

The Elks

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Magazine

OCTOBER, 1931



Edgar Sisson ~ Edward L. McKenna ~ Will Payne

Something About This Number

THOSE of you who attended the business sessions of the Grand Lodge in Seattle last July, or who read in the August magazine the report of the proceedings, know that the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission charged, since its appointment, with the double duty of constructing the Memorial Building and publishing the Magazine, submitted at that time its final report. To carry on its work a new body, the National Memorial and Publication Commission, was created by Grand Lodge action. To it were appointed those eight members of the old Commission who had inaugurated, and for ten years published the national journal. This issue of the magazine is the first to appear under the aegis of the new Commission—a change which is not yet a change, for its destinies remain in the same hands, and its policies continue unaltered.



DURING the life of the late Walter Camp no one was able successfully to dispute his right to name the players for that honorary football team, the All-American. Since his death, however, every expert and near-expert in the country has felt free to nominate candidates for the Hall of Gridiron Fame. With the agility of a good broken-field runner, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has avoided the resulting welter of conflicting choices, yet has managed to offer to its readers an All-American selection—in fact an All-American All-American, picked by the greatest athlete this country has ever known. In Edgar Sisson's article on the great players and teams of the Carlisle Indian School you will find Jim Thorpe's idea of the outstanding native-American eleven of all time. "Pop" Warner, for many years coach at Carlisle, also has something to say about the Indian braves whom he moulded into practically unbeatable teams.



G. EDWARD PENDRAY who wrote "Rockets to the Moon" is a member of the staff of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, a confirmed believer in the possibilities of the new science of astronautics and a vice-president of the American Inter-planetary Society, a group of enthusiasts whose modest aim it is to establish communication with the other worlds of our universe.



"THE Candle of John Smith" is the true record of one of the great master-strokes of criminal detection—and a warning against over-acting one's part. It is presented here by Lassiter Wren, one of the authors of that puzzling set of "Baffles" which we have run for your amusement and edification in recent numbers.

"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 Five

The Elks Magazine

FEATURES FOR OCTOBER, 1931

Pill Rollers, a story by Edward L. McKenna	7
An All-American All-American, an article by Edgar Sisson	10
A Banker's Story, a story by Will Payne	13
The Candle of John Smith, A Master-Stroke of Crime Detection by Lassiter Wren	15
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen	16
Rockets to the Moon, an article by G. Edward Pendray	18
Shear Nonsense, a page of humor	21
Millions for Defiance, Part IV, a romantic novel by John Chapman Hilder	22
Radio Rambles, by Gladys Shaw Erskine	25
Editorials	26
Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 1	28
Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Subordinate Lodges	32
News of the State Associations	37
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	37
Correct Dress for Men, an article by Schuyler White	38
Cross-Word Puzzle	43
Answers to Your Radio Questions	43
Solution to "The Bungalow in the Sound Marsh Woods"	57
Bringing Prosperity Back, an article by Fred Messner	60

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Can You Compete With A Machine?

After we have gotten over our enthusiasm for the machine age—after we are done with praising modern machinery for what it does, in providing us with newer and finer standards of living, we find that there is another side to the picture.

Modern machinery has certainly helped us to have better things at lower prices. And up to a certain point, machinery helped working people by providing more and more jobs in order to keep up with popular demands for new items.

But recently in the last ten years or so, that is—modern machinery has taken on a new significance. It has passed the stage where it helps men to get jobs. It has begun to throw them out of their trades. Notice that—it is the *trades*, not the jobs alone, that are being taken away from the average worker. Not only in the shop and the factory, but in the office and the store, mechanical devices are replacing from one to twenty men at a time.

A Government report, which states that in the past seven years no fewer than two million men were thrown out of jobs by machines, will show you how serious this mechanical competition is becoming. It isn't just as though these fellows lost single jobs—they lost their chances of getting jobs in the trades where they were skilled. Instead of being able to go up, through their knowledge, to higher, better-paid positions—even though slowly—they found themselves pitchforked into the ranks of unskilled labor, practically speaking. Machine competition often forced—and is now forcing—men who have lost their trades to take lower-paid, less highly-skilled positions.

This has been the serious problem of two million men in the last seven years. It will be more serious for more millions in the years to come. A few men—comparatively speaking, that is—are going to find machine competition a real blessing. Those few thousands are the ones who realize that, if they have lost their jobs in the producing end of business, they can get better ones in the selling end. No machine can ever sell—except perhaps a penny-in-the-slot machine. And on the other hand, the increasing production of machines *must* be sold.

Economists and editors have clamored for ten years, saying that we are neglecting the selling end of business, in order to develop the production end. Some of them have gone so far as to say that if there had been enough trained salesmen in the world, the recent depression would have been prevented. One thing is certain—that in the next ten years we will pay as much attention to training our salesmen as we have paid, in the past, to building up our manufacturing methods. Now, when this interest in intelligent selling is beginning, is the time for foresighted men. The man who trains himself now, to make the most of the new salesmanship, will be the man who will never lose his job to a machine. On the contrary—the machine will work for him, providing him a richly-paid job for the rest of his life.



National Salesmen's Training Assn., Dept. R-474, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Key to Master Salesmanship."

Name.....

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They Laughed When I Mailed This Coupon

..But It Brought Me The Book That Showed Me How to Make \$10,000 a Year!

AS I walked up to the mail box, Joe nudged Ed and winked broadly for my benefit.

"Sh!" he hissed in a loud stage-whisper. "This is going to be the big turning point in Frank Parker's life! He's writing for a book that tells how to get into salesmanship. Pretty soon he'll be earning so much that he'll make the rest of us look like pikers!"

Ed snickered. "Won't it be grand!" he grinned. "Now he can quit punching time-clocks and eating 40-cent lunches." He raised his voice. "Drop me a postal sometime when you get into big business and start making \$10,000 a year, will you, Frank?"

They both laughed uproariously. And probably it did seem like a joke to them that a \$30 a week clerk would have the nerve to think he could ever get anywhere or make real money without some special "gift" or "pull."

But they laughed too soon. Just yesterday I sat down and wrote to Ed who is still in the shop, dragging along at the same old job.

"Dear Ed."—I wrote. "You asked me to send you a card when I 'got into big business and started making \$10,000 a year.' Well, here's your card. Yesterday I was promoted to the job of assistant Sales Manager of the Western Metal Works, at a salary that goes with it. I'll loan you my copy of that book on salesmanship you used to think was such a joke."

Only a book! Just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains one of the most vivid and inspiring messages that any ambitious man can read. It reveals the real truth about the art of selling, explains the science of selling in simple terms, and tells exactly how the great sales records of nationally-known star salesmen are achieved. And not only that—it outlines a simple plan that will enable almost any man to master scientific salesmanship without spending a moment on the road—without losing a day or a dollar from his present position.

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

Reason it out for yourself. Salesmanship offers bigger returns and delivers them

quicker than any other line of work under the sun. But many people have subscribed to the foolish notion that a man has to be "born" with some sort of "gift" for salesmanship. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just like any other profession, salesmanship is governed by certain fundamental rules and laws—laws which you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

Right now an unusual demand for salesmen is being reported. City and traveling sales positions are open in nearly every line all over the country. Last year requests for trained men were received from many firms in all quarters. This employment service is free to both employers and employees, and thousands have secured excellent positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself why "The Key to Master Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making \$10,000 a year. See how A. C. Wallahan of Huron, So. Dakota, used this training to become District Manager for his firm at a 400% pay increase. Find out how G. T. Patterson of Stillwater, Okla., left a small pay job for a position that paid him up to \$550 a month. Learn for yourself the REAL truth about the art of selling! If we were asking \$2 or \$3 a copy you might hesitate. But the book is now FREE. You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may alter your entire future, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the coupon at the top of this page. Why not do it now?

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. R-474 N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Where Shall We Send Your Copy... FREE?



Mail Coupon Above Today!



Reproduced from a camera study by John Kabel

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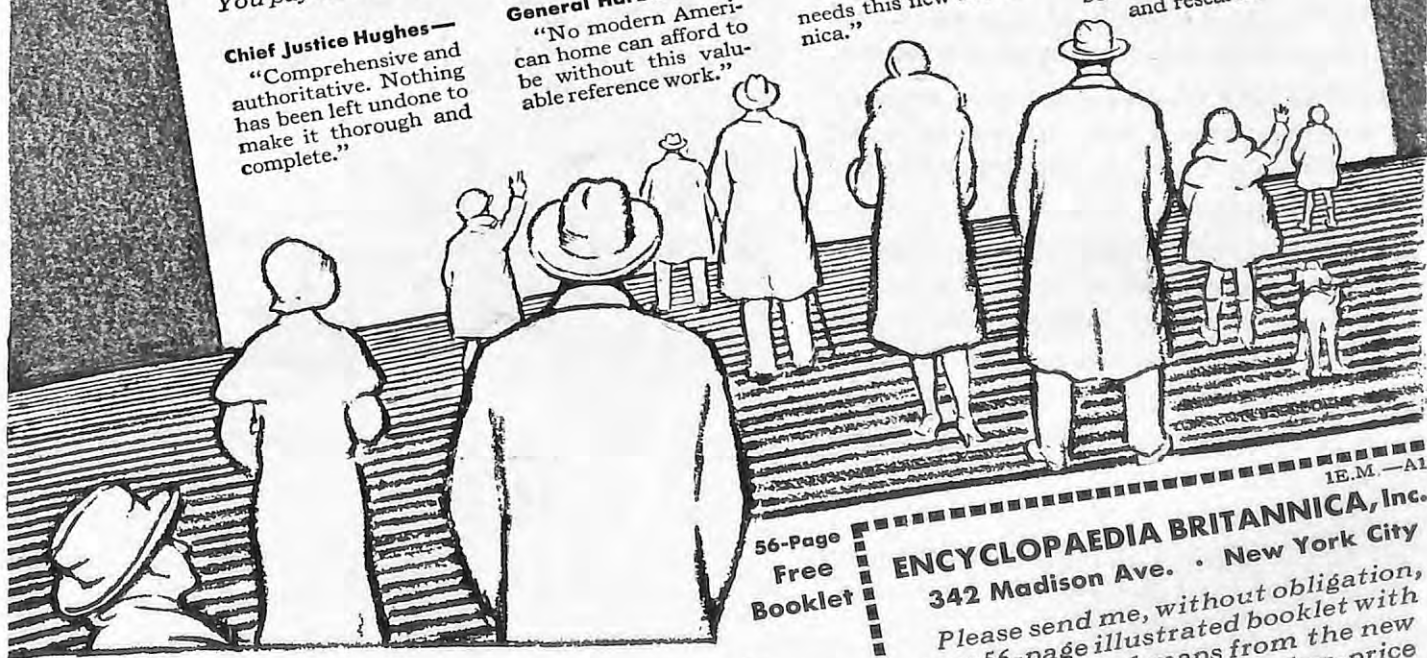
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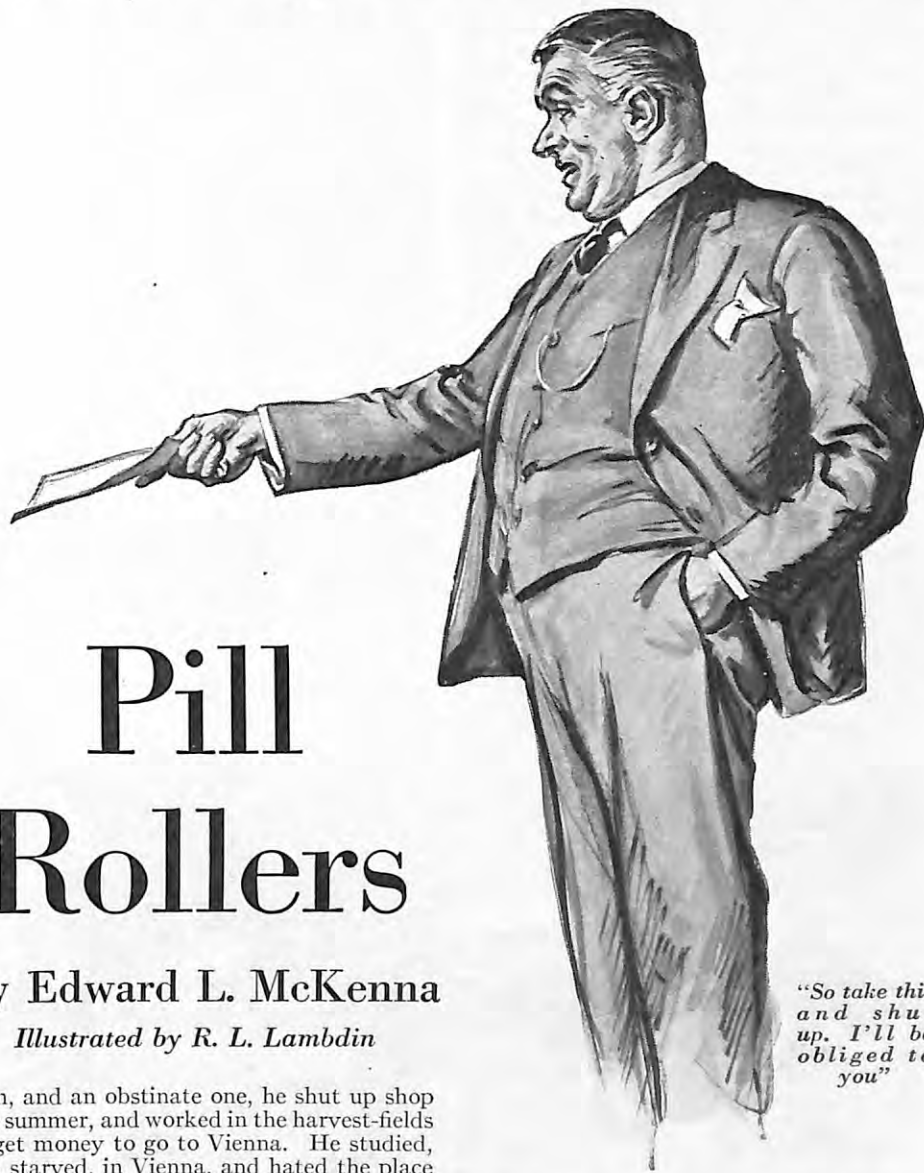
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Pill Rollers

By Edward L. McKenna

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

IT SEEMS that in the year 1907, there was a panic. Banks crashed, the prices of securities toppled. Bookkeepers lost their jobs, and even the stalwart farmer trembled. Two men there were who faced the future eagerly and bravely, smoothing their young moustaches, and glancing complacently at the shining black bags with which they were planning to conquer the world. They'd just been graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and it's well known that panics do a young doctor no harm.

Doctor Hiram Blayds, P. & S. 1907, Iowa State, 1903, was as tall as a corn-stalk and as gangling as a snake-fence. He had an intense belief in his own righteousness, and a lot of pimples. The pimples disappeared with his maturity; his conviction of personal rectitude grew even more obstinate with the years that brought him small success.

Doctor Blayds was one of the smartest doctors ever turned out of the P. & S., according to his school records. That didn't help him. His patients were few and uneasy, and they were repelled by his lankiness, his goggling blue eyes, his tendency, in his youth, to describe their ailments in technical terms. He'd been three years an interne in Bellevue, and set up in Philadelphia to practice and got no business. An ambitious

Copyright, 1931, by Edward L. McKenna

man, and an obstinate one, he shut up shop one summer, and worked in the harvest-fields to get money to go to Vienna. He studied, and starved, in Vienna, and hated the place for what seemed to him its viciousness, its sinister gayety. Perhaps it was only because he was hungry most of the time.

On returning to Philadelphia, he found, to his surprise, that no one seemed to know that he'd been away. He had a dismal little office, in the shabby part of the town, and his patients were those who were in sore need of a doctor, else they'd never have come to him. Many of them were vicious, or furtive, at least; they came slinking to his doors, and he cured them, contemptuously. A lot of his cases were strictly emergency-calls, and Doctor Blayds didn't care for that sort of business. What doctor does?

It wasn't so bad when they came to his office. He didn't like to treat a man in a hurry. Once, in his early days, he'd run into a pretty nasty automobile accident, and had gone leaping into it, to help the injured. There was a crowd there, and they bothered him; he snapped at them, and tried to do his work. He might have done it, too, but in the middle of it he heard a welcome sound—the clang of an ambulance-bell, and straightened up, with a relief for which he was afterwards bitterly ashamed. The young interne hopped out of the ambulance and brushed right by him. Blayds tried to tell him about the case, but the boy in the white coat listened absent-mindedly, and in a minute or two the ambulance was rolling out again, and Blayds turned away with rage and disgust

in his heart. It was always like that, he was saying to himself.

Like that, or not, accident-cases were the bulk of his business. He was in a bad neighborhood, and he could have made many an easy dollar by keeping his mouth shut, upon occasion. It was found, however, that Doctor Blayds was incorruptible; he'd report gun-shot wounds, and stab-wounds, and treatments for contusions inflicted by black-jacks, week after week at the Tenth and Buttonwood Streets Police Station, and neither threats, bribes, nor cajoleries could persuade him to break the law or his doctor's oath.

HYPOCHONDRICAL women found him unsympathetic, and casual patients shrugged their shoulders and came but once or twice, and he had no knack with children. The gun-men and gangsters had learned that there was no doing business with him. So trade was very slack, for Doctor Blayds. His ill-success accentuated his brusqueness; he gave no more lectures to sufferers, and his smouldering impatience was a tangible thing, almost, and the timid resented it.

However, he wasn't the man to spend his time biting his nails at the world's neglect. He was a sour, disagreeable fellow, and a restless, energetic one, too; he spent his time

"So take this
and shut
up. I'll be
obliged to
you"

studying, making experiments, preparing articles for the learned journals. He had his own queer sort of patience, the patience of the scientist, the intense solicitude, the meticulous carefulness that the learned man husbands for his work, so that he seems irritable and boorish concerning everything else in the world. Doctor Blayds didn't specialize; he hacked away at everything from acne to zymotic diseases. Experiments cost money, and he was a poor man; he found the money, somehow, out of his scanty store; doubtless he cut up a poor dog or two. Like most thin men, he was a hungry fellow, but he could put up with hunger; he had the professional man's love of cleanliness, but what is laundry to a scientist? At least, he presented a shining front to the world; his serge suits gleamed like a mica-spotted pavement. Rusty, dusty, grouchy, hungry, Adam's-appled Doctor Blayds, our hero, ladies and gents.

Now meet our Second Murderer, Doctor Cyrus J. Stevens. Yake, 1903. Beta-theta-d-k-e, Skull and Scroll, Junior Prom committee, varsity tackle or guard. Doctor Stevens looked like a cavalryman, and sounded like one upon occasion. A man who liked the company of men, and who would have liked women, too, except that he was so married. A card player, a golfer who broke a few eighties, a follower of the races and the polo games and the fights, and an enthusiast concerning every sort of sport, save one. Even at that, capable of cracking a rough joke with a nurse. The nurses would laugh; they liked him, and they knew he wasn't a serious contender for their favors. His patients adored him.

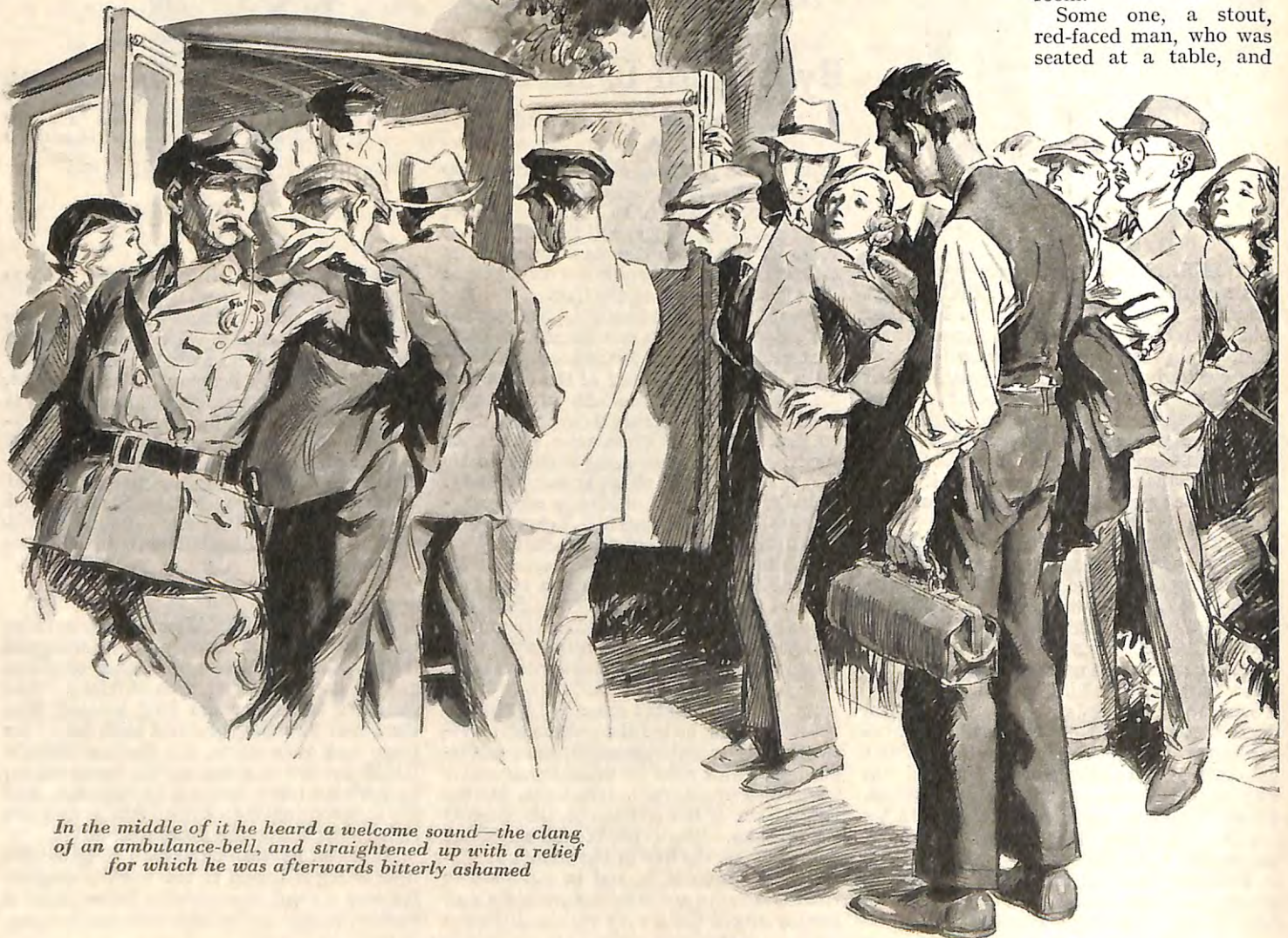
Judging again by the musty records of the P. & S., Stevens was one of the poorest doctors in the world. However, that's only one criterion. Doctor Stevens would go tearing at his business as if it were the Harvard line, grunting and spitting on his hands. He could work twenty hours a day; he could sit up all night playing cards, and be fresh and good natured in the morning, or seem so, at least. It was something to see him go banging into his waiting room, grinning, and ducking his head at his customers; you could easily imagine a bath robe fluttering about his heels, and a pair of taped hands lifted in salutation.

There are some obvious limitations to the will-to-power theory; say what you like, it's a grand thing for a doctor. He has to bluff, he has to lie, and he has to believe in himself, in spite of all logic to the contrary. His fighting heart must urge him on past his ignorance, his fatigue, his disgust, so that he plunges forward, calling upon whatever gods he knows. Doctor Stevens, it seems, didn't believe in any at all. As for his knowledge, many a time in his young days he went scurrying back to his office, to find

out what the proper prescription might be, but the patient never knew that. Stevens would find out, and most of the time, he'd cure him, too. He had knack, he had luck, and if he were ever afraid, he drove his fear from him with a heartening curse. Doctor Stevens had no notion that he was a good man, a virtuous man. If anyone had ventured such an opinion, it would have been dangerous; Stevens would have suspected badinage, or a reflection upon his virility. Ruddy, coarse and hearty as an Italian soup; profane, vigorous, hold-'em-Yale Doctor Stevens—

Now there used to be a saloon, in Philadelphia, Kohlemaier's Café, dark and evil-looking, a square or two from the water front. One January day, Doctor Hiram Blayds pushed his weedy length past its swinging doors. Going in for a drink? Not so. He was tracking down a patient who owed him eighteen dollars. Perhaps it wasn't quite professional, or ethical, for Doctor Blayds to go dunning an unfortunate like this? What? A man he was treating for cirrhosis of the liver and who was slinking into Kohlemaier's saloon, to spend a dollar or two he owed to Doctor Blayds? He'd just seen him in time; in he went, after him, full of righteous sentiments, and a determination that justice should prevail. Blinking, and searching for his quarry, who had disappeared, he went stumbling into a back room.

Some one, a stout, red-faced man, who was seated at a table, and



In the middle of it he heard a welcome sound—the clang of an ambulance-bell, and straightened up with a relief for which he was afterwards bitterly ashamed

who had drunk all but the last hot inches of a pint of rye, looked up at him grinning. "Why, hello, Scissors," he said.

Doctor Blayds started; that was his old medical school nickname, and he'd never liked it. He looked more closely.

"Hello, Stevens," he said, coldly, and gave him a stiff bow, and hustled out after his absconding debtor, just disappearing through the side door. "Hey, you," he said. "How about that eight—" He went briskly out, but his patient was still more brisk; he never caught up with him.

Oh, yes, it was Doctor Stevens in there. Doctor Stevens, who had run over from New York, to have a quiet party, all by himself. Doctor Stevens who had developed a thirst. Too many long hours, too many nights out, too hard a drain upon a body that was intended to pull and bend and smash, not to sit silent and tense at a bedside or an office desk. Long nights, cold trips, a little drink, when it's over—. Doctor Stevens came to like his little drink. He didn't drink, to excess, in New York; oh, no, that wouldn't do. He'd go to Newark, to Jersey City, to Phillie, where nobody knew him. He didn't do it very often, nor for many days at a time. Just for a day or so—drink, and sleep it off, and go back to work—

Three weeks later, Doctor Blayds received an elaborate telegram from Doctor Stevens, inquiring whether he could go to New York, to consult concerning a cardiac case.

Doctor Blayds read this message with a curling lip. At last, he decided to go. He found Doctor Stevens quite sober, and somewhat embarrassed. He told Blayds that he'd seen his articles in the "American Bistoury," and he had a case that he thought might interest him. The case was puzzling, he said; he'd like Doctor Blayds to look at it.

They travelled in Doctor Stevens' Pierce-Arrow, from his office on West Seventy-eighth Street. The case was interesting rather than puzzling, to Doctor Blayds. He conducted himself, as he generally did, in a sick-room, awkwardly, and ungraciously, as if the patient's welfare were of no conse-

two hundred dollars in his pocket. It was Doctor Stevens' check. Stevens had given it to him, with more delicacy than one might have expected from Doctor Stevens. "Now, look here, Doctor Blayds, I, uh, I made out this check, want you to take it—You can send a receipted bill, to the patient, if you like—They're made of money, they'll never kick, and it's a reasonable charge—Why, certainly, it's usual. It's the regular thing. I call you away from your practice, it's my responsibility, not yours—I don't want to seem to dictate your fees to you, but if you're satisfied, two hundred's all right—"

Doctor Blayds said stiffly that he could wait, there wasn't any hurry. Stevens grinned at him.

"Look here, Scissors. A man like you is an ornament to the profession. I see your



It was something to see Dr. Stevens go banging into his waiting room, grinning, and ducking his head at his customers

quence to him. That wasn't so, of course. A sick man was like a game of chess to Blayds; a sick man was a call to battle, to Doctor Stevens. They were doctors, both of them; each had the eagerness of a hound in leash, but Doctor Stevens did more bay-

ing. They worked together well, and they saved the case, for the time.

Four days later, Doctor Blayds was on his way back to Philadelphia and travelling on the Pullman, at that; he had a check for

articles, I don't say I read them. I don't have time to read much. You're an expert, you give your time, at the expense of your personal practice. It's an honor to consult you, and I—uh—I want it to be perfectly businesslike. So if you'll take this and shut up, I'll be obliged to you."

So Doctor Blayds folded the check, and put it in his vest pocket, and all the way home he was thinking about Doctor Stevens. This is what he was thinking.

First of all, he considered that Doctor Stevens was, professionally, very small potatoes. The case was instructive enough, but not too difficult. Stevens should have been able to handle it.

Secondly, he thought Doctor Stevens was a disgrace to the profession. A doctor who drank—what could be lower, especially to a man who never tasted liquor?

And then he believed firmly that Stevens had given him this job to keep him quiet about their chance meeting in Kohlemaier's Café. His tight lips drew downward in

(Continued on page 50)



Jim Thorpe himself

Jim Thorpe's Selections for the All-Time Carlisle Eleven

<i>Left End</i>	<i>Right End</i>
Roberts, 1908	Exendine, 1906-07-08
<i>Left Tackle</i>	<i>Quarter Back</i>
Lubo, 1904	Welch, 1911-12-13
<i>Left Guard</i>	<i>Left Half Back</i>
Bemus Pierce, 1901-03	Thorpe, 1908, 1911-12
<i>Right Guard</i>	<i>Right Half Back</i>
Redwater, 1898	Guyon, 1911-12-13
<i>Right Tackle</i>	<i>Full Back</i>
Wauseka, 1907-08	Calac, 1912-13
	<i>Center</i>
	Bergle, 1911

An All-American All-American

By Edgar Sisson

NOWADAYS people mean Communism when they speak of the "Red Menace," but ask any old-time football player and he will insist that the real "Red Menace" were the Carlisle Indian football teams that swept from coast to coast, season after season, making the palefaces bite the dust with monotonous and irritating regularity. Not until Knute Rockne poured his personality into Notre Dame elevens has there been anything to compare with the swift, colorful redskins who dominated American gridirons between 1899 and 1914.

The Four Horsemen have already become a legend, but while no one disputes the greatness of Stuldreher, Miller, Crowley and Leyden, which of the quartette can be matched against Jim Thorpe, winner of the pentathlon and the decathlon at the Olympic games in Stockholm, and a football player who could either tear a line to pieces with his terrific bucks or kick goals from the middle of the field? And what of Frank Hudson, Frank Mount Pleasant, Jimmie Johnson and Mike Balenti, quarterbacks with the cunning of a fox, the speed of a scared deer, and educated toes that could send the pigskin over the bar from as far back as the forty-yard line?

"Pudge" Heffelfinger, Yale's mighty guard, deserves his place in football's Hall of Fame, but not any more surely than Bemus Pierce, Hawley Pierce, Redwater, Afraid of a Bear, Lone Wolf Hunt, Wauseka and Lone Star. Interview "Wallie" Steffensen, the old Chicago star, about the great ends of the past, and he will tell you that there never was a better pair than Exendine and Gardner. Joe Guyon, Metoxen, Seneca, Calac, Pete Houser, Lubo, Nikifer Schuck, all of them were football marvels, the kind that a coach dreams of.

The true greatness of the Carlisle teams can best be measured when it is realized that the little school never had more than two hundred and fifty boys of football age, and that it was a common thing for an eleven not to have more than two or three substitutes. Time after time the battered regulars were called upon to face a brand-new team in the second half, but there is no record that the redskins ever whimpered or thought of quitting.

Back in 1898, when the Carlisle school

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announced that it had gone in for football, and wanted games, the big colleges and universities could not hold back their laughter. It happened to be the case, however, that Hickok and Vance McCormick, two Yale heroes, were deeply interested in the Indians, and made personal requests that secured Carlisle a place on the schedules of both Yale and Harvard. On the appointed day, the giant Blue team took the field with something of a grin, for the Indians were looked on as a joke, but before Yale knew it, Hudson drop-kicked a goal from the forty-five-yard line, and the two Pierces were tearing the Bulldog line into pieces. At the end of the first half it looked as if the Blue were doomed to defeat, but under an avalanche of replacements, the Indians tired and gave way, finally losing 18 to 5.

A week later Carlisle went up against Harvard, and although going down to defeat by a score of 11 to 5, made the big Crimson team know that it had been in a game. Again Hudson drop-kicked a field goal from the middle of the field, and again the fleet Indians ran wild in the first half, but they had no substitutes and slowly gave way under terrific pounding.

Football experts, watching these games, admitted that Carlisle had "some good material." All agreed that Hudson was the greatest drop-kicker in the history of the game, that Bemus Pierce ranked with Heffelfinger, and that Seneca and Metoxen were "hard to beat." It was their judgment, however, that the Indians were too individualistic for team play, and that while a good many stars might be developed, the redskins would never get anywhere, because they could not possibly be welded into a driving whole.

AMONG these experts, however, was one with keener eyes than the rest. This was Glenn Scobey Warner, a giant who had played guard for Cornell from 1892 through 1894, after which he had coached Iowa State, the University of Georgia and



Gus Welch, greatest of all Indian quarterbacks, according to Jim Thorpe, who ought to know



A coaching staff to dream about. Left to right, Emil Wauseka, Jimmie Johnson and Albert Exendine, Carlisle immortals themselves, and Head Coach Glenn S. Warner

his own alma mater. He liked the looks of the Indians, and when Carlisle made him an offer, he leaped at it. Young Mr. Warner had a lot of original ideas about football, and these ideas proved so good that before he was done, all the coaches in the country were going to school to him as a master instructor.

It is now thirty-six years since "Pop" Warner started in on his coaching career, and many is the great team coached by him. After Carlisle he served nine years with the University of Pittsburgh, his elevens meeting with only ten defeats in the whole of that time. From Pittsburgh he went to Leland Stanford University, and continued his business of producing champions, and yet, looking back over the whole of his life, he frankly admits that his Carlisle years were the happiest and most satisfactory.

Taking the Indian lads into his huge paws, "Pop" moulded them into a machine that has never been equalled for speed and rhythm, and this without sacrifice of individual brilliance. Right off the reel he led his red warriors to a victory over Pennsylvania, one of the Big Four, and then proceeded to give Harvard the scare of its life. In the very first few minutes of play the Crimson fumbled a punt, and Redwater, a giant Cheyenne, scooped up the ball and ran eighty yards for a touchdown. Like Hudson's forty-five-yard kick, the feat remains on permanent record in Park Davis's compilation of famous runs and field goals.

