rural mind more than to have its erudition assumed. Wonder what the devil Dave's doing?"

Tallapoosa the Singing Wind furnished the desired information himself, opening the door at that precise moment. His eyes blazed angrily, and after him he half-dragged the girl, the marks of tears still plain on her face.

"Say," he exploded. "I just want you to listen to what Mary's up against. Her name's Mary Ferrall. Of all the rotten tricks you ever heard of."

"Take a seat, girlee." Kickapoo Charlie pushed forward a chair. "Now quiet down, Dave, and tell us the trouble."

"See if it don't make your blood boil," exclaimed the boy, making no secret of his rabid partisanship. "Mary's father died about three months ago and left her this hotel. He owed some money on a note, but he told Mary he'd fix it all up, and everything was jake. And almost before the funeral's over, the banker comes 'round with a talk that nothing's ever been paid on the note, and telling her she's either got to raise the cash or hand over the hotel. The dirty bum!"

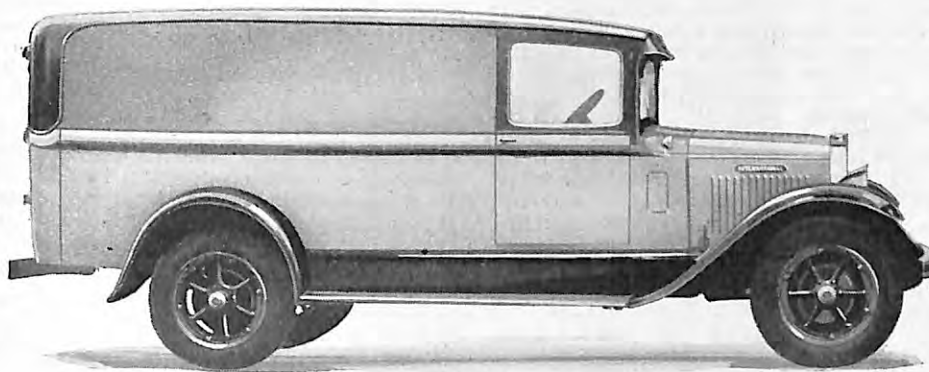
"That right, Mary?"

"Yes, Mister Charlie," gulped the girl. "Just before Daddy passed away, he patted my hand and said he'd settled with the bank. I know exactly what happened. Daddy was so

(Continued on page 44)

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INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from page 42)

careless about business matters, and he always thought Mr. Cobb the soul of honor. Getting back the note just slipped his mind."

"How about it, Bill?" asked Kickapoo Charlie. "You studied law, didn't you?"

"Between halves, that's all," confessed the Indian. "However, if no payments are marked on the note, I'm afraid it's collectable."

"Don't you worry, Mary," interjected Dave reassuringly. "Charlie and Bill'll show that thief where he gets off. See if they don't."

"Sure!" Kickapoo Charlie's voice boomed confidently. "We'll have that old hydrophoby skunk's pelt on the barn door before we're through with him. How much was the note for, Mary?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"Um-m-m. Your pappy leave anything else besides the hotel."

"Only some mining stock."

"Mining stock." Kickapoo Charlie's face brightened perceptibly. "Now you're gettin' right down the street where I live."

"But it isn't any good," protested the girl miserably. "I offered it to Mr. Cobb and he laughed right in my face."

"He did, did he? Well, you just go and get that stock and let me have a look at it."

"There's two thousand shares," Mary said, returning with a glistening certificate. "And it's signed and sealed and everything."

"The Rio Arriba Mining company," read Kickapoo Charlie. "Nice paper and a swell picture. All right, Mary, when does the note come due?"

"On May first."

"Pshaw, now. A whole thirty days off. Why, the way Dave talked I thought it was tomorrow. Now you run on to bed, little girl, and don't think any more about it. I've got an idea in the back of my head already."

At the breakfast table the following morning, Dave was clamant in his quest for information as to the idea, but Kickapoo Charlie merely smiled and bade him to keep his shirt on. When he had finished with his gold toothpick, he draped himself over the desk, and subjected Mary to a searching examination as to whether Mr. Cobb would be likely to remember the name of the mining stock.

"Oh, I'm sure he does," she answered firmly. "He said the name over several times, cackling harder every time he said it."

"That's good." Kickapoo Charlie nodded happily. "Come on, Bill, and we'll mosey up to the bank and give this Jesse James the once over. I guess you won't mind stayin' here, Dave, and helpin' Mary run the hostelry?"

Mr. Cobb himself, a skinny, rat-faced man, emerged from a back-room at sight of the impressive visitors, and on learning that the Magic Remedy Company was looking for a sound and safe depository, waxed enthusiastic in praise of his institution.

"I'm frank to say to you," said Kickapoo Charlie at parting, "that I am profoundly impressed. You will hear from me again, sir, in the next few days."

"Gosh, did you ever see such a face?" The Indian, out on the street, fairly spat his disgust.

"It's just the kind of face I wanted to see," declared his companion. "Now, Bill, we'll take a

pasear down to the depot and send off a little telegram. I'm wirin' a friend of mine in Kansas City to get here by the first train he can catch."

This was Tuesday. At 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, the Hummer, hesitating for a moment at Wheat Centre, left on the platform a type as foreign to the town as either Kickapoo Charlie or Bill Broken Branch. Lean, tall and weather-beaten, a battered Stetson pulled down over his eyes and a ragged growth of whiskers struggling here and there over the bronzed face, the man might have served as a model for one of Frederick Remington's old prospectors. Clumping up Main Street, unmindful of the stares, he entered the hotel and shook his head when Mary pushed forward the register.

"Don't aim to stay overnight," he rumbled. "Jes' stoppin' for dinner, that's all. Where's the washroom?"

As he walked down the hall in the indicated direction, Kickapoo Charlie, unostentatiously detaching himself from a chair, followed after. Curiously enough, the stranger was not seen again until the dining-room opened at twelve, and then, hurrying to a corner table, he busied himself with his food in obvious disregard of other patrons.

"Where's the bank?" he asked as he settled his bill from a handful of loose silver.

"It's that brick building two streets up," answered Mary. "You can't miss it."

"Thank ye. Mighty good meal, miss."

On the heels of the Westerner's exit, Kickapoo Charlie came out of the dining-room, and after a quick jerk of his head at Mary, climbed the stairs to his room. She followed in a few minutes, and in quick pursuit came Bill Broken Branch and Dave.

"Here's your stock, Mary," said Kickapoo Charlie, holding out the certificate. "Now listen. Before many hours go by, you're goin' to be called on by Banker Cobb. You'll find he's changed his mind about wanting those shares. Yes indeed! I kinda figger he'll be crazy for 'em."

"But Mister Charlie—"

"Don't ask questions. Your price is two thousand dollars. Get that? The fifteen hundred note, duly delivered and five hundred iron men in addition. Not a cent less. Now get back to

that desk, and you two rubbernecks go on out and see the town."

Kickapoo Charlie himself proceeded to a corner that commanded a clear view of the bank, but it was a full two hours before the stranger emerged, followed to the door by Mr. Cobb, his wizened face actually wearing a smile. The Westerner walked leisurely down the street, and Kickapoo Charlie trailed along, only mending his pace when the bank had been left two or three blocks behind.

"In here, Andy," he called cautiously, and turning a corner, mounted the steps of the First Baptist Church. "Well, sport; did he take it?"

"HOOK, line an' sinker," chuckled Andy. "Gee, Charlie, we're lettin' that sucker off too easy. I bet you we could sting him for his roll."

"Sure thing, but we've got to play the cards the way they lay. When you comin' back?"

"Saturday. I'm takin' a buggy over to the county seat, an' gettin' a train from there. Thought it better not to hang around the hotel all afternoon."

"All right then. I'll see you Saturday. No use telling you how much I appreciate this, old timer."

"Forget it. What are friends for, anyway?"

Proceeding down Main Street with a stately gait, waving ceremonious salutations to flattered townspeople, Kickapoo Charlie reached the hotel just as Mr. Cobb was emerging. Not even the least observant could have been in doubt as to the banker's exact state of mind, for a sly elation oozed at every pore.

"The old buzzard sure didn't let any grass grow under his feet," grinned the medicine man. "I'd like to bet I see some mighty happy faces inside."

"Oh, Mister Charlie! Mister Charlie!" Mary almost leaped over the desk at sight of him. "Mr. Cobb bought the stock just like you said he would. And here's the note, and I've got the extra five hundred pinned inside my dress."

"Well, well!" Kickapoo Charlie beamed his surprise. "Reckon you can afford fried chicken and hot biscuits to-night?"

"And ice cream, too. Aunt Hepsy's freezing it now on the back porch. It's just a miracle, that's what it is. A downright miracle. And I owe it all to you, you darling!"

"How about me," protested Dave. "Didn't I help any?"

"Of course you did." Mary's eyes were wells of tenderness, and Bill Broken Branch, turning away, indulged in a significant wink.

"Better be sending to Kansas City for a new banjo player," he murmured.

"Reckon there's no doubt of it," sighed Kickapoo Charlie. "Well, he's a fine lad, Bill, an' I'm glad to see him settle down."

The supper actually exceeded the trio's fondest hopes, and Mary, seated in the front row of the Opera House that night, peach-bloomy and star-eyed, inspired the troupe to climb the heights. Broken Branch uncorked a baritone voice of noble proportions, and rendered an amazing resemblance to "The Bedouin's Love Song"; Davy, carried beyond himself, soothed the banjo until it had the poignancy of a violin, the heart-throb of a harp, and Kickapoo Charlie, not to be outdone, gave an extra exhibition of legerdemain, bewildering the audience with card tricks and feats of magic.

The week went by on wings, everybody happy. Wheat Centre loved the entertainment offered by the Magic Remedy Company and thrilled to the beneficial effects of Ixacuahuatl; Dave and Mary



"Don't mind us, officer. We're just a couple of boy scouts on an outing"

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THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Postal Telegraph

Commercial Cables



All America Cables

Mackay Radio

(Continued from page 44)

laughed and sang as they sat behind the hotel desk or took buggy rides into the country; Kickapoo Charlie and Bill Broken Branch, like Jeshuran, waxed fat on choice victuals and kicked up their heels, and even Banker Cobb's sole-leather face, seen through the window, bore a look of joyous expectancy.

Saturday came in due course, and the Hummer again disgorged the weather-beaten Westerner of the high hat and straggly whiskers. This time, however, he walked straight up Main Street to the bank where Mr. Cobb met him at the door, quite obviously fighting a desire to enfold the stranger in his arms. After a stay of ten minutes, perhaps, the Old Prospector came out again, with an air that was almost jaunty, and clumped briskly down to the hotel. There he seated himself in a far corner of the office, lighted a large cigar, and composed himself with the air of one awaiting developments.

They were not long in coming. Heralded by a clatter of feet, Mr. Cobb burst in the door, panting, agonized and generally deporting himself as though robbed of his young. Pushing through Kickapoo Charlie, Bill Broken Branch and Dave, all of whom were massed about the desk, he flung down a folded paper and reached at Mary with a clawing hand.

"There's your fake stock," he screeched. "Give me back that note and that five hundred dollars. Try to swindle me, will you?"

"Why, Mr. Cobb?"

"One moment, please." Kickapoo Charlie, thrusting his tall figure in front of the frightened girl, took charge of the situation. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"None of your business!" The maddened banker darted frantically from side to side in a passionate endeavor to get by the obstruction.

"What right have you got butting in anyway?"

"The right of any decent white man to help a fatherless girl," rasped Charlie. "Miss Ferrall has told me all about that sale. You rushed in here the other day an' fairly begged to buy the stock. What's wrong with it now?"

"It's not worth the paper it's printed on, that's what. You give me back my money, young lady, or you'll find yourself in jail, see if you don't."

"Come on," Charlie ordered roughly. "Get down to brass tacks."

"Maybe I can explain." It was the Old Westerner who spoke, and the whole crowd turned sharply at the sound of his voice, Mr. Cobb, particularly, betraying an excitement that bordered on hysteria.

"That's one of the gang," he bawled, turning to the crowd that now filled the office. "He's one of the girl's confederates. Somebody go and get the town marshal right away. The derved sharper! Came into the bank and claimed he was foreman of a gold mine out West, and told a cock-and-bull story about how he'd discovered a rich vein and wanted to buy up all the stock he could lay his hands on. Said he'd heard there was a block in or around Wheat Centre. And when I located it, and bought it for him with my good money, he wouldn't take it."

"Of course not," calmly admitted the alleged foreman. "I asked you to get me Rio Arriba Gold Mining Company of New Mexico, an' you tried to hand me stock of the Rio Arriba Company of Arizona, an out-an'-out fake that they closed down five years ago."

"That's a lie," foamed Mr. Cobb. "You never said nothing about any New Mexico or Arizona."

"Shut up." Kickapoo Charlie, fixing iron

fingers in the banker's lapel, shook him into silence. "An' may I ask, friend, how much you offered for the stock you wanted to get."

"Ten dollars a share. It's worth it, too."

"An' Cobb paid this orphan one dollar a share. Why, you darned old horned toad!" Charlie's wrathful bellow was instantly followed by exclamations of rage from Dave and Bill Broken Branch, and the crowd, given this authoritative leadership, also broke out in groans and murmurs. "Out with you, an' go into court if you dare."

The indignant head of the Magic Remedy Company, propelling Mr. Cobb to the door by the scruff of the neck and the seat of his breeches, threw him into space and then dusted his hands with a dramatic flourish. "If there's anything I can't stand," he announced loudly, "it's dishonesty."

ONE by one the townspeople dispersed, carrying the news that Banker Cobb had been trying to swindle Mary Ferrall; Andy Bowen, the Old Prospector, departed to catch his train after frank expressions of pleasure at meeting a man of Kickapoo Charlie's calibre; and at last Mary was left alone with the members of the Magic Remedy Company.

"I never heard anything like it," she breathed ecstatically, collapsing into a chair. "To think of that old mining man coming along just when he did, and looking for the stock of a company exactly the same name as mine except for the State."

"What a break!" Dave sighed blissfully. "You can't beat luck like that."

"No indeed!" Bill Broken Branch fixed Kickapoo Charlie with a knowing eye. "You can't beat luck like that."

Speed and Temperament

(Continued from page 17)

to win when 3 to 1 as when he was 1 to 3. Even the great Man O'War never equalled his time for one mile and a quarter—2:00³/₅, the time he made in the Third International Race between himself, Epinard, the imported French horse, Mad Play, Altawood, and several other speed marvels.

Sarazen gloried in doing the thing his jockey or his trainer didn't want him to do. The gelded son of High Time-Rushbox almost wrecked the health of Max Hirsch, who trained him for Mrs. Vanderbilt. Hirsch tried—and often succeeded in—outwitting Sulky Sarah. He'd make the gelding think he didn't want him to do the thing he wanted him to do. That was the way Hirsch found to handle the speed marvel. But in spite of the contrary streak in Sarazen's nature he went out and won more than \$200,000 for his owner, more than paying back the \$35,000 she paid Colonel Phil T. Chin for him at Saratoga.

OFTEN trainers and jockeys become past masters at the art of outguessing these temperamental thoroughbreds, just as Gatti-Casazza of the Metropolitan Opera learns how to soothe the temperamental prima donnas in his care when they go off on an emotional spree.

Much has been written about the late Sam Hildreth's horsemanship, but it is doubtful if "Uncle Sam" ever proved his greatness more convincingly than in the way he handled Mad Hatter when that magnificent son of Fair Play and Madcap was making history on the American turf.

Mad Hatter was one of those horses that try men's souls. He had a contrary streak in him as wide as Broadway. He could give Farrar, Garden, and Galli-Curci lessons in how to display temperament. Yet he was one of the most remarkable thoroughbreds that ever broke a punter's heart.

In his heyday, the Rancocas star was capable of taking the measure of the best horses in training—if he chose to run. Back in 1924 when The Hatter was eight years old, and followers of the sport of kings were saying, perhaps hopefully, that he was through, Mad Hatter demonstrated his greatness by shouldering 125 pounds and galloping to victory in the Suburban Handi-

cap at Belmont Park. Furthermore, he stepped that mile and a quarter in the good time of 2:03³/₅. That same year he annexed the Queens County Handicap, carrying 127 pounds, and beating such good racers as Rialto and Dunlin, both four-year-olds. Earl Sande rode The Hatter in both of these races.

Hildreth once said, "I don't know which deserves the most credit—Sande or Mad Hatter!"

Other trainers, who knew rider and horse, were inclined to give Sande the major portion of the credit. But it is certain that Sande, great rider that he was, couldn't have ridden a winning race on The Hatter in the Suburban of 1924 if Hildreth hadn't found out a lot about the son of Fair Play when Mad Hatter was a four-, five- and six-year-old. It was while training him in those days that Hildreth learned the horse's peculiarities. He discovered that the best way to make The Hatter run fast was to have his rider pretend he wanted him to ease up, and vice versa. He told Sande to let the horse believe he was outwitting him, and in this way, he would get the best of the old fellow had to offer.

Although Mad Hatter failed his backers in many races in which he was the logical favorite, he also made a remarkable record. His two- and three-year-old records are nothing to boast about, but as a four-year-old he won the Yorktown Handicap over the mile and a quarter route at Empire City, toting 126 pounds, and in the fall of the year beat Sir Barton and Billy Kelly, two great horses, in the Serial Weight-for-Age race over the mile route. As a five-year-old he stepped up still another notch by annexing such important events as the Kings County Handicap, the Metropolitan, the Jockey Club Gold Cup (a two-mile event), and the October Handicap at Jamaica. He continued his winning ways in his sixth year, repeating his victories in the above first-mentioned three events, besides accounting for the Pierrepont Handicap, and the Champlain at Saratoga.

In his racing career this temperamental speed marvel started in 98 races, winning, 32, finishing second 22 times, third 15 times, and being unplaced 39 times. His winnings totalled \$194,525, a nice sum for a horse that was considered a bad actor and a bad gamble.

Old-timers in the racing game will recall

Eurus, by the imported Mortimer, which ran in the colors of the late A. J. Cassett, whose statue stands atop the Pennsylvania Station in New York City. Back in the 'eighties Eurus was a name to be conjured with on any man's track. Like his illustrious successors, Mad Hatter and Sarazen, he had all the good qualities that make for champions, and one or two of the bad traits that make of horse racing the uncertain game that it is.

Eurus was accused of being a sulker, but he wasn't. True, he often flattered his backers by getting off in front and just galloping ahead of his competitors for a half, three-quarters, or a mile, only to stop suddenly and loaf to the wire. The next day the sport writers would say that Eurus, the favorite, sulked and finished way back. There were times, however—many of them—when the son of Mortimer lived up to and even beyond the expectations of his owner and those who believed in his ability. One of these was the day in 1887 when he won the Suburban Handicap at Belmont Park. That day he felt like running, and he showed the way to the wire to such good horses as Oriflamme, a three-year-old, and Wickham, a five-year-old that was highly regarded by his owner and trainer.

In spite of his great speed Eurus failed his backers often and at the most unexpected times. Oddly enough, he seemed to fail on those days when huge amounts of money were bet on him, and it has been said that no horse that ran in the 'eighties ever burnt up the money that he did in 1886-87. Even with the Suburban victory to his credit he was reviled by sporting editors and the general public, called a quitter, a sulker and a rogue. Never was a good race-horse so unjustly libeled. Only his owner believed in him. Cassett believed in him even when he lost races which he should have won with ease.

The greatness of Eurus was not fully appreciated until the day he died. It was then that Cassett decided to find out if there wasn't something organically rather than mentally wrong with Mortimer's son. An autopsy revealed that Eurus had a tumor as large as a football! The veterinarian who examined the horse said that the tumor had been developing for years, and that it undoubtedly caused the animal great

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free wheeling
STUDEBAKERS
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WHEN three Free Wheeling Studebaker President Eight roadsters set out from New York, bound for the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle, they were equipped to *prove* the remarkable economy of Free Wheeling.

Each car traveled its own route—across the north, the center and the south of the country. Each carried *twin* speedometers, one geared to the propeller shaft as usual, showing total road miles traveled, the other mounted *ahead* of the transmission, where it registered engine miles traveled.

Studebaker predicted only 8 miles of engine effort would be required for each 10 miles of road travel. *The results show less than seven*—to be exact, an average saving of 32.53% for the three cars!

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16 other makes
 have followed Studebaker in adopting *Free Wheeling*

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pain and discomfort. It was there the day he won the Suburban, and it was there when he won half a dozen other races which would have been a credit to the soundest horse in training. That autopsy proved that Eurys, instead of being a quitter and a temperamentalist, was one of the gamest thoroughbreds that ever faced a starter.

Everybody around the race-tracks in the days when W. S. Kilmer's sterling campaigner, Exterminator, was running, knew that "Old Bones," as the horse was called, loved the plaudits of the crowds. Many believed that "Old Bones" got as much kick out of the cheers that always greeted him when he pranced into the winner's ring as he did from the game of racing itself. But some horses, like some people, have a horror of crowds. Care Free, speedy son of the unbeaten Colin, was one of these. He not only disliked crowds but he disliked certain kinds of discipline and routine. Care Free was a congenial rogue. As a two-year-old he gave promise of becoming a valuable piece of property. Then he began to have notions. The Schwartz brothers, famous for putting through the \$145,000 Dodge Brothers deal, who owned Care Free, did everything they and their trainer could think of to make Care Free an honest horse.

CARE FREE detested the paddock. He didn't like crowds, and he showed this by kicking, biting and plunging whenever he was asked to go to the enclosure where visitors gathered around him.

His behavior on the way to the post as a general rule was pretty good. But once there, it was hard to guess what he'd do. If the mood struck him he'd run like a ghost-haunted darky. But if he decided he didn't care to run, only dynamite could get him away from the barrier.

Being a fashionably bred youngster, the betting public was afraid to ignore him, as he had shown several times that he had plenty of foot and always was dangerous. Those who stuck with the son of Colin—Domino Noire were handsomely rewarded on several occasions, as book-makers often offered tempting odds, gambling, I presume, that he wasn't in a running mood.

The Schwartz brothers finally tired of Care Free's tactics and sold him. Then began a checkered career for Care Free. One owner after another gave him up as a bad lot, but before some of them let him go they sought satisfaction by raising welts on his sensitive sides. Eventually he became the property of Mrs. A. E. Alexander, who turned him over to her husband, Aleck, to train.

That was a lucky moment in Care Free's life. Aleck Alexander knew horses. He believed that kindness and gentleness are valuable assets in dealing with horses as well as children. Whips were banished from Care Free's sight. When it was necessary to take him to the paddock, Alexander placed a bandage over his eyes, shutting from his view the hated crowds. He would flinch and tremble when he passed close to persons on the track or in the paddock, but would calm down as soon as his trainer stroked his neck and talked soothingly to him.

It wasn't long until Care Free's name began appearing in the form-sheet headlines. Soon he was the main-stay of Mrs. Alexander's stable—the chief bread winner. In the season of 1925 he beat just about everything in the near-

handicap division. He ran more kindly for Aleck Alexander than he had ever run before. Still the halter brigade—men who exercise the claiming rule to get good horses out of cheap races—would have none of him. They didn't believe his reformation was permanent. As a result, Mrs. Alexander collected purse after purse, and Care Free's steady followers cashed in as many as six bets in a row. Alexander had found the way to take the kinks out of Care Free's brain, and Care Free was grateful. The last I heard of the son of Colin he was running up in Canada. He's twelve years old now, but according to the American Racing Manual he started ten times in 1929, winning twice, finishing second twice, and third three times.

Loyalty to one man is a trait expected in dogs. If it wasn't there we'd be disappointed. But I never heard of a dog more loyal to his master than Spugs, a spindle-legged horse, was to Frank Kearns. Spugs's dam, Shoo Fly, wasn't exactly a fashionable mother, so his early life was fraught with danger. It was just a toss up whether he'd start his career of usefulness on the business end of a milk wagon or the race-track. An old Kentuckian, in a reckless moment, bought Spugs for seventy-five dollars. Repenting a few days later, the gentleman of the Blue Grass sold him to Kearns, taking a ten-dollar loss.

Kearns didn't know just why he bought Spugs unless it was because the colt looked so forlorn and ungainly that he was moved by pity. At the outset Kearns paid little or no attention to his new property, but one day one of his exercise boys said, "Mister Kearns, that Spugs hoss can run a lick."

Mildly interested, Kearns thought he'd give the colt a tryout. He entered him in a cheap selling race, and took time out from his other chores to watch him run. To his amazement, Spugs came romping home in front, just laughing at his competitors. Again and again Spugs went to the post and won with surprising ease. Then

been feeding Spugs for a month. "And I'll even throw in a halter. He ain't a hoss; he's just an oat destroyer."

Two days later Spugs, carrying the familiar Kearns silks, galloped home to an easy victory. Then he went on and won twelve of his next twenty races. There were plenty of owners who had a hunch to claim Spugs out of these cheap races, but resisted the impulse as it was too generally believed that Spugs was a one-man horse. But those twelve wins out of twenty were too much for the man who trained Care Free—A. E. Alexander.

He had taken the wheels out of Care Free's head and he believed he could do the same trick with Spugs. So, one day, he claimed the Shoo Fly colt, saying, "I reckon I know as much about a one-man hoss as you do, Frank. Anyway, I'm gonna see what I can do with Spugs."

"Help yourself, Aleck," replied Kearns, "but if he gets homesick and won't run, don't shoot him before seeing me."

Alexander kept Spugs less than two months. In that time he exhausted his knowledge of hoss in trying to make the "one-man hoss" do his stuff. But to no avail.

Rather sheepishly he went to Kearns and said, "I got a little hoss over'n my barn which you can have for the asking."

That night Spugs was back home. Within a week he had grabbed another purse. While he was winning a dozen more the "halter men" looked on but made no effort to claim him. Spugs had proven himself a one-man horse to the complete satisfaction of the turf world.

It is common knowledge that a certain class of horse owners and trainers run their charges according to the odds. That is, they see to it that they run kindly and fast when the odds are long and unkindly and slow when the odds are short. It is uncommon, however, to find a horse that decides for himself just when the odds are right. In fact, I've never seen but two

horses that appeared to be able to tell one number or figure from another. One was on the vaudeville stage, and the other was J. E. Widener's bay gelding, Naturalist. Naturalist may have inherited some of his queer ways from his French parents. He was by Rabelais out of Nature. If ever a horse lived and raced that seemed to be able to figure out what odds were being laid against him that horse was Naturalist. One day at Aqueduct as he was parading to the post with half a dozen other thoroughbreds he happened to stop facing the betting ring.

"LOOK! Look!" cried an excited punter. "He won't go to the post until he finds out what the odds are on him!"

Naturalist didn't like it when he was made favorite. On those occasions he would go quietly enough to the post but once there would kick,

bite, rear and do everything he could think of to worry his jockey, the starter, the other horses and the persons who had bet on him. Eventually he would get in line with the other starters, and those who had backed him would breathe more freely. But, seven times out of ten, if he were favorite in the betting, when the barrier flew up he'd pin back his ears, dig his fore feet into the brown soil and laugh at the betting public. The bookmakers would laugh with him.

He especially disliked small fields. If only two, three or four other horses were competing

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one day he was claimed out of a selling race. Kearns hated to see him go as he had become genuinely fond of Spugs and, he believed, Spugs sort o' liked him.

Spugs wasn't away very long, however, for his new owner came to Kearns one day and asked, "What's the prescription?" meaning "What do you give this beetle to make him run?" Kearns couldn't help with any information, and Spugs did nothing for his new owner but eat plenty of oats. One day Kearns was asked to take his horse back. "He won't cost you a cent," said the disgusted horseman who had



“Firestone Tires Show Practically No Wear”



INTO Seattle, July 6th—on time to the dot—rolled three sparkling Purple & White Studebaker Cars—The Elks Good Will Fleet—ending a coast to coast drive to the annual convention. All the drivers were enthusiastic about the performance of their tires. Here, for example, is what E. C. O'Donnell, driver of car No. 1, wired headquarters:

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(Continued from page 48)

with him that was a good time not to bet on him. He appeared to like big fields where there was a jostling and kicking and yelling at the post. In these races he was likely to get off well and come mighty close to equalling the track record.