A little later in the game, Hudson, the little Pueblo, drop-kicked a goal from the thirty-five-yard line, and the first half ended with the score 10 to nothing in Carlisle's favor. Harvard beef and reserve material, however, came to the rescue in the last half, and the Indians, weakened and crippled by mass plays, could not hold their advantage.

It was against Harvard, by the way, that Carlisle pulled off a play that still remains unique and unforgettable in the annals of football. This was back in 1903. Not long ago I asked an old Princeton man what he remembered about Carlisle, and with a slow

grin breaking over his face, he said, "The hidden ball trick." Later on an old Yale man said to me, "Hope you will dig out the details of that hidden ball run against Harvard, and put in the name of the runner. I remember the play but have forgotten the player."

Well, the runner was Dillon, the left guard. The play, one thinks, however,

belonged to the whole Carlisle team in execution. It came at the beginning of the second half, after a first half in which Carlisle had scored a field goal from the eighteen-yard line. Harvard kicked off, Marshall booting the ball clear to the Carlisle five-yard line, where Johnson, the Indian quarter, got it. The Indians massed closely, as though they were going to form a V for a rush down the field.

Suddenly they opened up and started running as eleven men, not one of whom seemed to have the ball. It had been shoved inside the back of Dillon's jersey. The Harvard players were drawn off by an apparent interference forming around another player, and never paid any attention to Dillon who, with hands outstretched, passed through the entire Harvard team, running one hundred and five yards to cross the Harvard goal. The goal was kicked for the extra point. The score then stood 11 to 0 for Carlisle.

Coach Alonzo Stagg in his book, "Touch-down," credited the play as coming from the kick-off that started the game, and named Dillon as receiving the ball. He wrote: "Of all the Indians, only Dillon obviously did not have the ball, for he charged forward with his hands empty and straight before him; Harvard stepped aside to let him pass and played button, button, who's got the button, with the rest of the Carlisle team. Dillon arrived at the Harvard goal, produced the ball from the back of his sweater like a rabbit from a hat and deposited it ceremoniously for a touchdown."

The Carlisle team in this game was: Left End, Jude; Left Tackle, White; Left Guard, Dillon; Center, Schuchuck; Right Guard, Lubo; Right Tackle, Exendine; Right End, Mathews; Quarterback, Johnson; Left Half back, Sheldon; Right Halfback, Johnson, Fullback, Charles.



Joe Guyon stands out as one of the best half-backs in all football history

HARVARD was sensitive about the hidden ball for years. Once it heard that the Indians were coming with brown footballs painted on their jerseys to add to deception

in tracing the real ball. If the Indians came on the field so dressed, Harvard had a red football ready and was going to demand that it be used. The Indians trotted out, however, in usual garb, and the red ball stayed under the blankets.

From 1899 on Carlisle had good teams, able to hold their own with the best, but it was not until 1906, when football was "reformed," that the redskins came into their own. Up to that time, mass plays were the order of the day, with entire emphasis on turtle-back formation, flying wedges, tackles back and guards back, etc., etc., and as only five yards were needed in three downs, beef won games, and speed and skill were at a discount.

The new rules did away with mass plays, prohibited pulling and pushing, and, greatest change of all, permitted the forward pass. It seemed that the "reforms" were made to order for Carlisle, as their teams were always light, no single eleven ever averaging over 170 pounds.

Before other coaches had grasped the significance of the changes, "Pop" Warner was inventing plays to take full advantage of changed conditions.

Day after day he had his Indian lads working away at the forward pass, training men to receive it as well as to throw it, and in addition he conceived his idea of what is now called Warner Formation A. This was a two wing-back formation that necessitated double passing, or having a back in motion to get the ball from the center to the wing backs, and with slight variations, it has been copied by other coaches more than any other formation ever developed.

The school could hardly wait for the 1907 season to begin. It was not only the new rules that promised success, but also the fact that the team itself looked to be the best in Carlisle history. Hudson and Johnson had gone, but in their place stood Frank Mount Pleasant, a young Tuscarora, so fast that he was chosen for the Olympic team in 1908 as a sprinter and hurdler. Little Boy was at center, Gardner and Exendine were the ends, Lubo and Wauseka the tackles, Lyon and Afraid of a Bear the guards, Hendricks and Payne the half-backs, and at full towered Pete Houser, two hundred pounds of solid bone and muscle.

Better and all, the school at last had a song! Maybe "Pop" Warner wrote it and maybe he didn't; anyway, in his sedate textbook, "Foot Ball for Coaches and Players," he still has place for the jingle:

"Do your darndest when you play.
Keep-a-goin'!
When the game is pretty tough
Don't you ever holler 'nuff!
Show the world you have the stuff.
Keep-a-goin'!"



Charles Dillon, famous for his hidden-ball run against Harvard in 1903

A typical scene on the Carlisle field showing "Pop" Warner's intimate style of coaching



Four of the best. Left to right, Albert Exendine, Gus Welch, Fritz Hendricks and Jim Thorpe



The team of 1907 kept going until it had devastated both East and West. It had beaten Penn State 18 to 5 and Syracuse 14 to 6 before it came to Philadelphia on October 26 for a "metropolitan appearance." Rumors of the unusual had preceded it, but were not believed, so the heading the New York Times put over its report became historical: "Indians Humble Pennsylvania Eleven: Forward Pass, Perfectly Employed, Used for Ground Gaining." Said the news story itself:

"Playing the most remarkable football ever witnessed on Franklin Field under the new rules, the Carlisle Indians humbled Pennsylvania 26 to 6 in the presence of 20,000 spectators, the largest attendance of the year in this city. The Indians scored 16 points in the first half, while the Quakers failed to tally until near the end of the contest. The Indians used very little straight football. Forward passes and end runs behind compact interference, with direct passes, delayed passes, and punting, were their principal offensive tactics. Most all their forwards were made when the man carrying the ball had run out on the end for fifteen yards, when he would hurl the ball for distances varying from fifteen to twenty-five yards to men who had gone down the field to receive the ball.

"The two ends, Exendine and Gardner, were invincible, always being on the Pennsylvania backs making the catch of punts and following the ball with superior instinct. Houser was almost unstoppable when carrying the ball from a direct pass. Pennsylvania was defeated in the first five minutes of play. The Indians just swept them off their feet."

(Continued on page 62)

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE COLLECTION OF HUGH E. MILLER



She wished to leave some money in the bank—not a deposit, but only for safe-keeping until called for

A Banker's Story

By Will Payne

Illustrated by C. Edward Cerullo

THE most beautiful woman I have ever seen. But maybe the mood had something to do with it. This was four years ago and our Florida boom had blown up. I was acutely aware that I had made a great fool of myself in some thin-margined real estate ventures, so I stood to lose whatever was losable except my clothes, and I had just passed my thirty-first birthday. Come times, you know, when a fellow sits back and takes stock of himself and feels that it figures out about two cents on the dollar. I was glum. My pretty cousin and a couple of her girl pals were at the birthday dinner—all bubble and ginger. They made me sick.

Next day the beautiful stranger came into the bank. I was an assistant cashier, with a desk next the president's room, for the president was my uncle. When I opened my heart to him about the real estate ventures he had observed that, while naturally a blockhead, I might hope to learn better in time. She came behind the railing to my desk—right out of an illustrated book on Greek mythology that I'd had since high-school days. The girls I knew were liberal enough with rouge, but her smooth cheeks

were like old ivory; pools under pools in her dark eyes, and a little droop at the corners of her lips. She seemed to have heard of all the sorrow in the world—heard it up above, you see, like one of the women in the mythology, which put something poignant in her smile.

Her business was quite simple. She wished to leave some money in the bank—not a deposit or anything to be entered on the books, but only for safe-keeping till called for. That was easy. Winter tourists in Florida are always bringing stuff to the bank for safe-keeping—mainly the return portion of their round-trip railroad tickets. We have a special envelope for the purpose, large size, of stout manila paper, with a perforated tab on the flap. The tourist fetches his railroad tickets, or whatever else it may be, to the bank. A teller hands him one of those envelopes. The tourist puts his ticket in it, seals it and writes his name across it. The teller tears off the tab and hands it to him as a receipt. Tab and envelope bear the same serial number. When the tourist wants his tickets, he presents that tab to the teller and writes his name on it. The teller compares the signature on the tab with that

on the envelope. If they agree he hands over the envelope and that ends it.

I explained this to her. She said it would answer very well, and would I get her one of those envelopes? Certainly I would; for it was very pleasant to have her sitting at the end of my desk where I could look at her and listen to her low, rich tones. Naturally, I wouldn't send her away to a teller; but went myself to get the envelope.

She smiled and said, "Of course, it's in my stocking."

HER hands were busy behind the end of the desk a moment and came in view holding a small silk bag and a safety pin. She opened the bag and took out three ten thousand dollar bills and three five hundred dollar bills. Ten thousand dollar bills are not common down our way. I had never seen but two before. But she was as composed as though they were ones. She thought, however, she had best keep out one of the five-hundreds for present needs. The two other five-hundreds and the three ten-thousands she put in the envelope and sealed it. I handed her a pen and she wrote

Annette Warren on the envelope. I tore off the numbered tab for her to keep.

Receiving it, a faint line came in her brow; dubiety in her lovely eyes. "But suppose I should lose this?"

I assured her there would be no trouble; no danger of my forgetting her, and there was her signature on the envelope by which she could identify herself.

The little droop at the corners of her lips grew more pronounced. Under-depths opened in her dark eyes. She murmured, "I have to be very careful; but I know you'll remember me." The rest had been business, but this was personal.

I don't know just what I said, but it made her smile. "And will you get me change for this—fifties and so on?" She was holding up the other five hundred dollar bill, that had been lying on the desk. She had beautiful hands, shapely and supple and hardly a bone showing under the firm white flesh. Of course, I took the bill down to a teller's cage and brought her back fifties and twenties for it. She thanked me and smiled and floated out through the railing.

There is a bench outside where customers wait to see the president, or even myself. A square-faced, square-shouldered blonde woman rose from this bench. I hadn't noticed her before and wouldn't have noticed her now only my eyes were following Annette Warren. The two walked out of the bank together—and left me quite a lot to think about. I had only the name; no address.

Directly after dinner I dropped in at the Vincy Park Hotel, casually; and spent the evening casually drifting around the verandah, lounge and parlors; but I did not see Annette Warner. The following evening I was a casual drifter at the Sorento Hotel and came away empty-handed. Two other days passed, and again she came into the bank, more beautiful than ever in a dark dress and close green hat. She wanted to know something about Liberty bonds. Were they really safe, absolutely safe? How did one get the interest on them? If she bought Liberty bonds and then wanted her money back how could she get it? What did one have to do in order to buy Liberty bonds?

I EXPLAINED, stringing it out into quite a lecture on government obligations, while I looked into her eyes and she listened thoughtfully, sweetly puzzled over some points. What did premium mean? What was accrued interest? I was very willing to explain. Thirty thousand dollars of Liberty bonds, if bought that day, would cost \$31,105.25. The bank could sell them to her at any time, with no formalities—just like buying a spool of thread. But I didn't mean to let her escape with nothing more than a discussion of investments. My plump questions as to where she was staying brought only, "With friends. They have taken a house for the winter." She was warding me off, but finally I got her to say

she would try to be on the beach at the Spa at half-past four, Thursday.

And there she was, lovely in a bathing suit, and wonderfully different. Every moment in the bank there had been an aloofness, as though she hardly belonged to my world except for purposes of business. But on the beach—well, it was as though one of the women in the mythology had come down to be a girl and frolic in the water and lie on the sand gossiping, showing the whitest teeth in the world when she smiled.

I waited for her to dress and we strolled out on the broad cement sidewalk together. There is an open-air booth just north of the Spa entrance where they sell soft drinks and the like. A man sat on the end of a bench there, sipping a tall glass of orange juice, in such a position that the Spa door was under his eye; a large man with the solid look of pig iron. He had a red-veined face and dull, heavy-lidded eyes and a dark red mustache that curled so tightly it looked like a roll of sausage on his lip.

It had struck me before that there was always a sort of wariness about Annette—like a bird, you know, that is fluttering its wings, ready to fly. Even in the bank she had seemed to be covertly watching. When we stepped out of the Spa she looked about quickly, and saw this man, and clutched my hand hard behind her skirt; a swift, nervous grip of fear, all over in a flash.

Then she was smiling at the man, calling,
(Continued on page 39)

C. EDW.
SERVING



It was as though one of the women of mythology had come down to be a girl and frolic in the water and lie on the sand, gossiping



The Candle of John Smith

*A Master-stroke of
Crime Detection*

By Lassiter Wren

Drawing by Bob Dean

THIS is the story of John Smith, who was being tried for the willful murder of Henry Thomson. So slight was the evidence against him that the judge and the jury agreed to stop the trial and throw out the case. But John Smith would not hear of this being done, and insisted upon being allowed to call a witness to prove his innocence and clear his reputation. And upon the testimony of that witness John Smith was convicted and executed.

The cause of this dramatic triumph of justice was the brilliant detective work of the prosecuting attorney, done impromptu without moving from the court room—a feat of detection without parallel in the annals of crime.

John Smith was an English gentleman of considerable property, who lived on his own estate in the northern part of England. Late one summer's day a person supposed to be an entire stranger to Smith sought shelter and hospitality for the night at the latter's estate. Gentlemen rode on horses then, when

traveling about England, and it was not uncommon for travelers to seek lodging at a gentleman's home.

After dinner this traveler went to bed in a spare room in John Smith's house asking to be waked early in the morning; but when the servant appointed to the task went to his room there was no response. The servant entered and found the man dead. From the appearance of the body it was obvious that he had been so for many hours. There was not the slightest mark of violence. The man's features were composed.

"The stranger has died in his sleep!" cried the servant, as he ran with the news to his master, John Smith. Great consternation followed, and the neighbors were soon spreading the story.

"Who is he?" people asked; and John Smith replied that he had not the remotest

idea. Neither Smith, nor his housekeeper, nor the servant had ever inquired as to his identity, it seemed, and there was nothing on his person to show who he was. Mystery, both as to the stranger's name and his manner of death, veiled the entire incident. A coroner's jury was summoned. It soon dismissed the matter with a casual verdict of "Death of an unknown man by the visitation of God"; for it was not uncommon for a traveler seeking lodging to keep his identity to himself, and there was no hint of suspicion that the man had met with foul play.

But people continued to discuss the mystery and to look at the horse in John Smith's stable yard which waited, masterless, for a claimant. The incident traveled about the inns of England, and little by little stories cropped up about the past life of the respectable and worthy-looking John Smith. The handsome Englishman was now about forty-five, and had been resident on the estate for ten years; and he

(Continued on page 52)

"The Gay Diplomat" is one of those highly colored, improbable, but entertaining stories of intrigue and beautiful spies that Central Europe furnishes so freely in fiction. Captain Orloff, a distinguished Russian officer, is ordered into neutral Roumania to discover the origin of a leak in the Russian communication system. In Bucharest he finds himself surrounded by lovely but suspect ladies. He falls desperately in love with one of them who, though innocent, he has to rescue most dramatically from the menace of a firing squad. Ivan Lebedeff, the dashing captain, is shown at the right with Genevive Tobin as the lovely Diana



Behind the Footlights

"Cloudy with Showers" written by Floyd Dell and Thomas Mitchell is a delightful farce comedy. Mr. Mitchell also acts the leading rôle, that of a professor at a girls' college. In spite of having written a prize-winning book dealing with feminine psychology, among other learned subjects, he is twitted by one of his students with being girl-shy. To vindicate himself he accepts her challenge to take her riding in his Ford. Due to a storm and an accident to the car they are forced to take shelter in a road house. Mr. Mitchell and the girl, played by Rachel Hartzell, are pictured above being threatened at the inn by Victor Killian as a comic gunman. The playing is excellent throughout and the action almost continuously amusing



Even courageous ladies of the circus are sometimes fearful of the timid mouse, as witness the picture above of Evalyn Knapp and Charles Butterworth in the picture called "Side Show." This is a story of a small, impoverished circus in transit and containing within itself feuds and loves and real sacrifices. Winnie Lightner, who really runs the circus and pinch hits for everyone in the side show, is in love with Donald Cook, the barker. Miss Knapp is her young sister, visiting the circus during school vacation, and Mr. Butterworth, of the incomparable straight-faced comedy, is Sidney, the seal trainer



George M. Cohan's latest play called "Friendship" proves that he is a very modest as well as a very popular and versatile playwright and actor. He has contented himself with playing foil to Minor Watson, the friend of the play's title, and Robert C. Fischer, the father of the boy who wants to marry his protégé. Unlike most Cohan plays, this one is slow in tempo, but tells a simple story very effectively. Pictured at the left with Mr. Cohan is Lee Patrick who represents the play's love interest. Mr. Cohan is excellent as always, but he has deliberately handed the acting honors to Mr. Watson and Mr. Fischer, who acquit themselves nobly



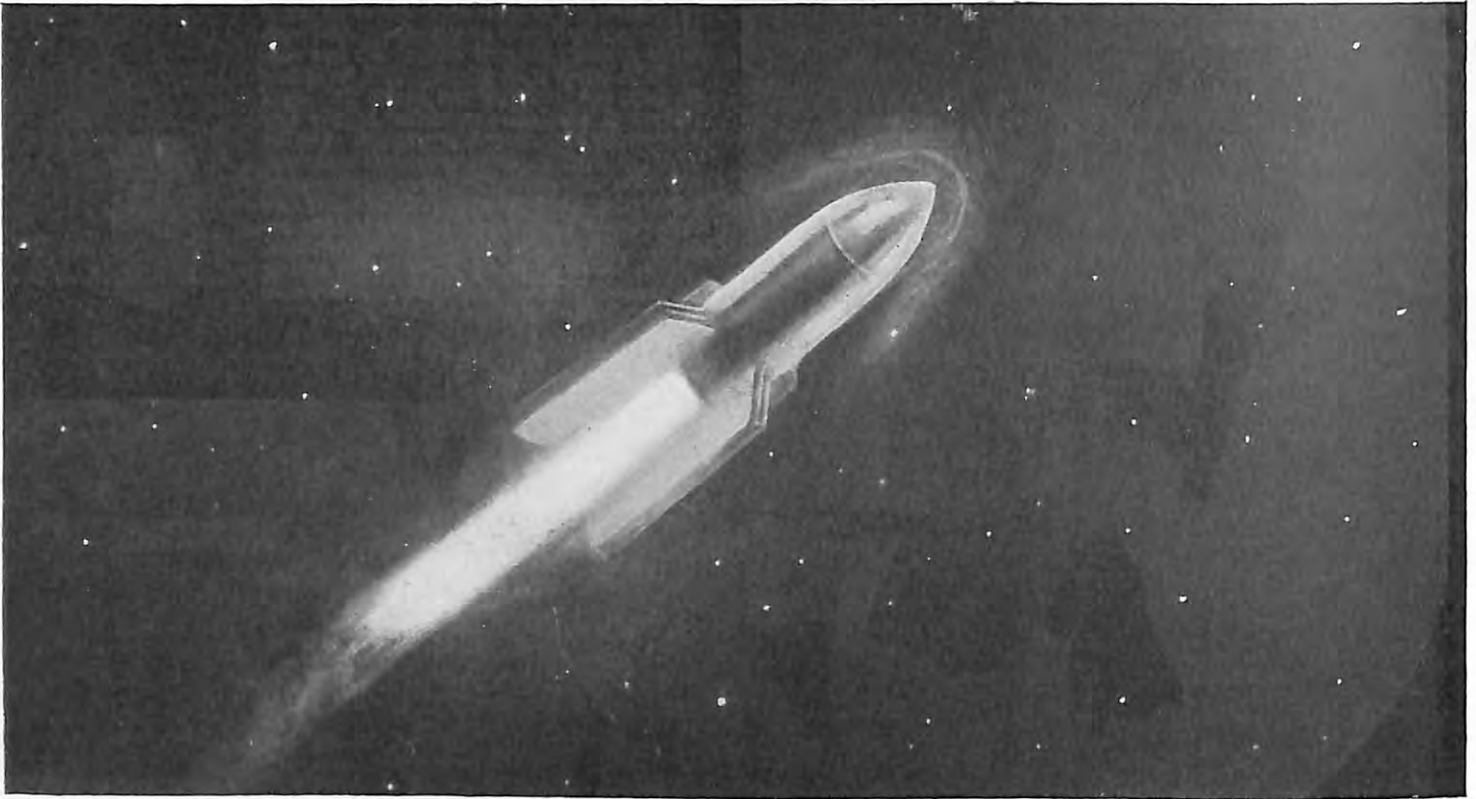
And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien



"My Sin," a recently released screen play, stars Tallulah Bankhead and Fredric March, shown in the circle above. The alluring Miss Bankhead, recently returned from several years' triumph on the English stage, plays the part of a woman who achieves regeneration in spite of having once been branded murderer. Mr. March, who gave such a brilliant performance in "The Royal Family," is the instrument of her salvation. A colorfully romantic rôle launches him as a down and out victim of the tropics. Shocked into sobriety by his work on the murder case, in saving the woman he saves himself

Edward Knoblock's play, "The Lullaby," which starred Florence Reed and Frank Morgan some years ago on Broadway, has been made into a picture with the same title in which another distinguished Broadway actress, Helen Hayes, makes her screen debut. Neil Hamilton is pictured with her above as the young American painter who wins Madelon's love against her father's opposition and then deserts her. The tragic career of Madelon, who sacrifices everything for the son that is born after Larry's desertion, is a rôle in which Miss Hayes is sure to give a poignant and beautiful performance



Rockets to the Moon

By G. Edward Pendray

There is nothing particularly new in talk of sending men and freight through the air by means of rocket power. What makes it new now is that for the first time engineers have begun to do something more than talk

THIRTY years ago there were plenty of people who found it hard to believe that anyone would ever reach the tremendous speed of a mile a minute in a man-made vehicle. Ten years ago speeds of a hundred miles an hour were something to conjure with. Nobody would have listened then with patience to folk who predicted speeds of two or even three hundred miles an hour for racing cars and airplanes.

Yet within the year just past Captain Malcolm Campbell topped two hundred and forty-five on the smooth sands at Daytona Beach, Major A. H. Orlebar surpassed the Schneider Trophy record by flying 357.7 miles an hour over a measured course, and Frank Hawks, the fastest distance traveler of his generation, crossed the continent from coast to coast in less than twelve and a half hours, flew from New York to Havana in a little under nine hours, and went abroad to show the British how to smash the former fast record for the trip from London to Rome.

Velocities undreamed of a generation ago are not fast enough to-day. It is not surprising that engineers are already beginning to cast about for some new type of craft or source of power that will get us from place to place in shorter time. To this end the airplane has been greatly improved. New engines have been developed and new fuels experimented with. There is no question but that in the next few years aircraft will undergo many more important modifications.

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Trying to locate the rocket by catching, on a swinging receiver, the automatic buzzing signals which are sent by its short wave sender

But there is not much more speed to be gained in that direction. The law of diminishing returns, which requires greater and greater amounts of energy to be invested to reap smaller and smaller gains, has already marked the ultimate practical limit to the velocity that can be attained by any airplane, no matter how completely streamlined, no matter how perfectly engined or racy built. Perhaps we have already reached, in that odd craft that won the Schneider cup a year ago and later beat its own record, the ultimate in any craft driven by a propeller.

There are only two other types of flying vehicles at present known to be capable of going faster than the fastest airplane.

One is the shot of a cannon. It has actually been suggested that some day we may be able to travel in a hollow shell fired from a gun. Jules Verne built one of his best-known novels around this idea. Many practical-minded scientists since Verne's day have likewise given thought to the proposition. But our present view is that the transportation of living creatures by shell is impossible, not because of the exceedingly great speed such projectiles attain, as some persons believe, but because of the sudden increase of speed at the beginning.

This increase, known as acceleration, takes place in a cannon almost in an instant. One moment the shell is at rest in the bore, the next it is hurtling at top speed toward

its destination. It would crush any living thing inside the shell to pulp, despite any shock-absorbing apparatus we could at present devise.

With the rocket, the other fast flyer of modern engineering, it is a different matter. Rockets can accelerate gradually—no faster, let us say, than a high-powered motor-car getting rapidly under way. Yet by continuing this acceleration two or three minutes or more, the steadily increasing speed becomes a velocity so tremendous that even a rifle ball is slow beside it. Like a falling body a rocket can build up its speed indefinitely. All that is necessary is fuel in its tanks to maintain the increasing rate of motion.

THERE is nothing particularly new in talk of sending men and freight through the air by means of rocket power. What makes it new now is that for the first time engineers have begun to do something more than talk about rockets. In the United States, in Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy and France there are broad-scale experiments going on, some of them of the most sensational and promising nature, to develop the rocket and harness it to useful work.

Only a few weeks ago I visited the Raketenflugplatz at Berlin, the "Rocket flying-field" of the German Interplanetary Society. It lies in the northern edge of the capital, not more than five miles from the center of the city, and at this field a full staff of engineers and mechanics are hard at work seven days a week—now with the first sure signs of success—to solve the toughest of all mechanical problems: how to build and control the amazingly swift and dangerous projectiles which they believe will be the forerunners of the flying craft of the future.

At present, despite the ambitious name of the field, only the most rudimentary sort of

rockets have been flown there. But this fall there will be several bigger ones, and next winter bigger ones still, until the engineers at the Raketenflugplatz have sent their projectiles upward fifty or a hundred miles into the atmosphere.

Then they will begin shooting them from city to city bearing mail and express. Still

later one will fly across the ocean to New York. Finally—who knows?—they will send one out into space forever away from the earth, to the moon or to Venus or Mars.

This last is the ultimate promise of the rocket. It can give us terrestrial speeds such as are now beyond the imagination of anyone who has not ridden aboard a meteor. After that it may free us from the earth itself. It may permit us to build huge self-contained ships of space, in which we can go voyaging to whatever planet we wish, perhaps establishing commerce with the inhabitants, if there are any, or setting up colonies of human beings on Venus and Mars with the moon as a way-station and supply depot.

The Raketenflugplatz at Berlin, because of the magnitude of the experimenting now going on there—and in a lesser degree the several other spots where rocketors are now at work—is the present home of that same tremendous dream which impelled Icarus to fly too near the sun and so to melt the waxen binding of his wings.

THIS dream lives still in a widening circle of men and women in this modern day. Such believers are called "interplanetarians." Already it is no longer necessarily a term of scorn or reproach, for to-day science has made all things seem possible. The interplanetary idea—which is the belief that members of the human race will ultimately be able to explore the remainder of the solar system—has passed from fiction writers and theorists into the hands of practical and experienced men of science and engineering.

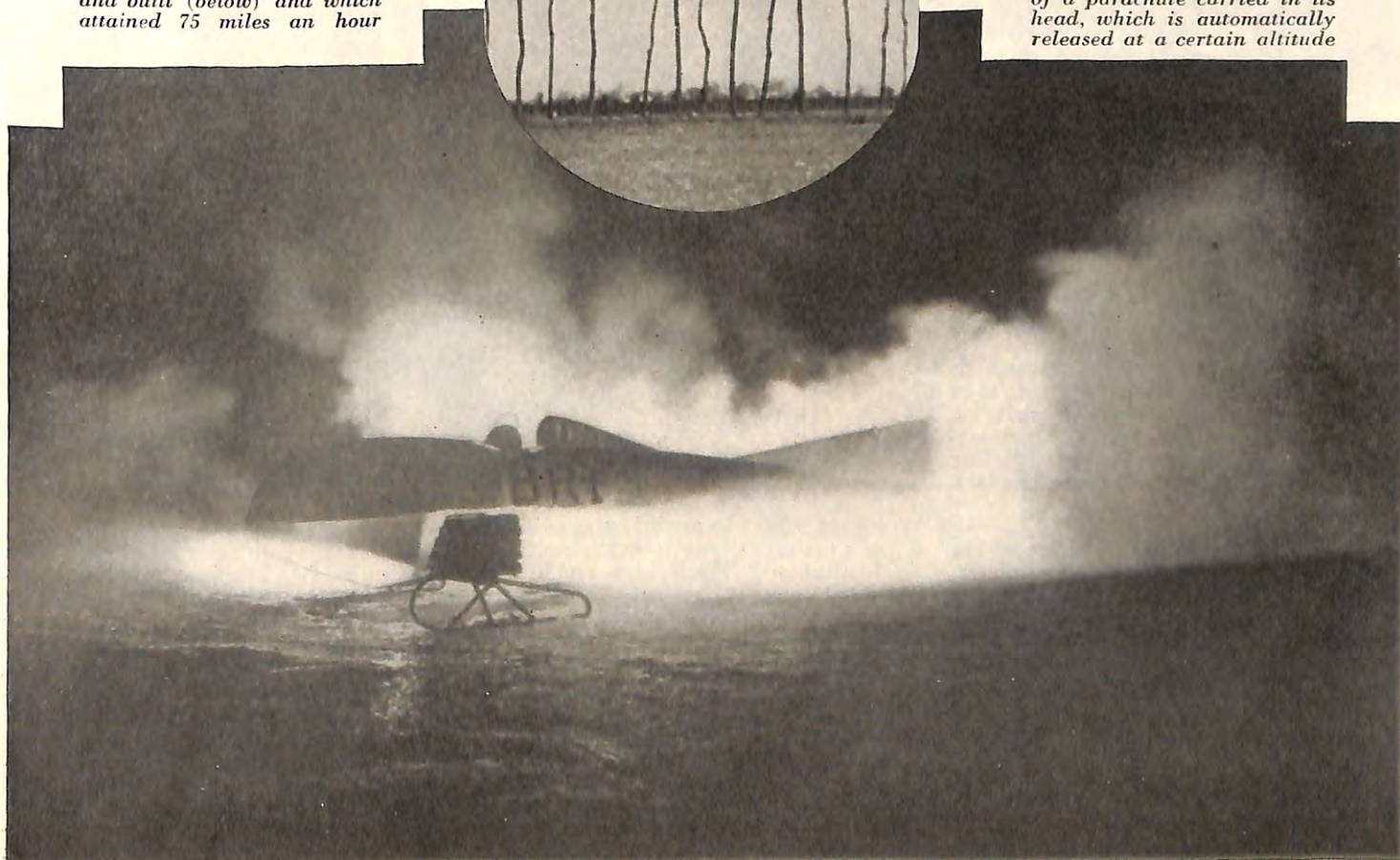
In Europe four important groups of interplanetarians have now organized for active research. All are headed by engineers, scientists or mathematicians.

The largest is the Verein für Raumschiffahrt of Germany, the name of which may



Harry W. Bull in the rocket ice-boat which he designed and built (below) and which attained 75 miles an hour

A rocket returning to earth in slow descent (left) by means of a parachute carried in its head, which is automatically released at a certain altitude



be translated "Society for Space Traveling," or "Interplanetary Society." Professor Hermann Oberth is its president, and he is one of the best known rocket engineers and physicists in Europe.

In Austria Guido Baron von Pirquet is leader of another organization now preparing to take up experiments leading toward the ultimate exploration of space. In Leningrad there is a society headed by Professor Nikolas Rynin, one of Russia's foremost mathematical minds. In France a committee of the French Astronomical Society annually awards the Rep-Hirsch international prize of 10,000 francs to the person

designer and aeronautical engineer; Clyde Fitch, radio engineer, and even Sir Hubert Wilkins, the polar explorer, whose interest comes to him naturally from his ancestor, the Bishop of Chester, who wrote a book on the subject in 1640.

This group, like those abroad, will soon begin experimentation here on a proving field near New York. Some of the members even now are actively engaged in building rockets, and have been for some time.

It was the American Dr. Goddard, for instance, who first put the idea on its present scientific basis. While he was head of the physics department at Clark University,

points where work is in progress we may expect the announcement any day that the rocket-problem has been solved, that the basic difficulties of fuel, design and control have been overcome.

There is every reason to believe, in fact, that the first successful high-altitude rocket will be the work of an American. Despite the greater zeal for this discovery and the more wide-spread interest in it abroad, good men and good money are already being attracted here for the necessary research.

IT MAY be Goddard himself who will be first to prove the truth of his predictions. He is now for the first time carrying on his experiments with an adequate fund. In the summer of 1930 the late Simon Guggenheim, benefactor of aeronautics and half a dozen other fields of endeavor, gave Goddard \$100,000 to continue his work. With this money the scientist fell heir to one of the most distinguished committees of advisors any man ever had. If anything were necessary beside Goddard's own standing and progress to dignify his work and assure its success the committee of advisors appointed to aid him ought to do it.

One of them is Colonel Charles A. Lind-



WIDE WORLD

Explosion of a test rocket (left) at an experimental field in Germany

who during the year has done most to further the new science of "astronautics." This prize is not donated by fiction writers or sentimentalists. It is given by André Hirsch, the French banker, and Robert Esnault-Pelterie, mathematician and aeronautical engineer, inventor of several basic devices used in modern airplanes.

In Europe, in fact, rocket research is being enthusiastically backed by more than a thousand persons who pay regularly to meet the necessary costs, some of them contributing quite substantial sums to further such efforts as those at the Rakettenflugplatz.

WE HAVE heard relatively less of the rocket and its possibilities in this country, but that does not mean that Americans are immune to the particular stimulation that causes persons to organize on behalf of the interplanetary idea. We now have, in fact, an American Interplanetary Society, headed by David Lasser, a young engineer, and counting among its members Dr. H. H. Sheldon, the physicist and engineer, Dr. Clyde Fisher, curator of the American Museum of Natural History, Dr. Robert H. Goddard, pioneer in rocket investigation and one of the world's foremost engineers in this field; Harold A. Danne, airplane

Setting the rocket in position (right), a dangerous and delicate preliminary



WIDE WORLD

Worcester, Mass., he carried on experiments under a grant of money from the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and in 1919 published a report showing that the place assigned by imaginative writers to the rocket as the engine of the future was well founded upon scientific possibility.

Goddard's report, issued twelve years ago, was the real beginning of all modern activity in rocketry. It started the chain of discovery and experiment here and abroad that is now commencing to bear practical fruit. Even as these words are being read the first triumphant shot of a rocket to the outermost limits of the earth's atmosphere may be taking place. At any one of a dozen

bergh, who is interested in rockets because of their bearing on the future of aviation. Another is Dr. Charles C. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. Associated with these men on the rocketor's advisory committee are Henry Breckenridge, Dr. J. C. Merriman, president of the Carnegie Institution, Dr. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology, Dr. Walter S. Adams of Mt. Wilson Observatory, Charles F. Marvin of the Weather Bureau, and several others equally distinguished.