Tom Walsh, his trainer, once said, "Naturalist thinks too much. If he'd stop thinking he could beat any man's horse in this country at any distance from six furlongs to a mile and an eighth. But his thinking makes it bad for us."

Naturalist's most famous stunt was pulled at Jamaica back in 1919. He and a horse named Hannibal were the only starters in a handicap at a mile and a furlong. Naturalist was the favorite, a ton of money having been bet on him to beat the poorly regarded Hannibal. The pair broke together and Naturalist took it easy to keep apace of his opponent. The fact that he got away from the barrier was enough for his backers. They figured that was the only gamble. As the pair went into the back stretch it seemed just a question of how far off Hannibal would be beaten.

The Saturday crowd was shocked to see Naturalist, half-way up the back stretch, pin his ears back, dig his fore feet into the soil and come to a stop so suddenly that he almost unseated his jockey. In vain did the boy flail him with his whip and kick spurs into his sides.

Finally, a stableman came along on a pony and caught Naturalist's bridle. He pulled and yanked but the horse refused to budge until his head was turned around. Then he trotted quietly back toward the paddock.

In the meantime Hannibal galloped along alone. He had reached the stretch and was straightened out for home when he began bleeding from the nose and mouth. He too came to a halt about a furlong from home. The jockey remained on his back, however, and walked him across the finish line, completing the race.

Naturalist gave his followers another terrific wallop in the Arverne Handicap at Aqueduct the same year. Again he was the favorite to win from Borrow and High Cost. He was an odds-on choice, and evidently didn't like that, for he broke slowly, sulked all the way up the back stretch, and when Jockey Knapp, still confident of winning, started to give him a hard ride home, the strong-headed horse thought of something else. He decided it would be a good stunt to run to the outside of the track when he reached the head of the stretch. He did just that and "finished nowhere."

DESPITE his bad manners Naturalist won 29 of the 79 races in which he started, beating such stars as Billy Kelly, Lucullite, Roamer, and Exterminator.

Whenever old-timers get together to talk about the glories of the American turf, and the subject of eccentric horses comes up, somebody is sure to ask, "Do you remember old Cardinal Sarto?"

Cardinal Sarto was a brown gelding by Reggy from Tyrone, and a faster plater would be hard to find on the "leaky roof" circuit. He was owned by L. C. Williams, who raced him on the Western tracks about 1908-09. He, like Care Free and Naturalist, was a bad post actor, but he had a world of speed when he got started. Williams said the Cardinal was opposed to gambling, therefore often tried to teach his backers a lesson by refusing to run just when they had bet on him.

It was getting along toward the end of a fall meeting out in Montana, back in 1909, and the Williams stable was in need of get-away money. The Cardinal had disappointed them three or four times at that meeting, but they knew he could win a race he was entered in on September 9th, if he would only break from the barrier. Furthermore, they knew he would pay a long price, as the bookmakers had about come to the conclusion they had nothing to fear from Cardinal Sarto.

The Cardinal's trainer sat up nights trying to figure out a way to make his charge run. Then the day before the September 9th race he had an inspiration. Filling an old shotgun with rock salt he took Cardinal Sarto to the schooling post, where bad-acting horses are schooled in breaking from the barrier—and held a conference with his friend, the assistant starter who was schooling a half dozen bad actors. Then he told the

boy who was riding the Cardinal to put on a heavy leather jerkin over his sweater and take the horse to the barrier. The boy did, and the trainer took a position about fifteen feet behind the horse, cocked his old shotgun and waited for the signal which he had arranged with the assistant starter. An instant after giving this signal the starter sprang the barrier and yelled, "Come on!" As the command was given the trainer took careful aim and fired the charge of rock salt. It hit the contrary old fellow squarely in the spot where it would encourage him most.

With something that sounded like a snort of anger, Cardinal Sarto gave a lunge that almost unseated the boy, overtaking the other horses before they had gone a hundred yards.

The following afternoon just before the race upon which so much depended for the Williams stable, the trainer got down the old shotgun again and sitting where Cardinal Sarto could see him proceeded to fill it with rock salt. When The Cardinal went to the barrier the trainer, carrying the shotgun, took a position near the fence just behind his horse. Old Sarto looked around at him twice, cringed a bit, then put his mind on the business at hand. When the barrier went up old Cardinal Sarto was the first to get away. He was out in front before they had gone a dozen lengths, and he stayed there until he had crossed the finish line. He paid ten to one, and the Williams Stable left Montana well heeled, financially, and with a horse that later gained considerable fame on the outlaw tracks for his speedy getaways.

We all know that some of our most famous stars of the opera as well as the screen and so-called legitimate theater have had a weakness for looking upon the wine especially when it sent little bubbles upward. There are prima donnas of the turf who are equally fond of the giggly water, and not a few who have a decided weakness for good old lager beer. Whether their numbers have increased or decreased since the dawn of Volsteadism, it is impossible to say. But in the "good old days" the equine world boasted of some good, four-hoofed drinkers.

There was, for instance, Prince Brutus, a chestnut gelding, owned and raced by Bill Caine, out California way, back in the days when Emeryville was enjoying its greatest popularity. The Prince had speed but he liked to be coddled. If nobody made a fuss over him before he went to the post, he was likely to run a dull race or refuse to run at all. One day the stableboys figured he had a good chance to win a heat and were going to bet all on him. Therefore, in order to get him in a good mood, they gathered in his stall and made a fuss over him. To make the occasion more festive, somebody went to a saloon just outside the track and got a big can of beer—*real* beer. They were just about to drink the Prince's health when Caine summoned them. Forgetting the beer, they left it in the stall. While they were gone, the Prince stuck his muzzle into the can, and, tasting the suds, decided it was good. He was just licking his chops when the boys returned.

The Prince went out that afternoon and won his race in a canter. The moment he got back to the stable, however, he made straight for the can that had been used for the beer and showed keen disappointment when he found it empty. To emphasize this disappointment he kicked, bit, and raised a general rumpus. Puzzled, his trainer asked the boys if they knew what ailed the temperamental fellow. One of them told of the beer incident.

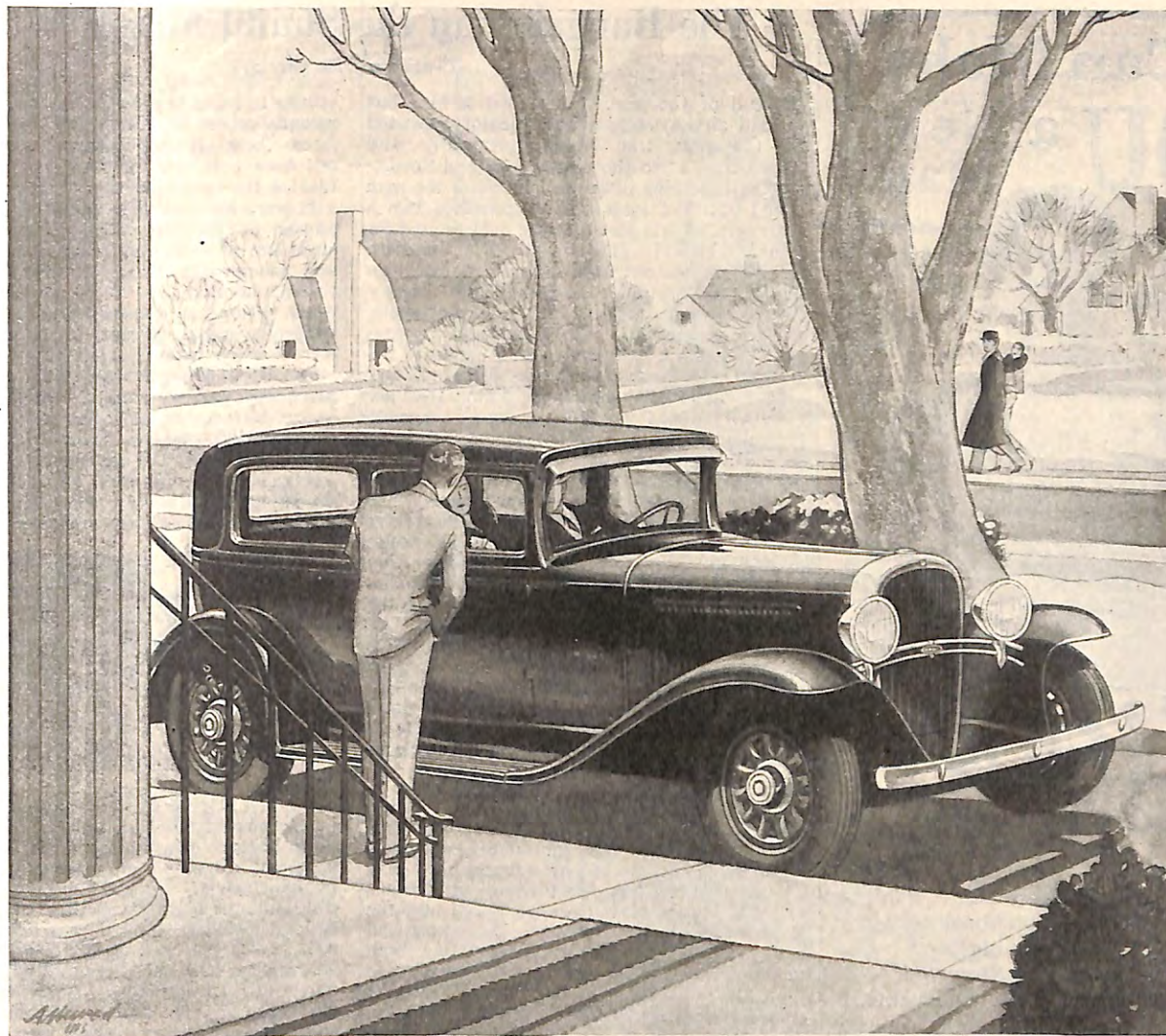
"Ah-h-h!" exclaimed the trainer who knew a lot about horses. "Here, boy; go get this filled with good beer!" When the beer was brought in The Prince guzzled it with great satisfaction, and immediately became as gentle as a child. Thereafter, whenever he won a race he was given a can of the amber fluid. One day something happened to the corner saloon and no beer was available. The Prince raised Cain. He kicked and bit until in desperation the trainer sent out and got some near-beer. This Prince Brutus scornfully—if a horse can be scornful—refused. And he didn't quiet down until, at great pains, the trainer got some real beer for him.

The history of the turf is dotted with stories of temperamental horses. They have caused many a trainer no end of sleepless nights, and they have cost the punting public millions of dollars in wagers. What makes 'em that way? The wisest horsemen say too much work is the principal cause. Some dislike training, and when forced to exercise become irritable. In that respect they are not much different from prize-fighters. Others become temperamental from tender mouths, whippings, bad handling by ignorant stable hands, or too much racing.

If the right man gets hold of them before they become too set in their ways many of them are cured of their eccentricities. The best medicine is kind treatment, gentleness, and understanding. A prima donna of the turf is just as susceptible to coddling as a prima donna of the stage.

IN accordance with the directions of the Grand Lodge, at Miami, Fla., in 1928, the illustrated volume descriptive of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building has been published and copies are now available to members at the office of the Grand Secretary, Elks National Memorial Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago, Ill. The price per copy is two dollars and mail orders will be filled post-paid.

This handsome volume, a splendid example of the art of printing, contains 74 pages of text and illustrations, including a description of the Memorial Building and its art features, a brief history of the Order and of its patriotic services during the World War; reproductions in full color of the mural paintings by Edwin H. Blashfield and Eugene Savage, and more than thirty lovely duotone prints, showing exterior and interior views of the building and details of its decorative embellishments.



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The Bungalow in the Sound Marsh Woods

(Continued from page 21)

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the end of the pier. She called to him, but he had already stepped into the dory, assisted by the man, who bowed pleasantly and tipped his hat to the nurse. She had already started hastening down the pier when the man called out: "I forgot that I promised him a little ride. I will just turn the boat around for him a minute." The boy stood in the stern as they pushed out from the pier, and held up a small, live turtle for the nurse to see. Irresolutely, somewhat fearing to be a spoil-sport, the nurse hesitated. Finally she called her consent "for just a half-minute." The roar of the boat increased and before she realized it, her charge was speeding hard straight away from her—both man and boy still waving in the most cordial manner. Her agony dawned slowly as second after second went by without the boat turning. Finally, with a shriek she fled for the house and fainted in a gardener's arms while attempting to tell the story. The gardener later spread the alarm and started pursuit at once in a tiny launch—the only craft available within a half-mile; but he could make but seven miles an hour, and was unable even to distinguish the faster craft which had so long a head start. By the time other and faster boats had been started, all trace of the kidnapper had been lost. The police on the opposite (Connecticut) shore had been vainly patrolling and beating up and down the shore for some time. Larger craft in the vicinity, to which the boy might have been transferred were searched in vain.

village to learn if possible whether anyone had recently rented the abandoned bungalow, for so far as those villagers present could say, it had not been occupied for many years. He then tackled the complicated problem before him:

It was clear that the man and boy had only paused at the bungalow, for their footprint trails led into and then out from the doorway, and around the house to a path which led through another part of the woods to a country road. From the doorway were clear footprint trails of a woman—a track toward the door, and a track away from it. The woman's footprints indicated a large foot, in high-heeled shoes. Man, boy and woman evidently had left the bungalow together. Careful tracking led to the country road. Where this path joined the road were clear marks of automobile tires. (Both woman's footprints and auto tire-marks are shown in the drawings on this page). Dan studied the tire-tracks and found that the



Clear segment of tire-track taken from the end of the track in muddy path. (Right and left tracks identical)

DAN waited till Bancroft arrived and then hurried him to a waiting motorcraft held ready by a neighbor. In a few minutes they had crossed to the Connecticut village of Crisdale and were again in touch with police and the Bancroft estate by telephone. No report had come, and no ransom demand had yet been made. Bancroft was without bitter enemies, so far as he could say, and he agreed with Ford that it was a professional kidnapping job. Finally, after two hours of waiting and telephoning, Dan's previous instructions to his office to keep spreading details to Connecticut police bore fruit. The constable in the tiny hamlet of Satterlee, eleven miles seaward, and two miles up the Satterlee Creek, reported a clue. A clam-digger who had just tramped in from the flatlands near the mouth of the creek, reported a motor-dory occupied by a man and a boy as having entered the creek "about noon"—nothing more definite could be learned. No one had observed them going up the creek. It was a waste area, untenanted.

It was then after two o'clock. Ford and Bancroft tore down the shore in record time and were soon at the inlet. The constable had already located the abandoned motor-dory in the sedges near a large tract known as the Sound Marsh Woods, a half-mile up the creek and over a mile from the hamlet of Satterlee and the footprints of both man and boy had been traced through a section of the woods for several hundred yards. They ended in a trail through the woods but were finally picked up some distance beyond and traced to a small cabin, now abandoned. At Bancroft's insistence, Dan Ford assumed command of the investigating party. The bungalow was surrounded, but it was soon found that the birds had flown. Ford dispatched the constable's assistant back to the

driver had attempted to drive up the broad path (overgrown with grass), but had been unable to do so because of a muddy hole. The mud had been churned up—there were splashes on nearby plant leaves. Beyond the hole the tire-track continued for a little less than seven feet only, ceasing abruptly—obviously the car had backed out. Turning tracks were evident in the road. It was clear that the three had departed by car northward. But before rushing any alarm to the police and press, Dan Ford hastened back to the bungalow, where there were other clues.

The place had been either rented temporarily or broken into. Fragments of bread and traces of jam were found on an old table in the main room. There was still a bit of furniture in the place—and it had been dusted recently. A rickety cot in an adjoining bedroom, without linen, had certainly been slept in. A small cracked mirror hung on the wall and over the lower portion of it Dan Ford detected a fine film, as of powder. This led him to search carefully on an adjacent smooth-seated wooden chair. There he found a tiny trail of spilled powder—pale pink, he saw, upon examination. Near the chair, on the floor, was a small square of pure white tissue paper such as women carry in their handbags and use to wipe off powder or rouge before putting on fresh make-up. But this piece was completely clean; with not the slightest visible particle of powder, rouge or other substance upon its surface. It was slightly crumpled, and had a sharp pinch or short crease in the middle.

"ENOUGH!" the detective cried to Bancroft, taking him abruptly out of the bungalow. "Now for the telephone." And in twenty minutes they had gained the village and circulated to police and press a rather detailed description of the probable appearance of the child's companions.

"As for the man—he probably will not risk traveling with the boy. He knows we have his description. If he does risk it, so much the better. We can say how he would probably attempt to disguise himself. But in all probability the woman will go it alone. Whether she goes far, or attempts hiding nearby, sooner or later we will get them."

And Dan Ford's prediction proved true before twelve hours had passed. If you had been in his position, how would you have reasoned from the available data? The questions to be answered are:

1. What is the most accurate possible description of the woman in the case?
2. How would you have described the car in which the child was taken from the bungalow?



Specimens of woman's footprints, to and from the bungalow

Solution to "The Sayreville Hold-Up Case"

1. Dan Ford judged from the scrawled message of the paymaster on the envelope that the sheriff and superintendent had made a gross error. He believed the dying man had attempted to pencil a license number: Col 119—or something very like it, not Collins, a name. He thought that at the "9" the hand of the writer had relaxed and slipped off the paper, unable to complete the full number. It was the more likely since the state of Colorado adjoins Nebraska.

2. Under the circumstances, it was of course of prime importance to spread the alarm quickly for a motor-cyclist with a machine bearing some such number. This Ford did, first hastening to the turn-off road, one mile nearer the crime-scene than the construction camp, where he verified his reasoning by finding the actual motor-cycle tire track on the country road. Having done so, he did not pursue (for the bandit had had a long head-start), but first struck for the camp, where he could telephone the news to headquarters.

Ford then took up pursuit on the country road which turned off from the State Road. He could not trail the bandit beyond a distance of four miles, but from the clues already furnished, the police at Drayton, thirty miles distant, were enabled to track a man who later was proved guilty of the crime. His motor-cycle, abandoned in bushes a half-mile from the Drayton railroad depot, led to the belief that he had made connection with a fast train leaving for Denver, Colorado, just before noon. The fact that it was an express made it possible to request Denver detectives to search the train carefully at its first stop. A suspicious looking parcel (the payroll in toto) led to the arrest of Walter Bye, alias "Baby Byers," a hold-up man long wanted by the Colorado police. Bye or Byers, as he was more commonly known, was convicted several months later and was electrocuted for the murder of the paymaster. The irate Collins, against whom there was no case whatever, was quickly released upon Dan Ford's recommendation.

Airways and Means

(Continued from page 23)

down. The big field is in front of him, its outlines indicated with white bulbs, its towers, hangars, and buildings fully illuminated and also marked with red lights. An illuminated arrow swings into the wind to show the pilot the direction from which the wind is coming, so that he can land correctly. A powerful floodlight system turns one of the runways into a brilliant white level, cleared for use.

The big ship touches earth, taxis to the loading platform. The bustle of porters and officials is reminiscent of the arrival of a crack train in a great station. Passengers disembark, hurry out to taxis, buses, or their waiting cars. The pilot taxis off to a hangar, where an inspection and servicing force will soon go over the plane, like oilers and mechanics on a locomotive in a railroad round-house.

Different indeed from the barnstormer days. Then even the best airports were merely good fields with one or two hangars and a shop and an office. Now, the equipment of a great airport is almost amazing. Ticket offices, waiting rooms, information booths, lunch-rooms, restaurants, even hotels on some of the larger fields—these are only a part. Because of rapidly increasing traffic on main airlines, more and more structures are appearing at the airports—to house the various company offices, their planes, personnel, and guests. So important has air travel become that specialty shops are beginning to take notice of this market.

One of the first modern airports in the country was that at Buffalo, New York. Since the great increase in air travel there have been numerous finely equipped air stations constructed, especially at air-line hubs, such as Chicago, Oakland, Newark (port for New York City), Washington, Miami, Camden, Columbus, Los Angeles, Kansas City, and Dallas.

Even the airports at smaller cities frequently

(Continued on page 54)



Old Cape Henry Light, built in 1791, on the Virginia Coast—prized relic of early Virginia history.

15c size

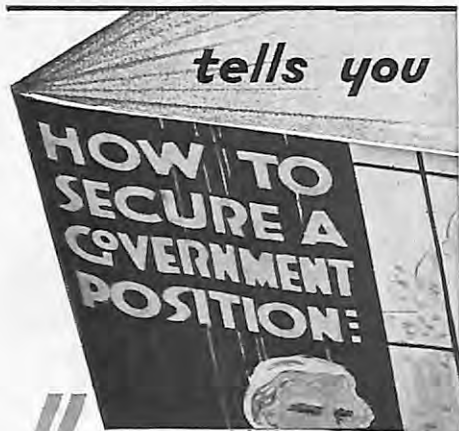
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these questions can you answer off-hand?

1. How fast does sound travel?
2. What was Mark Twain's real name?
3. With what title should one address a Cardinal?
4. How high are the Niagara Falls?
5. Who is Attorney-General of the United States?
6. In what year did the Battle of Manila Bay take place?
7. What is the lowest point of land in the world?
8. Who live the longer, men or women?
9. Who proposed inscribing "E Pluribus Unum" on our coins?
10. How far apart are railroad tracks in this country?
11. Who founded the Salvation Army?
12. What State uses lethal gas in executing murderers?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 61)

(Continued from page 53)

are better equipped than the best ones of a few years ago. And there are hundreds of fields throughout the country where shelter for planes, fuel, and minor repair parts are available for pilots who are not following one of the major air routes.

This great increase in airports, together with the building of marked and lighted airways, has made flying much simpler both for the private pilot and the pilot flying a passenger or mail plane on regular schedule. But new problems have arisen, especially in connection with night flying.

The first night flyers were courageous men who took chances, landing with only a bonfire or a gasoline flare to guide them. The establishment of airways with lighted fields and powerful beacons rotating atop steel towers seemed to mark the end of all such trouble. But advertisers were quick to see the value of high-power beacons. Such lights began to appear on top of hotels, department stores, and other buildings, sometimes identical with the standard airway beacons.

AN Eastern mail pilot mistook one such light for the airway beacon he was seeking in thick weather, and accordingly changed his course, thinking his compass was incorrect. Flying at 120 miles an hour, he held his course. After failing to see the next beacon, which should have been visible in a few minutes, he decided to investigate. He descended through the mist. As his route lay along the Atlantic coast he should have seen the lights of coastal cities, but only darkness lay beneath.

Suddenly he saw a peculiar set of lights and turned toward them. To his dismay they proved to be the warning signals of a lightship well offshore. He made record time back to land—and an hour later was lodging a vigorous complaint which caused an immediate change in the offending beacon. After a number of such cases the Department of Commerce issued orders requiring advertising lights to be tilted differently, rotated more swiftly, or otherwise marked so that pilots would not mistake them for airway beacons.

But even this did not end all the trouble caused by airway lighting. On one occasion a mail pilot mistook a reservoir for an intermediate field. The Government intermediate fields are outlined with white lights on standards, placed at regular intervals. Green lights indicate the lines of approach for landing, and if there are any obstacles they are either floodlighted or marked with red lamps. In this case the pilot was trying to get through a fog when he saw off to his left a number of white lights arranged in the form of a rectangle. A veil of mist hid the surrounding area somewhat, but the pilot was sure he had found a lighted field.

He decided to land and inquire about the weather ahead. He glided down toward the lighted rectangle. There were no green or red

lamps, but he assumed this meant a perfect field, free from hazards and available for landing from any direction.

He began to level off as he passed over the first row of white lights. Something beneath caught his eye. It was the reflection of his plane in water! He jammed the throttle wide open, pulled the stick back—and waited. The half-stalled plane hovered with fluttering wings, while the pilot prepared for a cold bath. Then it slowly gained speed and lifted. Looking down, the pilot saw that the white lights were merely ornaments surrounding a large reservoir.

Other difficulties were found in guiding pilots through mountain passes, but small blinkers are now used to indicate every turn of a pass, or where there is a detour for any reason. Often, these lights are situated in isolated regions where it would be almost impossible to obtain caretakers. Selenium cells, which are extremely sensitive to changes from light to darkness, are used to switch on the beacons or blinkers at dusk and turn them off at dawn. They operate for weeks with no attention at all, though airway mechanics fly the routes regularly to be sure that none of the beacons have failed.

By means of such facilities, night flying is easy except in bad weather. Fog, heavy snow, blinding rain and low clouds complicate all flying, especially at night. Unfortunately, the beacon lights will not pierce fog, so that mail pilots and others flying in such weather were forced to go back to their old practice of "hedge-hopping" at dangerously low altitudes, or else fly blind through the fog. Special instruments were devised for this, and they have been simplified, but flying blind still requires extreme skill, practice, and utmost coolness.

For some time after the lighted airways were built it was hoped that the beacons would suffice in all kinds of weather. But accidents happened frequently. A mail pilot flew into the side of Stone Mountain, near Atlanta, in a bad fog. Another pilot almost crashed into the dome of the Capitol at Washington, and would have done so if it had not been spot-lighted from the ground. A dozen well-known flyers died in either the Alleghenies or the Rockies, flying blind in fog or snow.

More than one mail pilot went back to the old practice of "flying the rails" through the Rockies. One night a veteran of the Western run was forced down to within 50 feet of the railroad which parallels the airway part of the distance through the mountains. A shrieking blizzard whirled snow about his ship. On both sides, and uncomfortably close to him, were rock walls against which his racing plane might strike if he lost sight of the gleaming rails on which he shone his landing lights.

The snow eddied in front of his lights, dazzlingly white. The pilot knew he should be flying several thousand feet higher—but there was a twisting pass ahead, and if he missed it he would crash into one of two towering peaks. So he clung to the controls and strained his eyes to follow the curving tracks.

With hardly any warning a pair of lights leaped from the storm ahead. The pilot zoomed madly. Like a phantom, the westbound plane flashed underneath him—its pilot "flying the rails" as he himself had been doing.

Just when this danger seemed greatest, and accidents increased disturbingly, the radio beacon began to come into general use. There are more than a dozen of these guiding beacons now in operation, flashing out their saving signals day and night. Short-range beacons are used to guide pilots through dangerous passes, so that no longer do they need to fly the rails. In a few years every civil airway in the country will be so equipped.

But this is only the beginning of radio's service to the airplane, another link in the chain of service from the ground—but vitally necessary to the airman. From the radio beacon have come the dispatching of weather data at frequent intervals, then two-way communication, and now the possibility of landing-blind!

The first attempt at this was made when Jack Webster, a mail pilot, was caught in thick weather one night between Bellefonte, Pa., and New York City. The operator at Hadley Field, N. Y., hearing Webster's engine roaring up in the storm, called him by voice radio and guided him down through the fog to the field. As the plane circled blindly, the operator warned Webster every time he turned away from the field.

At last the wings of the mail ship were seen, breaking eerily through the mass of fog which rolled 200 feet above the surface of the ground. And airport service to the airman had taken another great forward step.

By means of radio, the Government and the air transport companies have built up a vast communication system which is one of the most important parts of the airport and airway establishment. For a hundred miles on both sides of the airway, weather reports are collected and sent to broadcast centers on special wires. Observers on the airways, caretakers at fields, even pilots in the air add their information on local conditions, the latter by radio from their planes. All this is quickly combined, analyzed, briefed and sent out in most compact form by radio to planes in the air, and by teletype to airports and intermediate field offices, where it is reproduced on a ticker tape.