Goddard's most famous exploit with rockets, and one that helped materially in

(Continued on page 41)



Before Stalking Off

Then there was the absent-minded Scotchman who ordered asparagus and left a tip.

—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

The Speaker Sex

A Kansas editor's definition of a woman is someone who reaches for a chair when answering the telephone.

—*Detroit News.*

Birds Out of the Hand

"Why so blue, Rastus?"

"Ah lost mah chickens."

"Don't worry, chickens go home to roost."

"Dat's de trouble, boss, they went!"—*Cornell Widow.*

Their Contours Kilt

"Scottish girls are now slimmer than they used to be," says a writer. Bony Highland lassies.

—*The Humorist.*

Carving the Duck

Green paint may be removed from the seat of a pair of white duck tennis trousers with a bottle of ordinary turpentine, a stiff brush and a pair of scissors.

—*Chicago Daily News.*

The Last Straw

Another thing that shows which way the wind blows is the new-size golf ball.

—*Judge*

Excepting the Victim

Lawyer—"It would be better if you could prove an alibi. Did anybody see you at the time of the crime?"

Client—"Fortunately, no."

—*Zuricher Illustrierte.*

Tin Days' Vacation

Some London jurist rules that women are entitled to vacations from housework. He is right. They should have a chance now and then to stretch tired fingers cramped by can-openers.

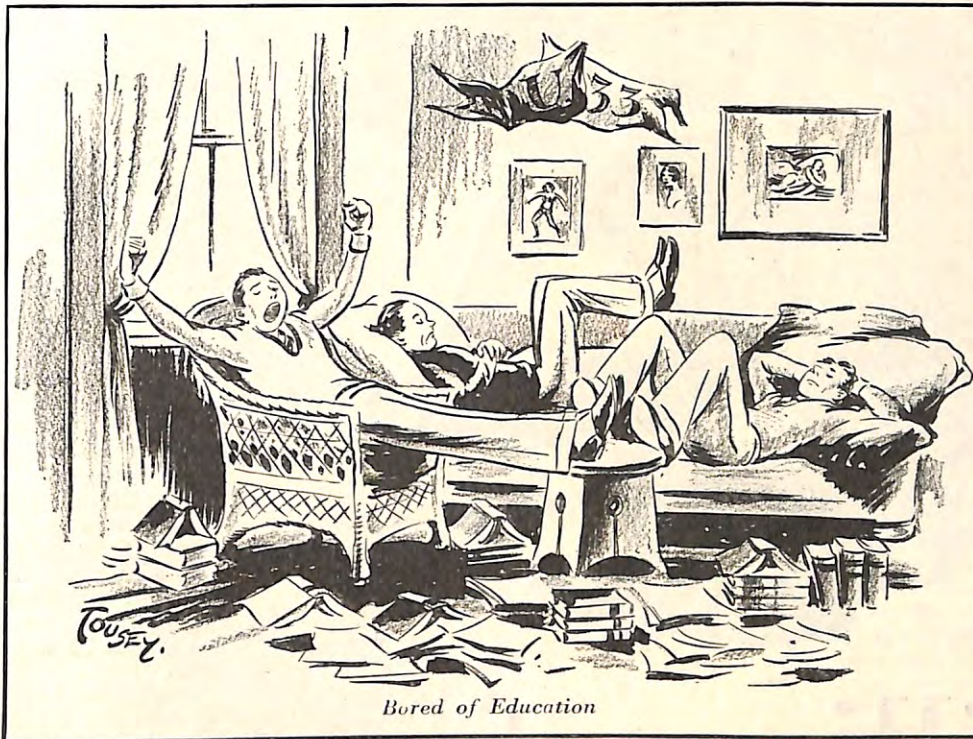
—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Aisle Say So

"He was a failure as an architect, so he went on the stage."

"Is he drawing better houses?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



Bored of Education

Don't Be Girlhoodwinked

"The modern flapper," we read, "is very different from the girl of fifteen years back." On the contrary, she is very often the same person.

—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Goat-Meal

"What are you doing now?"

"I have found a new circus act—the

"Three of those apples you sent me were rotten. I am bringing them back."

Storekeeper—"That's all right, madam. You needn't bring them back. Your word is just as good as the apples."

—*Syracuse Post-Standard.*

Her Entail of Woe

"Don't talk to me about lawyers, my dear. I've had so much trouble over the property that I sometimes wish my husband hadn't died!"

—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Blossoming out

He was a bit shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he arose and started to leave.

"I am sorry I offended you," she said.

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."—*Capper's Weekly.*

A Jitter Experience

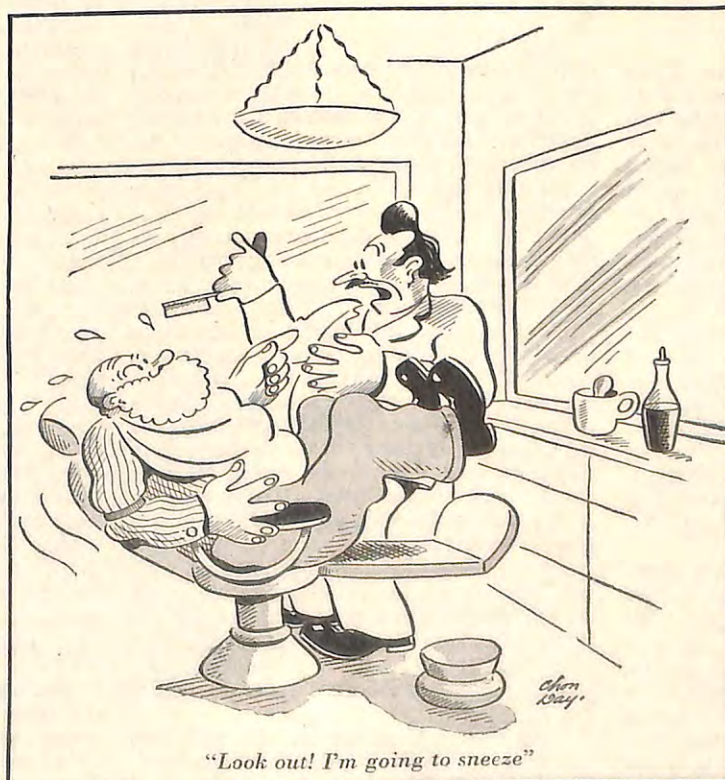
A Tennessean of 85 asks that his wedding be annulled on the grounds that he had been drinking moonshine when he married. Imagine waking up and finding you are 85 and have a hangover and are married.

—*Life.*

One's a Crowd

Mental Specialist: "And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about that."

Patient: "Perhaps not; but I'm such a dam bore."—*Punch.*



"Look out! I'm going to sneeze"



Millions for Defiance

Part IV

HIS wrath diverted from Hope, Colin proceeded to give the negro a verbal lacing. Though somewhat abridged, in deference to the presence of a lady, his remarks were sufficiently pungent to make the colored man, already scared and humble, cower abjectly. And when, a menacing bulk, he stepped from the car, to inspect it for possible damage, the miserable wretch sank to his knees, covered his head defensively and wailed for mercy.

"Get up," Colin snapped. "I'm not going to touch you." By the light of matches he satisfied himself that the machine was unharmed. Its front and rear axles were half-covered with dirt. Two deep furrows in the sand traced its plunging career across the thinly sodded field. Weight, fine balance, and a superb steering gear had combined providentially to keep Old Ironsides from turning turtle.

The ground ahead seemed fairly firm. The problem was simply to ease the car up onto it from the ruts it now stood in. This required man power, but the question as to how men were to be recruited was quickly, automatically, answered. The sight of a big automobile away off in the middle of a field acted as a magnet to other motorists. First one, then another, pulled up, came

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over to satisfy their curiosity and stayed to lend helpful shoulders. Soon there were ten of them, and a few moments later their joint strength had served to push the machine onto firmer soil.

All this time Colin had paid no further attention to Hope. Now he could no longer ignore her. Opening the door on the driver's side, he stepped onto the running board and, in as casual a tone as he could muster, asked the girl to move over.

He had expected opposition, but she raised none. She did not even look up at him, but in silence slid into the seat he had vacated. He took the wheel and started the engine. Applying the power gently, to minimize any tendency of the rear wheels to churn up the ground, he tooted the car slowly back to the road. The roar of a motor across the way announced that the negro was taking no chances on the large, angry white man's changing his mind, and was standing not on the order of his going. As the truck rattled off, Colin thanked the Samaritans who had waited to see him safely on the pavement, stepped on the throttle and headed once more for Palm Beach.

Then the reaction set in. He felt limp and filled with a thick and pervading gloom. The knowledge that he had probably saved

By
John Chapman Hilder

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

Hope's life and his own—to say nothing of the negro's—gave him no thrill of achievement. Luck had been with him. A telegraph pole, or a tree, in their path, when he had swerved the car, and they would have been as badly off as if he had not touched the wheel. There was little credit due him, he reflected morosely, for their escape. Moreover, in losing his temper with Hope, he had nullified whatever progress he had made with her earlier in the day.

When they reached her house—he found it, happily, without needing to ask directions—Hope jumped from the car and hurried indoors. He followed in time to see her hastening upstairs to her room. The entrance lounge was deserted. From the living room at the far end of the patio floated the music of a phonograph and the sound of voices. Colin hesitated. He could have done with a drink. But the prospect of having to withstand a volley of questions from Crisp and the Princess and the others was not to be endured. He went to his room.

It was hours before he was able to sleep. When he did, it was to dream of pursuing Hope in an automobile which stalled every time he was on the point of overtaking her.

CHAPTER XVII

IT WAS a clear, warm morning. In the branches of a sprawling banyan tree not far from Colin O'Rourke's window, an exuberant cardinal, preening his crimson plumage, melodiously exhorted the world to come out into the sunshine. But the blue and gold of the outdoors and the cardinal's liquid notes roused no *joie de vie* in the breast of Mr. O'Rourke, whose mind, on awakening, had resumed revolving in its orbit of the night before, like a tin top spinning in a wooden box, with a nasty buzzing and rasping against the sides.

"Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut? Why did you have to tell her she was a rotten driver? Might have known it would make her wild. . . . Just a plain damn fool, that's what you are. No tact. Tact, eh? No brains, you mean. . . . Lost your temper with the poor kid. . . . Poor kid! Young hellion! She saw that truck in time. . . . Something funny somewhere. . . . Sure, you fathead, the Senator told you that. That's why you're here. To find out what it is. Why she acts the way she does. Ten million coming to her if she'd behave herself and she won't. . . . Well, what are you going to do? Got to do something. Come on. Get up. Get up and go down and see her and have it over. . . ."

Colin went to the window and looked at the little bird disgustedly. "Ah, stop it," he muttered, "you make me sick."

The art of dissembling was not Colin's forte. And when he found, on reaching the dining-room, that the Princess and Crisp were at the table, but that Hope was not, he failed wholly to conceal his surprise. The Princess smiled with her lips, but not with



It happened in the evening when they were all in their rooms dressing for dinner. Colin, in trousers and undershirt, had just finished lathering one side of his face when he heard a sound which made him dash out onto the gallery

her eyes, which held a peculiarly mink-like expression. The Hon. Evelyn Crisp did not smile, but showed his equine teeth in a sort of leer. Colin cast a fugitive glance at Hope's empty chair, sat down and mumbled a restrained "good morning." His face betrayed a mixture of relief and disappointment.

But Colin soon found himself telling of his adventures with Hope the day before.

"We had lunch down at the Royal Palm Park," he related. "There was a man there Hope wanted to see. Bird named Hornsby. Ever meet him?"

"Oh rather. Hornsby. Nasty little beast. I mean one of these crude diamonds."

Colin smiled; "Well, we didn't see him. He had a hangover, or something. But here's the point of my

story." He leaned forward and spoke confidentially. "The fact is, I want your help. You're both devoted to Hope, and she knows you and would take advice from you that she wouldn't from me. You see, she decided yesterday to stage a big parade on her birthday. Like the other one, only more elaborate. And she wants to have Indians in it. That's why she wanted to see Hornsby—to ask him to round up a bunch for her. But here's the point: if he won't, which is quite likely, she says she's going to fly down into the Everglades and land on a pond and go after some Indians herself. I told her it was a crazy idea. Foolhardy. The man at the park said the same thing. He called it suicidal."

"So it is," put in Crisp, "abso-bally-lutely. Why, my dear chap—"

"And the more you argued," said the Princess, "the more insistent Hope was that she would do it. You might have known, Captain, that all Hope needs to determine her to do a thing is a little opposition."

"What's to be done about it?" Colin asked.

"Nothing."

"But we've got to stop her, somehow."

"There's only one way. . . . Ignore the idea and trust that when the time comes Hope will have lost interest in it. If nothing more is said—"

"What if she brings it up herself, though?"

"Then agree. Say you've changed your mind. Say it would be a perfect thing to do. Urge her to do it. Tell her you've discovered how easy it would be."

"Hm," grunted Colin.

"Xenia's right," said Crisp, adding gloomily, "that's the worst of her. She's so damn often right." He heaped a mound of marmalade on a square of toast and bisected it with one bite.

"In this instance," the Princess said, "I am right."

"Well, you know Hope better than I do," Colin conceded. He addressed himself to his ham and eggs, not a little pleased with the effect of his tactics. Despite his dislike and distrust of the Princess, he felt he could count on her to help him try to prevent Hope from taking foolish risks. The man Crisp he put down as a negligible factor in the situation, a person of no consequence, to be neither depended on nor guarded against.

"YOU had a row with Hope last evening, I take it," said the Princess.

"Not exactly a row. Why?"

"That would explain why she did not come down this morning."

"Sulking in her tent," remarked Crisp.

"Evidently," said the Princess.

"What ought I to do?"

"Nothing." The Princess shrugged expressively.

"Rather not," said Crisp.

"You don't think I ought to try to see her? Calm her down?"

"That would be fatal."

"Right again," Crisp agreed. "When Hope's in a state, the prudent man lies doggo. I mean to say, no good making oneself a target, what? I mean—hello—" he broke off at the entrance of Wilson.

"Cap'n, suh," said the old darky. "Miss Hope say ef you-all is thoo wid yo' breakfas' she appreciate to see you in de libery."

There was a moment's silence in which the three at the table looked at one another significantly.

"Blood on the moon," murmured Mr. Crisp.

"Just me, Wilson," Colin inquired, "or all of us?"

"No suh, jes' you-all, Cap'n."

Colin lit a cigarette and slowly pushed back his chair. "Tell Miss Hope I'll be right in." To the others, with a wry grin, he remarked: "An innocent man goes to his doom."

"Remember," Crisp warned him.

The Princess said nothing.

It seemed to Colin, as he left the room, that her black eyes were not wholly empty of suspicion.

CHAPTER XVIII

WHEN Colin entered the library Hope's back was toward him. She was sitting at the desk, telephoning.

Waiting for her to finish, Colin shifted from one foot to another, like an erring sophomore called onto the carpet before his dean. And though he reminded himself that it was absurd to feel thus, when actually it was Hope who was the transgressor in the case, his nervousness increased by the minute.

Unable to stand still, he walked softly to the bookshelves and scanned their contents.

He casually picked out a copy of Katherine Mansfield's "Journal." Idly he took the book and opened it at random. In the margins on many pages were pencil marks. He glanced with interest at one passage so marked. It was as follows:

"Don't you think it would be marvelous," she said, "to have just one person in one's life to whom one could tell everything?" She leant forward, put down her cup, but stayed bent forward touching the spoon against the saucer. She looked up—"Or is it just childish of me—just absurd to want such a thing? . . . All the same," she leaned back, smiling, "childish or not—how wonderful it would be—how wonderful to feel—from this person, this one person—I don't really need to hide anything. . . ."

The telephone receiver clicked. Colin shut the book with a start and quickly replaced it on the shelf. He noted with relief that her back was still turned to him. Then, slowly, she rose and faced him.

Her eyes met his for a brief instant, then looked down. "I'm sorry—about last night," she said, in a low voice. "I want to thank you."

"That's all right," said he, hot with sudden embarrassment.

"Let's forget it."

"I wish I could," said she, soberly. "I can still see that truck—" she shivered. "I owe you a debt, O'Rourke."

"Easily paid," he said, smiling.

"Impossible to pay," said she, "if you mean what I presume you mean."

His face hardened.

"I don't want you to think me an ingrate," she went on.

"I'm not. I'm intensely grateful for what you did. But the thing you want me to do—that the Senator sent you here to try to make me do—is out of the question. I will not be dictated to. Call me an ingrate—or a little tin despot—or anything you please.

Ask anything else of me, anything—"

"But why? Why do you persist in that attitude, Hope, when there's so much at stake?"

"Because there is so much at stake. You might call it a matter of principle. But I'm not going to explain. I told you that yesterday."

"Yes. And you said you'd tell me after your birthday. Why not tell me now? Don't you think under the circumstances—"

"No."

"But why? If you have a reason—a real reason for your weird stand—it is weird, you know—"

"Not to me," said Hope, with a faint smile. "It's very sound to me. But you wouldn't understand it any more than the Senator would."

"How do you know? Try me and see."

She looked at him for a moment with curious intentness, then shook her head.

"Please—" she begged. "I'd like to tell you—in a way. . . . But I'm not going to," she added hastily. "How can I make that final?"

"You can't."

"It is, though."

"I guess maybe you are an ingrate, after all," he said deliberately. "I guess I might just as well go back to New York and tell the Senator that to give you that ten million would be like handing a baby a loaded revolver to play with."

"Well, why don't you?"



"Because for some devil's own reason that's what you want me to do."

"And also," suggested Hope, "because it would not make you popular with the old gentleman to admit defeat so soon."

Colin flushed.

"That has nothing to do with it. I agreed to come down as a favor to the Senator, not as part of my job. He hired me to be a lawyer, not a keeper for the feeble-minded."

"Just the same," said Hope, "you ought to give him a run for his money, don't you think?"

"I intend to," he assured her.

"What would you say if I offered to help you?" she inquired.

"That would depend," he countered, warily.

"Suppose I decided to be proper and sedate for a little while. Ten days, or two weeks, perhaps. Then you could go back to the office and report that all was quiet on the Potomac and that I'd reformed. And the Senator would pat you on the head and double your salary—"

"And once I was out of the way you'd break loose and shoot the works," put in Colin, "with some crazy parade or something, and make a monkey of me. Thanks a lot. I'm not for sale at that price."

"WELL, what is your price, then?" asked Hope, coolly. "Every man has one, you know."

"Don't be absurd," he said.

"I'm perfectly serious."

"You're not."

"Oh yes, I am."

He looked at her sharply.

"You actually think you can buy me off?" He was incredulous.

"Of course—if I can meet your terms."

"Good God," he exclaimed. "You're joking, Hope. You must be."

"Not at all. Why be melodramatic? Don't tell me you're an idealist. That would be too incongruous—a lawyer and an idealist."

"I can't believe you're as cynical as all that," he said.

"I'm not cynical. Merely practical. I'm a realist. Don't you think I ought to know something about life by this time? Believe me, I know all about it."

"If you think honesty and loyalty can be bought, you don't know the first thing about it."

"Well, no use arguing. It wouldn't get us anywhere. Just words." She turned round and opened the middle drawer of the desk, took something from it and walked towards him with her hands behind her back. Colin watched her with narrowed eyes.

"This has nothing
(Continued on p. 44)

For a full minute Colin stood staring at the cheque. Then, deliberately, he folded it, tore it into shreds and flung them on the floor. "It's lucky for you," he said, "you're not a man"

Radio Rambles

—Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine

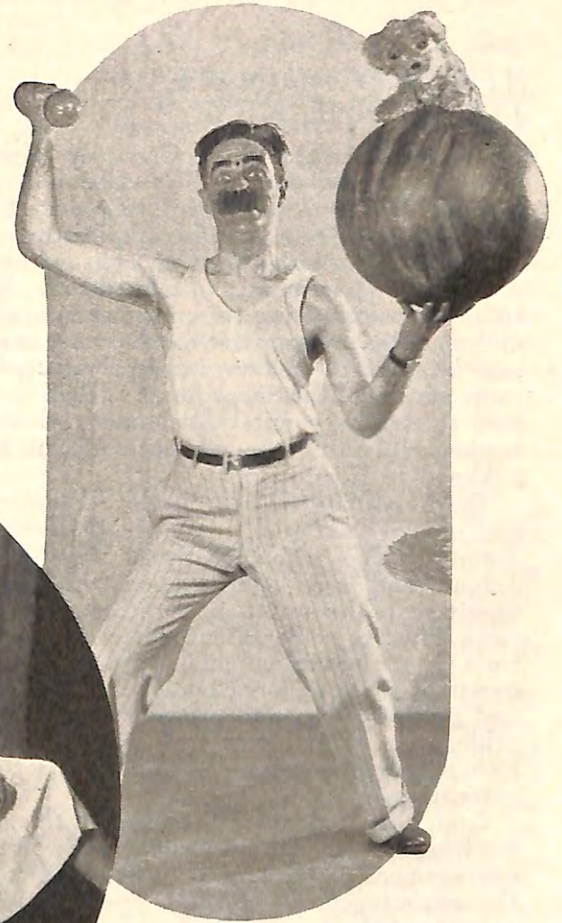


Phillips Lord

is the beloved Seth Parker of the Sunday Night program over N.B.C. He is a bonafide Down-Easter with a New England drawl as authentic as Cal Coolidge's. He is a Bowdoin graduate, with a gift of writing that senses the difference between "hick" caricature and genuine characterization. It is the reality of his Down-Easters that brought acclaim to Mr. Lord for Seth Parker and the folk who gather at his home for talk Sunday evenings.

Harry Swan

One of the strongest men living or otherwise, known as Professor Musclebound of the Nitwits (C.B.S.). Here shown lifting an enormous rubber ball and stuffed dog with one hand (this work supports him), while the other hand supports another dumb-bell. The Lunacy Commissioners ask us to print only one Nitwit at a time—and we have to consider the printer.



The Boswell Sisters

These dark-eyed and otherwise charming ladies are the Boswell Sisters, in case you don't know—creators of new harmonies. Martha plays the piano, Connie sings the "blues" numbers and is also proficient on the saxophone, while Vet (real name Helvetia) plays the banjo and trombone. These versatile young ladies claim the historic town of New Orleans as their home... and the Southern city should be as proud of them as is the Columbia Broadcasting System!

Phil Cook

This is Phil Cook with his inseparable ukulele, or banjo, or guitar, or whatever it really is. (The light is a little bad, you know!) Phil has made considerable name for himself in telling people how to start the day right, what to eat for breakfast, what to think about (if you happen to think), and how to come to the end of a perfect day with a slight profit, in these depressing times. His picture is printed in response to innumerable requests,—and he'd make any page look nice!!



(For answers to your questions, see page 43)



EDITORIAL

THE SUBORDINATE LODGE THE KEY

■ Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, as might have been expected of one of his wisdom and experience, assumed his new duties with very definite ideas of the policy he would adopt for his administration, and with a thoughtful plan to be pursued. His earnest and impressive speech of acceptance disclosed this. He is, perhaps, to be congratulated upon refraining from any attempt to epitomize his program in a catch phrase or slogan. But it may be set forth, in a few words, as a purpose to seek the rejuvenation of the Subordinate Lodges under leadership held to strict accountability under a definitely imposed responsibility. Even more succinctly, his idea is to resell Elkhood to Elks.

The Subordinate Lodge is the recognized administrative unit of the Order. It is the Order in its own community. The whole fraternal organization is built around, and is dependent upon, these local units. In recent years the ambitious projects of the State Associations have, to some extent, distracted proper attention from these significant facts. And while the accomplishments of these regional bodies have been most notable and praiseworthy, and are admittedly matters of just pride, it is nevertheless true that the activities of the local lodges have become noticeably absorbed in the joint enterprises.

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen sees in this an unfortunate tendency which should be checked; not by any discouragement of the larger mutual undertakings, but by the encouragement of more specific and independent activity of the community units.

The enthusiastic reception of his declared policy indicated that the members of the Grand Lodge, fresh from close contact with actual conditions, shared his views and approved his purpose. If they will but sustain his efforts and bring to the task something of his own serious earnestness, the Order will experience one of the most successful and fruitful years of its history.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has touched the true key to the situation—the Subordinate Lodge.

OUR FLAG IN PEACE TIME

■ During the awful, but soul-stirring, days of war, the Flag, as an emblem of embattled America, always aroused a delirious acclaim. It then seemed a living thing which called with a compelling voice to every patriotic citizen. Whether it were borne at the head of marching troops, or in civic parades, or flashed upon the screen, at its every appearance we impulsively applauded and hurraed ourselves hoarse. And that was as it should have been.

On Flag Day, Independence Day, and other special occasions, when the Flag is the special subject of eulogy, we are most frequently reminded of its war significance. Its history is a story of battle and of victory to which we respond with an exalted enthusiasm. And that, too, is as it should be. Patriotism requires a little fervor injected into it now and then; and the recital of our banner's glorious associations inevitably inspires sentiments

which it is well for us occasionally to have revived.

Whenever Old Glory is ceremonially displayed, we salute it reverently with a real thrill, as the emblem of our sovereignty. In it we unconsciously visualize our Country, high placed among the nations of the earth. And that, too, is as it should be. In every such ceremonial display every American within saluting distance has a part.

But how many of us, as we view it every day, floating in the breezes from its accustomed places all over our land, pause to consider what it constantly and consistently stands for in our lives throughout all the piping times of peace?

From every court-house it flies, a pledge of justice to all beneath its folds. From every school building it streams, a symbol of equality of opportunity for education to the whole youth of America.

Over national, State and municipal structures it floats, bespeaking the maintenance of instrumentalities of law and order, of public security, of public health and well-being.

With all its glorious traditions as an unconquered banner, which has been preserved in stainless purity through all our conflicts on land and sea, it is greatest and noblest in times of peace, when it flies as a guaranty of all those fundamentals of liberty and freedom which are peculiarly our American heritage: equality of opportunity, freedom of conscience, freedom of labor, liberty to pursue happiness in our own chosen way.

It would be well if we looked upon our Flag as it is thus displayed from day to day, with a realization of these truths; and not as an unmeaning ornament surmounting a staff as a mere architectural embellishment. We would be reminded of so much in which we should feel just pride that we would be less disposed to thoughtless criticism and complaint. We would all be better Americans.

The real glory of Old Glory is in what it stands for in times of peace.



THE FOUNDATION AT WORK

■ The report made to the Grand Lodge at Seattle, by the Trustees charged with its administration contained most gratifying evidence that the Elks National Foundation has already become an effective instrumentality of the Order. Under the able management of Chairman Malley and his associate Trustees, a substantial sum had become available for allocation to the purposes within the scope of the Foundation. The partial distribution which was reported as having been made was in aid of peculiarly appealing causes, and will prove most helpful in advancing the activities of the recipient State Associations.

Now that the Foundation has reached a point where its practical service has begun, there will be a continued and intelligently diversified application of its income to

those worthy undertakings which have proper claim upon it.

Of course the sum available will depend upon the accretions to the corpus of the Fund. But the project is so appealing that the steady growth of the principal may be confidently anticipated.

The suggestion of the Trustees, that each Elk who makes a will should include a bequest to the Foundation, should commend itself to every member of the Order. In no better way can he perpetuate his memory, however modest the legacy, than by thus enlarging the capacity of this great Trust to meet human need in a peculiarly Elk manner, generously, helpfully, fraternally, with wise discrimination, but without condition save the existence of the need.

The Foundation is now at work. Elks should regard it as a privilege to aid in making that work increasingly effective by such generous donations as appropriately may be made.

A REAL WORK OF ART

■ The book descriptive of the Elks National Memorial, prepared and published under the supervision of the National Memorial Headquarters Commission, and now on sale, is a production of which the Commission and the whole Order may well be proud. It is a real work of art. It will become a prized souvenir to those who have visited the Memorial; and it will inspire others to do so at the earliest opportunity.

It is not a mere catalogue, nor a cheap collection of ordinary illustrations. It is beautifully printed, handsomely bound, of comfortable size; and it will prove an interesting and instructive addition to any library or reading table.

The text contains a description of the Memorial and its art treasures; and, after a brief account of the Order's foundation and major benevolent achievements, it also relates the story of the Order's activities during the World War and of the patriotic service of its members, which the stately building commemorates.



The volume also contains numerous views of the Memorial, exterior and interior, with its unsurpassed marbles, and its masterpieces of painting and sculpture. A number of the beautiful murals of Blashfield and Savage are exquisitely

reproduced in full color.

As elsewhere stated in this issue, the book may now be purchased through the office of the Grand Secretary. The prediction is here confidently made that it will be treasured by every Elk who secures a copy; and that it will interest, charm and delight every person who reads it.

RULER OVER MANY THINGS

■ The reader will recall the well-known parable of the servant who was made "ruler over many things," because he had been faithful and efficient in the management of affairs of lesser moment committed to his charge. The lesson is frequently exemplified in the promotions to

honorable offices in the Subordinate Lodges, as rewards for loyal service in minor positions.

The all too general rule of rotation in office is based upon this theory. And, while the custom is open to many objections, it does have the sound basis of recognition of faithful endeavor and willingness to serve. The possession of ability and special fitness should always be a controlling reason for election to any office in the Lodge. But the way in which these qualifications are generally proved is by their display in observing less important duties. The men who accomplish the big things have fitted themselves to do so by their experience in handling little things.

Members of Subordinate Lodges should recognize these truths. It is rarely the case that one is fitted for high office and leadership until he has trained himself therefor and learned the problems that are to be faced, the dependable associates upon whom he may rely, and the best methods of accomplishing desired ends through the instrumentalities which he must employ.

Those who are ambitious for promotion to office will find no surer way to achieve that ambition than by a display of readiness to serve in the performance of simpler duties, and by exhibiting capacity and fidelity in their discharge. It is not only the surest way, it is the wisest and best way, to become ruler over many things.

POLICE PROTECTION

■ When this comes to the eye of the reader the Wickersham Commission's Report on the enforcement of our criminal laws will, quite probably, have lost its place as front-page news. But the importance and significance of the Commission's findings justify continuing consideration until the conditions related have been rectified.

The plain-spoken indictment of the police departments of the larger cities of the United States is startling in its frank criticism of conditions, asserted to be so general as to admit of only one named exception—Milwaukee.

The patrolmen, with whom the public comes most frequently in contact, perform so many and varied, and such helpful, services that they are quite generally regarded as friendly public servants to whom one can apply with confidence. Because of this, attention is somewhat distracted from the real purpose of their employment. The chief business of a police force is the prevention of crime, and to detect and secure the proper prosecution of, criminals. But, while there is no desire to make the charge so general as to include all such officers, the assertion is here ventured that every reader of this editorial knows that in his own city, large or small, there are criminals operating who are known to the police and who are not molested; or, if they chance to be caught in the toils, are too often permitted to escape the proper consequence of their crimes.

As stated in a previous comment on this general subject, the remedy is in the hands of the patriotic, honest and intelligent citizenry of our country. Conditions will be improved when, and only when, they assert their power to insure effective and honest administration of the police departments in their respective communities. When that power is exercised the phrase "police protection" will assume its proper meaning and will lose the sinister significance which now unfortunately attaches to it.



Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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



Official Circular Number One

September 7, 1931
Chicago, Ill.

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

MY BROTHERS:

Firm in my conviction that the rank and file of Elkdom will arise to cope successfully with any emergency—I now, in this, my first official communication, appeal to every Lodge of the Order to do its full part to assist in alleviating conditions of distress.

A careful analysis of the membership should be made in every Lodge and Brotherly Love exemplified in its truest sense.

In fact, these times of economic stress present a challenge which our fraternity must accept.

To discharge our responsibility as a component part of American life, sacrificial service must be rendered by the officers of the Subordinate Lodges. Time and energy must be given in large measure.

I am confident that the officers of our Lodges have a keen appreciation of the dignity and importance of their positions and will find no task too hard in the discharge of their duties.

Our membership constitutes a tremendous potential force which will readily respond to enthusiastic leadership.

It is a trite statement that the future growth and prosperity of this Order we love depends upon the leadership in the individual Lodges, but the fact is so evident that I repeat the statement, that each Exalted Ruler and his colleagues in office will more fully realize the importance of their positions.

We must and will report at our Grand Lodge Reunion at Birmingham, Alabama, that "all is well" and that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks marches on with America to ever greater heights of achievement.

National Memorial and Publication Commission

I prepared this Circular on Labor Day in the office of the Grand Exalted Ruler maintained by you in the Memorial Building at Chicago. During the day there was a constant stream of visitors inspecting this poem of brick and stone and marble erected as a memorial to the thousands of our members who have so conclusively demonstrated their loyalty to country.

In this connection it is appropriate to record the completion of the work of the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission and to call attention to the final report submitted by the Commission at Seattle. The successful culmination of the ambitious program launched at Los Angeles in 1921 for the construction of the Memorial Building and the establishment of our national journal are matters of pride to every Elk. The Grand Lodge by the adoption of a new Statute, Section 40C, provided for the creation of a new Commission to be known as The National Memorial and Publication Commission and authorized the appointment of said Commission by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Feeling that the Order could ill afford to dispense with the services of the men who have given so lavishly of time and thought to these projects, I have appointed the members of the old Commission as the personnel of the new.

Memorial Building Booklet

There is now available through the Grand Secretary's office a descriptive booklet of the Memorial Building which vividly and artistically reproduces the outstanding art features of the Memorial and which includes in its text the finest epitome of Elk history that I have ever read.

Seattle Reunion

I cannot let pass this opportunity of commenting upon the delightful Reunion held at Seattle. The citizens of the State of Washington, the officers and members of the Lodges of that State, and particularly those of the host Lodge, Seattle, No. 92, spared no effort to insure the comfort and enjoyment of their visitors. Surely our experience in the Northwest will stimulate interest in our pilgrimage to Birmingham next July.

George Washington Bi-Centennial Celebration

Acting upon the recommendation of the Good of the Order Committee the Grand Lodge recommends to the Subordinate Lodges enthusiastic observation of the 200th anniversary of the birth of George

Washington and that provision be made for appropriate exercises relative to the life and character of George Washington as a part of our regular Flag Day ceremonies on June 14th, 1932.

Appointments

Our Order abounds with material for any Grand Lodge office or appointment and I have tried to recognize geographical demands of our country in the list of appointments herewith announced. In addition thereto I have appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence H. Rupp, of Allentown, Pa., Lodge, No. 130, to fill a vacancy in the Elks National Foundation Trustees, subject to confirmation thereof by the Grand Lodge at its next Session.

District Deputy Conference

I am calling a conference of District Deputies to meet at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, September 19th, and Sunday, September 20th, at ten o'clock A.M., Chicago daylight saving time.

We are passing through one of the greatest periods of shift and development in the world's history. We must at this period be "fighting Elks" and I ask from each of you constant interest in the affairs of your Lodge and effort in its behalf.

Sincerely and fraternally,



Attest:

J. E. Masters
Grand Secretary.

John R. Coen
Grand Exalted Ruler.

Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, 1931-1932

Grand Exalted Ruler—

John R. Coen, Sterling, Colo., No. 1336.

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight—

Edward J. McCormick, Toledo, Ohio, No. 53.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight—

P. L. Downs, Temple, Texas, No. 138.

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight—

Fred A. Wiecking, Bluffton, Ind., No. 796.

Grand Secretary—

J. E. Masters (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Treasurer—

Lloyd Maxwell (Marshalltown, Iowa, No. 312), 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Grand Tiler—

Daniel R. Nihion, Washington, D. C., No. 15.

Grand Inner Guard—

Harry T. Paterson, New Berne, N. C., No. 764.

Grand Esquire—

John J. Doyle, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99. 1227 Bank of America Bldg., 650 South Spring Street.

Grand Chaplain—

Rev. Dr. John Dysart (Jamestown, N. Y., No. 263), St. Paul's Parish House, Flint, Mich.

Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler—

Joseph P. Shevlin (Denver, Colo., No. 17), Sterling, Colo.

Pardon Commissioner—

Wm. H. Beck, Griffin, Ga., No. 1207.

Board of Grand Trustees—

Ralph Hagan, Chairman, Los Angeles, Cal. No. 99, 520 West Seventh Street.

James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman, (Queens Borough, No. 878), 429 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.

James S. Richardson, Secretary, Cincinnati, Ohio, No. 5, N. E. Cor. 9th and Elm Streets.

John K. Burch, Approving Member, Grand Rapids, Mich., No. 48, 219 Division Ave., South.

A. Charles Stewart, Home Member, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.

Grand Forum—

Floyd E. Thompson, Chief Justice, (Moline, Ill., No. 556), 11 South La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Dwight E. Campbell (Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046), State Capital, Pierre, S. D.

Arthur S. Tompkins (Haverstraw, N. Y., No. 877), Supreme Court Chambers, Nyack, N. Y.

John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., No. 78, 202 Court House.

Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Cal., No. 99, 1017-21 Citizens National Bank Bldg.

Committee on Judiciary—

Walter F. Meier, Chairman, Seattle, Wash., No. 92, 2307 Northern Life Tower.

E. Mark Sullivan (Brookline, Mass., No. 886), Ames Building, Boston, Mass.

Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., No. 779.

John J. Lermen, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, Room 504, Balboa Bldg.

Daniel J. Kelly, Knoxville, Tenn., No. 160.

Committee on Credentials—

George J. Winslow, Chairman, Utica, N. Y., No. 33.

Richard M. Davies, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, Balboa Heights.

Frederick J. Wolfe, New Orleans, La., No. 30.

Frank E. Coughlin, South Bend, Ind., No. 235.

Richard A. Cantwell, Worcester, Mass., No. 243.

Good of the Order Committee—

Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, Alexandria, Va., No. 758, 404 Duke Street.

Charles S. Hart (Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842), 50 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

O. R. Dibblee, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.

Sam Stern, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.

Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis., No. 299.

Auditing Committee—

William H. Albright, Chairman, Reading, Pa., No. 115.

M. E. Gouge, Sedalia, Mo., No. 125.

Harley M. Kilgore, Beckley, W. Va., No. 1452.

State Association Committee—

William T. Phillips, Chairman, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 108 West 43rd Street.

William Conklin, Englewood, N. J., No. 1157.

W. C. Robertson, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44.

Ritualistic Committee—

David Sholtz, Chairman (Daytona, Fla., No. 1141), Daytona Beach, Fla.

O. L. Hayden, Alva, Okla., No. 1184.

Albert D. Pearce, Glendale, Cal., No. 1289.

W. W. Bridgers, El Paso, Texas, No. 187.

Clyde E. Jones, Ottumwa, Iowa, No. 347.

National Memorial and Publication Commission—

John K. Tener, Chairman (Charleroi, Pa., No. 494), Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Joseph T. Fanning, Secretary—Treasurer and Executive Director (Indianapolis, Ind., No. 13), 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Rush L. Holland (Colorado Springs, Colo., No. 309), Metropolitan Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

Fred Harper, Lynchburg, Va., No. 321.

Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, First National Bank Building.

Frank L. Rain, Fairbury, Neb., No. 1203.

William M. Abbott, San Francisco, Cal., No. 3, 58 Sutter Street.

William W. Mountain (Flint, Mich., No. 222), 729 Hillcrest Arms, Madison Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Elks National Foundation Trustees—

John F. Malley, Chairman (Springfield, Mass., No. 61), 15 State Street, Boston, Mass.

Raymond Benjamin, Vice-Chairman (Napa, Cal., No. 832), 416 Transportation Building, Washington, D. C.

Murray Hulbert, Secretary, New York, N. Y., No. 1, 551 Fifth Avenue.

James G. McFarland, Treasurer, Watertown, S. D., No. 838.

Edward Rightor, New Orleans, La., No. 30, 1340 Canal Bank Building.

Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., No. 2, Cumberland Street at Broad.

Lawrence H. Rupp, Allentown, Pa., No. 130, 201 Allentown National Bank Building.

District Deputies

Alabama, North—(To be supplied).

Alabama, South—(To be supplied).

*Alaska, Northeast—*E. B. Collins, Fairbanks, No. 1551.

*Alaska, Southeast—*George Blanchard, Skagway, No. 431.

*Arizona, North—*Charles A. Dutton, Kingman, No. 468.

*Arizona, South—*Shelton G. Dowell, Douglas, No. 955.

*Arkansas, East—*F. W. Duttlinger, Little Rock, No. 29.

*Arkansas, West—*Victor A. Ghio, Texarkana, No. 399.

*California, Bay—*Albert S. Reedy, San Francisco, No. 3.

*California, East Central—*E. C. Niete, Visalia, No. 1298.

*California, West Central—*C. L. Snyder, San Jose, No. 522.

*California, North—*Fred H. Heiken, Marysville, No. 783.

*California, South Central—*C. P. Wright, San Pedro, No. 966.

*California, South—*E. B. Criddle, Riverside, No. 643.

*Canal Zone—*Robert W. Glaw, Panama Canal Zone, No. 1414, Balboa Heights.

*Colorado, Central—*Chester B. Horn, Colorado Springs, No. 309.

*Colorado, North—*Byron Albert, Fort Collins, No. 804.

*Colorado, South—*M. P. Keating, Pueblo, No. 90.

*Colorado, West—*Joseph Quinn, Grand Junction, No. 575.

*Connecticut, East—*Geo. H. Lewis, Jr., Putnam, No. 574.

*Connecticut, West—*Thomas A. Skelly, Norwalk, No. 709.

*Florida, East—*Leslie L. Anderson, Cocoa, No. 1532.

*Florida, North—*W. K. Collins, Tallahassee, No. 937.

*Florida, West—*M. O. Overstreet, Orlando, No. 1079.

*Georgia, North—*R. E. Lee Reynolds, Atlanta, No. 78.

*Georgia, South—*B. B. Heery, Savannah, No. 183.

*Guam—*C. G. Parker, Agana, No. 1281.

*Hawaii—*Paul O. Smith, Honolulu, No. 616.

*Idaho, North—*William C. Rullman, Wallace, No. 331.

*Idaho, South—*P. G. Flack, Boise, No. 310.

*Illinois, East Central—*E. F. Wendel, Ottawa, No. 588.

*Illinois, Northeast—*E. M. McQuillen, Elmhurst, No. 1531.

*Illinois, Northwest—*E. E. Fell, Rockford, No. 64.

*Illinois, South—*Miles S. Gilbert, Cairo, No. 651.

- Illinois, Southeast*—F. J. Fecker, Danville, No. 332.
Illinois, Southwest—B. L. Compton, Granite City, No. 1063.
Illinois, West Central—Denham Harney, Jacksonville, No. 682.
Indiana, North—John Van Delester, Hammond, No. 485.
Indiana, North Central—Lee M. Bowers, Huntington, No. 805.
Indiana, Central—William H. Gardiner, Hartford City, No. 625.
Indiana, South Central—A. E. Schumaker, Columbus, No. 521.
Indiana, South—J. C. Heidenreich, Bicknell, No. 1421.
Iowa, Northeast—Leo J. Duster, Cedar Rapids, No. 251.
Iowa, Southeast—Harry C. Phillips, Keokuk, No. 106.
Iowa, West—A. R. Perasso, Sioux City, No. 112.
Kansas, North—J. J. Ryan, Goodland, No. 1528.
Kansas, Southeast—E. W. Patterson, Pittsburg, No. 412.
Kansas, Southwest—W. B. Greenwald, Hutchinson, No. 453.
Kentucky, East—William M. Sellmeyer, Covington, No. 314.
Kentucky, West—Leland O'Callaghan, Louisville, No. 8.
Louisiana, North—(To be supplied).
Louisiana, South—Sidney Freudenstein, New Orleans, No. 30.
Maine, East—Albert C. Jones, Rockland, No. 1008.
Maine, West—Albert L. Skinner, Houlton, No. 835.
Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia—Taylor Morrison, Cumberland, Md., No. 63.
Massachusetts, Northeast—Robert M. Dowe, Lawrence, No. 65.
Massachusetts, Southeast—Leo F. Donovan, Brockton, No. 164.
Massachusetts, Central—William E. Earle, Newton, No. 1327.
Massachusetts, West—Frank J. Lawler, Greenfield, No. 1206.
Michigan, West—Leo J. Wykkel, Kalamazoo, No. 50.
Michigan, Central—Deland A. Davis, Battle Creek, No. 131.
Michigan, East—W. Dickson Brown, Saginaw, No. 47.
Michigan, North—Joseph Thomas, Negaunee, No. 1116.
Minnesota, North—John S. Siverts, Hibbing, No. 1022.
Minnesota, South—C. A. Ingerson, St. Paul, No. 59.
Mississippi, North—(To be supplied).
Mississippi, South—(To be supplied).
Missouri, East—W. B. Shea, De Soto, No. 689.
Missouri, North—C. B. Burns, Brookfield, No. 874.
Missouri, West—Harry R. Garrison, Warrensburg, No. 673.
Montana, West—Frank E. Savage, Butte, No. 240.
Montana, East—Arnold Huppert, Livingston, No. 246.
Nebraska, North—James M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, No. 39.
Nebraska, South—E. A. Wunder, Fairbury, No. 1203.
Nevada—Roy W. Martin, Las Vegas, No. 1468.
New Hampshire—James A. Sayers, Manchester, No. 146.
New Jersey, Northwest—Nicholas Albano, Newark, No. 21.
New Jersey, Northeast—Grover E. Asmus, Hoboken, No. 74.
New Jersey, South—Richard P. Hughes, Burlington, No. 996.
New Jersey, Central—John W. Cantillion, Red Bank, No. 233.
New Mexico, North—Francis E. Wood, Albuquerque, No. 461.
New Mexico, South—L. C. Fellows, Roswell, No. 969.
New York, East—Gerald Nolan, Yonkers, No. 707.
New York, East Central—Walter T. Hawkins, Middletown, No. 1097.
New York, Northeast—Leo W. Roohan, Saratoga, No. 161.
New York, North Central—Grover C. Ingersoll, Herkimer, No. 1439.
New York, South Central—A. B. Stiles, Owego, No. 1039.
New York, West—George A. Swalbach, Rochester, No. 24.
New York, West Central—Clinton H. Hulett, Fulton, No. 830.
New York, Southeast—Paul Van Wagner, Staten Island, No. 841.
North Carolina, East—R. E. Stevens, Goldsboro, No. 139.
North Carolina, West—D. W. Sorrell, Durham, No. 568.
North Dakota—L. K. Thompson, Bismarck, No. 1199.
Ohio, Southeast—Frank G. Thomas, Steubenville, No. 231.
Ohio, North Central—T. S. Brindle, Ashland, No. 1360.
Ohio, South Central—Charles L. Haslop, Newark, No. 391.
Ohio, Northwest—J. M. Mariner, Bowling Green, No. 818.
Ohio, Northeast—Louis H. Jurgens, Cleveland, No. 18.
Ohio, Southwest—Clifford E. Libbee, Piqua, No. 523.
Oklahoma, Northeast—R. W. Moreland, Nowata, No. 1151.
Oklahoma, Northwest—J. W. Kayser, Chickasha, No. 755.
Oklahoma, Southeast—Harry Tucker, Blackwell, No. 1347.
Oregon, North—Wm. A. Ekwall, Portland, No. 142.
Oregon, South—A. C. Van Nuys, Corvallis, No. 1413.
Pennsylvania, Southwest—Lee A. Donaldson, Etna, No. 932.
Pennsylvania, Northwest—J. G. Bohlander, Franklin, No. 110.
Pennsylvania, Central—George H. Liebegott, Altoona, No. 102.
Pennsylvania, North Central—James P. Dennehy, Lock Haven, No. 182.
Pennsylvania, South Central—Val D. Sheaffer, Carlisle, No. 578.
Pennsylvania, Northeast—Robert W. Davies, Bangor, No. 1106.
Pennsylvania, Southeast—George E. Hoffman, Coatesville, No. 1228.
Philippine Islands—L. D. Lockwood, Manila, No. 761.
Porto Rico—(To be supplied).
Rhode Island—John L. Kane, Woonsocket, No. 850.
South Carolina—David F. Craige, Charleston, No. 242.
South Dakota—George C. Hunt, Huron, No. 444.
Tennessee, East—John M. Allen, Knoxville, No. 160.
Tennessee, West—W. F. Ruffin, Covington, No. 1205.
Texas, North—I. Hochwald, Marshall, No. 683.
Texas, Southwest—L. Julian La Crosse, Del Rio, No. 837.
Texas, West—Garland Vinson, Sweetwater, No. 1257.
Texas, South—R. F. DuBois, Beaumont, No. 311.
Texas, Central—T. A. Low, Sr., Brenham, No. 979.
Texas, Northwest—Charles R. Ivey, Plainview, No. 1175.
Utah—Leslie J. Mann, Ogden, No. 719.
Vermont—Frederick W. Bancroft, Montpelier, No. 924.
Virginia, East—Frank D. Epps, Richmond, No. 45.
Virginia, West—W. N. Perkinson, Danville, No. 227.
Washington, East—J. J. Schiffner, Spokane, No. 228.
Washington, Northwest—James E. Masterson, Bellingham, No. 194.
Washington, Southwest—Stewart E. Perry, Puyallup, No. 1450.
West Virginia, North—J. W. Hartigan, Morgantown, No. 411.
West Virginia, South—M. G. Witten, Bluefield, No. 269.
Wisconsin, Northeast—A. J. Geniesse, (Green Bay, No. 259), Appleton, Wis.
Wisconsin, Northwest—Thomas F. McDonald, Marshfield, No. 665.
Wisconsin, South—G. Holmes Daubner, Waukesha, No. 400.
Wyoming—James G. Wiederhold, Casper, No. 1353.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Elks Are Urged to Send Books to National Home at Bedford, Va.

ANY member of the Order who can do so is urged to send books to the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va. Publication of this request comes as a result of a report from Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Home, that there is an unfortunate shortage of reading matter there. Books of interest that have been given have been virtually read to pieces. Mr. Scott, in asking for new supplies of books, suggests that they be only works of fiction. There are plenty of volumes of history and the like at the Home, but for the most part they do not provide genuinely diverting reading. A second request that Mr. Scott makes is that the books sent be in good condition.

Washington, D. C., Lodge Making Plans for Fiftieth Anniversary

Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, recently began preparations for the celebration of its fiftieth anniversary, which will occur February 12 of next year. While arrangements are at present in a tentative state, the Washington Elks are looking forward to a banquet, at which they hope to have Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen as the guest of honor; and to the initiation of an unusually large class of candidates to mark the achievement of the Lodge's first half-century of existence.

Homestead, Pa., Elk Names Band Anew in Honor of Lodge

In honor of his Lodge, No. 650, of Homestead, Pa., J. D. Crawford, who for years has trained a harmonica band composed of school children of his community, recently adopted, as a new name for this organization of youngsters, the Elks Harmonica Band. For many years, this band of boys and girls was known as the Crawford's School Children's Band. The group, recruited from among the more than 300 musical pupils in Homestead schools who play the harmonica, enjoys a more than local fame. It has performed before responsive audiences not only in the churches of its town and in the Carnegie Library Hall, but also has given concerts at the Odd Fellows' Home for Widows and Orphans, in Pittsburgh. Its conductor was, more than forty years ago, leader of the Golden Eagle Band of Homestead. He is at present Secretary of the Homestead Business Men's Association.

Grand Lodge Officer's Badge Found, Pittston, Pa., Elk Reports

A Grand Lodge officer's badge, issued at the Grand Lodge Convention at Atlantic City, N. J., in 1919, has been found and given into the keeping of J. P. Fitzpatrick, acting Secretary of Pittston, Pa., Lodge, No. 382. The owner may recover the badge upon application to Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge Adds Many to Its Membership

Although there are within its jurisdiction only 1,600 men eligible to membership in the Order, Idaho Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 607, has, since April 1 of this year, initiated 101 members. This became known recently when a group of forty-nine candidates, designated "The John R. Coen Class," in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was inducted. Mr. Coen, unable to attend the event, telegraphed his congratulations and his commendation of the

spirit and energy of No. 607. Prominent among the visitors at the initiation ceremonies were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Merriam, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Wilbur M. Alter, Henry J. Stahl and W. J. Woodward, and Vice-President George L. Hamlik of the Colorado State Elks Association.

Warning Issued Against Man With Card of Milwaukee, Wis., Elk

Warning to Lodge Secretaries is given by E. H. Huggins, Secretary of Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, against a man carrying a membership card belonging to Otto Huebner, of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. This man has defrauded Marion Lodge of money, Mr. Huggins reports. The impostor is tall and of light complexion.

Bridgeport, Conn., Elks Give Day's Outing to Five Hundred Orphans

Wearing Indian head-dresses supplied to them before the start, five hundred orphans were the delighted guests a short time ago at an outing arranged by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36. The events of the day included witnessing a motion picture show in the morning, and the enjoyment thereafter of an ample luncheon and the amusement facilities of a recreation park near Bridgeport. The forty Elks in charge of the outing were assisted by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Lodge. Music was rendered by the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps.

Union Hill, N. J., Lodge Entertains 450 Children at Outing

Four hundred and fifty children were the guests a short time ago at the annual outing for underprivileged and disabled boys and girls given by Union Hill, N. J., Lodge, No. 1357, under the auspices of its Social and Community Welfare Committee. Besides the youngsters under the care of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee, there were present at the outing inmates of the Barbara Givernaud Orphanage, the Holy Rosary Orphanage, the

Franciscan Home and the Hebrew Orphanage, and children in the charge of the Salvation Army, and the Helping Hand and West Hoboken Day Nurseries. Enjoyable features of the occasion were a thirty-mile bus ride, a splendid luncheon, supplemented with ample portions of ice cream and other refreshments; a vaudeville show and free access to all the devices for amusement at Columbia Park.

John Reisenweber, Restaurateur, Of New York, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

John Reisenweber, one of New York's most famous restaurateurs and, for nearly thirty years a prominent member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, died recently. He had, throughout his affiliation with the Order, been a generous contributor to his Lodge's charitable enterprises. At his funeral the officers of No. 1 held services in accordance with the Elks ritual.

New Orleans, La., Lodge Presents "Family Circus"; Great Success

For the entertainment of a gathering of members and their families which filled the Lodge room to capacity, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, presented recently a "Family Circus." The performers were members of the Lodge's gymnastic and athletic classes, assisted by a professional troupe. Exalted Ruler Milton R. De Reyna led the equestrian parade; and Past Exalted Ruler F. J. Wolfe acted as one of the ringmasters. The entertainment, produced by Esteemed Loyal Knight James H. Aitken, proved a tremendous success.

Veteran Members at 40th Anniversary Of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge

Charter members and many others whose standing in the Lodge dates back almost to its institution, were prominent among the three hundred and forty members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, who attended a short time ago the celebration of its fortieth anniversary. After an enthusiastic meeting, the Elks repaired to the roof of the Home, especially illuminated for the occasion, to enjoy a splendid dinner program of vaudeville entertainment.

Past Exalted Ruler O'Malley, of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, Is Killed

Members of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, are mourning the loss of Past Exalted Ruler Edmund L. O'Malley, who recently fell from the observation platform of a train near Kofa, Ariz., and was killed. Mr. O'Malley, both a prominent and a popular citizen of Phoenix, was at the time of his death owner of the Phoenix baseball club. He had, for nineteen years, been a resident of the State, and his administration of the affairs of his Lodge was marked by a pro-



The Children's Play Day entertainment, given a short time ago by Inglewood, Calif., Lodge



Freeport, Ill., Lodge recently acquired this splendid dwelling for its Home

nounced increase of its membership. Men of importance in the State and city governments and in business circles, as well as a host of the members of No. 335, attended his funeral. The ceremonies of the Order were performed both at the Trinity Episcopal Cathedral and at Greenwood Memorial Park, where Mr. O'Malley was buried. Six Past Exalted Rulers: Judge Frank H. Lyman, State Senator Joseph C. Haldiman, Harry J. Lawson, B. E. Gilpin, Benton Dick, and A. W. Crane; and Exalted Ruler James M. Brown, officiated for the Lodge. The ecclesiastical service was rendered by the Reverend Dr. Charles L. W. Reese, acting Dean of the Cathedral. Upon the return of the Lodge members to the Home, the Elks Quartette sang "The Vacant Chair." Surviving Mr. O'Malley are his widow, Mrs. Corean O'Malley; three children, James, Corean Ruth and Gene O'Malley; his mother, Mrs. Mary O'Malley; a sister, Mrs. Mary Dezaru; and three brothers, William B., John and Lawrence O'Malley. To these, to the members of Phoenix Lodge and to his many devoted friends elsewhere, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to express its condolence.

Trenton, N. J., Elks Are Hosts to Children of Nine Orphanages

The inmates of nine orphanages within its jurisdiction, in all eight hundred and fifty boys and girls, were entertained a short time ago by Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, at an outing at Woodlawn Park. The privileges of all the amusement devices, refreshments throughout the day, in addition to a splendid luncheon, and an extensive program of games and sports, were the principal items of pleasure provided by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Lodge. Prizes were awarded to winners in the contests. The children were taken to the park in specially chartered buses and trolley cars. There the Reverend Francis H. Smith, Chaplain of the Lodge, delivered the invocation; and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Lodge's Committee and of the Crippled Children's Commission of the State of New Jersey; former Judge Erwin E. Marshall, and Edmund C. Hill, first President of the New Jersey Children's Home Society, made addresses. After the speaking, the guests of the Lodge performed a flag drill. During the luncheon, the Hopewell Orphanage Band played.

Past District Deputy Richard Burke, Of Indiana, Dies of Pneumonia

After an illness of half a year, Richard Burke, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Indiana, North Central, died recently at his home in LaFayette. He was fifty-seven years old. His passing was a source of grief not only to his multitude of friends in LaFayette Lodge, No. 143, and elsewhere in the Order, but also to a host of fellow citizens whose interests he had served prominently and ably. Mr. Burke, Exalted Ruler of LaFayette Lodge for two successive terms, in 1927 and 1928, was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1929.

Besides the duties entailed by his fraternal offices and by his business, that of road contractor, he was active in the civic life of his home city. In 1902 he was elected Councilman, and subsequently was a candidate for nomination for Mayor. A short time before the onset of his illness, he became a member of the school board, soon thereafter its President and later its Treasurer. For these posts Mr. Burke was especially qualified. When a young man, after being graduated at the age of seventeen from the Illinois State Normal School, he taught school for several years. At Mr. Burke's funeral, conducted from St. Mary's Church, there were representatives of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560; Lebanon Lodge, No. 635; and Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457, as well as many members of his own Lodge. Prominent among the visitors from elsewhere in the State was W. C. Groebl, Secretary of the Indiana State Elks Association. The active pallbearers at the funeral ceremonies included Exalted Ruler Wallace D. Wolfe and Secretary F. A. Shaffer, of LaFayette Lodge. Interment was in St. Boniface Cemetery. Those of Mr. Burke's family who survive him are his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth McNary Burke; two sons, Thomas and Richard Burke; a brother, Henry Burke; and a nephew, Ray Burke. To these close relatives and to the legion of friends which Mr. Burke possessed, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity of extending its sincere sympathy.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Aiding Project To Improve Defectives' School

For the purpose of promoting an appropriation by the State for additional equipment for the Georgia Training School for Mental Defectives at Gracewood, Exalted Ruler William T. Jordan, of Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, recently appointed a special committee from among its members. Prominent among those named were

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews and Past Exalted Ruler R. E. Lee Reynolds. The appointment of this body follows a plea by President I. G. Ehrlich, of the Georgia State Elks Association, to all the Lodges which are members of it, to interest themselves in the improvement of the Gracewood institution. The Elks of the State have already sponsored and equipped the playgrounds at the school.

Aberdeen, S. D., Elks Issue Lodge Bulletin for First Time

Publication of a monthly bulletin devoted to events of general interest to its members was begun recently by Aberdeen, S. D., Lodge, No. 1046. The title of the new periodical, "The Elks Digest," is the suggestion of Charles I. Crow, senior Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1046.

Benjamin Ferguson Dies; Was Guide At National Memorial Building

Benjamin Ferguson, a member of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, who served as a guide to visitors to the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago, both during and after its completion, died recently at his home in Denver at the age of sixty-nine. He had retired from his duties in Chicago some time before to return to his home city.

Orange, N. J., Elks' Outing for Crippled Children Big Success

One of the most successful in the history of such affairs was the recent annual outing for crippled children sponsored by Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. Under the direction of their Crippled Children's Committee, members of the Lodge called for the boys and girls at the Orthopaedic Hospital early in the morning. From there the youngsters, with an escort of police from Orange and Jersey City, were transported to a steamer dock and thereafter taken on a sail up Long Island Sound to an amusement park in Westchester County. There a splendid lunch awaited them. The Elks returned the children to the hospital early in the evening.

Ladies' Auxiliary of Pittsburg, Pa., Lodge Gives Dinner-Dance

Over two hundred persons recently attended a dinner-dance given by the Ladies' Auxiliary of Pittsburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, at the Home. The affair was held in honor of the thirteenth birthday of the founding of the auxiliary. Among the prominent guests present were Exalted Ruler William A. Hillgrove and Past Exalted Ruler J. A. Freyvogel, who acted in the capacity of toastmaster.

Past District Deputy D. C. Atkinson Dies at Home in Hammond, Ind.

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler David C. Atkinson, of Indiana, died recently at his home in Hammond after a prolonged period of illness. He was sixty-one years old. In addition to the distinction which he gained through his services to the Order, Mr. Atkinson



A few of the members of Lamar, Col., Lodge who, in a pageant not long ago, chose this means of symbolizing the spirit of co-operation, or "pulling together"

was prominent in the professional and civic life of his community. His standing as an attorney was enviable, and his interest in the furtherance of the welfare of Hammond won him membership in the Chamber of Commerce and the Good Roads Committee. His preparation for his legal career was extensive. He held three degrees, a Bachelor of Arts at Indiana University, a Master of Arts at the University of Chicago and a Bachelor of Laws at Northwestern University. Those of his most immediate family who survive him are his widow, Mrs. Lillian Knipp Atkinson; his daughter, Mrs. Helen McMinn; his sister, Mrs. William Forsyth; and his brother, Dr. Curtis Atkinson. To these, to the members of Hammond Lodge and to the multitude of friends elsewhere in the Order and in Mr. Atkinson's community, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its sincere condolences.

Montclair, N. J., Elks Entertain Many Children on Outing

Under the direction of the Crippled Children's Committee of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 801, several hundred young boys and girls recently were guests of the Lodge on an all-day outing. As a part of the holiday entertainment the children received over two thousand tickets admitting them to the several rides in an amusement park.

Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Andrew J. Casey Dies

Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Andrew J. Casey died recently at his home in Brighton, Mass., at the age of sixty years. His death came unexpectedly, after only a brief illness; and the abruptness of its advent made even more pronounced the shock of his loss to his many devoted friends both within and without the Order. At Mr. Casey's funeral there were present a number of persons of unusually high rank in the Church, in governmental life, and in the fraternity. At the services, held at St. Columbkille's Church, Brighton, the requiem high mass was celebrated by Mr. Casey's brother, the Reverend W. J. Casey, with a second brother, the Reverend Joseph H. Casey, officiating as deacon. These were two of ninety priests to attend the ceremony. Prominent among the others were the Right Reverend Monsignor Richard Nagle, the Reverend Joseph V. Tracy, pastor of the church; and the Reverend C. A. Finn, of St. John's Seminary. Honorary pallbearers included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Mayor James M. Curley and former Mayor Malcolm E. Nichols of Boston; former Mayor Michael Cashman of Newburyport; Samuel Silverman, Corporation Counsel; Frank S. Deland, former Corporation Counsel, of Boston; John F. Cronin, Clerk of the Supreme Judicial Court of Suffolk County; Abraham C. Webber, former Assistant District Attorney of Suffolk County; Michael H. Crowley, Superintendent of Police; Edward F. McLaughlin, Fire



The baseball team of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, champions of their city league

Commissioner; and Col. Thomas F. Sullivan, Chairman of the Transit Commission of Boston. The group of active pallbearers comprised Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and Thomas J. Brady, Past Grand Tiler and Past President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Burial was in St. Mary's Cemetery, Newburyport. Mr. Casey's services both to the Order and to the community in which he lived were notable. Mr. Casey was initiated into Lawrence, Mass., Lodge, No. 65 and after a membership there of ten years, he became a charter member of Newburyport Lodge, No. 909, on May 12, 1904, serving thereafter, for the term of 1904-1905 as its Esteemed Leading Knight and for the term of 1905-1906 as its Exalted Ruler. He was appointed for the period of 1906-1907 District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Massachusetts, Northeast; and in 1924 became a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials. After serving, in 1927, as Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, he was named a Justice of the Grand Forum in 1928 and the following year became its Chief Justice. At the time of his death, Mr. Casey was Assistant Corporation Counsel of the City of Boston, an office he had performed since 1924. He had, during the administration of President Wilson, been Collector of Internal Revenue for the Boston district, a post for which he was well qualified by his earlier careers as Deputy Collector in the Newburyport Estate Tax Department, as City Councillor of Newburyport and as President of the Old South Trust Company. Mr. Casey was born in Newburyport and there educated. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Jeannette Sears Casey; by three brothers, the two clergymen who

officiated at his funeral, and Daniel J. Casey; and a sister, Miss Catherine A. Casey. To these members of his family, to Newburyport Lodge, to the many members of the Order elsewhere who held Mr. Casey in deep affection, and to his host of staunch friends in other than fraternal circles, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to extend its heartfelt condolences.

Elks Junior Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Completes Tour

The Elks Junior Band sponsored by Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, recently completed a two-thousand-mile tour of Florida and Georgia. Among some of the many cities in which the band played were Atlanta, Ga., and Daytona Beach, Fla. At Atlanta, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews headed a committee of welcome; and at Daytona Beach, David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, was honorary director of the band during its performance. The twenty-eight musicians of the band were transported on the entire trip by two large passenger buses. The two thousand miles were covered without accident or illness.

Crippled Children Are Given Day's Outing by Yonkers, N. Y., Elks

Under the direction of Chairman Edward J. Murray of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, over a hundred crippled children recently enjoyed a day's outing. Several large buses carried the children to Playland, a near-by amusement park, where they received refreshments and rides on the roller-coasters.

Many Children Enjoy Outing Given By Hempstead, N. Y., Elks

Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, recently conducted one of its most successful children's outings at Lake Ronkonkoma. Six buses and ten automobiles, loaded with over two hundred and fifty crippled children and orphans, left the Home in the morning and motored to Turners Grove on the lake. There the children enjoyed a full day of water and land sports and, at intervals during the games, bountiful refreshments, served by members of the Lodge. In the evening the youngsters were returned to the Home where they were the guests of the Elks at a dinner.

Crippled Children Guests of Millville, N. J., Lodge at Outing

Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580, recently gave its ninth outing for the crippled children within its jurisdiction. The affair was held at Sea Isle City. One hundred and fifty boys and girls were guests. They were conveyed to and from the place of entertainment in automobiles either driven or lent by members of the Lodge. Local and State police traffic officers formed an escort for the caravan. The extensive program of pleasure for the day included the privileges of the many concessions at the resort,



Both commodious and hospitable is the Home of Trenton, Mo., Lodge

a vaudeville show, an airplane display, arranged by Harry Bacharach, Exalted Ruler of Atlantic City Lodge, No. 276, and Mayor of Atlantic City; and an excellent and ample dinner. In the course of the festivities, Mayor Maurice Safroney of Sea Isle City presented a golden key to the city to Eugene Gallaher, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee. In addition to the youngsters and their hosts, the outing was attended by a number of officials of nearby cities and of the State. One of the most prominent of these, State Senator A. R. McAllister, of Bridgeton, made an address, in the course of which he remarked: "To-day in New Jersey the Order has the honor of being the first State to say that it can hospitalize every applicant for aid that may come to it. We are proud of our record in New Jersey and in the other States of the Union."

Pomona, Calif., Elks Service Club Host to Grand Exalted Ruler

The Elks Service Club of Pomona, Calif., Lodge, No. 780, recently entertained Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen at luncheon. Mr. Coen's visit, made at the invitation of Past Exalted Ruler Fred E. Brown, included also a trip of inspection to a famous Arabian horse ranch near Pomona.