Throughout the airway system, day and night, hundreds of weather observers, forecasters, teletype men, broadcasters, and other experts are busy obtaining the latest information and rushing it out so that the man in the air will have a complete picture of conditions ahead of him, on both sides, and even back of his plane.

By means of this same communication system, the speeding planes are "watched" from the moment of taking off to the time they land. Dispatchers, teletype men at intermediate fields, and men at the terminal know the plane's position at any time. If it fails to pass over a field at its scheduled time, an explanation is demanded by radio. If this is not forthcoming it is known that the plane has landed or been forced down, between two fields on the airway. Ordinarily, the plane will be found at one of those

(Continued on page 56)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 41)

L	O	D	G	E	C	A	S	T	P	O	R	T	
A	D	O	R	N	O	L	L	A	A	R	E	A	
S	O	L	I	D	N	O	O	N	I	B	E	X	
T	R	E	E	S	T	E	P	D	R	I	V	E	
	F	R	E	E	E	R	E	T	E	D			
H	O	B	O	W	N	S	O	N	E				
E	V	A	D	E	D	E	B	A	T	A	B	L	E
M	E	S	A	S	E	V	E	N	S	E	A	L	
P	R	E	T	E	N	D	E	D	H	E	L	M	S
	A	D	O	R	I	F	E	T	E	E			
A	R	E	E	B	B	Z	E	R	O				
D	I	V	A	N	R	E	E	D	Z	E	B	U	
O	V	E	N	B	A	R	N	C	O	D	A	S	
R	E	N	T	A	C	N	E	A	N	I	L	E	
E	R	S	E	D	E	E	D	M	E	T	E	D	



What will your income be in 1936?

You are building two fortunes today. One is counted in wealth. The second is health. And usually they go together.

Look at the successful men around you. What characteristics do they have in common? Isn't it their amazing energy, their abounding good health? These men have learned the dollars-and-cents value of good health.

They know that one of the most treacherous foes of health is constipation. When the system is constantly clogged, poisons are formed. Headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and energy are some of the effects. Even serious disease may develop.

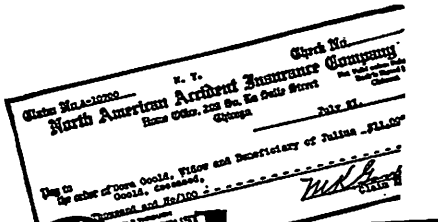
What a pity—when constipation can be overcome so easily. Just eat this delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two table-

spoonfuls daily provide the "bulk" needed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. In severe cases, use Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with each meal.

Why run the risk of pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming—when you can obtain natural relief with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN? Try it with milk or cream, with fruits or honey, or in bran muffins, breads, etc.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also furnishes iron, which builds up the blood. If you're away from home, you can obtain it at restaurants, dining-cars, hotels. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's Slumber Music, broadcast over wjz and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 9:45 E. D. S. T.



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Would you prefer \$25 Weekly or SYMPATHY? In case of accidental death would you give your family . . . \$10,000 Cash or . . . SYMPATHY?

Sympathy will not pay bills!

A \$10 BILL

will protect you for a whole year under our limited

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NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
 Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted
 Oldest and Largest Exclusive Health & Accident Company in America.

\$10,000 Principal Sum
\$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
\$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accidents or Sicknesses
DOCTOR'S BILLS, Hospital Benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy

GET CASH—Not Sympathy!

in case of automobile, travel, pedestrian and many other common accidents. Can you afford to have your salary stop, pay doctor and household expenses, in case of illness such as lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operations, etc., or any of the many common sicknesses covered in this strong policy? Protect yourself! Get Cash instead of Sympathy!

Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

---MAIL THE COUPON NOW---

North American Accident Insurance Co. [Chicago] 143 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Gentlemen:
 At no cost to me, send copy of your booklet FREE:

"CASH OR SYMPATHY"

Name

Address

City

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

(Continued from page 55)

two fields, perhaps held up briefly because of bad weather.

More and more, the pilot has come to be dependent on expert ground men. Through their swift calculations and gathering of data, he is kept informed of weather ahead, the "ceiling" above the airport where he wishes to land, whether there is any tendency to mist, rain, or snow, the direction and force of the wind, the temperature, barometer reading, and anything else that he needs or desires. It is a long step from the day when Fobert Fatt used his powerful lungs to bellow down through a fog to an airport hidden beneath his plane:

"Hey, what's the ceiling down there?"

The airport men heard him, but none of them had strong enough lungs to answer. Finally one of them found a megaphone and shouted the information up into the mists so that Fatt could chance a landing.

With the perfection of the field localizer radio beacon, a short-range device to guide pilots straight down through fog to airports, the services furnished by ground forces will again be expanded. This has been proved possible by Major James Doolittle, now of the Army Air Corps Reserve, but formerly the Army's star acrobatic pilot.

Flying with his cockpit completely hooded, Doolittle made an entirely blind landing with a standard type two-seater, using a localizer beam to guide him, and other instruments to show him when his plane deviated from the correct balance or speed. This required special skill, but with the improvements of instruments and radio localizers it will be less difficult in the future.

To ASSIST pilots further, whether they are experts or beginners, the Department of Commerce has published small bulletin-type charts of every recognized town, the size and shape of the field, direction of runways and their size, the prevailing wind, the number of hangars and shops and the services rendered. Other details are mentioned when of special importance, such as the altitude of the field, which is something to be carefully remembered in high altitudes.

An airplane which lands at forty-five miles an hour at sea-level must be landed much faster at 5,000 feet above sea level, or the thin air at the higher altitude will not support the wings. This was brought forcibly to the attention of two pilots who flew to Cheyenne, Wyo., some years ago. These pilots had been accustomed to operating at sea level. When they arrived at Cheyenne, which is more than a mile above sea level, they glided to land at the usual speed. They lost their flying speed, the plane settled swiftly—and they were carried out of the wreckage.

Study of the airport bulletin before landing will prevent such an accident, if the pilot is new to a field. He may also find other information from the Department of Commerce, such as airway maps showing beacon lights, fields, radio beacon courses, landmarks, compass courses between cities, and other data. A semi-monthly bulletin lists new airports and gives changes—so that in the unlikely event that a modern airport or even a small field were turned into a pasture the pilot would know it in short order.

Across the network of American airways flies a growing fleet of planes, both private and commercial. Huge passenger air-liners which carry thousands of passengers monthly, on both short

and long flights. Transcontinental ships of the air, spanning the nation in little more than a day, in speed and comfort and safety. Student pilots trying their wings, guarded by experts until they are ready to soar alone. Air ferries shuttling back and forth. Aerial ambulances on emergency calls. A cargo plane loaded with perishable fruit; another with fresh fish packed in ice. Valuable mail and express, weird loads of every kind of commodity except those of large bulk and small value.

The air transport system has come to have its recognized place. Without it American business would now seem to crawl at a snail's pace. The air mail has long ago become routine. Business men count on it, realize it has speeded up affairs. And now there has come a sudden increase in air travel, partly because of increased safety, guarded airways, and Governmental care—but mainly because of lowered rates.

More and more, Americans will fly. Tri-motor passenger planes are common sights along the Atlantic seaboard. Three hundred passengers and more are carried daily between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. Along the Pacific coast the numbers are even greater. Across the continent more and more transports are operating.

With it all, the airport continues to expand, to become a scientifically operated air station that will equal and perhaps surpass the railroad station of the average city within ten or fifteen years. At the present rate of traffic growth, large planes will run on the half-hour, all day, and at less frequent intervals through the night, between all large cities—and that will be within the next three years, according to Government and private authorities.

The terminals of the future will be enormous, with two, three, or more divisions of the main airport; a sub-field for cargo planes, a division for, schedule passenger ships, and one for private owners, flyers for sport. In some cases there will be storage fields a few miles from the embarkation point, like train yards and round-houses for locomotives and Pullmans in the case of railroads.

The large mass of travelers by air will attract storekeepers, drug stores, souvenir shops, news stands, cafés, barber shops, beauty salons for women, and the others now to be found within the walls of the huge railway stations of New York and other metropolises. The traveling public will expect to find every accessory and convenience at the airport which has been available at the railroad terminal—and they will be found there.

Passenger air-liners will be dispatched with the precision of trains. Even now planes are being built with berths for night flying. In a few years the air traveler will be able to board his plane at an early hour, go to bed, and be asleep before the plane takes the air. He will awake in the morning to partake of a good breakfast, finding himself a thousand miles from his starting point—for modern transports will fly at 150 miles an hour or more. Even 140 is not unusual to-day.

Other planes will pass his ship as he sits at breakfast, glancing out of the window. Mail planes, racing at 200 an hour; slower cargo ships; passenger planes like his own; private sportsters. All following the great airways, their routes determined, marked out for them; their location known by an invisible but watching ground force; safe havens below, and enormous terminal ports, seething with activity, awaiting at the end of their flight.

The Social Side of the Convention

(Continued from page 31)

in the other events were: for the best appearing band, the Band of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, first place; the Band of Spokane, Wash., Lodge, second place; for the largest delegation coming from outside the State of Washington, the delegation of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge; for the best-appearing uniformed body, Rochester, Minn., Lodge, first place; Dillon, Mont., Lodge, second place; for the largest delegation in proportion to the size of the Lodge, Ellens-

burg, Wash., first place; Everett, Wash., second place; for the most original costume, Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, whose members were dressed as apples, first place; Billings, Mont., Lodge, second place. Special mention was given the Alaskan Lodges, whose marchers were dressed as totem poles. The judges who made these awards were Joshua Green, Berman Schoenfeld, J. W. Spangler, Frank W. Hull, Col. Wilmer B. Brinton and P. E. Sands.

DANGEROUS DIMMING ENDED..

≡≡≡ Road Light Doubled! ≡≡≡

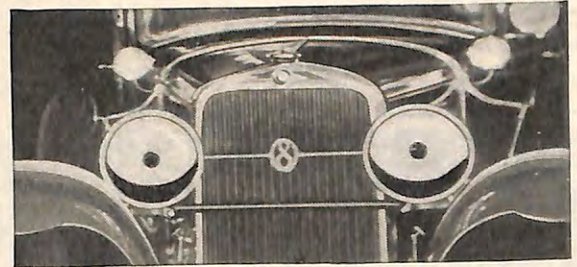


One of the most spectacular demonstrations ever seen at Auto Shows... Crowds swarm about new invention... Thousands learn how science has at last banished motordom's worst and greatest problem... Read details below.

AMAZING INVENTION—FITS ANY HEADLIGHT

Revolutionizes Night Driving!

At last! Night driving suddenly becomes actually SAFER than day! At one sweep, a tiny, inexpensive invention banishes glare! Doubles road illumination! Shoots an entirely new kind of beam that cuts through every light on the road! Not an "attachment." Fits any car. A 25-year-old, two-million dollar company now introduces it with a liberal FREE TEST OFFER. You be the judge. Simply use the coupon QUICK!



Perfect-O-Lite even looks absolutely unique and entirely different. Every sale brings dozens more. It's the greatest "self-advertiser" ever known.

IT is a well known fact that motor car manufacturers have solved every big problem except one. As soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a constant rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Every man who ever groped dizzily down the highway in traffic at night knows the horrible sensation of being half-blinded by cars on his left, unable to see the ditch on his right, his own lights seeming dim and shadowy and practically worthless. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and inexpensively from the shoulders of the entire motoring world!

Fits Any Headlight

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from \$10 to \$25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting method costs only a tiny fraction as much, yet actually DOES double road illumination. Banishes need for Glare Shields. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely can not glare in his eyes. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far. Actually lights the road so far ahead that you could do 80 miles an hour and still see your way! The secret of the amazing things this new light does is in the kind of "beam" or "ray" that it

throws. Instead of ordinary light, this new invention pours a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light down the entire roadway. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects, absolutely clear, without the usual flickering "shadows."

Make Your Own Test Free

Space here limits further discussion of the facts about this discovery. Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail coupon, without obligation, TODAY.

Agents Making Biggest Money of Their Lives

Davis Made \$1,400 in One Week!

This invention unquestionably opens up one of the most amazing money-making opportunities ever presented in America's richest industry. Here actually IS that chance for \$8 to \$14 your FIRST hour, \$6,000 to \$10,000 THIS year, with no limit **WHATSOEVER** for Distributors! Fleet owners buy quantities. Wallace & Tiernan, N. J., trucks just equipped. Big Texas newspaper orders for entire fleet of delivery trucks. Other big orders flooding in. A real self-advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Davis, Pa., reports profit of over \$1,400 in one week. Start full-time or spare-time. Use coupon for details of Exclusive Territory, etc. Sales Guaranteed. It's red-hot! Mail coupon QUICK!



Lights entire roadway including ditch. Absolutely no glare to oncoming cars. Unique double-reflected "infused" light beam cuts through every light on the road. No flickering "shadows." Even lights distant objects with daylight clearness.



Throws all light on roadway. Shoots through fog, mist, rain and snow like magic!

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO.
Dept. M-1150 Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Rush details of your Free Test Offer; also send facts about agent's money-making opportunities, without obligation.

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Address

City State

FIRES CHOKE TO DEATH...



When Mystery Bottle Breaks



New Kind of Fire Alarm Puts Out Fires!

EVEN the biggest fire starts as a tiny blaze no bigger than a match flame. A glass of water would put it out. Catch all fires at their beginning and this country's enormous fire bill and dreadful loss of life will be reduced to almost nothing. Heretofore, that has been impossible. **NOW, IT CAN BE DONE!** An amazingly clever new invention called FIREX actually forces fires to put themselves out before they have reached the danger point. A simple automatic release operated by the fire's own heat sets off a crashing alarm and at the same time, floods the fire with powerful, but harmless fire fighting gas. The fire is smothered in a jiffy, actually **CHOKES TO DEATH**—usually out even before help answers the alarm. Now sleeping families need no longer dread the menace of death by fire in 24,000,000 homes. Now homes and 225 kinds of business buildings with their valuable contents can be protected. No wonder FIREX is proving a sensation the country over! Whether home owner, renter, business man or salesman, you need FIREX. Send coupon TODAY for full information.