Dickinson, N. D., Elks Bring Aid to Crippled Boy

Through the efforts of the Crippled Children's Committee of Dickinson, N. D., Lodge, No. 1137, the health and future happiness of an eight-year-old crippled boy may now be assured. After an examination, it was recommended by doctors recently that an operation be performed to free the crippled limbs of the child. They were impaired by an attack of infantile paralysis when the boy was a year old. The members of No. 1137 have undertaken responsibility for the proper administration of treatment.

Steamboat Trip Is Given Crippled Children by Bayonne, N. J., Elks

Several hundred crippled children, guests for the day of Bayonne, N. J., Lodge, No. 434, recently enjoyed a steamboat ride up the Hudson River on board the *Chauncey M. Depew*. Each child was under the care of a guardian, who not only acted as an escort, but also as the young-

One of the teams in the Elks Bowling League of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, is composed entirely of members of the same family. They are Fred W. Soldwedel and his five sons, all members of Pekin Lodge



ster's individual host, purchasing the tickets and providing the refreshments. At Indian Point there was a stop of two hours before the boat started on its return trip. At the conclusion of the day's outing, it was agreed by all who took part in it that it was most successful.

Crippled Children Are Entertained By Peekskill, N. Y., Elks

Under the auspices of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, many crippled children living in and near Peekskill were entertained recently at the Lodge's annual outing and picnic. This year the event was held at Woodcliff Park at Poughkeepsie. The entire park was donated to

the exclusive use of the children during their visit. Arriving at the amusement grounds in the morning, in private cars furnished by members of the Lodge, the children rested for a while before enjoying an excellent dinner at the Woodcliff Inn. For five hours during the afternoon they indulged in every kind of fun offered by the various concessions. At the end of the day they were returned to the Lodge. There they were entertained at a supper prepared by a committee of ladies assisting the Elks.

Many Crippled Children Visit Health Camp of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

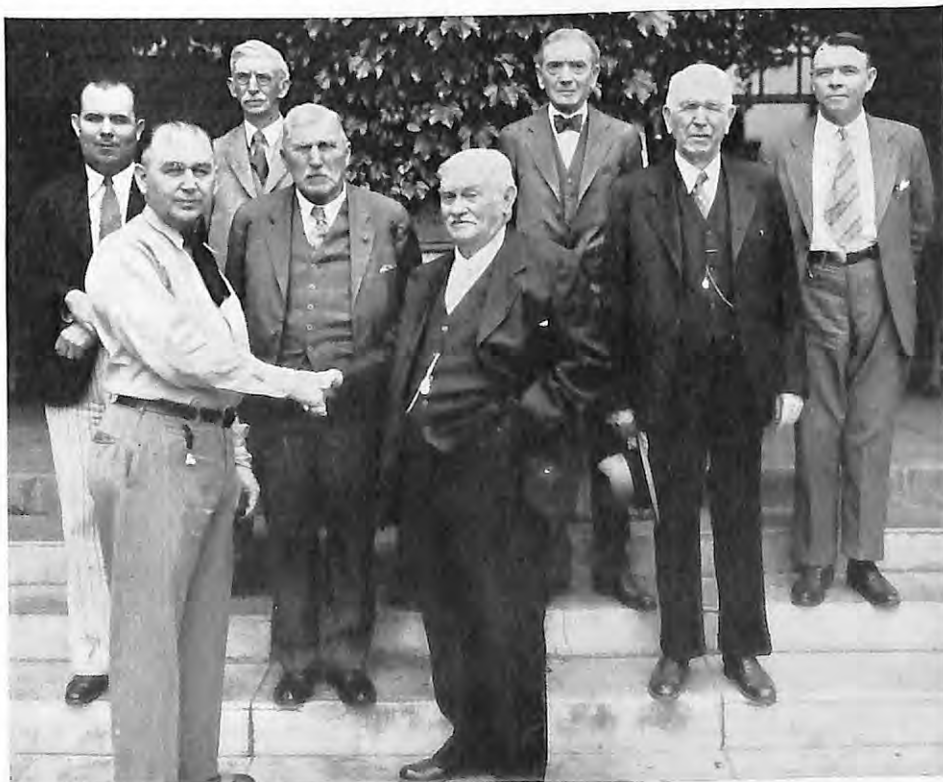
Over 200 crippled children of Dutchess County, New York, were the guests recently of Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, at the Lodge's health camp. The first event on the entertainment program was a delicious lunch, served in the camp's main dining-room, with the resident children acting as hosts. Tableaux and several short plays, performed by youngsters, and a professional magician act, provided much enjoyment for the little visitors. These entertainments were followed by playground games and contests in which all the children joined. Not until well along toward evening were the guests gathered together and brought back to their homes in the city, in cars lent for the occasion by members of the Lodge.

New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge Gives Outing to Crippled Children

Through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge, No. 756, provided an outing a short time ago for the crippled children of its city. The youngsters were conveyed to a large amusement park and there given the freedom of every device for diversion which it offered. Before they returned to their homes late in the afternoon, they were the Lodge's guests at a substantial dinner.

Greeley, Colo., Lodge Buys Wheel Chair for Crippled Member

Greeley, Colo., Lodge, No. 800, recently purchased a wheel chair for one of its members, an apparently hopeless cripple. The gift was made at the instance of C. H. Hackett; and necessary alterations in the chair were effected under the supervision of Past Exalted Ruler Edwin J. Haefeli. The Lodge, in addition, has arranged with the local theatres for the free admission of the patient and his sister, who wheels him to and from their home.



Exalted Ruler Jack F. Hosfield, of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, greets members of more than twenty years' standing, for whom, not long ago, a special entertainment was given



The beautiful float representing Sheboygan Lodge in the parade of the Lodges of Wisconsin at their recent State Elks Association Convention, held in Sheboygan

San Francisco, Calif., Elks Are Hosts to Grand Exalted Ruler

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, had the pleasure not long ago of entertaining, informally, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. In company with Mrs. Coen, the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted upon a tour of inspection of the Lodge Home and upon a sight-seeing motor trip through the city. In the evening they were guests of the Lodge at a dinner dance. The delegation of welcome and entertainment was headed by Exalted Ruler Arthur Heinz.

Pennsylvania Northwest Association Holds Meeting at Bradford Lodge

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Association, held recently at the Home of Bradford Lodge, No. 234, many Elks, representing Lodges belonging to the Association, attended. Notable among those present was John F. Nugent, then President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge Visit Huntington Park Elks

The officers and many of the other members of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906, were guests recently at the Home of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415. The feature event of the meeting was the initiation of a class of candidates for Huntington Park Lodge by the officers of No. 906. The gathering was voted by the members of both Lodges as one memorable for its fraternal spirit.

1,200 Orphans Guests of Washington, D. C., Elks at Annual Outing

One of the biggest and most successful annual outings for orphans of the District of Columbia ever given by the members of Washington Lodge, No. 15, was attended recently by over 1,200 children. The picnic and other entertainment were held at the Glen Echo Amusement Park, and arranged by George W. McGowan, Chairman of the Orphans Outing Committee.

Widow of Charles A. S. Vivian, One of the Order's Founders, Is Dead

After a period of ill-health which had endured for the last ten years, Mrs. Imogene Vivian, widow of Charles A. S. Vivian, one of the

founders of the Order, died a short time ago at the home of her devoted friend, Mrs. Claire W. Benz, at Wyckoff, New Jersey. She was eighty-four years of age. Funeral services were held upon the day following her death at a chapel in Ridgewood. They were attended by the officers and a number of members of Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455, and of Rutherford Lodge, No. 547, among whom was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Maurice N. Greger. The morning after the funeral, Mrs. Vivian's body was removed to Boston for burial in Mt. Hope Cemetery beside that of her husband. A delegation of New Jersey Elks conducted the casket to the train in New York, and Mrs. Benz escorted it thereafter to Boston. There the remains were met by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and a group of the officers, both past and present, of Boston Lodge, No. 10, including Exalted Ruler William J. Archambault, Past Exalted Rulers Henry E. Hayward and John W. Cussen, Secretary P. F.

McCarron and Esteemed Leading Knight Joseph A. Crossen. The Reverend Dr. Brainerd conducted services at the grave. Floral offerings of exceptional beauty were made by Ridgewood, Rutherford and Boston Lodges. Mrs. Vivian was formerly Miss Imogene Hollybrook. She was married to Mr. Vivian at Oakland, Calif., July 9, 1876.

Toledo, O., Elks Pay Honor to Grand Esteemed Leading Knight McCormick

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick was the guest of honor recently at a dinner given by his Lodge, Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, and attended by hundreds of members of Toledo and other Lodges of the State. Among the distinguished visitors gathered at the home of No. 53 for the occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Chester P. Smith; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George A. Snyder and William F. Brunning; and President J. C. A. Leppelman, Past President William G. Lambert and Vice-President C. W. Casselman of the Ohio State Elks Association. As toastmaster for the occasion, Past Exalted Ruler J. C. Cochrane, of Toledo Lodge, introduced the several speakers, among whom were District Deputy Smith and Past District Deputy Snyder. After the dinner the guests were entertained with a program of music.

Grand Exalted Ruler at Dedication Of New El Paso, Tex., Elks Home

In the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and before a throng of 3,500, the new \$150,000 Home of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, was dedicated recently with impressive ceremonies. Past President W. W. Bridgers of the Texas State Elks Association, chairman of the dedication committee, presided. The principal address of the occasion was delivered by the Grand Exalted Ruler. One of the features of the elaborate program was the initiation of a large class of candidates for No. 187. The new Home won the admiration of every visitor. Modern in its entire construction, it contains many interesting features. Among these are a gymnasium with a regulation-size basket-ball court, an indoor baseball diamond, four bowling alleys and handball courts. Other special features are the air-cooling, running-ice-water, wired-radio and electric announcing systems.

Elk's Tooth Watch Charm Found by Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge Member

An elk's tooth watch charm, with "V. H. Mon 45" engraved on the back of it, was found recently by a member of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520. The owner may claim it by writing to Mr. W. F. Morrow, Fort Pierce, Fla.

(Continued on page 61)



Simplicity and comfort are outstanding features of the Home of Milton, Pa., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

UPON the first prolonged tour of his administration, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen visited a number of Lodges, varying in locality from those within States within range of the border of Canada to others near the border of Mexico. This series of calls took place in the early half of August, beginning

Elks of Both Northern and Southwestern States Welcome Mr. Coen

of the Illinois State Elks Association. During the afternoon he placed a wreath upon the tomb of Abraham Lincoln; and the morning thereafter, that of August 8, he spoke at the final session of the Association's gathering.

Returning to Chicago for a brief respite, the Grand Exalted Ruler left on Monday, August



Grand Exalted Ruler Coen and members of the Wisconsin State Elks Association (upper left) visit former Governor Walter J. Kohler at his home. Mr. Coen (upper right) at the Ohio State Elks Association convention at Cedar Point. The Grand Exalted Ruler (directly above) and members of the Illinois State Elks Association before the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, upon which Mr. Coen laid a wreath

August 2, with Mr. Coen's departure from his home in Sterling, Colo., and ending with his return there August 17.

After arriving in Chicago, August 4, and spending that day at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, the Grand Exalted Ruler set out, in company with Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, to attend the annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association at Hibbing. In the course of his journey he was entertained on August 5 in Minneapolis, by the officers of Lodge No. 44 there, at a breakfast at the Minneapolis Athletic Club. His suite was

augmented at this point by Past Exalted Ruler John R. Coan—nearly an exact namesake—of Minneapolis Lodge; and by Past Exalted Ruler Chester R. Leech, of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59. The Grand Exalted Ruler's party halted for a short period in their journey at Breezy Point Lodge, near Pequot. They arrived in Hibbing in time for Mr. Coen to attend the opening session of the Association's convention. He remained until the evening of August 6, after making an impressive address to the delegates assembled. The following day, he arrived in Springfield, Ill., to be present at the convention

to, for Texas, where he was to participate in the dedicatory exercises of the new Home of El Paso Lodge, No. 187. He arrived in the Texan city on August 12, spoke at noon at a luncheon of the Kiwanis Club and attended in the evening a banquet in his honor given by El Paso Lodge at Juarez, in Mexico. Upon the following noon he addressed the Rotary Club. The evening was devoted to the ceremony of dedicating the Lodge Home. The committee in charge of this was headed by Past Exalted Ruler W. W. Bridgers, who, twenty-five years before, had

(Continued on page 58)

News of the State Associations

Pennsylvania

THE Silver Jubilee Convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, marking the organization's twenty-fifth anniversary, was held recently at Harrisburg, under the auspices of Lodge No. 12. Exceptional enthusiasm, the attendance of many members of the highest rank in the Order and of delegations comprising thousands of Elks of the State were features of the assembly. The convention city extended to its visitors every courtesy and manifestation of hearty welcome. The principal streets and a large number of the buildings along them were a mass of purple and white. In addition to this, the municipality arranged special decorations along the thoroughfares through which, on the final day of the meeting, the parade was to pass. Upon the eve of the opening of the convention, as the early representations from the Lodges were beginning to arrive in Harrisburg, nearly a score of Past Presidents of the Association, four of whom were Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order, gathered at a banquet at the Harrisburger Hotel. They were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, J. Edgar Masters, the

Elks Tuberculosis Sanitarium in Arizona Opens October 20

The Tuberculosis Sanitarium for Elks, near Tucson, Arizona, an institution established recently by the Arizona State Elks Association, will be open for the reception of patients October 20. Applications for admission may be made immediately. Any Elk, regardless of his place of residence, is eligible for admission so long as he is a member in good standing of his Lodge. The capacity of the hospital at present is between forty and fifty beds. The sanitarium charges a maintenance fee, but in the event of any applicant's requiring assistance to meet this the administrators of the institution will endeavor to find a means of rendering it. All applications and requests for information should be made to Jacob Gunst, President of the Arizona State Elks Association, Post Office Box 809, Tucson, Arizona.

present Grand Secretary; Charles H. Grakelow and Lawrence H. Rupp; and Past Presidents Max L. Lindheimer, F. J. Schrader, George J. F. Falkenstein, George J. Post, Henry I. Koch, D. S. Ashcom, Edward J. Morris, James B. Yard, E. L. Davis, S. Clem Reichard, P. M. Minster, Howard R. Davis and Louis N. Goldsmith. At the formal sessions of the convention which took place upon the days following this gathering of those who formerly directed the affairs of the Pennsylvania organization, there were also visitors of note from other State Elks Associations. Among them were William T. Phillips, Past President of the New York State Elks Association and Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; J. W. Hartigan, President, and Arch F. Dawson, Secretary, of the West Virginia State Elks Association; and Hugh E. Curran, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association. As the convention progressed, the list of visitors mounted, reaching its highest point upon the final day, that of the closing business session and parade, when the total

(Continued on page 40)



A collection of smart overcoats designed for general wear, showing the correct types of hats for fall and winter

Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

WITH the arrival of the fall and winter season the problem of the winter overcoat comes instantly to mind. There are so many different types of coat that, at first glance, it would seem rather an easy thing to decide. But, on the other hand, these different types of coats have all been designed for various occasions, and, like everything else that a man buys, the coat that he ultimately selects should be one that will give him the greatest service and the longest and best wear.

As in suits, overcoats can be divided into two general classes—those for strictly town wear and those for general country and sport wear. In the former classification, there is a decided preference for the type of coat known as the Chesterfield. The Chesterfield coat comes in both the single- and the double-breasted models, although it is the double-breasted model that is the outstanding favorite. As seen in the illustration, the double-breasted Chesterfield follows the accepted fashion for broad shoulder effects without in any sense being exaggerated. The front of the coat aids in giving this effect by the peaked lapels and the placement of the buttons, while the back of the coat follows the natural lines of the figure with a suggestion of fit at the waistline. The collar of a Chesterfield may be of the same material as the coat, or of velvet. But for practical reasons, the velvet collar is not so desirable since it quickly shows signs of wear in addition to attracting dust and lint.

Of all the overcoats that are appropriate for town wear, the Chesterfield is by far the best because it is always correct, whether worn in the daytime with formal day clothes or with business clothes, or at night with formal and informal dress. For this reason, dark colors are selected—black, dark navy blue and Oxford gray. Of these, a dark blue is perhaps the best choice because it ties in with the prevailing mode of blue for men's clothes for day wear, while at night under artificial light, the blue appears to be black.

Another coat for general town wear which has for many years been popular and which gives evidences of returning to an even greater popularity, is the Guards coat. Like the Chesterfield, this coat comes in both single- and double-breasted models. The back of the coat

is quite different, however, since it has an inverted pleat and a half belt. Unlike the Chesterfield, which is cut without undue fullness anywhere, the Guards coat is cut on a more generous scale, especially in the skirt, which is quite full. This fullness, however, is in the rear, where it is held in place by means of the pleat and the half belt, while the lower part of the coat has a decided flare which enables a man to walk with a clear, free stride.

A third type of coat correct for town wear is the loose-fitting coat with a box back. Again, this is a coat that can be either single- or double-breasted, but the outstanding feature of it is its general fullness. Since it is less formal in character than either the Chesterfield or the Guards, it has more variations than either of the other two. For instance, a box-back coat may have either set-in sleeves or raglan sleeves. Because it is cut with a loose back it is frequently finished with a belt—either a half belt or a full belt which encircles the waist and is finished with a leather buckle. Also, owing to the informal character of this coat, the fabrics in which it comes are correspondingly informal. That is to say, where, in the case of the Chesterfield and the Guards coats, the materials used are short-napped fabrics in dark blue, black or Oxford gray, in the case of a box coat the materials usually have a roughish nap such as tweed and homespuns, and are in various shades of brown and gray. Also, where the fabrics of the Chesterfield and Guards coats have no design or pattern, the fabrics of a box coat frequently carry an all-over pattern such as a Glenurquhart plaid, or small designs such as herringbone weaves, diagonals, small diamond patterns and the like. This coat, while it cannot be correctly worn with formal day or evening clothes, is correct for general day wear in town and for motoring and country wear.

For extremely cold and stormy weather, the ulster is the ideal coat. It is made of the heaviest and warmest materials—a fact which necessitates a cut of the fullest and most generous proportions. It is a greatcoat in every sense of the word. Because of its fullness and general bulk, it is finished with a half or full belt and is always cut much longer than any of the coats already mentioned. Another feature of the

ulster which should appeal to those who live in cold climates is the detachable inner lining with which an ulster can be fitted. This inner lining is made of camel's wool and is buttoned into the inside of the coat to provide additional warmth in the coldest weather. Because the coat itself is cut very full in the first place, the lining when worn with the coat does not make the coat appear any bulkier than when the lining is left out.

So much for the general types of overcoats. But regardless of the kind of coat a man wears, there is one fact which must not ever be overlooked—and that is the length of the coat. To be sure, certain coats are cut longer than others, such as an ulster, which is considerably longer than a Chesterfield. No matter what a man's height may be, his overcoat should reach to just below the knees. Coats that end at the knee or just a little above, even though it is only a fraction of an inch, always give a man the appearance of having outgrown his coat. Also, it should be borne in mind that the only reason for wearing an overcoat is for warmth and protection from the elements—and for that reason if for no other an overcoat should come to at least below the knee in order to provide this needed warmth and protection.

With the purchase of an overcoat two other accessories should also be considered—hats and gloves. For general business wear, two distinctly different types of hat are possible—soft felt hats and derbies, or bowlers, as our friends across the sea call them. Of the former, a man has the choice of either a Homburg hat or one with a snap brim. The Homburg, which is the smarter and the dressier hat of the two, has a curled brim which may or may not be bound in silk, and a crown which tapers at the top. If the hat is brown, the hat band and the silk bound edge, if any, are of a matching or harmonizing shade of brown silk. In the case of a gray Homburg, the hat band and binding may be of gray, although usually the hat band is of black silk while the edge is bound in gray silk. Since it is a more formal hat than the snap brim, it naturally follows that the Homburg hat should be worn with either a Chesterfield or Guards coat. The same thing is true of the derby. Some men find a derby uncomfortable or unbecoming to

wear and therefore the Homburg is an excellent substitute. Either is correct and each provides a welcome change from the snap-brim hat which is so generally worn throughout the year.

The snap-brim hat, on the other hand, is the most faithful stand-by in the way of hats. Worn by men of all ages, in winter as well as in summer, it is unquestionably the most popular and most serviceable hat a man can have. It is a hat that is correct for all occasions except formal day and evening wear. Provided the proportions of the hat itself are correct for the size of a man's head and the contour of his face, it can truthfully be said that there is no more becoming hat for any man to wear and, depending upon the angle at which a man wears his hat, his appearance can be one of conservatism and dignity, or of a rakishly smart nonchalance.

Along with hats comes the question of gloves. As with hats, there are different types of gloves for various occasions. For general wear, perhaps the most popular glove is one of tan cape or mocha. Either of these leathers gives splendid service and, what is more, they can easily be cleaned. In fact, certain grades of capeskin can even be cleaned by merely washing them in soap and water, at home. Gray suede or buckskin gloves are also correct for general wear, as well as being correct for dress wear. Pigskin is another leather which is most popular because of its durability. Not only does it wear like iron but it can be washed in soap and water, a process which makes the leather softer but which in no way impairs the life or appearance of the glove.

As for the cut of gloves, a man can choose either a button glove or the pull-on, gauntlet type. This latter glove has much to recommend it to the bachelor because he never has to worry about losing a button: for the simple reason that

there is no button to lose. In buying gloves, a man should see that they fit his hand at the time he is trying them on. A glove should never be too loose, because it neither looks well nor is it really comfortable in the wearing. Nor should a glove be too tight—for the same obvious reasons. Also, it is a well-known fact that a tight-fitting glove makes a hand feel the cold more than one which fits normally, allowing the hand a little play within the glove.

Another accessory which comes to mind in the discussion of overcoats, hats and gloves, is the pocket handkerchief worn in the breast pocket of the overcoat. For personal use, a linen handkerchief is, of course, the best. As this particular breast-pocket handkerchief is really more for show than for actual use, it is more generally of silk, although colored linen handkerchiefs are sometimes worn. The color of the handkerchief should be one that will harmonize with the color of one's necktie, and it should preferably be in a subdued tone. There are any number of patterns and designs to be found in smart silk handkerchiefs but none is smarter or in better taste than the familiar polka-dot patterns or the small designs known as madder prints.

Another item in the wardrobe of the well-dressed man—and one which, unfortunately, is too often overlooked—is shoes. That they should first, last and all the time be comfortable, goes without saying, but the fact is that very often a man selects a last which does not really fit his foot, and the consequences are not only painful but actually bring on foot troubles that can easily be avoided. It is not necessary to have shoes custom-made in order to get a pair that will be comfortable. All the better-grade manufacturers make lasts that, from an orthopedic point of view, are comfortable as well as smart-looking, and for this reason there is no excuse for sacrificing comfort for style. But, taking for granted that a last is all it should be, there are certain styles of shoes that are in better taste than some others. First of all, a shoe should be neat-looking. Any exaggeration in cut should be avoided. The toe of the shoe should not be too broad, because that makes the foot look larger than it actually is, nor should it be so narrow and pointed as to give the impression of one's toes being jammed together. There is a happy medium which will be found comfortable and smart-looking.

In the illustration are several types of shoes for both day and evening wear. The three upper illustrations represent three different styles for ordinary day wear. The topmost illustration is the classic type of Oxford which is suitable for wear on all informal occasions. It is absolutely conservative in cut. The second shoe is known as a brogue. This type of shoe, while frequently worn in town, is really better adapted to country wear, because brogues are usually made of heavier leathers than the shoe which is primarily designed

A group of shoes for both day and evening wear which combine smartness with comfort



for town wear. Brogues come in both black and brown leather, but because it is essentially a shoe for country wear, brown leather is the better choice. The third shoe is the duplicate of the first shoe illustrated except that the toecap is perforated. This is a very popular type of shoe, as it has a certain flair which lifts it from the ultra-conservative and still keeps well within the bounds of good taste.

The two lower illustrations show the standard evening shoe, in patent-leather, and the dancing pump. The pump was for many years considered the correct footwear for evening wear, but when the craze for dancing first started, it gave way to the dancing shoe because the latter was found more comfortable for dancing. In the last year or two there has been a noticeable tendency in favor of the long-discarded pump, and, when all is said and done, if the pump really fits one's foot there is no reason why it should not be as comfortable as the patent-leather Oxford.

As has been so often mentioned in this department, being well dressed does not necessarily mean a large and elaborate wardrobe. It does mean, however, clothes that are becoming to the wearer and suitable to the occasion when worn. It also means being well groomed. And by being well groomed is meant clothes that show care and attention. Shirts that are not wrinkled—shoes that at all times are clean and well polished, with heels that never look run down. It means that hats should be brushed every day just as one's clothes are brushed before and after they are worn. It means resisting the urge to wear that necktie we knew we had no business in buying because it was so colorful and so different. It means subduing one's apparel in order to enhance and play up one's personality—in short, looking like the men whose appearance of smartness and unobtrusive prosperity we admire. Playing safe, you call it? Well, why not?



A smart, well-fitting glove is an integral part of a well-dressed man's turn-out

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.

A Banker's Story

(Continued from page 14)

"Hello, Arthur!" and moving toward him I halted, but she turned her head with a quick beckoning glance, and I followed her over to the bench, wondering. She was introducing us.

"Mr. Williams, Mr. Lowry," adding for Mr. Williams' benefit, "Mr. Lowry is cashier of the bank."

It didn't seem worth while to explain that I was only assistant cashier. I was too interested in the pig iron man with the sausage-roll mustache. He hadn't bothered to stand up or take off his hat. All he did was to raise a huge hand in my direction and rumble, "Pleased to meet you, Mr. Lowry."

"I've had a wonderful swim," said Annette. "The water's fine."

The man's heavy-lidded eyes, expressionless as two marbles, were upon her. "Must be," he said woodenly.

Annette smiled at him and turned away. At the curb she murmured in my ear, "I'm

watched. I must go home. I'll take the street car."

"But my car is here," I protested. "I'll take you home."

She hesitated, a line down her brow, the pools in her dark eyes clouded and ruffled. "Well," she said finally, "but I must go right home."

Anyhow I had taken one trick of her, for now she would have to let me know where she lived. It was exciting to have her in the car with me, but this business of the pig iron man was so disconcerting I hardly knew what to say. In a moment she was speaking, without looking at me.

"I'm in an awful jam. . . . I don't know how I'm to get out of it. I wanted him to know you are in the bank here. He might suspect . . ." Confessing it as much to the landscape as to me, you see.

I had to pay some attention to the car, although it was going only ten miles an hour,

by that time. I said just about what, I suppose, would be expected under the circumstances. Anyway I got her to looking at me, a world of sadness in her eyes. But she faced it with courage, answering one of my bursts:

"No, there's nobody in the world to blame but myself. I've been an awful fool. I'm to blame." A tiny smile trembled on her lips as she added, "But I'm scared stiff now." Then suddenly and bitterly, "But I oughtn't to tell you this! A fool again!"

I protested and she explained, "It only stirs you up and does me no good. . . . Only, I think you're a decent man. There aren't very many."

She insisted on my turning at the right corner. "No; I must go home. They'll know if I've loafed on the way. It will only make it harder."

A little later, low, "I don't think it can go on much longer."

And finally, at the curb, "Yes, I do believe

(Continued on page 40)

you. I would trust you if it would do any good. I think you would help me if you could." I was thrilled by a sudden glitter of tears in her eyes. "Thank you for that, anyway. If I think you can help me, I'll let you know."

Then that splendid figure was disappearing into the house. Of course, I had the street number stamped in my memory. It was a neat, modest gray stucco house, far up on the north side, a bignonia vine across the verandah full of yellow blossoms. I next discovered myself driving fifty miles an hour and already half way to Largo where I had no business whatever. I woke up sufficiently to turn around and go home.

About half-past ten next day, which was Thursday, I saw the pig iron man with the sausage mustache come into the bank. Probably my eyes turned frequently to the door that morning; but it was not this large, beefy figure that I hoped to see. He walked into the banking office, paused and looked over the officers' desks on the right; then turned in my direction—something cool and ponderous about it, like a hippopotamus surveying a scene. He saw me. I nodded. He nodded. Then he walked out. Evidently he had proposed to make sure whether or not I was in the bank.

Two o'clock the next afternoon—closing time with us—I put the telephone receiver to my ear and knew the voice before the name came: "This is Annette. I'll be in the Soreno, upstairs, at five. Will you come there?"

Certainly I would, and did.

This was the last of February and the hotel was full; a lot of people downstairs and a lot in the parlor upstairs—finishing tea, listening to an orchestra and whatnot. She arose from a lounge as I came in. Two women guests were sitting on the other end of it and every seat seemed occupied.

"A crowd here," she said; "but a crowded place seemed safest. Maybe we can find a corner."

A card room opens off the parlor, but just then only three tables were occupied by bridge-players. "I'll get a deck of cards," said I, "and we'll go in here."

That looked feasible. The bridge-players were absorbed in their games, and we could go to a table in the farther end. Thither we went.

"We'll pretend it's rum," I said, opening the deck.

"I don't know how to play it," she replied; "but no matter. We can hand the cards around." So I shuffled the deck and passed it to her and we made a pretence of playing, while she talked low. There is no need trying to repeat it all; but the high points stick in my memory:

"I'm twenty-three," she was saying, about

the end of the first sham hand, and she seemed to be giving me plenty of time to look her over and judge for myself. There was some shadow under her liquid eyes and there was that little droop at the corners of her lips; they suggested a lapse of years. But her neck and uplifted chin were smooth as marble. Under oath I couldn't have said twenty-three was wrong. She was shuffling the cards, her eyes full on me, forgetting to deal.

"I RAN away with a man five years ago. . . . It was the wrong man. . . . I don't think I'd have cared very much about his being a crook, but he was as crooked to me as he was to everybody else. . . . I stuck it out three years. Then I didn't care a rap. I wanted to smash things. I'd met a woman. Crooks all seem to know each other. Of course she was a crook, too; but I liked her because she was hard as brass. She'd stick a knife in me and never bat an eye. I liked her for that. Do you understand? The last of those three years was the worst. I wanted to take up with somebody like Emma—instead of jumping off the bridge or turning on the gas. Emma just suited me. You couldn't say hard boiled, because the hardest you could boil anything it would be feathers beside Emma."

Naturally I'd been saying things in between, and I assured her I understood.

"Emma was in the bank with me the other day," she went on. "Maybe you saw her. The man I called Mr. Williams is her partner. . . . Well, it's almost two years now and I've had plenty. I'm sick of it. They suspect it." The bitter little smile trembled on her lips. "No real crook will ever believe that anybody can go straight—or wants to. They wouldn't let me get away just now if they could help it. I know too much."

I still vividly remember the pause while she studied me across the table, the deck of cards in her hands.

"It's drugs," she said. "There are two big trunks full of opium in that house. Government men have wind of it and are looking for it—but off the trail so far. We've got to sit tight—not daring to stir. They wouldn't let me get away now. You see? You can blow us all up if you want to."

"But let me tip it off," I urged. "Uncle Sam will put them where they can't hurt you. Then you can go where you please."

Again the bitter little smile and a shake of the head. "I'm in it up to my neck. They know well enough that if they go over I go. . . . I've got to get away first. I'm telling you every-

thing. You can blow me up if you want to."

"Surely I don't want to!"

"I hope you don't. Anyhow I made up my mind to take the chance. . . . If nobody in the world's decent, what does it matter? I'm banking on you. If you let me down—well, it's one more."

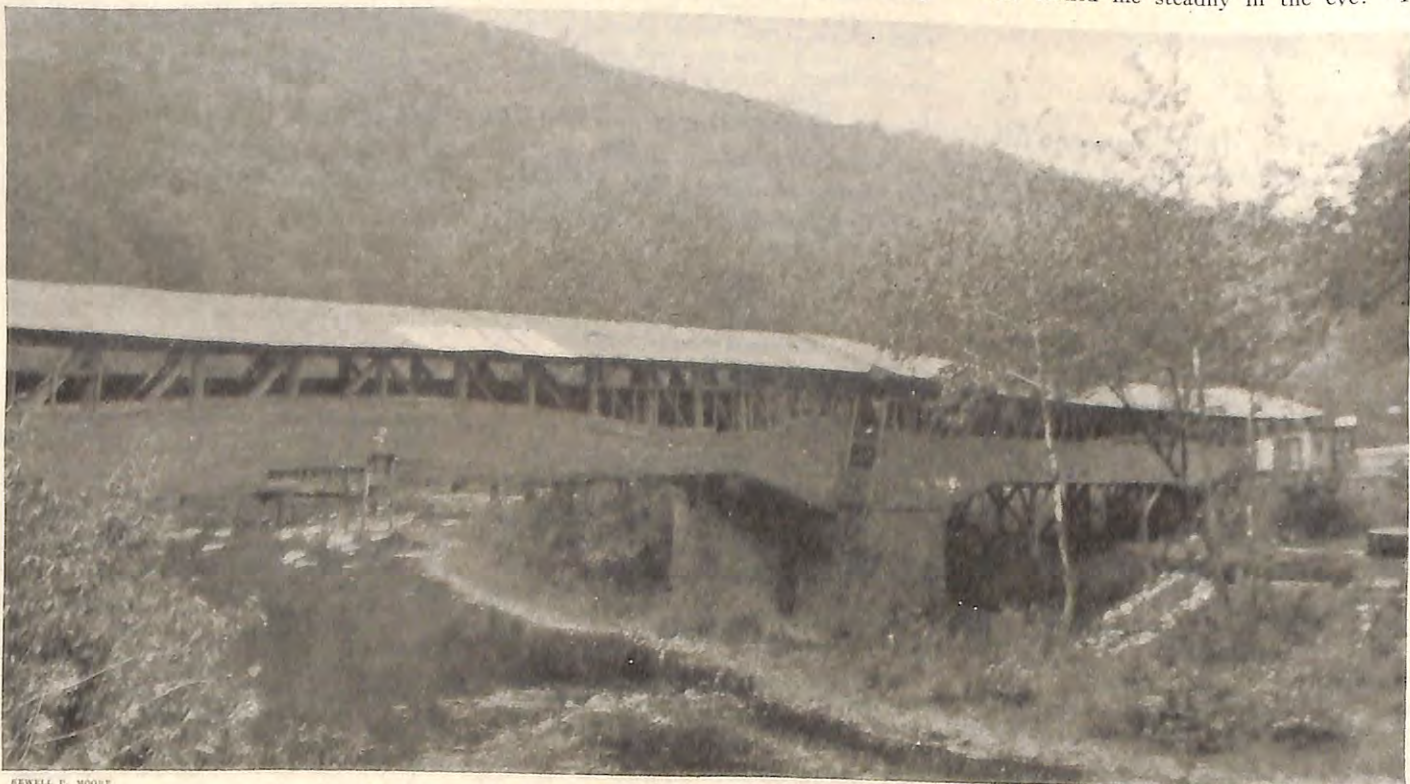
I talked earnestly to her for some minutes.

"I do believe you," she said. "I believed you when I first saw you. But it's come to a show-down with me. I think it's now or never. You see, Emma's demanded the money that I put in the bank the other day. She doesn't trust me that much any more. You see what it means." A hard little laugh. "You may notice that I wear no jewelry; nothing that can be pawned. They've seen to that. With no money, and what they know about me, I might as well wear a dozen balls and chains. You understand, Emma and Arthur aren't the only ones. There are many, I don't know how many, all over the country, all standing together. If I make a break for it, I'm just one rabbit against a pack of hounds. They wouldn't think anything of killing me. But I'm that desperate I'm going to try it if I can get any show at all. The way they're acting toward me now, the longer I wait the worse it will be, the less show I'll have. Maybe you don't know what money means when the hounds are after you. Without money you might as well jump off the pier."

"I've got to grab the first chance I can find. It's a show-down; now or never. I'm telling you because maybe you'll help me. Nobody else can. Help me, I mean, if I get a chance. . . . Maybe I won't get a chance. Then nothing will matter. But I may get my chance. . . . If I go I've got to dig down deep, for they'll get me if they can. They always do. It keeps discipline in the ranks. I know a place. I know a man and woman there. They never heard of Annette Warren or any other of my names of the last five years. Emma and Arthur never heard of them. But this man and woman will give me a standing in the town, you see. I can live there without answering a lot of questions. Only it's a little place, way off in a corner. I don't want to take ten-thousand-dollar bills there. It would need too much explaining. You see, I heard of a man who took Liberty bonds. I didn't understand it then—not till you explained it in the bank the other day. I could take bonds—and stay two or three years. . . . I don't think I'd mind two or three years in that little place. . . . After the last five. You see why I was asking about Liberty bonds?"

Of course, I saw. "I'll exchange your bills for bonds any minute," I assured her.

She looked me steadily in the eye: "You



REWELL F. MOORE

A relic of the past. Old covered bridge across the Juniata River, near Bedford, Pa.

might call this company money. I don't know who it does belong to; but I've been with them two years; I've put my neck in a noose half a dozen times. You see what I mean? You might say I'm not entitled to this money. But I say I'm entitled to my liberty. Anyhow, it's as much my money as anybody's that you could put your finger on. Emma came into the bank with me and took the receipt. That's what she came for. My signature, but she to hold the receipt. I'm telling you all about it, but when you get back to the bank, all you will know is that I came in and left some money and then I came back and said I'd lost the receipt; but you knew I was the same person that left the money and you knew it was my signature. So you gave me the envelope and it's all straight and proper at the bank. I'm not getting you in any trouble. What you've heard down here is just something in a dream that has nothing to do with the bank. Is that right?"

"Perfectly right," I assured her.

She looked at me deeply a moment and put her elbows on the table to bring her face somewhat nearer. She spoke lower. "You see, there's this parade or show or whatever it is in Tampa to-morrow."

"Gasparilla," I said.

"Yes; a good many people will go. Now, Arthur saw you in the bank. He's got you identified, so he's not suspicious of you. Could you come to the house for me, to take me to Tampa? I think they'd let me go with you."

"Of course I can."

"But can we start very early? I've looked it up. There's a train north from Tampa at five minutes to nine. Don't you see? They'll think I've gone for all day with you. I'll tell them not to expect me till evening. When it comes eleven o'clock or midnight, it will be too late for them to do anything before morning. That will give me twenty-four hours' start. I must have that much."

This was unexpected, but it could quite easily be arranged. The time lock on the vault released at eight o'clock. I could be at the house for her at a quarter past eight.

"You'll bring the bonds," she said, "and calculate what I should pay you above the thirty-one thousand. I'll pay you that in Tampa. I can slip a comb and tooth brush in my hand bag." She was calculating. "I think I'll risk it on the train as far as Richmond. . . . Maybe I won't make it, but I'm going to try."

"There's a price," I said. "I expect to hear from you. Promise me."

"Yes," she said. "You'll hear from me. . . . in six months if I'm alive. I promise it." As she looked at me her lovely eyes again shone with tears. "If you don't hear it will be because I'm dead. You can't know what this chance means to me. . . . If you don't hear, you can know that I loved you for what you've done for me."

Well, a couple of other tables had filled up with bridge-players and glances came our way every now and then. There wasn't much that could be said or done adequately under the circumstances. And she suddenly remembered the time.

"Oh, I must go! I've stayed too long." There was a note of fright in her voice and she arose. "A week ago I wouldn't have cared so much. But now—when getting away seems so near—I couldn't bear to have anything happen."

She wouldn't let me drive her home, though. It would be better for them not to see too much of me or suspect we were too friendly. She'd be ready and waiting at a quarter past eight in the morning. So we parted.

And at five minutes to nine next morning, when the north-bound train pulled out of Tampa, we parted again. As she carried no baggage, I had wrapped up the Liberty bonds in a brown-paper parcel tied with a string. We had to drive fast to catch the train and she had barely time to buy a ticket to Jacksonville. Hurrying aboard at the last minute, she turned on the car platform to wave to me. Then the train was gone, leaving me plenty to think about.

AFTER the bank work was finished that afternoon, I went with the chief of police and another officer when they raided the neat, modest stucco house far on the north side. There were two big trunks; but they contained no opium—only the paraphernalia for a well-known confidence game called wire-tapping. The pig iron man and the square-faced blonde woman watched us in silent and questioning suspense.

"No dope there," said the chief.

"Well, I hardly thought there would be," said I.

Considerably annoyed, the chief frowned at me and demanded, "What's this all about, then?" The pig iron man and his companion seemed to want to know, too.

So I told them the gist of this story that I have been telling you, but with one important addition:

You see, Annette had been in the bank before I ever saw her, coming at half-past twelve when I was out at lunch. Going over to a teller's window, she said she wanted to leave some railroad tickets for safekeeping. The teller handed her one of our envelopes. She put some pieces of yellow paper in it, sealed it, signed her name across it and handed it back. The teller tore off the perforated tab for her. A few days later she came to the wicket again, presented the tab and asked for the envelope. Her signature on the tab corresponded with that on the envelope and as a matter of course the teller handed it over. She carried it away with her unopened.

At my desk and under my eyes she put thirty-one thousand dollars in big bills into an exactly similar envelope and signed her name across it. But she had the envelopes with the tickets in it under her coat. When I went to get change for her five-hundred dollar bill, she put the money envelope under her coat and laid the ticket envelope on my desk. They looked exactly alike and I hadn't the faintest shadow of a suspicion.

Certainly I knew all the while, in the back of my head, that she was telling me a strange tale. Yet when I looked into her dark, liquid eyes it sounded as convincing as scripture. If she had only let the cards alone that afternoon at the hotel! You see, while she talked to me her fingers absently toyed with the cards, shuffling them, stacking them up, shuffling them. Lovely fingers, but very, very adept in handling cards. The way she'd separate the deck and then riffle it together again—scarcely touching the cards, you know, yet they acted like trained seals under her pretty fingers. I couldn't help noticing it; but the poor girl was so intent on getting her story over to me and hypnotizing me with her dark, liquid eyes, that probably she didn't realize what her hands were doing.

It stuck in my mind all evening and part of the night. As soon as the vault unlocked next morning I was going to hand over thirty-one thousand dollars' worth of Liberty bonds to a lady that I really knew nothing about except what she told me—and that, on cool consideration, wasn't very reassuring. So the first thing I did in the morning was to open her envelope. It didn't even contain railroad tickets, but only three long strips of yellow paper that she had cut out of a catalogue. Thinking how she had strung me along, and how I had fell for it, made me mad. So the package of Liberty bonds that she carried aboard the train at Tampa really contained thirty nice new circulars from our bond department.

"It will be the regret of my life," I concluded, "that I couldn't see her when she opened that package."

The chief of police and the other policeman laughed heartily. So did I. But the pig iron man and the square-faced woman failed to see the joke.

"All right for you to laugh," the man growled; "but that thirty-one thousand in big bills was my money. It was real money, too. She's got that if she did fall down trying to double it on you." He looked over at the woman. "We suspected her, but we didn't suspect her enough." And to us: "That opium stuff is all the bunk. I'm just an honest wire-tapper and so's this lady. But Sorrowful Sadie is a bad egg. She told us. . . . Oh, well, what's the use? She'd double-cross her grandmother and she can weep the shirt right off your back."

Rockets to the Moon

(Continued from page 20)

interesting Mr. Guggenheim, was his shot of July 17, at Worcester, Mass. It came at the end of a long series of experiments at his laboratory, during which he sought to solve the troublesome fuel question which still presents many knotty problems.

He constructed a rocket finally about nine feet long, made of metal and loaded with liquid fuels. The proving ground was at Camp Devens, in open and rather wild country, and the apparatus for launching the rocket was prepared with care in a small hollow where surrounding hills shielded the countryside from premature explosions. The rocket was put in place at the bottom of the forty-foot steel starting tower and the fuels loaded into it. Standing in a sheltered spot Goddard then pulled the lever which ignited the charge.

What followed made the front pages of practically every newspaper in the country. The rocket immediately leaped upward, the fire shooting back from it with a roar that shook the countryside.

The citizens of the locality were somewhat unprepared for the tremendous spectacle, and many were greatly alarmed. A police emergency wagon and ambulances were sent out to the scene, someone having reported that a blast had

occurred there. Persons who saw the rocket streaking like a shooting star through the sky reported the fall of a meteorite. An airplane took off from Worcester to see if the disturbance had been caused by another plane taking fire in midair.

When reporters, police and private citizens finally located the source of the disturbance and gathered around the camp, they found no meteorite, blast or burning airplane. There was only a middle-aged scientist, partly bald, jubilantly examining the shell of his rocket, which had gone up successfully and descended gently on an automatic parachute, bringing back to earth undamaged a barometer and camera which he had sent as "pay load" to test the gentleness of the rocket's acceleration.

Despite the first newspaper reports, which declared variously that a "moon man" had made an unsuccessful attempt to shoot to Mars and that his rocket had exploded, it soon became known that Goddard had actually that day at Worcester made the first successful rocket flight in history with liquid fuels. If the significance of this news was missed by most of the people in this country, it was not overlooked by Colonel Lindbergh, who soon afterward paid a quiet visit to the scientist's laboratory at Worcester.

It was the famous flyer's report on this event that is believed to have influenced Guggenheim to back Goddard's present series of experiments. Out of that unheralded visit to a laboratory in Massachusetts may ultimately result something even more breathtaking than the Lindbergh flight from New York to Paris. Goddard is now at work establishing a new laboratory at Roswell, New Mexico, where weather conditions are somewhat better for rocket shooting than in Massachusetts. There he intends to perfect his rocket motor, and to shoot a series of rockets higher and higher into the sky during the next five years, culminating with a shot great enough to send the projectile completely out of the atmosphere.

These numerous altitude attempts will have a value almost immediately, because of the information they will yield concerning the upper layers of the air. It is widely believed by aviators that the upper currents have much to do with the cause of weather changes closer to the ground.

Goddard's rockets will carry barometers, thermometers, cameras and other instruments calculated to collect scientific data on each trip. At the upper end of the flights a parachute

(Continued on page 42)

will be opened by an automatic device. At the same time samples of the air will be taken for analysis, a thermometer will record the temperature in regions far beyond the highest altitude ever reached by man, and it is expected that in time a technique will be worked out by which good photographs can also be taken from these great heights, not only of the earth but also of the sun and stars. The value to astronomers and other scientists of such photographs, snapped beyond the sphere of atmospheric disturbances, can hardly be calculated.

These discoveries, of course, are in a sense only the by-products expected from Goddard's high-altitude work. The perfection of the rocket motor and the discovery of proper fuels, which constitute the main line of attack, will immediately lead experimenters to adapt them to mail and express carrying rockets designed to be sent from city to city and finally across the ocean.

Such developments need not necessarily wait upon discoveries at Goddard's camp. The fact that many other Americans are also working toward the adaptation of rockets insures the early settlement of the difficulties. Colleges and universities are beginning to turn their attention toward the problem. More than one student of engineering will make his mark in the next two or three years by announcing discoveries now on the way in obscure backyard laboratories.

One such young man has already attracted international attention. He is Harry C. Bull, son of a newspaper publisher at Syracuse, New York, whose rocket-driven sled, manufactured by himself with the aid of his mother and sister, made tremendous speed across the ice near his home when tested early last spring. Bull is now taking advantage of the shops and laboratories provided by Syracuse University, and has already designed a new rocket motor which may prove the solution to many problems.

Another American rocket experimenter with an international reputation is the physicist, Dr. Darwin O. Lyon. He is now engaged in high-altitude rocket experiments near Vienna and in northern Italy, where he recently sent up a successful rocket. His present project is reported to be a multiple rocket, built on the step-principle of certain life-saving rockets, which he believes will be capable of shooting more than a hundred miles into the air.

Rockets, which were toys less than ten years ago, are thus coming to be devices of considerable importance from an engineering point of view. But engineers are by no means the only persons interested in them. Probably no other mechanical or scientific development in history, except perhaps the radio, has had such power to enlist laymen into regiments of enthusiasts like those represented in the European and American societies.

The reason is to be found in the tremendous appeal to the imagination that projected rocket travel makes. The rocket is at once the fastest motor we have any knowledge of, and the simplest. Its energy comes from the same source as that which drives a big shell twenty-five miles through the air to strike a target beyond the gunner's range of vision—the same force, that is to say, but differently applied in order to take from it even greater energy and greater speed. A rocket is driven forward by a terrific and continuous explosion of powerful fuels—a force both

swift and furious, and so dangerous that the greatest care must be taken in experimenting with it. Already one experimenter—Max Valier, the German aviator—has been killed. Others are apt to suffer likewise before the rocket has been tamed.

There is nothing very intricate or hard to understand about the way a rocket works. It is essentially a hollow chamber in which an explosion takes place, and a constricted nozzle through which the rapidly-expanding, highly-compressed gases resulting from the explosion may escape. The device is driven forward by the recoil that develops in the direction away from the nozzle.

This is all there is to a rocket motor, as anyone familiar even with skyrockets knows. Skyrockets, in fact, are true rockets, but the fuel used to drive them, being a compound only about as powerful as gunpowder, is not fierce enough to send them more than a few hundred feet into the air.

The problem of the rocket engineer is how to use a more powerful fuel, preferably a liquid, and to handle it in such a way as to drive his rocket to its intended destination without blowing it up. This was once the problem of the gasoline motor, too, and in the old days even steam engines blew up occasionally. You almost never hear of them doing so now. Rocketeers are certain that the time will come when rocket motors will be similarly well behaved, though a thousand

and power of this new motor demands a complete revision of all designs. They will have to be stream-lined to the last possible degree, compactly built, and with the carrying compartment perhaps incorporated into the body of the rocket.

Harold A. Danne, one of the well-known American aeronautical engineers who have recently turned their attention to this problem, described only a few weeks ago the type of aircraft of the future he believes necessary to take advantage of rocket power. Designs for such a plane show it to be shaped almost like a military torpedo, with a sharp nose and a long taper aft, water-tight and air-tight, and equipped with special steering apparatus built on the principle of artillery gun-sights. Such craft will shoot through the sky like meteors, with spears of white flame jetting from behind, steering by sighting on a fixed star.

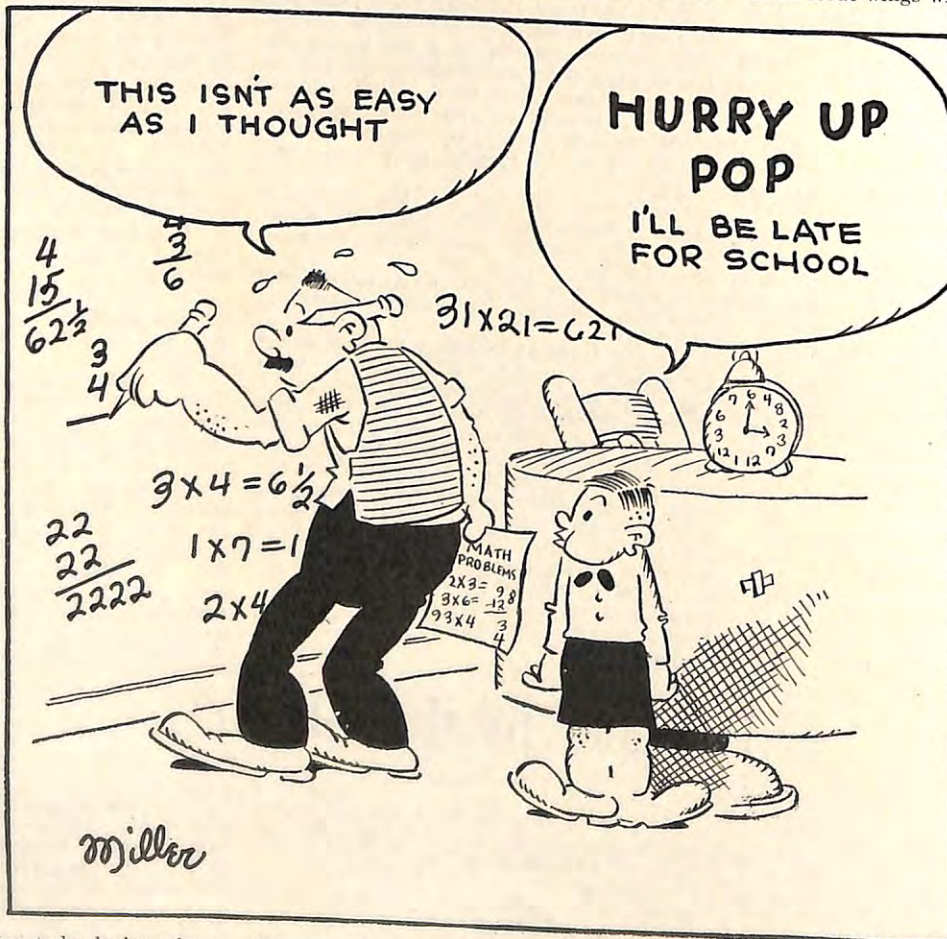
Their velocities will undoubtedly be too great to be attained in the atmosphere, for at this comet speed they would burn up like falling stars. But with air-tight cabins, equipped as to air supply and pressure like the bodies of submarines, they will be able to shoot up out of the lower atmospheres with relatively slow but continually accelerating speed until, having attained an altitude of twenty-five to five hundred miles, they can go hurtling from place to place free of the impeding air.

For taking off and landing, the engineers envision stout wings which will make rocket-craft maneuverable at low speeds like an ordinary airplane. As the speed becomes great, the wings and landing gear will be retracted, so that during the greater part of the journey only a smooth projectile will go rushing through space.

Consider what this could mean for transportation and for the whole fabric of civilization. The airplane ushered in a new era, but the change was a puny one compared with that foreshadowed by the conquering of the rocket. Rocket experimenters plan to build their craft in such a way that they will be capable of making speeds of a mile or two miles a second for journeys from point to point on the earth. At the slowest of these speeds New York will be only seventeen minutes removed from Chicago. Commuters from Los Angeles will need to allow only fifty minutes travel time to get to their jobs in Philadelphia every morning.

Old-fashioned folk who insist on plodding from place to place by airplane, at speeds now used by Frank Hawks, will be as hopelessly out of date as the fellows who still drive in hansom-cabs. The great transoceanic space-liners will make the journey from New York to Paris in an hour, or, at most, an hour and a half. They will be obliged to travel at this terrific speed, whether they wish to or not, partly because the rocket must go at least that fast to get every ounce of value out of its fuel, and because, there being no air at such heights, momentum alone will have to be relied on to keep the ship from falling short of its mark.

These attainments, tremendous as they seem, are only preliminaries to the ultimate aim of all true interplanetarians. While the commercially-minded are thinking about ships capable of making Moscow a suburb of New York, the real rocket fans—and among them are many scientists and engineers—are looking forward to the day when rockets will free us from the world altogether.



times more powerful for their weight than any gasoline motor ever devised.

There is another feature which has proved something of a handicap to the first rudimentary experiments with rocket motors. Rockets will not develop their full power, or even a fair fraction of it, unless they travel at great speed. The forward speed, it has been found, should be about the same speed as that of the gases ejected from the nozzle.

This is the hitch that appears to make the harnessing of rockets to such prosaic vehicles as automobiles or ordinary airplanes forever out of the question. The speeds that rockets must attain for long flights are to be calculated not in yards a minute, but in miles a second. No wagon or airplane can make such velocities without smashing to pieces or being torn apart by the resistance of the air.

Rocket vehicles must be of some shape different from any now in common use, for the speed

Cross-Word Puzzle

By John D. O'Connor, Chicago, Ill.

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

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; 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: Helene P. Anderson, San Francisco, Calif.; E. H. Harvill, Drumright, Okla.; Lillian S. Luscombe, Oakland, Calif.; W. C. Nespital, Chicago, Ill.; and Andrew Strolis, Ruhhton, Minn.

It is a fact of physics easily calculated that if a body attains a speed of 6,664 miles a second in a direction away from the earth, the gravitational force of our planet can never pull it back again. Such speeds are theoretically not beyond the attainment of a rocket, properly fueled and constructed. Consequently, by aiming our rocket rightly there is no mechanical or scientific reason why we could not send a projectile, containing recording instruments, a charge of flash powder to signal earth-bound watchers at telescopes, or even passengers, if you please, to the moon or to Mars or Venus, our nearest neighbors in the planetary system.

The rocket ship capable of making a journey through the upper atmosphere to Europe, if slightly modified as to accommodation and equipped with more powerful motors, could probably negotiate a moon voyage just as well. Thirty-six hours is all such a trip would require, and while the difficulties to be encountered on the way, including the necessary devices for navigation, for landing and for the return, present tremendous obstacles, no less an expert than Dr. Goddard has already affirmed that there are none that cannot be solved by principles now known to science and engineering.

IT IS only reasonable to suppose that the time when sightseers will be able to take a journey among the planets at round-trip rates is a considerable distance away. Before them innumerable technical difficulties will have to be settled. But such progress has now been made that it seems safe to predict that we will see mail rockets winging from city to city with letters and fast express, and successful rocket-ship flights being made in the next five or six years.

The Germans, indeed, have asserted that they will be ready to try sending a rocket across the Atlantic before two years have passed. More conservative rocketeers believe that this will not be successfully accomplished before ten years, but there seems to be little doubt that it will come within our own time, and that persons now living will see the day of transatlantic rocket flights.

We may be now at the point where aviation was when Langley flew the Potomac, and the Wrights erected a crazy crate on wheels and made it fly at Kitty Hawk. The miracles of Victorian days are commonplace to us, and it is not beyond belief that the moon may be some imperialistic nation's colonial possession by 1975.

Answers to Your Radio Questions

Hubert Millen, Saranac Lake, N. Y. The announcer whose name you can't spell on the Amos 'n Andy program from Chicago is Bill Hay . . . H-A-Y . . . the same as the beginning of snuffle-fever, which comes with golden-rod and fields of HAY . . . Do not, I beg of you, confuse it with Hey-hey, as burlbed by the Vagabond Lover (Rudy Vallée) . . . This is just plain Hay. Horses love it . . . but horses aren't the only ones that show good sense.

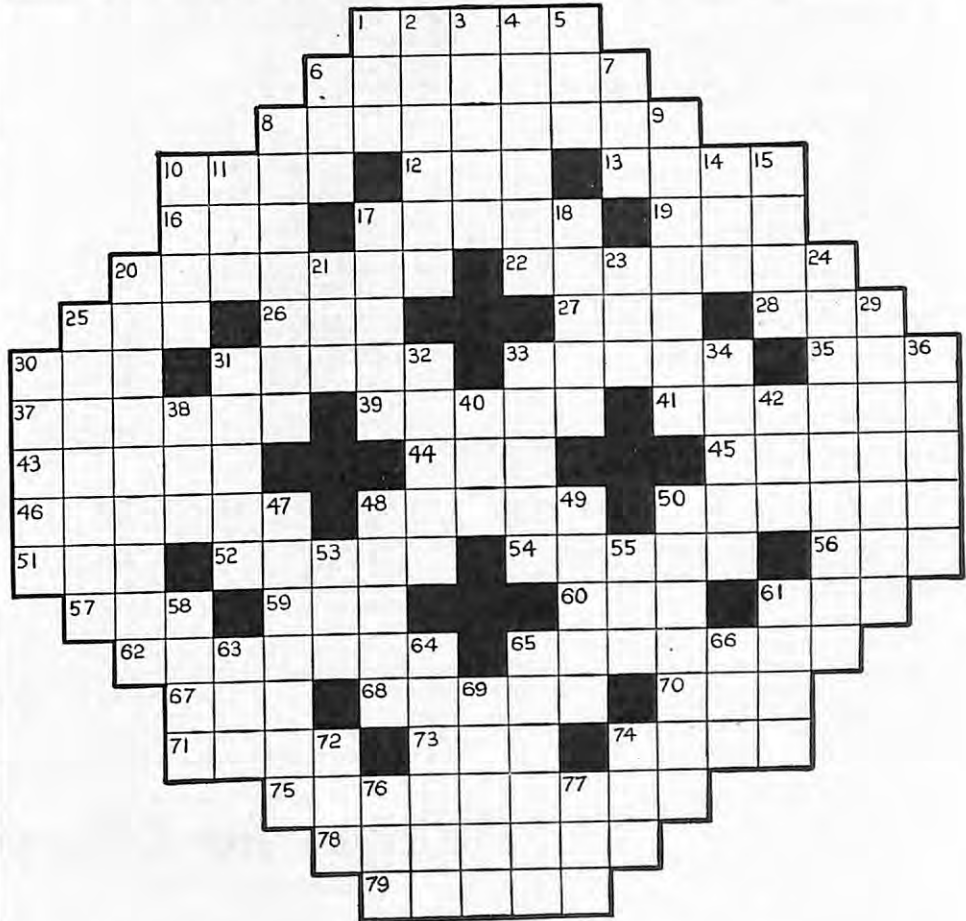
Mrs. Fred L. Brunswick, Oswego, N. Y. Your very nice letter requesting the information about Carl McCullough has been rather difficult to answer, as I could not find out about him . . . he used to be on the Libby Grocers Program, in fact he was known as The Libby Grocer . . . but they do not know where he is now. I would suggest that you write to the R.K.O. Headquarters, at the Palace Theatre Building, 1564 Broadway, N. Y. C. . . . They might be able to tell you where he can be reached now.

John A. Grady, Winsted, Conn. Are Whipple and Little one and the same? They are both good artists, and both have a name

That has now become famous from far sea to sea, Little Jack and "Doc" Whipple are both N.B.C.

Haven't been able to trace "Singin' Sam" for you yet. . . . However, we have our world-famous private detective on the trail. Nice pitcher of Little Jack Little coming soon. By the way, what ever gave you the idea that Little Jack and Old "Doc" were twins? I'm interested.

(Continued on page 44)



Horizontal

- 1—Hurls
- 6—Warlike
- 8—Combatant
- 10—Cover
- 12—Winnow grain
- 13—Course of eating
- 16—Follower of Attila
- 17—Smoked
- 19—By
- 20—Vegetable clasper
- 22—Wrinkled
- 25—Wages
- 26—Electric element
- 27—Companion
- 28—Affirmative answer
- 30—Convulsive sigh
- 31—An evergreen tree
- 33—Surrendered
- 35—Knave of clubs
- 37—Entertained
- 39—Clear
- 41—Dispute
- 43—Claw of a bird
- 44—Light blow
- 45—Deserve
- 46—Accommodates
- 48—Stitched
- 50—One who cuts
- 51—Snare
- 52—Black
- 54—A sword
- 56—Western Indian tribe

- 57—Observe
- 59—A pastry
- 60—And not
- 61—Weep
- 62—Draining utensil
- 65—Part of the face
- 67—Lyric poem
- 68—Leaves of a book
- 70—Part of the verb "to be"
- 71—Ballad
- 73—Large cask
- 74—Fermented grape juice
- 75—Strategist
- 78—Things that roll
- 79—Web-footed water fowl

Vertical

- 1—Metal container
- 2—Cunning
- 3—Vaporized water
- 4—Worker in tin
- 5—Sorrowful
- 6—Cleaning utensil
- 7—Conducted
- 8—Sugar-coated
- 9—Waved
- 10—Thin part of milk
- 11—Flee
- 14—A fish
- 15—Three-spot
- 17—Conclusive
- 18—Tricked
- 20—Having a flat surface
- 21—Wand
- 23—Insane
- 24—Going away
- 25—Cosmetic ointments
- 29—Repletion
- 30—The arch fiend
- 31—American coins
- 32—A coin of India
- 33—Quotes
- 34—Raise an objection
- 36—Unit of measure
- 38—Dip in liquid
- 40—Cry of a crow
- 42—Wager
- 47—Wise
- 48—Slumber
- 49—Natives of Denmark
- 50—Sure
- 53—Box for holding grain
- 55—Large serpent
- 58—Greek god of love
- 61—One of Algonquin Indian tribes
- 63—Bustle
- 64—Make a clattering sound
- 65—Engages in sword play
- 66—Vase
- 69—Craft
- 72—A fish
- 74—Part of the verb "to be"
- 76—Tooth of a wheel
- 77—Anger

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 57

(Continued from page 43)

Grace Rosinsky, Manitowoc, Wis. Thanks for your nice letter, but oh! pulleeze, pulleeze . . . not so many questions at one and the same time . . . simultaneously . . . at one fell swoop! Fifteen questions . . . all, all in one note . . . and all, all, crying for answers. And my colyum has to feed nearly a million greedy Elks, and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts! However, here goes for a couple, anyway . . . come again with the others.

Morton Downey
is
nearly thirty
and
he is married
to
Barbara Bennett
who is
daughter of Richard Bennett, the famous actor,
and is
a sister of Constance and Joan Bennett,
who are
Famous Film Stars.

Tony Wons uses his own correct name, which is spelled W-O-N-S, although he waves wands of good cheer over the air. . . . He was born on Christmas Day, quite a little while before I began to receive Christmas presents. . . . Think you can figure that out? Personal answer is in charge of Uncle Sam's marathon walkers, who will deliver it to your mail box.

C. L. P., Rochester, N. Y. With so many dramatic shows being taken off the N. B. C. network, I am glad to find someone interested in the work of the Radio Guild. . . . I have been wanting to publish pictures of Florence Malone and Charles Webster, both of whom are my very good friends, for some time. . . . but they have been crowded out. I'll get them in soon, though. . . . see if I don't! So keep on watching Radio Rambles.

Helen M. Kruse, Woodridge, N. J. So you are the President of the "Vallée Krusaders"? I shall be interested to know what the "Krusaders" stands for. . . . I am sure it is something worth while and nice. . . . Of course everyone knows about the "Vallée" part. However, every club should have some more definite aim than just

being the fan club of a popular star. . . . I know that any artist would be happier to know that something fine was being done in his name. . . . I know I would! Picture of your idol coming soon. . . . Write and tell me more of the "Vallée Krusaders."

Mr. D. J. Howard, Syracuse, N. Y. Did you see some of the facts about Tony Wons in a recent issue? By the way, I was reading your letter as I wrote the answer, and you spelled the name WANDS, and inadvertently I did the same. . . . and DID I get scolded by people from his home town! I'll say I did! They don't wanna have Wons spelled Wands!

Mrs. A. Danford, Clinton, N. Y. You are interested in those Early Birds who go on the air worms—I mean air waves—in the Quaker Early Birds Program? . . . and which bird is Jake and which bird is Lena? . . . Well, Gene is Jake and Glén is Lena. . . . (over the air. . . . over the air) . . . and their real names. . . . (see how brave I am: I even tell real names) . . . are Gene Carroll and Glen Rowell. . . . So now you know all about your favorite program.

Miss Edith Downes, Framingham, Mass. How did you like the picture of Moonlight and Honeysuckle? Will comply with your other requests as soon as possible. . . . they include Soconyland. . . . Blackstone Plantation group and a few more. . . . Interesting to know that your father is a P. E. R. . . . and never worry about that blot on the paper: it was quite artistic, I assure you. I have a lot of quite young Radio Rambles fans. . . . and I have a hunch that I should include you among them. . . . Am I right? Let me know.

Dr. A. C. Agern, Long Beach, Cal. Sorry to be so late in answering, but there are so many questions and only so much space. . . . so you can see how it is. . . . As to your "little lyric" and its accompanying "slow dream waltz," I should be only too happy to help you, but it is extremely difficult to know what to advise. . . . For example, I write theme music myself, but it is usually written for a definite theatre revue or radio program. . . . and a number of the very finest musicians who work with me write exquisite numbers. These are played and broadcast with splendid results, but it is another ques-

tion to make satisfactory arrangements with a good publisher. . . . To bring lyrics or music to New York is like taking coals to Newcastle. . . . However, if you would like the names of New York music publishers, I can send you a few. Or if there is any other way you think I can be of help, let me know.

A. H. Waterman, General Motors Building, N. Y. City. That question of yours, "Is Phil Cook of the radio a brother of Joe Cook of the stage?" . . . is a rather touchy point with me. Yessir! In my first Radio Rambles colyum what should I do but up and state that he was. Believe me, it wasn't my fault! I was assured of the truth of the statement by no less than the press relations department of the station concerned. . . . and then. . . . and then. . . . the water came down at Lodor! . . . Letters. . . . and a deluge of them. . . . and I had started something in Jersey. . . . a BET. . . . as to who was right. . . . they'uns or we'uns. . . . and then I put the good old private detectafif on the case, and I discovered that WE'UNS were wrong. . . . So I apologized, handsomely. . . . (but they never sent me a part of that bet). . . . all of which means that Phil Cook and Joe Cook are not brothers. . . . although both are great actors and both are "Fine and Dandy."