The FIREX Corp., Dept. M-60
Railway Exchange Bldg.,
St. Louis, Mo.

BIG-- QUICK PROFITS for Agents!

\$25 to \$50 in a day is a mere bagatelle for FIREX representatives frequently make that much and more on a single sale. Homes use from 1 to 20—industrial installations, stores, factories, etc., require 5 to 50 or more. The ACE money-maker of all time! Send coupon today for details of amazing opportunity.

The FIREX Corp., Dept. M-60,
Railway Exchange Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

I want to know all about FIREX and how it enables men to earn up to \$25 and \$50 in a single day!

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

() Check here if interested for personal use only.

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GLOVER'S
Imperial (SARCOPTIC)
MANGE MEDICINE
IS ANTISEPTIC—GERMICIDAL

POSITIVELY REMOVES DANDRUFF

Write for FREE, New Booklet on Care and Treatment of Scalp and Hair.
H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc. 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

EARN MONEY Easily-Quickly

Glassette Christmas Folders

IN BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOX—New!—Novel!—Dainty!

Glassette is a richly beautiful new and novel product with watered silk finish. 20 different folders, reproductions of beautiful paintings. Crayon color, raised gold metallic effects. EACH WITH A TISSUE-LINED ENVELOPE. COSTS YOU 50c—SELLS FOR \$1.00. Free Sample. Write today to SUPREME GREETING CARD COMPANY, Dept. 30, 99 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

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A new professional medical nor chronopy. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Established 1894. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Blue Mesa

(Continued from page 9)

from his waist the greasy old makeshift apron which had been fastened there. "I'm going where I can be a human being, and to hell with all of you!"

Out of the haze of anger, he saw the tremendous form of Wilbur Stagg rise from the table and come toward him. Instinctively he set himself, only to stare with the realization that Wilbur had thrown back his two drunken brothers, and was standing like a bulwark before them.

"Ain't we had enough of this here bedevillin'?" the big man asked. "Joe, you go out in the yard an' wait 'til I can come talk to you. There ain't no sense to this squabblin'."

BY THE corral fence, Joe Whittier at last ceased his pacing and stared over the lesser hills toward the lights of Wharton. He had been goaded into the one thing which he had striven to avoid. He could not take that job on the Palmer Ranch. Of all things, he must not do that. For Joe, since this afternoon, had looked upon himself as an ingrate, to kindness, to friendship, to Mary Palmer.

He loved her. Sitting beside her this afternoon in the little gray roadster, the warmth of her body firing his flesh as their shoulders touched, it had swept him like a fever; the knowledge that he was crazed for her, that he wanted to pull her from the wheel, not caring where the machine might careen, if he could but feed the hunger of his lonely arms. So he had continued to sit straight and taut and tense, lying about Blue Mesa and the reasons he could not leave it. Mary Palmer was unassailable royalty to Joe Whittier. Even the fact that she handled thousands of dollars was magic to him; he whose knowledge of money had been so paltry.

It was as if he had defiled her. It could not enter his mind, beaten into a sense of inferiority since babyhood, that she might want him, not for what he was at the moment, but for what she could see in the future; the physical attraction of handsome youth blending with the maternal desire to mold a fine clay into statuary. Joe knew only the gaunt aspects of life. So he had lied and hedged miserably, until at last, with a rising edge of temper, she had asked him if he was afraid to leave these three men, if they must dominate him forever. And Joe had sat silent, in lying assent—

The cabin door opened. Slowly, like an awkward feline, Wilbur crossed the grassless yard, and leaned against the corral fence. There was a long silence. Then Joe asked:

"Well, what is there to talk about?"
"Now, Joe," Wilbur evaded, "let's cool off first. Talk about somethin' else. Anything new down in town?"

Joe answered lackadaisically.
"Not in Wharton. There's been another bank robbery—over at Crestline."

"Don't tell!" Wilbur clicked his tongue. "That's th' fifth one around here lately. Know who done it?"

"No."
"Same gang I guess. Use a fast car?"
"Yes."

"Them fellows sure is slick; wearin' them hoods over their heads, 'stead o' masks. But that fast car'll git 'em in trouble. They always git away in a fast car, you'll notice. Guess them friends of yours is pretty watchful these days?"

Joe answered curtly:
"Sheriff Harney's got an eye out for any strangers."

"Yeh, I reckon. Harney's a sharp man too. Anyway, I guess they don't keep enough money in that bank to make it worth robbin'."

"Oh, but they do!" Joe forgot his spleen in a defense of revered friends. "Why, the beet field payrolls alone run nearly a half million."

"Well now!" said Wilbur. "I never figured the sugar beet business had growed that big. Runnin' around these rodeos, I don't know half time what's goin' on." He paused, resting his elbows on the corral fence. "Joe," he asked at last, "mind me talkin' plain about a few things?"

"I guess we've got to have it out sometime."
"Ain't we now? It's what I told the Boys. Somehow, we don't seem to git nowhere; always fightin' an' squabblin'. Maybe we don't understand each other. You've studied books an' all—maybe you're gittin' past us. Mind me askin'—are you an' that gal sweet on each other?"

Joe hesitated.
"No," he said at last.

"Well, you're sweet on her. Now looky here," he edged closer, "I don't want you to git mad at me. But if I was sweet on a gal, I'd want to have somethin' to offer her. You ain't got nothin'."

Joe looked away, toward the lights of Wharton.

"I know," he said brokenly.
"Course, you got your share of this ranch," Wilbur went on. "Now, I been thinkin'. Suppose you did go down there an' work for her father. Wouldn't she be kind o' supportin' you? She got you th' job."

"I've thought of that."
"I knowed you had. I'd hate to see you do a thing like that, Joe—feelin' we'd made you leave. Maw wouldn't have liked it; she must've wanted you to stay here."

There was a moment of silence. Then Wilbur went on:

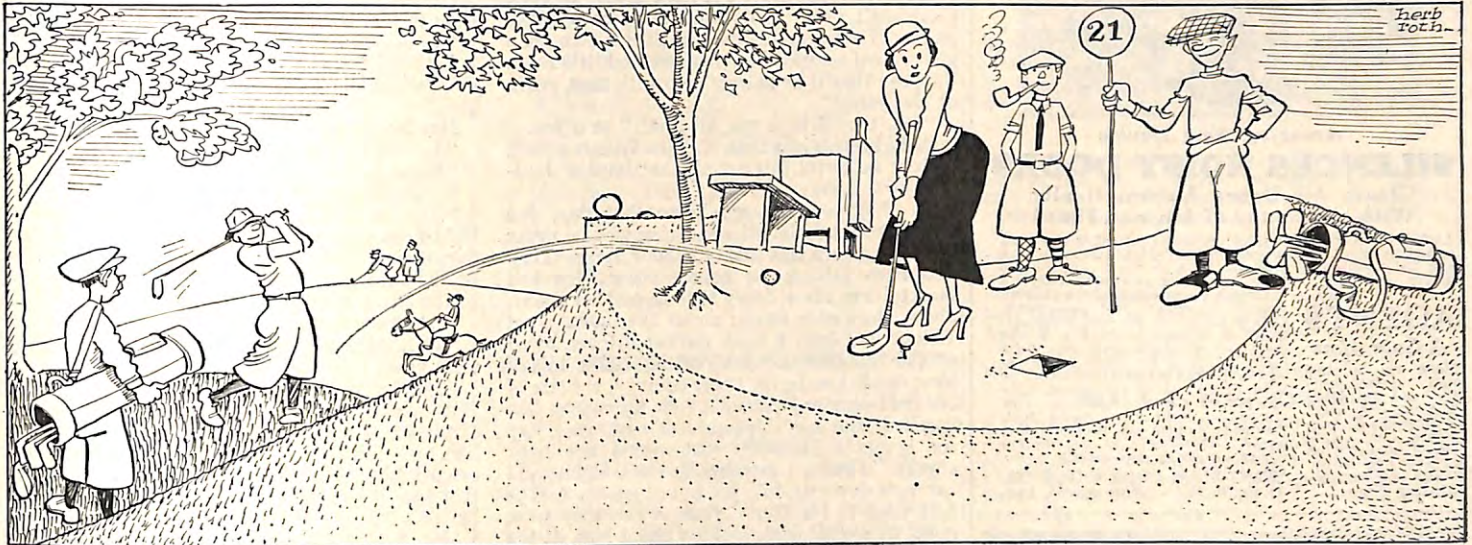
"I've been talkin' it over with the Boys.



"Hm --- her and her Paris frocks!"

What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



This here's our home. We kind of love it—somethin' to come back to. It's a shame it's run down like it is."

"You never give me anything to do with!" Joe exclaimed.

"Now, I know we don't. We been kind of careless. Lately we ain't had much—make a little on one shindig an' lose it on th' next."

"You gamble enough."

"Sure—but that's jest for fun; if one of us wins, he has to pay the 'spenses at the next rodeo, so it evens up. We been kind of hopin' to make a killin' but it ain't turned out. I've jest talked it over with the Boys. Maybe we'll have to go East next year, or the year after—there's big money in them Eastern rodeos, like the one in New York. If you do your part an' make a home for us an' all 'til we git on our feet, we'll do ours. We'd a lot rather give you th' place

when we leave than turn it over t' some outsider for next t' nothin'." Joe stared.

"You mean you'd not come back? That the place would be mine?"

"If we'd git to workin' them big Eastern shindigs, we'd never have time to git out here," said Wilbur. "'Course it may not happen for a season or two—but it's bound to come."

"If I just had a little money to do with!" said Joe wistfully.

"Well, we're kind of shy on that," said Wilbur. "But there ain't no reason us Boys couldn't help you. 'Specially after th' rodeos are over."

"Oh, if you could! The four of us could put in a reservoir easy, up on Tall Mountain. This place would be a lot different with water."

"Ain't that right?" asked Wilbur. "Suppose we ride aroun' that country a little in th' nex' week or so? I'll borrow a hoss off the X2Y boys."

Long after the big man had gone back into the house, Joe Whittier stood at the corral fence, looking toward the lights of Wharton. The miserable shacks behind him had faded, into a place of dreams. The fields were rich with crops. Fat cattle browsed the meadows. And where the cabin stood was a little ship-lap house, like the kind he had seen in a tattered magazine, with vines clambering the walls, and a stream piped in from a big, new irrigation ditch, to spout a fountain in the center of a little garden—where he strolled beside Mary Palmer.

There was a subdued frenzy to the two weeks which followed. Even Jake and Norm gave a pretense of working about the place, when there were no fellows to see down in town, and the lure of sugar moon waned. But Wilbur's earnestness was compensation.

(Continued on page 60)

Beech-Nut Gum

*The best proposal
between smokes..*



You'll enjoy chewing Beech-Nut Gum between smokes. Its clear, cool flavor refreshes your taste sense—makes every smoke taste better—as good as the first smoke of the day. Motorists find that chewing gum relieves the tension of driving. Remember always, there is no gum so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co. Also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint,
Wintergreen and
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(Continued from page 59)

"Never you min' about Jake an' Norm," he said, as he rode with Joe into the Tall Mountain country. "They'll git the hang of it. Besides, there ain't much to do now, but sort o' make plans. That reminds me. We'll have to git a gov'ament permit if we dam up the Little Bear. Suppose they'd be able to help with that, down at the bank?"

"Oh, they'd help me, all right," said Joe. "Might look into that." Then Wilbur added: "Must be awful interestin', that bankin' business."

As they rode toward home that day, Joe Whittier found himself wondering why he never before had seen this side of Wilbur Stagg. They had been talking for hours—rather, Joe had been talking, about Mary Palmer, and her father, about the cattle ranch, about the bank. And Wilbur had been a kind, patient listener, awed at the things which Joe had been able to tell him; conditions in the lower country, the size of the beet-company payrolls, how the money was handled, the big shipments of cash necessary for ignorant Mexicans who would not trust checks. The next morning, as the coughing old car went down the hill, Joe waved goodbye for the first time in his life. Then, when they were gone, he stood silent, looking about him, at the unpainted buildings, the rusty, worthless implements, the ramshackle affair which served as a wagon. Eagerness obsessed him. If he only had money with which to begin the transformation!

But there was none. Wilbur had promised; maybe they'd make a killing at Rawlins. In that hope, Joe Whittier submerged himself; some day, if there were only a little money, he could go to Mary—and face her unshamed. With something accomplished, something built, the fields green, new machinery in the shed—

DAYS melted into a week; there was so much to do with the few materials at hand; a new step for the front door of the cabin, holes to be chinked in the old walls, the corral to be repaired. Then, one morning as he worked in the alfalfa patch, Mary Palmer drove up and signalled him from the fence.

"I was just passing," she parried. "Dad told me to stop and ask if you cared to reconsider that job."

Joe stared at his roughened hands. He wanted to tell her: about the dream house, and the dam up there on the hill. But he only said:

"I'm awful sorry. There's so much to do here."

She eyed him quietly. "You're getting along better with the Boys, are you, Joe?"

"Oh, a lot better." "That's fine." Her voice lacked enthusiasm. At last she asked, abruptly: "Joe, did anyone ever hint to you that I got Dad to offer you that job?"

"—No." "Are you sure?"

He looked away. Mary pressed the starter. "I just want you to know that I had nothing to do with it," she said. "That was Dad's idea entirely. I think he'll hold the job for you—if this experiment doesn't turn out."

There was a certain inflection in her voice which jolted Joe Whittier. His face burned, long after the dust of the rutty road had enveloped the gray roadster. So she had heard about this "experiment"! And she lacked the faith necessary to a belief in his success! A queer, hot sensation flushed him—as though she had taunted him.

"I'll make it turn out!" he muttered. "I'll get money—somehow!"

Then he halted, staring across the field toward the meadow and the three white-faced cattle which browsed there. Just before closing time the next afternoon, dusty from the long trip into town, Joe Whittier walked into the bank. His eyes glowed with excitement as he passed a check through the wicket. It was for \$211, from the local butcher. A flush swept the girl's cheeks.