Jack Lynch, Plymouth Hospital, South Hanson, Mass. Thanks for your lovely letter, Jack. . . . I am including a picture of myself and Major Firth. (We're doing television, too, now every Tuesday night at 9.45. . . . Columbia Broadcasting System). Soon I will run one of myself alone, cooing into the television mike. . . . Of course, it gets dull and lonely there in the hospital, Jack, but you must never get discouraged. . . . never. . . . Just think, I have spent a good third of my whole life in those same institutions, and at one time was eight and one-half months immovable, in a plaster-of-Paris cast, which encased my whole body. . . . and as the Irishman would say. . . . "Just look at the damn thing now!" Of course, I'll send you the picture. . . . gladly. . . . Thanks for your good luck wishes. . . . The same to you. . . . with a little prayer for your recovery thrown in. . . . Write again.

G. S. E.

Millions for Defiance

(Continued from page 24)

CHAPTER XIX

to do with the discussion," she said. "It's simply a little token of appreciation for what you did last night. I'll be hurt if you refuse it. You'll make me feel it's too little." With a quick movement, she stepped close to him and thrust something into the breast-pocket of his coat. "Don't look at it now," she urged, catching his wrists and trying to push him towards the door. "Don't look at it here. Wait till you're upstairs. I don't want to see you look at it."

Colin broke her grip and plunged one hand into his pocket. As his fingers fastened on the slip of paper she had put there, he turned pale. He drew it out and unfolded it and began to tremble with rage. It was a cheque drawn to his order for one hundred thousand dollars.

"You're disappointed," said Hope. "I was afraid you would be. I know it's not enough. But it's almost all I've got. I'd saved it—"

For a full minute Colin stood staring at the cheque. Then, deliberately, he folded it, tore it into shreds and flung them on the floor.

"It's lucky for you," he said, "you're not a man."

With all the dignity he could summon, he limped out, slamming the door behind him.

TO a witness of this encounter, had there been a witness, Hope's conduct, after Colin's exit, would have seemed eccentric, if not wholly mad.

She stooped down and gathered up the fragments of torn cheque, put them in an envelope, marked the envelope "Exhibit A" and locked it in a dispatch box in her desk. And as she did these things she chuckled to herself and hummed a snatch of jazz.

COLIN burst blindly out of the house and turned instinctively toward the beach. With head bowed and clenched fists swinging, he dug his heels savagely into the sand as though his life depended on putting space between him and Hope. Heedless of his direction, he saw neither the sea, nor the seawalls past which he was walking, nor the low breakwaters which he cleared in his stride. His mind seethed with indignation, like a cauldron of devil's brew.

He did not notice at points where traffic on North Ocean Boulevard is visible from the beach, a blue coupé running very slowly on that highway, less than fifty yards behind him.

"How dare she try to bribe me!" he fumed. "How dare she! The insolence of her! The damned cold-blooded insolence!"

The yielding sand began to take toll of his bad leg, but for upwards of an hour he trudged on, oblivious to distance. At length he was abruptly forced to stop. There was no more beach. He had come to the end of the island. Before him was the inlet which connects the ocean with Lake Worth.

To his right lay a sprawling mass of boulders, the remains of a jetty projecting into the sea, with occasional breakers throwing spray over its end. Still under the impulse to get as far away as possible, Colin clambered along the rocks for some two-thirds of the jetty's length.

The halting of his momentum checked the whirling of his thoughts.

On barren ground across the inlet stood the magnificent hulk of a huge, unfinished hotel, forlorn relic of Florida's lamented boom.

Lighting a cigarette behind cupped hands, he sat down on a flat boulder and contemplated

the water and the boats and watched the wisp of smoke from a steamer, hull-down on the horizon, idling northward with the Gulf Stream. And presently his anger gave way to a sense of futility.

His cigarette, fanned by the breeze, burned his fingers and brought him back to reality.

"If you're going back there," he told himself, "and you can hardly get out of it, you've got to think of Hope the way you'd think of a corporation."

It upset him to realize, as he did quite poignantly, that to have to think of Hope as a problem, rather than as a person, would entail a severe wrench. It upset him to realize, as he began to now, quite suddenly, that she attracted him more than he had believed any woman ever could again. Thinking himself safely armored in the bitterness of his earlier disillusionment, he had told the Senator he was woman-proof. Could that protective armor have rusted through, with the years, without his knowledge?

One thing was certain: he must make himself proof against the attraction of Hope.

That was imperative.

Sitting there, thus absorbed, Colin lost all track of time. The first hint he received of its rapid passing came from a shower of spray dashed over him with startling wetness. The incoming tide had begun to slap against the jetty and he abandoned his seat just in time to avoid a drenching. The breeze had increased to a stiff wind and a sea was making. All along the shore, as far as he could see, double lines of combers were breaking on the reef that parallels the beach.

Reluctant to start back, he loitered about on the sand, idly investigating the litter of empty bottles and other miscellany deposited with the

seaweed at high water, and gazing from time to time at the great shell of a building across the inlet. The abandoned pile of masonry, with its aspiring towers and its stories of unglazed window openings, like sightless eyes, fascinated him.

An idea came to him and he chuckled as he thought with what alacrity Hope would clutch at the notion, for her birthday celebration, and how eagerly the newspapers would broadcast the details. He could picture the tabloid headlines: "Madcap Heiress Plans Jamboree in Abandoned Hotel"—"Shroud Garbed Guests to Cavort Mid Ghostly Settings"—"Hope Marsden's Birthday Unique Event of Season."

He almost regretted that he could not pass the suggestion on to her. It was so exactly the sort of fantastic foolishness she would dote on.

He started back toward Hope's house. Almost simultaneously, a blue coupé that had been parked on the highway, some two hundred yards from where he had been standing, also began to move slowly southward.

CHAPTER XX

BEFORE it was washed out by the big storm of 1928, the boulevard ran along the shore for several miles, from a point somewhat north of the Breakers Hotel, in the heart of the town, to the Country Club, passing between many large estates and the sea. The road still fronts the ocean in two short stretches north of the club, but that particular section to the south of it has never been rebuilt and never will be, having been ceded to the owners of the abutting property. A person walking along the beach who wishes to forsake it for the road can do so only by trespassing on private grounds, or by scaling a seawall at one of the two stretches just noted, where the road is still directly adjacent to the shore.

By the time Colin had reached this first section of seawall, there was still a strip of sand wide enough to walk on dryshod. Before he got more than half-way to the second stretch, however, the tide had begun to encroach upon his course. He quickened his pace, but when he arrived at the point where the road again borders the waterfront, his shoes had already been wet twice. After all, though wet, the water was pleasantly warm. He removed his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers, and proceeded barefoot.

As he sloshed along, rather enjoying the sensation of the tepid water about his ankles, he heard his name called from the top of the bulkhead. His first impulse was to disregard the voice, for it was Hope's. But he forced himself to look up.

"Hello," she said. She seemed amused and yet, somehow, concerned.

"Hello," he returned, determined to be civil.

"Where'd you come from?"

"What do you think you're doing?"

"Walking."

"Do you always carry your shoes when you go walking?"

"No. I sometimes take 'em on a leash."

"Where do you think you're walking to?"

"Back to the house."

"You'd better come up here."

"Why?"

"You'll never make it."

"Sure I'll make it."

"You won't. You'll be drowned."

"What do you care?" He grinned.

"Bad publicity for me." She grinned, too, then looked serious.

"Better come up while you can," she persisted, half-shouting to make her voice carry against the wind.

"I'm all right," he averred.

As if to refute this statement, a wave, larger than most, rolled in behind him, soaking him to the knees.

"Told you so," cried Hope. "Come on up here."

He shook his head. "I like it," he said.

"Good-bye. See you later." He started on his way again.

He went but a short distance, however, before realizing that not only was he making a show of himself, but that, as Hope had predicted, he would be unable to go on much further. Even during the short time he had stopped to talk, the tide had risen amazingly. Waves were beginning to slap the stout planking of the seawall with prophetic force. Already his trouser

legs were clinging to his shins in clammy folds and, with the drag of the receding backwash, made walking difficult.

Sheepishly, he looked around for a way out of his predicament. The actual scaling of the wall, he saw, would be simple enough; the hardest feature of the proceeding would be having to endure the sarcasm of Hope, who was still watching him from above. But to his surprise, her only remark—after he had managed to hoist himself over the planking, by dint of a



jump from the top of a breakwater, and a prodigious pull—was: "When it's blowing like this the undertow here is dangerous to monkey with."

He thrust his sandy feet into his sodden shoes. "How did you happen to drift along just at that moment?" he asked her.

Hope smiled.

"You followed me!"

"Yes," she admitted. "I did. I was afraid you might bite somebody."

He busied himself with his shoelaces.

"Suppose we get your trousers out of the public eye," she suggested, "they're rather conspicuous."

He followed her to the blue coupé, which was drawn up off the road a few yards away.

"Have you been watching me all morning?" he asked.

"Heavens, no," she said. "I watched you when you got to the inlet, to make sure you wouldn't try to cross it on foot. But after you'd been sitting down awhile I got to thinking, myself."

"Oh," he said.

"Yes," she went on, "I got thinking. And I thought why wouldn't it be a good idea for us to have a sort of armistice?"

He looked at her suspiciously. "What's the catch?" he queried.

"Well, I only thought—here you are, an irresistible force, so to speak, and here I am, an immovable body. I make you furious and stubborn and you make me furious and stubborn. You make me want to do outrageous things—"

"But I want you not to do 'em," he objected.

"And I can't afford to," she continued.

"That's what I've been trying to tell you."

"I don't mean that. I know all about that. I mean I haven't the money."

"You've got a hundred thousand dollars," he reminded her.

"Or don't you call that money?"

"But that's for my big party—the final flourish."

"Not all of it."

"Certainly. Have you any idea what it costs

to do anything really big down here? Why—a hundred thousand's petty cash compared with what some people spend."

"Anybody who spends that much on a single party ought to be shot," stated Colin righteously. He saw now that he had made a grave mistake in destroying the cheque that morning. He ought to have kept it.

"What I had in mind," Hope continued, unruffled, "was that if you'd agree to play fair with me, I'd agree to play fair with you."

"Meaning exactly what?" he demanded.

"But there's one question I want your opinion on," Hope said. "Suppose I led a very quiet, oh, an extremely sedate and decorous life for about three weeks—to keep down expenses, you understand—then if I put on a really whacking stunt—how would the Senator feel?"

"You don't need to ask me," he said.

"You think he'd be peevish?"

"Oh no," he said ironically, "he'd love it."

"Then that's all right," said Hope. "It's all settled."

"I won't be a party to any such conspiracy," he told her.

"Well, it's what I'm going to do," she announced calmly. "So for the next three weeks you can lie in the sun and relax. I'm going to be the original Elsie of the Elsie books."

Colin said nothing. There was really nothing he could say.

CHAPTER XXI

ONE afternoon shortly after the foregoing conversation, Colin was lying on the lawn, with his hands over his eyes to keep off the sun, thinking.

A short distance away, four of the others, including Hope, were playing a vociferous game of deck tennis. Lying there, listening to the shouts of the players and musing on things in general, Colin was presently roused by a nudge in the ribs and uncovered his eyes to see Crisp kneeling beside him.

"I say," whispered the Briton, "Hornsby's here."

Colin sat up. "Where?" he asked.

"Library. I tucked him in there and told him to wait."

"Go back and keep him till I come."

"Right-ho," whispered Crisp, showing his equine teeth in a knowing grin.

The snake man had wired Hope the day before that she might expect a visit from him soon. Upon learning this, Colin had gone into conference with the others, as a result of which they had agreed that if possible they would notify him of Hornsby's arrival, before notifying Hope.

The snake man was a short, broad individual, with small gray eyes and a hectic complexion.

"Hello," he said, as Colin entered, "what's the idea of the reception committee? Where's Miss Marsden? Who're you?"

"My name's O'Rourke," Colin said, signalling to Crisp to leave the room. "Miss Marsden's busy right now. I want to talk to you first for a minute. Sit down."

Mr. Hornsby shook Colin's proffered hand and, as he felt its strength, lost a little of his air of truculence. He sat down. "What's it all about?" he inquired. "I don't get it."

"I'll make it short," said Colin. "Did they tell you down at the Park why Miss Marsden wanted to see you the other day? Well, I represent her guardian. He doesn't want her to have a parade—with Indians, or without. I'm here to stop her if I can. The point is this: Miss Marsden likes to have her own way. If you say you won't get her any Indians, she'll make up her mind to have some if she has to fly down and try to get 'em herself. I don't want her to do that, either. Understand?"

"Sure. That's ABC. What next?"

"I want you to agree to get her some Indians—and then forget all about it. Get me now?"

Mr. Hornsby's small eyes grew smaller and he tugged the lobe of his right ear. "I'll think it over," he said.

"There's no time for that," Colin told him. "Will you do it, or won't you? I'll make it worth your while, if that's what's on your mind."

"It ain't the money I'm thinkin' of—but you see you want me to make a promise and then break it. Right?" He assumed an expression of

(Continued on page 46)

(Continued from page 45)

extreme virtue. "The thing is, young fella, I got my reputation to think of. I don't like breakin' my promises. I'm known as a man that keeps his promises. See?"

"All the better. How much do you figure it's worth to break one—in a good cause?"

"W-e-ell—" Mr. Hornsby surveyed Colin shrewdly and stretched the lobe of his ear to the limit of its elasticity. "I got my reputation to think of," he repeated, "and my conscience. I got a son of a gun of a conscience. Keeps me awake nights when I don't do what's right."

"In this case you'll be doing absolutely right by breaking your promise. You'll be doing everybody a good turn—specially Miss Marsden, whether she thinks so now or not. Come on, man. Name your figure and, for Heaven's sake, snap into it."

"Well, I don't know—a hundred dollars, cash. How's that strike you?"

"Not enough," Colin whipped out his wallet. "Here. I'll double that." He selected two crisp bills and handed them over. "All right?"

Mr. Hornsby's eyes gleamed and he licked his lips, but he accepted the money with a show of reluctance. "All right, son," he said, "I'm your huckleberry. But I hate to do it, at that."

"You'll get over it," said Colin. "Now I'll take you to Miss Marsden. Remember your line. Tell her you'll produce half the Indians in the Everglades."

He led Mr. Hornsby through the patio and down the stairs to the loggia. "You'll find her right on the lawn," he told him. "When I come out later, act as if you'd never seen me." He went upstairs again and watched from a living-room window. The deck tennis game had broken up. Hope was talking to Mr. Hornsby and the little man was nodding his head, and tugging his ear, with great vigor.

"Every man has his price," quoted Colin ironically, as he went down to join the group. It amused him to imagine what Hope would have said had she known he had pressed

her own doctrine into service against her. The next two weeks demonstrated that Hope's conception of a sedate and decorous life was a far cry from his own. Her declaration that he would have nothing to do but lie in the sun and relax was only partly fulfilled. He did lie in the sun at times, but they were brief.

One day, a representative of one of the papers had come, seeking an interview with him. Was he the Captain O'Rourke who had distinguished himself in the flying service? Yes, he had been in the flying service, but he would prefer that his record be not played up. He was a private citizen now and the war had been over a long time. But surely he would be a good sport. The interviewer—a woman—had been sent to get a story and dared not go back without one. Wouldn't he please—and what did he think of this, and how did he like Palm Beach, and was he still interested in flying? He was a partner of Senator Carter, Miss Marsden's guardian, was he not? No, he said emphatically, he was not. He was merely on the Senator's staff. . . . But when the story appeared it stated that he was a partner.

He wired to the Senator, explaining that he had been misquoted. The old gentleman replied, tersely, that if he didn't want to be misquoted he ought to keep out of the papers, adding that it seemed hardly necessary that he give interviews, anyway.

The wanton inaccuracy which had resulted in bringing down this rebuke had rankled for days.

CHAPTER XXII

HOPE'S birthday fell on the fourteenth of February and as what she called her "armistice period" extended into the first week of that month, Colin began to grow increasingly uneasy. He felt like a man being forced to ride full speed in a car with threadbare tires that might explode at any moment.

Much as he would have liked to believe it, Colin could not believe that she had secretly

abandoned the idea of giving a party at all, and meant to prolong her good behavior until the deadline had been crossed. When no definite announcements seemed to be forthcoming from her, it had entered his head that possibly she had given in to his arguments, but wanted to keep him on tenterhooks until the very last. The wish was so obviously the father to this thought, however, that he promptly dismissed it from his mind. It was far too good to be true.

The explosion came the next day. It happened in the evening, when they were all in their rooms, dressing for dinner. Colin, in trousers and undershirt, had just finished lathering one side of his face, when he heard a sound which made him drop the shaving brush and dash out, just as he was, onto the gallery.

Down in the patio, in the full light of the torchères, stood Mr. Alonzo Hornsby. He was rocking on his heels and looking up at the gallery and bellowing Colin's name.

"Hey, O'Rourke," he shouted thickly, "hey, O'Rourke! I want O'Rourke!"

Colin leaned over the balustrade. "Shut up, you fool," he cried. "Stop that racket."

Mr. Hornsby blinked at the soap-whitened face, but seemed not to recognize it. "I want O'Rourke," he bawled again, in tones that resounded through the patio.

Colin started for the stairs, with the idea of whisking his caller into the lounge. But before he could reach the top stair, other doors opened, including Hope's. The latter, a filmy negligée held about her slim figure, emerged from her room.

"What goes on?" she inquired. Then, as she took in the scene, she called to the little man teetering below: "Oh, hello, Hornsby, it's you. What about my Indians? I want to see you, Hornsby."

"Where's O'Rourke?" demanded the visitor hoarsely. "I don't want to see you. O'Rourke's the fella I want to see."

(To be Concluded)

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

number was estimated to be between 4,000 and 5,000. The first event of the convention was the opening exercises at Reservoir Park, where, upon the Memorial Monument to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Meade D. Detweiler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener laid a wreath. Soon thereafter, at State Capitol Park, the "Famous Forty" Male Chorus and the Band of Pottsville Lodge, No. 207, with Edgar Brown conducting, gave a concert before a huge and appreciative throng. The official opening of the convention took place soon thereafter in the ballroom of the Penn-Harris Hotel. Herman A. Earley, City Commissioner and Exalted Ruler of No. 12, spoke to welcome the five hundred delegates in attendance to Harrisburg. The principal address of the evening was that of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. It followed a talk given by Judge William M. Hargest, of Dauphin County. After the termination of this initial session, the Association held a reception in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. The first business session took place the following morning. After an expression of greeting by Mayor George A. Hoverter, and subsequent speeches by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Grand Secretary Masters and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen made an inspiring address. At this meeting, too, the election of officers for the coming year was held. Those chosen were M. F. Horne, New Kensington Lodge, No. 512, President; James B. Sleeman, Huntington Lodge, No. 976, Vice-President; W. S. Gould, Scranton Lodge, No. 123, Secretary; Henry W. Gough, Harrisburg Lodge, Treasurer; and Dr. J. Roy Cherry, Williamsport Lodge, No. 173, Trustee for five years. In discussing the matter of where to hold the convention in 1932, the delegates voted to entrust the decision to the Trustees of the Association. A second business session was called in the afternoon, whereafter the ritualistic contest for the championship of the State was held. Washington Lodge, No. 770, emerged victorious for the third successive time and thereby came into permanent possession of

the championship trophy. Apollo Lodge, No. 386, was second. A new trophy will be provided next year. While the competition was in progress before the delegates, the social and sporting events of the convention began. For Elks, there was a golf tournament, played upon the public course at Hershey, and a trapshoot, contested at the West Fairview range of the Harrisburg Sportsmen's Association. An extensive and interesting sight-seeing tour was arranged for the ladies. In the golf tournament, Thomas Wickersham, of Harrisburg Lodge, won first place in the eighteen-hole medal play, with a score of 82; and Raymond Jackson, of Bangor Lodge, No. 1106, led the field in the handicap event. The representatives of Ashland Lodge, No. 384, took the major honors in the trapshoot, when J. J. Broderick won first prize in the Class A individual shoot; and the marksmen of No. 384 tied with E. C. Brightbill, of Harrisburg Lodge, with a score of 99, in the Class A shoot, but score on an additional twenty-five targets. The complete results of the trapshoot were as follows: Class A: J. J. Broderick, Ashland Lodge, first, with 99; E. C. Brightbill, Harrisburg Lodge, second, with 99; R. R. Smith, of York Ashland Lodge, third, with 98; J. J. O'Brien, of Robert Kling, of Middletown Lodge, No. 1092, first, with 96; A. C. Millard, of Harrisburg Lodge, second, with 96; H. M. Pepper, of Ashland Lodge, third, with 96; Dr. G. A. Dapp, of Harrisburg Lodge, fourth, with 96. Class C: R. E. Downs, of York Lodge, first, with 92; W. H. Hartsock, of Harrisburg Lodge, second, with 91; A. P. Davey, of York Lodge, third, with 91; P. B. Stout, of Harrisburg Lodge, fourth, with 91. Class D: C. P. Fasnacht, of Middletown Lodge, first, with 87; Mr. Trout, of York Lodge, second, with 87; C. H. Yerger, of Harrisburg Lodge, third, with 84; L. E. Sentz, of York Lodge, fourth, with 83. Team scores: Ashland Lodge, first, with 484 out of 500 (Broderick 99, McAndrews 97, O'Brien 97, Pepper 96, Truscott

95); Harrisburg Lodge, second, with 482 out of 500 (Brightbill 99, Millard 96, Dapp 96, Gilbert 95, Kling 96); York Lodge, third, with 470 out of 500 (Smith 98, Grove 95, Rexroth 94, Downs 92, Davey 91). Upon the third day of the Association's gathering, only one business session took place, a brief one in the morning. It was followed by memorial exercises. The afternoon was devoted entirely to recreation. For Elks, there was a stag picnic; and for their wives a boat trip, during which luncheon was served and a card party given. In the evening, the members of the Order and the ladies gathered together upon another sail upon the Susquehanna River. The features of this event included dancing, vaudeville entertainment and a picnic. About eight hundred persons took part in this enjoyable affair. Early in the evening, the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the Southeast District of Pennsylvania met for a brief period. Upon the morning of the fourth and final day of the convention, the last business meeting was held. The principal feature of this was the installation of the new officers. The ceremony was made the more impressive by the assistance, as an escort, of the Legion of Honor of Philadelphia Lodge, No. 2, a military unit composed entirely of ex-Service men. Other incidents of the forenoon were a concert by the Boys' Band of Apollo Lodge, in State Capitol Park; and one by the Band of Reading Lodge, No. 115, before the offices of a Harrisburg newspaper. In the afternoon, the parade, one of the most colorful in the history of the Association's meetings, took place. The procession moved through the main streets of the city, headed by an escort of motorcycle police. Thereafter, in the order given, came Oscar Howe, Sergeant-at-Arms; Chief Marshal George J. Shoemaker and his aides; the Drum and Bugle Corps of Aurand Post, No. 1086, Veterans of Foreign Wars; officers of the State Elks Association, accompanied by A. H. Kreidler, Chairman of the Convention Committee, and Albert J. Mehring, Secretary, of Harrisburg Lodge; the Band of Harrisburg Post, American Legion; the Drum

and Bugle Corps of Steelton Post, American Legion; Harrisburg Lodge; and thereafter four divisions of marchers and musical organizations. In the first division were, in addition to a number of unaffiliated bands, the Drum and Bugle Corps of York Post, American Legion; York Lodge, No. 213; and Philadelphia Lodge, with its Band and Mounted Patrol. The second division comprised Erie Lodge, No. 67, with its Band and Drill Team; and Reading Lodge, Scranton Lodge, Allentown Lodge, No. 130, and Lancaster Lodge, No. 134, with their Bands and Marching Clubs. Constituting the third division were Bethlehem Lodge, No. 191, with its Band and Marching Club; Pottsville Lodge, with its Band, Chorus and Marching Club; Tyrone Lodge, No. 212, with its Drum and Bugle Corps and Marching Club; and Carlisle Lodge, No. 578, and Lebanon Lodge, No. 631, with their Bands and Marching Clubs. The fourth and final division included the Bands and Marching Clubs of Danville Lodge, No. 754, Pottstown Lodge, No. 814, Milton Lodge, No. 913, Middletown Lodge, No. 1092, and Freeland Lodge, No. 1145. A notable special participant in the parade was the Mount Carmel Boys Band, of 600 pieces. For excellences of several sorts manifested in the parade, prizes were awarded to a number of participating units. Lancaster Lodge was the only double first-place winner, carrying off the judges' decision for having the largest number of marchers and for the best-appearing drill team. For appearance of drill teams, Erie Lodge won second prize. For the best-appearing delegation, Reading Lodge won first place, Danville Lodge second, and Allentown Lodge third. The award for the best-appearing band went to Pottsville Lodge, and that for the best-appearing drum and bugle corps to Middletown Lodge. Past President Howard R. Davis was chairman of the committee in charge of awards. With this parade and a concert during the evening thereafter by the "Famous Forty" Male Chorus and Band of Pottsville Lodge, the convention ended.

Minnesota

GRAND EXALTED RULER JOHN R. COEN and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters were among the many distinguished guests attending the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association, held recently in Hibbing, under the auspices of Lodge No. 1022. At the ceremonies on the opening day of the three-day meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a splendid address before the hundreds of Minnesota Elks gathered in the auditorium of Hibbing Lodge. Following the opening ceremonies, the delegates met to elect the Association's officers for the coming year. A. K. Cohen, of Brainerd Lodge, No. 615, was chosen President. Other officers named were: First Vice-President, Robert H. Stark, Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44; Second Vice-President, Walter C. Marcum, Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052; Third Vice-President, Harry C. Boyle, Duluth Lodge, No. 133; Secretary, Vincent C. Jenny, St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Treasurer, W. M. Ericson, Red Wing Lodge, No. 845; and Trustee for three years, Thomas J. Griffith, Minneapolis Lodge. Among the many events of interest to take place during the convention were the Band and the Drum and Bugle Corps contests. In the first of these competitions the Elks Band of Mankato Lodge, No. 225, won the "Gus Ludwig Band Trophy" for the second time. The

band needs to win only once more to retain permanent possession of that trophy, offered by Gus Ludwig, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. The Band of Bemidji Lodge received second prize. In the Drum and Bugle Corps contest the musicians of Rochester Lodge, No. 1091, were awarded first prize. Second place went to Winona Lodge, No. 327. The social side of the convention was replete with interesting features. Among them were a golf tournament, a sight-seeing tour for all Elks and their ladies, a spec-

officers. At this George L. Steinbrenner, of Missoula Lodge, was chosen President; John Abel, of Lewistown Lodge, First Vice-President; E. E. Wigal, of Missoula Lodge, Second Vice-President; D. C. Warren, of Glendive Lodge, No. 1324, Third Vice-President; Charles J. Carroll, of Billings Lodge, No. 394, Fourth Vice-President; C. E. Johnson, of Missoula Lodge, Secretary; S. Arthur Parry, of Anaconda Lodge, No. 239, Treasurer; and John K. Claxton, of Butte Lodge, No. 240, Trustee for five years. Past

President J. W. Walker, of Kalispell Lodge, installed the new officers. Mr. Walker was one of six former heads of the Association in attendance at the session. The delegates voted to hold the 1932 convention at Lewistown. There were, in addition to this, several other resolutions adopted. It was decided that the Association should hereafter present a silver cup and a cash prize to the champion ritualistic team of the State. This year's award was given to the representatives of Kalispell Lodge, the only contestants to present themselves. The delegates expressed themselves, moreover, as favoring cash prizes for bands attending the convention. In the course of the final session, too, a vote of thanks was given to Lewistown Lodge for its generous offer to build an additional house at the Association's camp on Flathead Lake. After adjournment of the business meeting, a

baseball game was played between the teams of Missoula Lodge and Anaconda Lodge. The convention parade, notable for the presence in line of the Drum and Bugle Corps of Butte Lodge, the national champions of the Order; and of the Band of Lewistown Lodge, was held in the evening. Immediately thereafter the final social event of the yearly gathering took place, the ball in honor of the retiring President, H. G. Karow. It proved a splendid climax to one of the most successful conventions the Montana Elks have had.

Illinois

MORE than 8,700 patients have been examined at clinics sponsored by or associated with Lodges which are members of the Illinois State Elks Association since the inception of that organization's work in behalf of the crippled children of its State. This was announced at the second session of the convention of the Association, held a short time ago at the Home of Springfield Lodge, No. 158. The information was a part of the report of the Association's Crippled Children's Commission, presented to the delegates by its Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell. Besides its summation of the extent of the State-wide enterprise in behalf of disabled boys and girls, the report revealed that of the number of young patients treated two hundred and sixty-eight have been discharged as cured and that three hundred and seventy-five more are regarded by the clinics' physicians as well on the way to physical soundness. Other parts of the business relating to crippled children's welfare were a demonstration, given by the Crippled Children's Committee of Springfield Lodge, at St. John's Sanitarium, of all the steps taken in rehabilitation; and the adoption of a measure to assess members of Lodges belonging to the Association fifty cents each for the furtherance of this work. At the conclusion of the discussion of and action

(Continued on page 48)



"I wonder if there's any future in this business?"

tacular fireworks display, a banquet, and a street dance.

Montana

FIVE HUNDRED Elks, among them a number from other States, attended recently the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Montana State Elks Association, held at Missoula, under the auspices of Missoula, "Hellgate," Lodge, No. 383. The gathering extended over a period of three days, upon the last two of which business sessions took place. At the opening meeting, with the retiring President, H. G. Karow, of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, occupying the chair, the delegates were welcomed by Mayor W. H. Beacom. To his hospitable words, Trustee Arthur J. Baker, of Lewistown Lodge, No. 456, responded in behalf of the Association. The reading of a message from Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and an address by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. M. Holbert were other features of the initial assembly. From noon onward the visitors turned their attention principally to entertainment. At one o'clock the ladies of Missoula Lodge were hostesses to the feminine visitors to the convention at a luncheon at the Florence Hotel. This was followed by an automobile tour of the city and a card party at the Elks Home. The interest of the Elks themselves was divided during the afternoon between the baseball game between the teams of Missoula and Kalispell Lodges and a band concert at the Court House given by the Band of Lewistown Lodge. In the evening the Purple and White Ball took place in the ballroom of the Home. The presence of many masquerade costumes made the affair an unusually colorful spectacle. Foremost among the business undertaken by the delegates when the formal sessions were resumed the next morning was the election of

(Continued from page 47)

upon this subject, the delegates had the pleasure of hearing a splendid address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trustees. The convention had opened the evening before, with three hundred and fifty members of the Order gathered in the auditorium of the Lodge Home. Speeches of welcome were made by Governor Louis L. Emmerson and Mayor J. W. Kapp, to which President Truman A. Snell responded, for the Association. There followed a memorial address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell in memory of the late John J. Faulkner, Past President of the Association. The initiation of a class of candidates by the Degree Team of Ottawa Lodge, No. 588, national and State champions; the presentation to the team of the Charles A. White trophy, emblematic of the State championship; and a social gathering on the roof garden of the Home concluded the events of the initial meeting. Upon the following afternoon, after the session devoted to crippled children's work, the delegates welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen to the convention, and later accompanied him to the tomb of Abraham Lincoln, upon which he laid a wreath. An inspiring address by Mr. Coen, briefer talk by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley and Floyd E. Thompson, Justice of the Grand Forum, and the election of officers constituted the major incidents of the concluding session of the convention the next morning. The officers chosen were the following: President, Dr. J. C. Dallenbach, Champaign Lodge, No. 398; First Vice-President, Dr. E. E. Hagler, Springfield Lodge; Second Vice-President, E. Nattkemper, Decatur Lodge, No. 401; Third Vice-President, C. J. Schulenberg, DeKalb Lodge, No. 765; Secretary, George W. Hasselman, La Salle Lodge, No. 584; Treasurer, William Fritz, Peoria Lodge, No. 20; Trustees, James Madison, Woodstock Lodge, No. 1043, Northeast; Marx Harder, Rock Island Lodge, No. 980, Northwest; Dr. J. F. Mohan, Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019, East Central; Earle Thompson, Galesburg Lodge, No. 804, West Central; Norman Hoffman, Centralia Lodge, No. 493, Southwest; Charles E. Conner, Olney Lodge, No. 926, Southeast; and Louis Calcaterra, West Frankfort Lodge, No. 1340, South. The Reverend Joseph Lonergan, of Woodstock Lodge, was reappointed Chaplain. It was voted that the convention next year should be held in Aurora. An interesting sporting event during the convention was a trapshoot. In this there were three divisions, the handicap and the Elks open, both won by Pete Erio, of Bullpitt; and the Elks title shoot, won by Chris Fischer, of Staunton, who tossed a coin to decide the tie with James Knox, of Springfield.

Massachusetts

DISCUSSION of plans for hospitalization work for the coming year and of means for the completing of the Association's Elk-on-the-Tail project formed a prominent part of the business of the first meeting of the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Brookline Lodge, No. 886. President Charles S. Riley occupied the chair during the session. In addition to the majority of the present officers, Past President Thomas J. Brady was a member of the gathering.