"You've sold your steers," she said. "Yes." Joe spoke through thin lips. "There are some things to do up at the place—"

Her outstretched hand, touching his, halted him.

"Joe!" she begged. "You didn't let them fool you into that?"

"Fool me?" "Can't you realize it's cheaper to fool you than to hire a caretaker!"

"That's not true!" "It's what Jake and Norm told Dad's foreman when they were drunk. You can ask him."

Her face blurred behind the wicket. "I—wouldn't believe him." "Then go home and ask them."

"They're up at Rawlins, at the rodeo." "They're home. I just saw Sheriff Harney. He'd been out on the highway, looking for that bandit car; there's been another robbery over by the Utah line, and some shooting. He spoke to the Boys, coming home from Rawlins."

Still he tried not to believe. "It must have been somebody else. They were going into Nebraska from Rawlins."

"Maybe so," said Mary quietly. "Mr. Harney only saw them on the side road, from a distance. But he said that Wilbur had called to him and said they'd changed their plans. You can ask him. He's down at the railroad station that bandit gang left some finger-prints and the bank's sending out photographs."

But Joe, once outside, did not go to the station. Someway, the miles dragged past, in the old wagon. Night came, and he tugged up the long hill, toward the light in the cabin. An acrid odor of burring rags hung in the air. He opened the lockless door. Norm sat by the stove, while Jake tied a bandage. A pan of red water stood nearby.

"Norm got gored by a steer," said Wilbur. "So we came home."

Joe disregarded the information. "You told Mr. Palmer's foreman you were just fooling me about this ranch!" he exclaimed.

"Now, as if we'd do a thing like that!"

"Damn lie," said Norm thickly. He was drunk. Jake continued his work of bandaging without comment. Wilbur faced his foster brother.

"I guess th' gal threw it up to you?" he asked. He shut his eyes as if in sudden thought. "You wouldn't take my word if I denied it, now would you? Neither would she. But suppose you call that gal out of the bank to-morrow mornin' an' th' five of us go to a lawyer's office, where she'd see us give you a clean open an' shet deed to the whole place? Would you believe it then?"

The other brothers stared.

"You gone crazy, Wilbur?" Jake asked. "I keep my word when I make it," Wilbur snapped. Suddenly he slapped Joe on a shoulder. "I got a idea," he said. "We'll surprise her—just keep it a secret 'til we git to the lawyer's office."

The next morning, still disbelieving, Joe paused at the door of the bank and looked back. The old machine, with Wilbur at the wheel, stood at the curb, its motor idling; they had lowered the top, to make it more presentable. Jake and Norm, the bandages of his injured arm showing lumpy through his coatsleeve, lounged by the hood. Joe hurried into the bank.

"Could I see you a moment, outside?" he asked. Mary looked at him with surprise. "Is it necessary? We're shorthanded."

"Please!" he begged. "If it's that important." She laughed, and calling the aged assistant to take her place, rounded the cage. Joe walked beside her.

"It's a surprise," he confided as they went down the steps. Wilbur leaned from the wheel and opened the car door.

"Come right in here, Miss Palmer. We got some things to talk over."

She laughed uneasily. "I don't understand."

"That's the fun of it," Joe said as he climbed into the rear seat. Then: "You know Jake and Norm, don't you?"

"Of course." They raised their hats clumsily. Then Jake said, with an air of afterthought:

"Maybe we'd better go in the bank and telephone him we're comin'."

"Telephone whom?" Mary asked. She laughed again, with a tinge of suspicion.

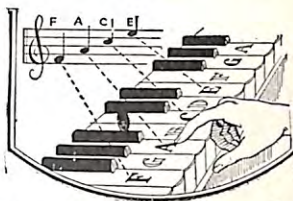
The tall man eyed Jake and Norm strolling up the steps of the bank.

"It's just this," he said as the girl finally seated herself beside him. "Joe tells me some folks have been spreadin' lies about us. Now, I admit, Jake and Norm might've said somethin'."

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Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 54)

- 1,266 feet a second (in air at 100 degree Fahrenheit).
- Samuel L. Clemens.
- "Your Eminence."
- 167 feet.
- William D. Mitchell.
- 1898.
- The shores of the Dead Sea, 1,290 feet below sea-level.
- Women: at birth their expectation of life is 57½ years; men's is 55½.
- A committee composed of Benjamin Franklin, John Adams and Thomas Jefferson.
- Four feet, 8½ inches.
- William Booth.
- Nevada.

when they were drunk. But it was th' booze talkin', Miss Palmer."

"Why should that interest me?"
"Cause I want to explain things," Wilbur insisted.

Interminably then, he began to talk about himself, about his brothers and their relationship to Joe. He roamed far back, to the days when Ma Staggs was alive, and her desire that Joe have his share of the little place on Blue Mesa. He talked of the differences between them, the hard life of the rodeos, the lack of understanding—

Then suddenly he halted and whirled, lips hard and drawn, hands clenched on the steering wheel. A foot pressed the accelerator, and a knee bumped forward against an auxiliary switch, the freeing of which relieved a short circuit of the spark-plugs. The motor ceased to cough; its voice became a smooth, drumming roar. Then gears were meshed, with the clutch held down; all this happened instantaneously, before Joe could move or Mary scream. The bank door had slammed. Shots had sounded, fired into the air. Jake had run forward with two canvas bags and with a leap was in the car, crowding past Joe to the other side, where his hands writhed to his revolver, hidden under his coat. Then Norm catapulted against Joe, jamming him in his seat; the tonneau door closed. Norm raised his good arm. Again the bellow of a shot sounded, driving back the few persons who had begun to run toward the car. Already the machine was moving swiftly, shrieking in second gear as it swung the corner. Norm leaned out, pointing to the tense form of Mary Palmer in the front seat.

"Remember, we've got her!" he shouted.

A SHOCK, as of electricity, went through Joe Whittier. These then, were the men for whom the western country had been searching for months, covering their absences from home by work at the rodeos, and by supposed brawls following their victories—times in which they could move swiftly out to skillfully executed robberies, and then hasten back to Blue Mesa, there to bury themselves while officers looked in vain for the hideout of a supposed wandering gang. And this was the reason they had played so expertly to hold him on the ranch—because someone else might suspect, someone not dulled by a lifetime of their bullying and dominance.

Joe Whittier knew now that the steer which had gored Norm had been a barking gun over by the Utah line. He understood too why Wilbur had been so interested in this bank—that he might know it thoroughly for just such a time as this, when fingerprints had been left behind, forcing them out of the country.

So they had used him as a ruse, to be their handy man about their hideout, to form their alibi for them, to give them information, and to lure into their car the girl he loved that she might be a hostage to lessen the danger of alarm and provide protection for the getaway. Pursuers could not shoot with her in the car. He and he alone had made this nightmare possible. For her faith, he had returned this.

"You wolves!" he cried out, coming to his feet. Instantly a great hand clasped over his mouth, as Jake simultaneously gagged him and jerked him back.

"You look straight ahead!" Norm shouted

(Continued on page 62)

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By C. Philip Stephenson

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality, and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or, by a stretch of imagination, a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water purified by a marvelous tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus Ω . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it, the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

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It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell Hygienic Institute, Dept. E 931, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

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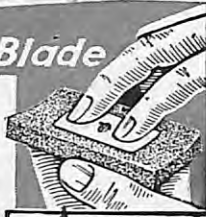
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"Oh, yes, Mr. Blitz, we guarantee all our signs for two years"

(Continued from page 61)

to the girl. Joe saw her shoulders weave slightly. The machine roared on, through the little town to the open road; it raced no faster than Joe Whittier's brain. Again he endeavored to rise, only to fall back. There was nothing he could do, even should Jake cease to grip him. He could never make her believe again. White, his teeth grinding, he sat in silence. The miles streaked by; at last Norm turned from his vigil of guarding the rear.

"Ain't nobody near us," he shouted to Wilbur. "Turn the gal loose an' let's git goin'."

The brakes pressed. The car stopped. Mary Palmer silently obeyed their command to alight. Joe shifted as if to follow.

"You set," Jake commanded. "You know too much." Then he stretched his heavy shoulders. "Norm, you git up with Wilbur; it's awful cramped here for usin' a gun."

The wounded brother obeyed. Jake slipped out of his coat and threw it to the floor of the car, revealing double holsters at his belt. Joe hardly noticed. He was watching Mary, striving in some way to tell her silently that he was guiltless. Their eyes met for an instant; her glance searched his face, as if driving him through. Joe wrenched to his feet, struggling to leap free, to be thrown from balance as the car leaped into action beneath him; he cried her name; it was only a streaking, inarticulate sound as the flight resumed.

"Keep watchin' out back!" Wilbur called. "Ain't sure we're safe yet." Jake turned in obedience, commanding over a shoulder: "Norm, keep you eye on Joe."

There was little need of that. Strength had left Joe Whittier. Miles passed; the youth only slumped there, his hands rubbing with rasping frequency, his teeth biting into his lower lip and the blood flowing from the pressure, slow, drop by slow drop. At last Norm lessened his vigilance, and turned to shout a question to Wilbur. Jake had not noticed. The fevered eyes of Joe Whittier moved slowly, like white-hot discs. They centered and glowed. Jake's hand was at his right hip. The other clutched the edge of the rear seat; the heavy handled weapon in his left holster was unguarded.

Joe Whittier's hand twitched. It moved and drew back. It moved again, faltering. Then, it snapped forward. It grasped the gun and wrenched it free. In a dazed instant, he saw Jake turn, saw the muzzle of Jake's gun upraised toward him. But he had shot first; he did not realize it until the yellow fire spurted, until Jake's eyes bulged and the gushing flow of red burst from his mouth. Then instinctively Joe was upon the fallen man, his left hand outstretched for that second gun. He grasped it; he whirled and straightened, as the crash of an explosion sounded, from the front seat. Joe reeled from the effect of the bullet, as if struck in the breast by a blow of a club.

As quickly he straightened. There was no time to shoot, no time to aim. A gun hand was to the right of Norm, he brought it up swiftly, its full force striking behind the man's left ear. Norm sagged in his seat; beside him, Wilbur

cursed the cramp of the wheel as he tried vainly to reach his holster. Then Joe shot again—this time into the ignition of the car; the motor faltered and died; he swung to the running board. Sprawling, his feet burnt by the impact of the road, he leaped free.

He did not run for cover. He did not want it; protection could mean nothing now. He only wanted to kill; his brain blazed, but his eyes were cold and hard; his aim had the truthfulness of frenzy. Wildly Wilbur swung the car to the right, halting it at the edge of an irrigation ditch as Norm, slowly reviving, pulled himself into firing position, and shot at random, before he should sag again. Joe rocked; the salt of blood seeped between his lips from a burning slash on his right cheek.

"You can't hurt me!" he shouted, a cry with a sob in it. "You've done all your hurt!"

THEN he lapsed into grim silence. Wilbur was rolling out of his seat, to the protecting cover of the car-body. Norm was raising his gun again. But Joe shot first; Norm jerked eerily upward. His shapeless beaver fell from his head and he slumped over the edge of the car; his hair flopping down over his face like a black mask, from which red dripped. Now there was only Wilbur, crouching forward, then back, hesitating to fire, lest he reveal himself to danger. Joe Whittier yelled for him to come into the open. Wilbur's only answer was to slide to the radiator and shoot, his aim shaken by a lack of visibility. Joe felt no pain as the bullet struck him; he only knew that fresh blood flowed down his left arm, and that it was hard to hold the extra gun. But he held it.

At long intervals, he shot three times, as the old hat raised, at the upward creep of a gun arm, the slope of a shoulder; it held Wilbur in effortless hiding. Then the hammer clicked uselessly, he threw the weapon away and reached for the other, dangling from his left hand. Again he fired, twice. Wilbur did not answer; he was waiting until the cartridges had been exhausted. But suddenly the bandit tensed, and licked his gray lips.

A motor had whined in the distance. Joe Whittier did not hear; he only knew that one man of three who had made him a traitor still lived, craven behind the radiator. Suddenly he staggered forward, toward the machine, his gun raised for instant action.

The pursuing car reached the top of a rearward hill and plunged closer. At the front of the radiator, Wilbur looked about him like a trapped animal. But Joe knew nothing except his quest. He reached the rear of the machine and lurched about it; vainly the gaint Wilbur strove to stalk him. Joe Whittier whirled, he backtracked and swung out, they were face to face, and Joe's gun was blazing, before Wilbur could even steady his weapon. Again and again it roared, and through the wave of yellowed flame, Joe saw the face of Wilbur Stagg contort; the mouth jerk open, and blood splatter the forehead. A weird laugh rattled over the youth's lips. He shambled forward. He fell to his knees, he crawled over the shapeless form, beating at it; even that

shattered left arm somehow raised and fell before the fists should loosen, and his own body slumped grotesquely over that of the man he had just killed. Nor could he answer the girl who soon bent beside him, calling his name.

It was not until days later that he truly saw her, yet she had been with him constantly. But now the little white ship-lap house which had formed a background for the every delirium was gone. The garden had disappeared, and the flowers, and the little fountain piped in from the irrigation ditch.

They had been there only a moment before, just as they had been for days, under the ether, in the night-like blackness when only the radiance of her presence had illuminated the creeping shadows. But now the dreams were gone, giving way to stark walls and a white bed. And she was shadowy; he could not see her clearly. In delirium, she had been cameo-cut; but this was life, reality; suddenly he was afraid. He strove to turn to her, instantly she was on her knees beside the bed.

"Joe!" she commanded. "You must be quiet."

He strove to touch her.

"I'll lose you," he moaned. "You'll get away—"

Mary Palmer laughed gently. She bent closer, until her soft hair brushed his forehead.

"I?" she asked. "I go away?"

Answers to Your Radio Questions

Alma Kinney, Erie, Pa. You are interested in that very popular musical signature that "Amos 'n' Andy" use to say "Hello" and "Good-bye" with . . . and is it a record? Yes and no! It has a record (for popularity) but it is not a record as far as mechanical recording goes. . . . You can always know a recorded program when you hear one, for you will be told by an announcer, in a very condescending tone of voice: "This program comes to you by electrical transcription" . . . and there you have the whole shtaiyshun in a nut-shell. . . .

Mrs. A. B. C., West Chester, Pa. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare graced the pages of a recent issue, and the whole office force has been more gay ever since. No foolin'! . . . You think that lots of announcers are more entertaining than the entertainers they announce. . . . They certainly is . . . they certainly is . . . and why now? Most of them have had yars and yars of training in the gentle art of entertaining before they fell by the wayside and became announcers! Take Wallace Butterworth, frexample. . . . He started in a department store selling shoes, and that's where he learned the secret of announcing big numbers in a small way . . . started on a shoe-string, as it were! None other than Martinelli of the Metropolitan Opera Company urged him to study singing in N'Yauk, and he did. And he's a splendid baritone singer . . . which accounts for his being heard regularly as an announcer. . . . Life is like that! He is at the NBC studios in Chicago. . . . I'll tell you some secrets about other announcing gentlemen later. . . .

Charlotte Shipper, Trenton, N. J. Of course, you would be interested in The Lady Next Door, NBC, and in other children's programs, and in those small folk who play on them . . . being thirteen yourself. . . . Generally the children are cast in a show just like any other actors or actresses, by going to the casting department at one of the studios and having an audition for the director of the particular play in which they wish to appear. . . . Madge Tucker is the name of The Lady Next Door, and she has a great deal to do with choosing the children who play with her on her programs. . . . Why don't you write to her direct. . . . Have a peach of a new picture of Howard Merrill (Penrod) and will print it for you in this or the next issue . . . he is a splendid actor and a most delightful boy. . . . Write me again . . . will be happy to hear from you.

(Continued on page 64)

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Hotels, clubs, apartment hotels, etc., calling for Managers, Assistant Managers, Stewards, etc.

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Our files contain hundreds of letters like these, which prove that the hotel industry is the field of big opportunity today.

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I will \$500.00 PAY 500.00 for a Name



I am proud to present to my public this sensational new perfume triumph—this amazing new odeur which will capture the hearts of the nation. . . . But first it must be named. Help me. I will pay \$500.00 cash for the name selected.

Helen Dawn

I want a new name for our exquisite perfume. I will pay someone \$500.00 in Gold for suggesting the name selected. You may win, because YOUR opportunity is just as good as anybody's.

ANY SIMPLE NAME MAY WIN

Nothing hard to do. Perhaps a name has already flashed into your mind. Jot it down, send it in and you may win, even though you don't think much of it. You may suggest the name of a person, a flower, a place or a coined word like Starlite, or Mel-o-do. Make today YOUR LUCKY DAY.

Costs Nothing to Try — Costs Nothing to Win

You will not obligate yourself by sending a name. No slogan to make up. No essay to write. Nothing hard to do. Just think of winning \$500.00 for a moment's thought! Wouldn't it surprise

your friends to win? Don't let anybody tell you that you can't win! Someone wins! Why not you?

\$250.00 Extra Cash for Promptness

If you send your suggestion at once and your name is selected, I will give you \$250.00 extra—just for promptness. Answering today qualifies you for the promptness prize. You can't lose; but you are sure to win even if somebody else first sends the same winning name as yours because duplicate prizes will be given if more than one person sends the name finally selected.



SEND TODAY!

Only one name accepted from a person. If you send more than one name all names you send will be rejected. Prize will be awarded and paid as soon after Nov. 30, 1931, as possible. Perhaps your name will win \$750.00 Cash. On receipt of your answer we will write you about something that may be very much to your advantage. Send coupon, or write TODAY.

HELEN DAWN Co., Dept. 720
427 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

I suggest.....
to name your Perfume. I want to win. Send full information.

My Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

When writing, please mention The Elks Magazine—It's your magazine

(Continued from page 63)

Louis Otto, Glendale, N. Y. Sorry that you seem to take exception to my statement in the May issue that Don Amaizo, violinist, is one of the ten leading virtuosi of the world on his instrument. . . . I'm afraid I'll have to repeat it. . . . He is a violinist of international fame who is still so modest that he wishes to remain incognito. . . . and yet, as you see, genius, like murder, will out! For he can not hide his light under a bushel (nor behind a microphone) and the beauty of his music is eagerly awaited by thousands and thousands of fans over the Columbia network. . . . There may be, as you say, "hundreds of violinists as fine as Kreisler in Glendale," but there are certainly not in New York. . . . Send me one who can stack up to these top notchers and I'll see that he gets the breaks. Thanks for your letter.

Just a Fan, Rochester, N. Y. You warn me that you are going to ask a lot of me. . . . Come on, it won't make me mad, that's what I'm here for. . . . Now about the Boswell Sisters, Connie, Martha and Vet—which doesn't stand for *Veteran* either—they say that children should be seen and not heard, radio artists heard but not seen. . . . That will all be old stuff soon, for television is with us to stay, and the Sisters Boswell have been making history by being both heard and seen at the opening of the new television studios of the Columbia Broadcasting System. And were they popular? . . . Well, now, just ask everyone else who was there. . . . Cute picture of them coming soon. . . . watch for it. . . . Come again with your other questions.

Agnes Louise Gilmour, Broughton, Pa. Like most radio artists I try to make it a rule not to send personal photographs. . . . but there are exceptions to every rule, and I shouldn't be surprised if you were one of them. So watch the mails. . . . As to sending you the address you request. . . . I'm sorry, but neither the radio stations, a theatre, nor the magazines ever do this. . . . After all, an artist's home address is his or her personal affair. . . . Why don't you write to him in care of the station over which you heard him? He'll get the letter. . . .

Margaret Coon, Los Angeles, Cal. Your letter takes me back home, for I was born there. . . . in the City of the Angels. . . . As to your question about Ben Bernie. . . . he is about as elusive just now as a will-o'-the-wisp in a Southern swamp on a windy night. . . . which is going some. . . . You see he's been on tour. . . . broadcasting from whatever station he happened to be near when his radio contract insisted that he take the air and give his fans a treat. He has just returned to a popular engagement at the Hollywood Restaurant. . . . no. . . . the Hollywood on Broadway! Watch

our home town papers for programs over KHJ. Wish I could be more helpful. . . . Write again. . . . Love to hear from people out home!

Walter Terry, Jr., New Canaan, Conn. Larry Stry and his favorite society dance orchestra are not in town. The boys are playing at the exclusive Atlantic Beach Club, Long Island, and already Winter dates for these popular youngsters are coming in the mails. (WEAF—WJZ.)

Francis A. Ring, Cleveland, Ohio. You want to know about your "special favorite" Smith

will print it as soon as I have space. . . . He's mighty good looking. . . .

Ted Deglin, New York City, Island of Manhattan. Thanks for congrats. on this department. Glad you like it. I do too. . . . About the A. and P. Gypsies (NBC), I agree with you that Frank Parker, tenor, who is one of that gay band, is some tenor. . . . and I happen to know that he's the same Frank Parker of Musical Comedy fame. . . . No wonder he knows how to make the air quiver with a love song that way. . . . Veronica Wiggins, the contralto of the Moonbeams program, WOR, is a grand addition to the Gypsies, by the way. . . . What a lovely, lilted, limpid (Oh, well, you find a few more adjectives!) contralto voice she has. . . .

Rufus Smart, Glen Cove, L. I. The Meadowbrook Boys (WMCA), a smart, singing-and-playing trio, with original numbers, are playing their way from Maine to Saratoga with their little piano "Josephine." . . . "Josephine" by the way, pays no hotel bill.

Mrs. R. K. P., Northampton, Mass. Now, about Ray Perkins, that peerless entertainer, and maker of fun. . . . The Prince still has his laughter and his Pineapple! . . . He's a versatile chap at that! . . . writes theme songs 'n everything. . . . Remember that melody that made such a hit in the talkie, "Under a Texas Moon"? He's guilty. . . . Will print a picture of him soon, with the pineapple. . . . And I'll put a cross so you'll know Ray. . . .

Ruth Hogan, William Tell's Secretary, Sebring, Fla. Thanks heaps and plenty for your most interesting letter. Am tremendously interested in the fact that William Tell travels farther to broadcast each week than any other radio artist in the country. . . . All that mileage you give me is certainly a record for speed and distance. . . . but, my dear, I have a place in St. Augustine, and I know the glorious roads he has to motor over, so I'm not a bit sorry for him. . . . At that, the Florida stations are lucky to have him. . . . long may he speed. . . . Am disappointed in the picture of William Tell. . . . there is no apple! . . . How come? Thanks for the Hellos from Fred Stone. . . . Hello him for me. . . . also Rex Beach. . . . and give Florida my permanent love! . . .

To All of You. Glad you love the column. . . . it takes two to make a bargain, you know. . . . a question and an answer. . . . so keep up your end and I'll keep up mine. . . . Hope you had a lovely Summer. . . . and that moving day in October won't find you without just the place you want. . . . I'll be seeing you. . . . All Winter. . . . Cheerio. . . . G. S. E.

Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. Caddy on left is holding bag upside down.
2. Player on left is driving to green while a player is on green.
3. Horseback riding is not allowed on golf courses.
4. Trees don't grow on putting greens.
5. Tee is too close to green.
6. Lady player holds club wrong.
7. Lady player is using wrong club.
8. Lady player has high-heeled shoes.
9. Lady player is teeing ball on green.
10. Cup is square instead of round.
11. Player in back has two kinds of hose.
12. There is no No. 21 hole.
13. Caddy has different shoes.

Ballew. . . . Well, he's from the great open spaces. . . . Sherman, Texas. . . . and he heard that old saying "Go West, young man." . . . So he came East, and made good. Always a follower of old sayings, and old songs, he remembered. . . . "There was an old nigger and his name was Uncle Ned" . . . and so he followed the soft ballads and quaint harmonies of old Ned as the dear old darkey would pass Ballew's home every night in Texas and strum his banjo and sing his throaty songs. . . . And Old Ned's pupil has gone far, both as a radio entertainer and as a Supper Club orchestra leader. . . . Perhaps the reason he's not on the air just now is because he's too busy with said clubs. . . . I've got a nice picture of him. . . .



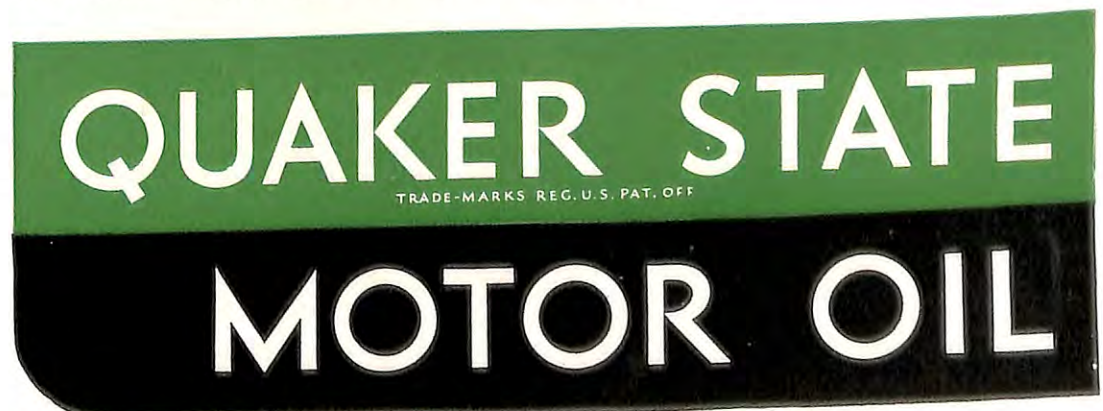
Storm clouds near Winter Harbor, Maine

THIS SIGN HELPED THOSE ELKS MAGAZINE TRANSCONTINENTAL DRIVERS MAKE THEIR GREAT RUN . . .



- For the third successive year Quaker State Motor Oil was chosen to lubricate the cars of the Elks Magazine Transcontinental Run. And again Quaker State helped those three Studebakers keep one of the toughest traveling schedules ever asked of a car.
- Here's what C. C. O'Donnell, driver of Car 1, says about Quaker State:—"That town-after-town schedule we had to make, with reception committees expecting us at a definite time, allowed for no delays—and Quaker State saw us through in grand shape."
- Joseph H. Downing, driver of Car 2:—"My car finished the trip with a smoother purr than when it started out—and I give Quaker State a lot of the credit." And Harry K. Maples, driver of Car 3:—"Right from the very start I knew I wouldn't have to worry about oil failure with Quaker State in the crankcase."
- It's no secret why Quaker State Motor Oil was chosen for this famous coast-to-coast run. Quaker State contains an *extra* quart of lubrication in every gallon. An *extra* quart of lubrication? Right! And this is why . . .
- Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil, a quart or more of thin, waste oil that is far too light to be of any lubricating value in a car. Ordinary refining can't remove this stuff. But Quaker State gets it out with the most modern refining in the industry.
- And Quaker State replaces it with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts of good oil and one of waste. So you really get an *extra* quart of lubricant!
- Remember this, too. Quaker State is made entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil—the finest crude oil the world produces.
- Get Quaker State where you see the familiar green and white sign. One dealer in every four displays it. Quaker State costs 35c per quart—a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West—and it is by far the biggest bargain in oil. Drive up—fill up—to-day!

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were also used exclusively
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GOOD .. they've got to be good!



Fred and Adele Astaire in Broadway's musical hit, "The Band Wagon"

Darn good—you'll say!

Everybody wants a mild cigarette. And when you find one that is milder and *tastes better* too—you've got a smoke! Chesterfields are so much milder that you can smoke as many as you like. Mild, ripe, sweet-tasting tobaccos — the best

that money can buy. That's what it takes to make a cigarette as good as Chesterfield. And the *purest* cigarette paper!

Every Chesterfield is well-filled. Burns evenly. Smokes cool and comfortable. *They Satisfy* sums it all up!

EVERYBODY'S GETTING ON "THE BAND WAGON"