Wisconsin

THE Crippled Children's movement was staunchly backed at the twenty-ninth annual convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, held for three days recently at Sheboygan, under the auspices of Lodge No. 299. The report of the Crippled Children's Committee given by its chairman, Past President C. E. Broughton, showed that much had been

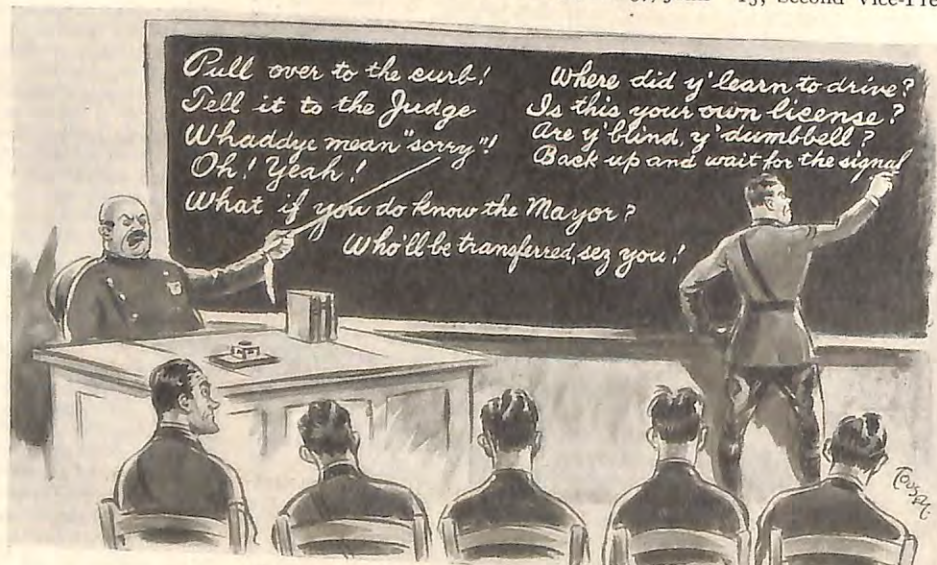
done by the Association in the furtherance of the Orthopedic Hospital erected recently at Madison; and that at the close of the present fiscal year there is a fund of over \$1,300 at the disposal of the committee. At the request of the committee the delegates to the convention adopted a resolution creating a Crippled Children's Board to replace the present committee. This will be a permanent instrument to carry on the work of this type performed by the Elks of Wisconsin. One of the highlights of the convention was the address of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, delivered before the delegates at the banquet on the second night of the meeting. He again spoke at the convention on the morning of the closing day. On his way to Sheboygan to attend the convention the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, visited at Riverbend, the home of former Governor Walter J. Kohler at Kohler, where they were entertained by the former Wisconsin executive. Among the other distinguished visitors attending the convention were Grand Trustee John K. Burch; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank A. Maxwell; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank R. McAdams; Past President William A. Schad, of the Association; State Senator Thomas Duncan, representing Governor Phillip F. LaFollette; and Mayor Otto Guessenhainer, of Sheboygan. The opening business session was held in the auditorium of a local theatre on Thursday afternoon, the first day of the convention. The session began with an organ recital which was followed by the invocation delivered by the Reverend Henry Halinde, Chaplain of the Association. Addresses of welcome were given by Mayor Guessenhainer and William H. Rietow, convention chairman. A response was made by the retiring President of the Association, E. W. Mackey. There followed an intermission until the evening, when the session was resumed with a ritualistic contest between the teams of Appleton Lodge, No. 337, and Kenosha Lodge, No. 750. The event was won by the Appleton Lodge team. The judges for the contest were L. A. Peterson, Superior Lodge, No. 403, A. G. Carlson, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402, and E. S. Nelson, Antigo Lodge, No. 662. No business session was held on Friday. The day was given over to the golf and trapshooting contests and other events. The morning session of Saturday, the third day of the convention, was devoted to the reading of the annual report of the Crippled Children's Committee. Immediately following this the delegates elected the officers for the ensuing year. Raymond C. Dwyer, of La Crosse Lodge, No. 300, was chosen President. Other officers named were First Vice-President, J. W. Selbach, Eau Claire Lodge, No. 402; Second Vice-President, J. R. Jones, Jr., Racine Lodge, No. 252; Third Vice-President, Elmer S. Nelson, Antigo Lodge, No. 662; Fourth Vice-President, Myron E. Schwartz, Two Rivers Lodge, No. 1380; Secretary, Theodore Benfey, Sheboygan Lodge; Treasurer, Lou Uecker, Marinette Lodge, No. 1313; and Trustees, E. W. Mackey, Manitowoc Lodge, No. 687, D. R. Mihills, Fond du Lac Lodge, No. 57, John

J. Pecher, Madison Lodge, No. 410, Harry A. Kiefer, Wausau Lodge, No. 248, and L. A. Peterson, Superior Lodge, No. 403. After the officers had been installed, the meeting was brought to a close with a memorial service, led by Frank Fawcett of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46. Among the social activities enjoyed by the hundreds of delegates, their wives and friends attending the convention, were the golf and trapshooting contests, concerts by the Appleton Lodge Band and the Maas Band of Sheboygan and a visit to the village of Kohler. In the trapshoot, which was held on Friday, the Fond du Lac Lodge team won first place. Second place was won by the Manitowoc Lodge team, with the gun team from Green Bay placing third. Dr. R. B. Power, of Green Bay Lodge, won first place in the Elliot sliding handicap 50-bird event with 45 targets to his credit. E. F. Rider, Oshkosh Lodge, was second with 44. M. Raidy, Fond du Lac Lodge, took first place in the 24-pair doubles with a score of 20. F. Sempeck, of the same Lodge, had the highest individual score, with 89; and the highest consecutive run, with 29. The golf tournament for Elks visiting the convention, held at Pine Hills and River Dale, attracted sixty-four golfers from many cities of the State. C. L. Horning, Fond du Lac Lodge, won the low gross with the score of 78. Dr. Flatery of Milwaukee Lodge had low net and Mr. McDaniels of Green Bay Lodge had the lowest number of putts, totaling 28. One of the most attractive features of the entire convention was the gigantic parade, which started its spectacular march through the streets of the city early Saturday afternoon. Over thirty thousand people lined the sidewalks along the route taken by the procession. The first of the three divisions of the parade included Grand Lodge and Association officers, the Wisconsin State Elks Association Band and Appleton Walking Club, the Juvenile Drum and Fife Corps of Fond du Lac Lodge, the Green Bay Lodge Band and the bands and marching clubs of seven other Lodges. In the second division marched State and national military bands and fife and drum corps, and the G. A. R., Spanish War, Foreign Wars and World War Veterans. Floats and other displays made up the third division. At the end of the parade the winners for the best fife and drum corps and bands were announced by the judges. The American Legion Boy Scout Fife and Drum Corps won first place. The band selected by the judges was that of Appleton Lodge, with the Kohler Band second and Milwaukee Lodge Band winning third.

Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia

AT THE eleventh annual convention of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association, recently held at Cumberland and attended by over three thousand Elks, Hugh E. Curran, of Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307, was elected by the delegates to serve as President for the ensuing year. Other officers named were First Vice-President Francis X. Walsh, Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; Second Vice-President Lawrence E. Enson,

Towson, Md., Lodge, No. 469; Third Vice-President Maurice Domenici, Hagerstown, Md., Lodge, No. 378; Secretary John J. Powell, Wilmington Lodge; Treasurer Charles R. Klosterman, Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7; Trustees John E. Lynch, Washington Lodge, John B. Berger and Charles B. Boyer, Baltimore Lodge, John J. Powell, Wilmington Lodge, W. N. French, Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, Alfred W. Gaber, Frederick, Md., Lodge No. 684, and Duncan E. Schaffer, Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470. The three-day convention opened on a Monday morning Retiring President (Continued on page 50)



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 Mollineux Bros., Inc., Hempstead, N. Y.
 City of New Orleans, La.

City of New York, N. Y.
 New York Central Railroad
 New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad
 Pennsylvania Railroad
 Philadelphia Inquirer
 Philadelphia National Bank
 S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass.
 Pittsburgh Post-Gazette
 Reeves, Parvin & Co., Inc., Huntingdon, Pa.
 G. W. Richardson & Son, Auburn, N. Y.
 City of Richmond, Va.
 St. Mary's of the Springs, Shepherd, O.
 St. Vincent De Paul Society, Milwaukee, Wis.

Simpson & Morehead, Inc., Troy, N. Y.
 P. A. & S. Small Co., York, Pa.
 Southern Railway System
 Steinman Hardware Co., Inc., Lancaster, Pa.
 John L. Thompson & Sons Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.
 United States of America
 John Wanamaker, New York, N. Y.
 Warner Company, Philadelphia, Pa.
 City of Washington, D. C.
 James Y. Watkins & Sons, Inc., New York, N. Y.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from page 48)

Taylor Morrison presided at the meeting. Mayor Thomas W. Koon, of Cumberland, after his address of welcome, presented the key of the city to the delegates. The invocation was pronounced by Chaplain James W. Young, of the Association, prior to the business session. Several interesting and important reports were discussed at the next meeting on Tuesday morning. Among these were a report by Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart on the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.; and an address by Past Exalted Ruler John D. Fitzgerald, of Washington Lodge, who spoke on the improvement of ritualistic work. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lawrence E. Enson, of Maryland, addressed the delegates on the value of inter-Lodge visitations. Election of the officers was the next event on the program of the day's business session. At ten o'clock in the morning

of the last day the delegates met to install the new officers. An elaborate program of entertainment furnished much pleasure to the many Elks, their wives and their friends attending the convention. On Monday, after the close of the first business session, a sightseeing tour provided the visitors with an opportunity to motor through the beautiful country in which the city of Cumberland is situated. Boxing matches were held later, at eight o'clock that evening. The proceeds from them were donated to the Association's crippled children's fund. The next afternoon an old-fashioned picnic and frolic was held at the Cumberland Fair Grounds. The festivities reached a climax on the third and last day of the convention. A thousand or more Elks and their wives arrived in the city to augment the already tremendous crowds. Two important events were featured on the program. These were the banquet for the delegates and

the grand parade. The dinner, a pleasant and informal affair held at the Queen City Hotel, was attended by about one hundred delegates, officers of the Association and guests. Retiring President Morrison, in the capacity of master of ceremonies, introduced the speakers. Promptly, as scheduled, the parade, in which thousands of Elks marched, got under way at seven o'clock. Stretching through many city blocks, the floats, the bands and the fife and drum corps, each leading a group of marchers, provided the crowds lining the sidewalks with a thrilling spectacle. For the best band, for having the most men in line and for having the best-decorated float in the parade, three prizes were awarded to Hagerstown Lodge, No. 378. Frostburg Lodge won a prize for making the best appearance; and Crisfield, Md., Lodge, No. 1044, for coming the longest distance, received a special prize.

Pill Rollers

(Continued from page 9)

contempt. He might despise a man; he wouldn't have published his weakness to the world, unless conscience demanded it. Doctor Blayds' conscience could do strange things; it was whispering to him now that his outraged sanctity should assert itself in a denunciation of this bribe-giver. However, he decided at length that he'd await developments and do nothing in haste.

Now, Doctor Blayds was accurate enough in some of his deductions. Doctor Stevens wasn't the sort who'd ever astound the medical fraternity. His drinking, no doubt, was unfortunate, or reprehensible, as you prefer. But as to paying hush-money to anyone, Doctor Stevens simply wasn't capable of it. He'd chanced to meet Doctor Blayds; he had a high opinion of him as a theoretical expert; he remembered his ability at the medical school; he really had seen his name at the head of articles too technical for Doctor Stevens to read.

And Doctor Stevens recognized his own deficiencies, or some of them, and was humble about them. He had a big practice and neither the time nor the taste for experiments or research. Many a case puzzled him, and he was willing to give his patients a break.

During the next two years Doctor Stevens summoned Doctor Blayds for consultation thirty-seven times. Doctor Blayds never got a cent less than two hundred dollars; plenty and plenty of times it was Doctor Stevens who was paying the bill. He could afford it; he had many wealthy patients, and if it happened to be a poor man whose case baffled him, or bothered him, he'd send for Doctor Blayds, without a second thought, and pay his fee himself.

IT WAS prosperity for Doctor Blayds, who had lived so frugally for years. He even joined a club, where he played a solemn, accurate, annoying game of bridge. He picked up a patient or two, on his own time—not many.

Stevens wanted him to go to New York; Doctor Blayds declined. He wasn't anxious to leave Philadelphia; it suited him better to be summoned. He had moved to a better street, and the waiting for patients wasn't as dismal as it used to be. He liked the little trips to New York; he liked to be Doctor Blayds, the eminent consultant from out of town. He preferred diagnosis to practice, that was the truth. He was an expert.

Also, of course, if he lived at some little distance, there wouldn't be so good an opportunity for anyone to sniff inquiringly at the extent of his private practice. Doctor Blayds no doubt didn't emphasize that reason, even to himself. He was, admittedly, a righteous man; he was ever willing to give himself credit for the best motives. As that heady moralist, Mr. Norman Douglas, has remarked, it's a harmless form of self-delusion.

His attitude toward Doctor Stevens hadn't changed much. He was still contemptuous of Stevens' ability, though he was now ready to admit that Stevens had a certain rough and ready facility, a good manner with patients. That's what he thought it was, a good manner. It never occurred to him that Doctor Stevens was

as good as a blood transfusion to many a sufferer; that his cheeriness, his actor's affability, his refusal to admit defeat, were truly professional qualities; that there was something akin to hypnosis in his purring, thick voice, in his great plump hands.

Blayds abhorred Stevens' drinking, and Doctor Stevens was drinking, still. Not often, not nearly so often as Blayds suspected.

How could Blayds be expected to know anything about a hulking, bestial man such as Stevens was? Blayds never looked at a well man with any accuracy; moral prejudice and lack of sympathy made him blind. Stevens' ethics were forced upon him by circumstances, and rigid virtue was contrary to whatever hazy convictions he entertained. He was lawless, he was vigorous; he was a smooth liar, even for a doctor. He might easily have been a barbarian chief, a thug, a gun-man. He loved to play, and he had to steal his play time. He loved his children, and for their sake, he shied away from adventure. He was in a business that demanded exactness, carefulness, accuracy, that strained his nerves, as a watchmaker's nerves are strained, and Stevens was no watchmaker except by accident; his normal impulse was to bang and tear, and smash through obstacles always.

Yet Doctor Stevens loved his business, too, as he hated it; success filled him with exultation, the death of a patient cast him down. It was all personal with Stevens; having abandoned the idea of God, he believed in himself, instead. There were things he couldn't do, he knew that; there were things he could do supremely well, he and his ignorance and his huge uncanny hands. Doctor means a learned man, so they say; Stevens wasn't that; he was a healer.

It may be pertinent to notice, too, that Doctor Stevens never forgot to hear his phone ring; that if the patient heard the doctor was out, it was apt to be true. Doctor Stevens had his own conscience, such as it was; he declined no challenges, at any rate.

It's hard to say whether Blayds ever realized that he hated Stevens. Hatred wasn't a noble emotion; Blayds would have confessed cheerfully to contempt. He still believed that Stevens had tried to buy his silence concerning his drinking; that Stevens, having discovered his skill, had continued the partnership. He had no idea that Stevens would say to himself, occasionally, "Well, I guess I'll have Scissors in, give him a look at this; won't do any harm, he'd like to see it anyhow." He never knew how accurately Stevens had diagnosed the case of Doctor Blayds, how he had guessed that Blayds' practice didn't amount to much, never would amount to much. He may have known that Stevens respected him; he never guessed that Stevens pitied him. That was well, for pity would have been to Doctor Blayds the last impertinence.

One afternoon, Blayds was sitting calmly in his club, playing three no trump, not doubled, in his usual irritating, competent style, when the phone rang. There'll be no phone in the doctor's heaven. "Doctor Blayds? On the phone, Doctor Blayds." The doctor looked up,

frowning, played his hand out, and then took the receiver.

New York was on the wire. Mr. Horace Grafton was calling Doctor Blayds, to find out where Doctor Stevens might be.

"I don't know where he is," said Blayds. "He's consulting with you, Doctor, isn't he?" Blayds thought, for a moment. "Oh, yes," he said.

It appeared that Mrs. Grafton needed Doctor Stevens at once. Doctor Blayds—could Doctor Blayds manage to come, too? They'd never forget it.

"I'll call you in a few minutes," said Doctor Blayds.

He hopped into a taxicab, and drove to Kohlemaier's Café.

THERE was Doctor Stevens, all right. Drunk, and more than drunk, and sodden, and stupid. He scarcely looked up.

"Stevens—Mrs. Grafton wants you," said Doctor Blayds.

Stevens stared at him. "Her husband's almost frantic." Still no word from Doctor Stevens.

"You've done it this time, all right, Stevens. I was wondering how long you'd last. Now you're through. You sit here, in a drunken debauch, and leave your patient to die—"

"What's 'at?'" said Stevens.

"Your patient, Mrs. Grafton." Stevens' body jerked. "Who?"

"Mrs. Grafton."

"Get cup coffee. Get cup coffee," said Stevens, and made as if to rise.

Doctor Blayds went to the bar, and fetched a cup of black coffee.

"Scissors—you—you help me—drink it."

Blayds helped him. Stevens choked, and spat.

"Awright. C'mon, Scissors. C'mon. Five minutes, n'en, c'mon. She's a—nervous woman. She's a—tough case—Judas. I'm—I'm terrible. Ooh! Get aeroplane. C'mon."

"An aeroplane," said Blayds, who'd as soon have thought of traveling in a hearse.

"Yes. Aeroplane. Gotta get aeroplane. Gotta get there. Nervous woman. Lose 'at case, 'f I'm not there."

"I'll call them up, get somebody else."

"No! NO! Me! I'm only one. Only one in world. Nervous—nervous woman. Yellow. Nice girl, but's yellow. Let me get in there, 's all right. S'all right then. I'll kid her along. I'll pull her through. You can't; nobody else can. Judas! I'm not myself."

"I notice that," said Blayds, and sneered.

"C'mon. Help me up. Help me up. I'll go. Get—get straightened out. In—in aeroplane—"

"You can't go. You can't possibly go."

"I'll go. I'll go. I got to go. Baby case."

"Oh," said Blayds slowly.

"Yes. It's not her time. Baby case. Thassit, see? Thass toughest case inna world. Get in there sometimes, donna what to do. Say to yourself, 's a baby case. Can't lose this. N'en, by Judas, you get in, and scrap, and you DON'T lose 'em. No, by Judas. Come on. Help me up. Get aeroplane."

(Continued on page 52)

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(Continued from page 50)

"You can't possibly—"

"I'm going. I got to. This kid, this poor yellow dame, nice woman, too— She won't even go to hospital. No. Too scared. She's gotta have me there. Gotta have somebody, somebody, big, somebody got guts, help her, jolly her along. C'mon."

He lurched to his feet, staggered, fell flat, and groaned; clawed at the floor. "C'mon, boys. Las' five yards," he said, and cursed. "C'mon. Somebody help me up. Help me up, you yellow dogs. I got—baby case—"

Blayds looked down at him for a second; felt his heart, nodded. He walked outside to the bar, shutting the door carefully behind him. As he went, he made up his mind.

"Here you, bartender—you take care of Do— of that gentleman in there. Put him in bed; let him sleep. When he wakes up, you tell him Doctor Blayds has gone to New York for him. Get that? Doctor Blayds, yes."

Then he called up Mr. Horace Grafton on the long distance.

"Grafton? Hello. Doctor Blayds—How's everything?—More quiet, hey? That's fine. Now, I tell you. I'll be right over. I'm coming by aeroplane, yes— Doctor Stevens is in the hospital. Hit by a taxi. No, just badly shaken."

It appeared that Mr. Grafton was relieved that, at least, he'd have the services of the eminent Doctor Blayds.

"Uh—if it seems urgent call in somebody—The nurse is there?—Good. I'll

be there. I'll be right over. Don't you worry. By Judas, I'll be there in twenty-five minutes. Yes, by Judas. Nonsense, not at all, and for heaven's sake, cheer up, and keep away from the patient; give me a chance. G'bye."

He hung up and wiped the sweat off his face. This would be the fifth confinement case that Doctor Blayds had ever undertaken. The first four had been in the hospital, or on the way to the hospital. He'd always had help, before, except in the ambulance cases. He'd lost one of those. That wasn't his fault. Still, he'd lost it. Of the two real cases where he'd been in charge, his percentage was just fifty.

He was scared to death. Scared of the aeroplane, scared of what he'd find in the Grafton house. No hospital, this time, no ambulance to come clanging to the rescue.

NOTHING, nothing behind him now, except a picture in his mind, the picture of a sot groveling on a bar-room floor, a drunken man, trying desperately to pull himself together, and to grope his way to the next battle. Another



"Mm-m- Roses!"

picture, too, a picture of himself straightening his body up gladly, when he heard an ambulance-bell ringing. A picture of himself, as he let another man, a doctor in a white coat, shoulder him away from a job that he had begun.

"Agh!" said Doctor Blayds, who had found contempt for himself, at last, which is the beginning of wisdom. Doctor Blayds who'd caught the most dangerous of all diseases—a fighting heart. Don't ever think that it's not catching. It's not necessary to be born with one. It can be acquired. It can be acquired from the lowest, the commonest sort of people, as, for example, such people as Doctor Cyrus J. Stevens. It's something that toughens by use, too, until finally,

it makes a man go banging into all sorts of trouble that's none of his business, just because he sees something that needs fixing.

"I'll show you, Stevens, who's got guts, by Judas," said Doctor Blayds, to himself. "I'll get that damned aeroplane—wonder how you get an aeroplane—Where's my bag?"

He was thinking so much about whether he could give a good competent imitation of the blustering, breezy Doctor Stevens that he didn't mind the aeroplane at all. It did make him somewhat sick; no matter.

When he arrived in New York, he bought himself a cup of coffee. He'd had his own debauch; was still having it. Only it wasn't whiskey inside of him. It was something that said, "All right, fellow, you're in trouble now. I'm with you." Every time it pumped, it said that.

He went clanging up to the Grafton house, rehearsing his opening lines for the last time.

"Hello there, you," he said to young Mr. Grafton. "How you doing?—Upstairs, hey?"

"Thank God you've come, Doctor," said Grafton.

Doctor Blayds might well have thanked God, too, on his own account, since he was a man interested in saving his soul, and such spiritual matters. His soul had been pretty sick, if he'd only known it. He'd never know just how sick it had been. That's the way it is with people like Doctor Blayds.

It wouldn't be very long, now, before he'd be contemptuous of cowards, too. Some learn very slowly, and charity is the last thing that they learn.

He winked at Grafton. "Ah, snap out of it," he said, which, so he fancied, was in Doctor Stevens' best style. "I never lost a baby case in my life. Never lost one. I won't lose this, by Judas."

Then, in louder tones, "Hello, sweetheart. I'm here. It's Doc. You'll be O.K. now, sweetheart."

Swaggering, and with a firm step, he followed his high voice up the stairs to a white door and a battlefield.

The Candle of John Smith

(Continued from page 15)

was generally looked up to as a prominent citizen of the region. But now came tales of John Smith's youth—of involvements in debt, of patrimonial warnings, of subsequent irregularities in business dealings, and finally broad hints of unscrupulous characteristics. The gossips went back into his youthful days and revived forgotten whispers. Where did John Smith get the money he spent so plentifully, they asked?

Two months after the death of the stranger a gentleman appeared on the scene and began a quiet investigation. He said that his name was Thomson, that he came from London to see if his brother, who had been missing for several months, might not have been one and the same deceased traveler. The horse and the clothes he instantly recognized; and when the body was exhumed his suspicions were confirmed.

"It is the body of my brother, Henry Thomson, the wealthy jeweler of London," he said.

No sooner had this statement become known in the community than a dozen gossips began reporting to him on the ugly tales of John Smith's youth. The brother of Henry Thomson appealed to the magistrates of the district for an investigation, which they promptly undertook in secret because of Smith's high standing in the region, and because of the slender evidence available in the case. Certain witnesses were examined by the magistrate, and John Smith was arrested and lodged in jail.

The grand jury from whom an indictment for

willful murder was sought was basking in the august presence of Lord Mansfield, the famous English judge whose pronouncements on matters of law were followed with almost universal respect. Lord Mansfield had charged the grand jury to throw out the bill, if they entertained reasonable doubts of the sufficiency of the evidence to secure a conviction; but to bring in a true bill of indictment if they considered the evidence sufficient to warrant a trial. After a long discussion, and by a majority of only one vote, the grand jury brought in the indictment, and the public seethed with excitement in expectation of the approaching trial.

"Never shall I forget," writes an eye-witness, "the appearance of anxiety on every face as Lord Mansfield, the judge, entered the court. In an instant the most profound silence prevailed, and interest seemed to wait upon every word and look, as if divided between expectation and doubt, whether something might not even yet intervene to prevent the extraordinary trial from taking place. But nothing occurred; and the stillness was broken by the mellow and silvery voice of Lord Mansfield: 'Let John Smith be placed at the bar!'"

"The handsome and distinguished gentleman who was accused of murdering the jeweler then entered the dock. The prisoner's features were most remarkable. He was between forty and fifty years of age, with hair grown gray. The strength and uprightness of his figure, the haughty coldness of his look, the fire in his eye

which spoke of passion—all appeared to give an impression of power which we associate with deeds of high and noble daring. But a second and closer examination of the remarkable prisoner was less satisfactory. There was, indeed, the intellect to conceive schemes of high importance; but I fancied that I could trace in addition the ability to conceal a dark design, a power to penetrate the motives of others, and a deep and sinister cunning. Yet such was the appeal of this man of power that when the clerk cried out the customary: 'Are you guilty, or not guilty?' and the prisoner stood up to his full height, with his chains clanking above his legs, and said firmly: 'Not guilty!'—my faith in him rose and I reproached myself for having thought otherwise.

"The prosecuting attorney opened his case to the jury in a manner that indicated very little expectation of a conviction. He stated that in all his long experience he had never met with a case involved in deeper mystery than the death of Henry Thomson. It would be proved, he said, that the deceased had carried upon his person, before arriving at John Smith's house, a large quantity of precious stones and gold and valuable bills of exchange—all of which had disappeared completely. Yet, in full candor, he said, it must be admitted that not the slightest portion of these valuables had been found or traced to the possession of John Smith; indeed it could not be proved that anyone in the Smith household was even aware of the existence of

these riches in the pockets of the traveling jeweler.

"Moreover, the prosecuting attorney added, the prisoner at the bar was a man of respectable station in society, a man of character, a man of substantial property, and should be assumed above the ordinary temptations to commit so foul a crime. And as for a motive of revenge or malice on the part of the prisoner, the prosecution would not attempt to prove such, he said, for so far as could be ascertained, John Smith and Henry Thomson were perfect strangers to each other.

"At this amazing deprecation of his own side of the case by the prosecuting attorney, the crowded court room stared in astonishment. Had he reached the conviction that the prisoner was innocent and must, in common conscience, be acquitted? How came it the man was indicted, if there was no evidence? But the prosecuting attorney proceeded.

"Nevertheless, he continued, there were extraordinary circumstances connected with the death of Henry Thomson which were pregnant with suspicion and imperiously demanded explanation, and it was but justice to the accused as well as to the public that the trial go through.

"It was Henry Thomson's custom, he said, to transact his most important dealings in jewels with foreign merchants who came to England. He would go to Hull (a seaport) and meet Dutch and German diamond sellers in that city, returning to London from there by horse. It would be proved that Henry Thomson had bought a large quantity of gems from a Dutch salesman in Hull the day before he arrived at Smith's house. On his way back to London—a two- or three-day journey—he passed through the district where Smith's estate was located, and was seen to have alighted at Smith's gate. Nothing more was known, said the prosecutor, except that he was found dead in bed the next morning.

"BUT of the manner of his death it was now possible to speak exactly, he said. Henry Thomson had been poisoned! And it would be proved beyond doubt that he died of a mysterious and virtually unknown liquid poison—subtle, active, sedative in nature, and scarcely noticeable without elaborate tests for its presence. The poison was supposed to be the discovery of German chemists—concocted from a powerful distillation of the seed of the wild cherry trees of the Black Forest.

"But by whom was the poison administered? the prosecutor asked—and then admitted that it would be difficult to answer the question conclusively. However, he said, it hardly could have been suicide, for no bottle or phial or container of any kind had been discovered on the scene of the death or anywhere near it. Moreover, the jeweler, it would be proved, had no motive for taking his own life at that time.

"Did John Smith administer the poison to his stranger guest? As to that, the prosecuting attorney said, the jury must judge from this slender evidence:

"The Smith household consisted only of John Smith, his housekeeper, and a manservant. The manservant slept in a wing of the stable and did so on the night of Thomson's death. The prisoner slept at one end of the house and his housekeeper at the other end, and the deceased had been lodged in a room adjoining the housekeeper's. It would be proved, by the testimony of a person who happened to pass the house at three A.M. on the night in question, that a figure holding a lighted candle passed from the prisoner's room back to the housekeeper's room and then disappeared for the space of about one minute. Whether anyone went into the room of the sleeping Thomson the witness could not see, as the window of Thomson's room looked another way; but after the minute's darkness to the witness outside two figures appeared passing along the length of the house back to John Smith's room (where the candle had originally appeared)—and in about five minutes the candle was extinguished and he saw no more. The witness had stayed to observe the passing of the light because it was unusual for the household to be up that late, and his curiosity was aroused.

"This, the prosecuting attorney explained, was the evidence upon which the magistrates,

(Continued on page 54)

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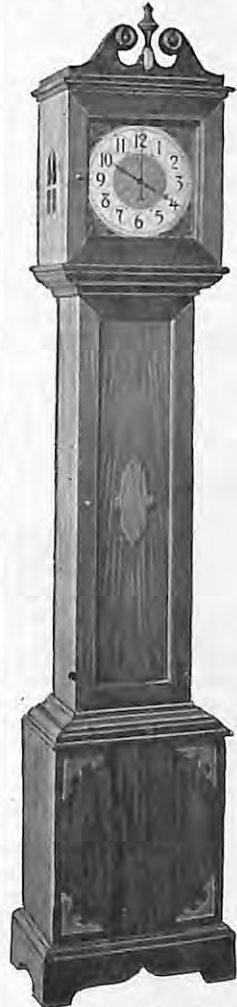
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. What was the name of the America's Cup defender which defeated Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V last year?
2. In what country did the game of polo originate?
3. Who said, "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise"?
4. What is the capital city of Rumania?
5. Of what metals is pewter made?
6. What was Mrs. Rudy Vallee's maiden name?
7. How many are the primary colors?
8. Where was Adolphe Menjou born?
9. Who was the last Democratic president before Wilson?
10. What is Admiral Byrd's middle name?
11. How long ago was our small-size paper currency issued?
12. Who is commander of the Graf Zeppelin?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 58)

(Continued from page 53)

in their secret examination, had committed John Smith; and strange enough, since his committal to jail the housekeeper had been missing, nor could any trace of her be discovered. Within the last week the witness who had seen the moving candle had been more particularly examined. In order to refresh his memory, said the prosecutor, he had been placed at dark in the very spot where he had stood that night; and others with him, to observe what actually could be seen. The entire scene of the moving candle had then been acted out within the house in the manner originally described by the witness; and the witness's range of vision from that spot was exactly verified. While it was impossible, as he had testified, for anyone to see whether or not the light had gone into the room where Thomson had slept, the passage of a candle from one end of the house to the other was easily discerned from the spot which the witness had occupied outside the house.

"But being placed in the same situation again, the witness claimed, reminded him of a new feature which he now insisted upon adding to his testimony. He said he distinctly remembered that on that night, after the two figures had returned to John Smith's room with the lighted candle—and before it was extinguished—the candle was *twice eclipsed*. That is, he saw some large dark object intervene between the lighted candle and the window, as if a door almost as large as the window itself had been placed before the light. This had happened twice, the witness would testify.

"However, said the prosecuting attorney, there was nothing in Smith's room which would account for such an incident. His bed was in a different part of the room. There was neither cupboard nor closet nor desk nor anything else in the room; the chamber was virtually empty, the prisoner's dressing room being some distance beyond it. Altogether it seemed but one more mysterious element in the case.

"One more fact, said the prosecutor, and then the jury could hear the witnesses themselves. The prosecutor would put in evidence the stopper of a small bottle which had been found in the prisoner's house—a stopper of unique character, not of English manufacture. Medical men would testify that it was of a kind used by chemists to preserve liquids which lose their power from exposure to the air. But as to whom the stopper belonged, or to what use it actually had been put, concluded the prosecutor, there was no evidence to show.

"During the delivery of the prosecutor's speech I had earnestly watched the face of John Smith, the prisoner. He listened with the deepest attention. Twice only did I observe that it produced the slightest emotion in him. When the disappearance of his housekeeper following his arrest was mentioned, a scornful smile played over his lips. When the discovery of the stopper was mentioned, he revealed a look of excitement and, I thought, of apprehension; but it quickly passed.

"The evidence for the prosecution was then formally presented. It varied in nothing from the prosecuting attorney's outline of what it would be. Finally the stopper was produced and was proved to have been found in the house of John Smith, although no attempt was made to trace it to the prisoner's possession, or even to his knowledge.

"As soon as the prosecution's case was closed Lord Mansfield turned to the prosecuting attorney and remarked that he thought there was hardly sufficient evidence to call upon the prisoner for his defense—and that if the jury were of the same opinion as he was they would at once stop the case. Whereupon the jury turned around for a moment and then indicated that they agreed with the judge on the feebleness of proof against the prisoner. The lawyers on both sides had actually folded up their briefs, and a verdict of acquittal was on the point of being taken, when John Smith addressed the court in an indignant and masterful voice.

"Your honor, my lord," he said to the learned judge, "I arise to my own defense. Having been accused of so foul a crime as murder, and having had my character assailed by suspicions of the most afflicting nature, I submit that I can never be cleared merely by an acquittal given upon the ground that the evidence against me is inconclusive. No, my lord, I have had no opportunity to state my own case, no opportunity to call a witness to counteract the impression that has been raised against me."

"AND the prisoner, in a really eloquent plea, begged so strongly to be allowed to address the jury and to call his housekeeper as witness—and was so strongly seconded by his counsel—that Lord Mansfield, though much against his inclination, and quite contrary to his usual habit, gave way and yielded to the request.

"At this the curiosity of those in the crowded court room rose to a great height, and the prisoner was followed with breathless interest, and much sympathy as well. I shall never forget this handsome man as he stood in the dock, vibrating with passionate utterance against the insinuations which had been raised against him.

"He called upon God to witness that he had never even heard of the existence of Henry Thomson before that fatal day, and did not know of his identity until two months later, when the brother arrived. No doubt it was true, he said, that the deceased had died of poison, as the physicians had since asserted; but he knew nothing of the poison and had never before even heard its name. The deceased man had perhaps lost his valuables on his journey during the day, or else had been robbed of them, and had determined in the night, while brooding over his loss, to commit suicide. Was this not a reasonable explanation? The fatal drug, he pointed out, was asserted by the prosecution to be well known in Germany, though not in England—and the jeweler admittedly had had trade relations with German and Dutch travelers, and had

traveled abroad in the past; while to himself, the prisoner asserted, the drug was unknown. As for the failure of the prosecution to find a phial or bottle from which the suicide might have drained the fatal draught—he could scarcely be expected to explain that. As for the alleged finding of the stopper, he knew nothing of it. It had been 'found,' he sneered, several months after the death took place, at a time when feeling was running high against him.

"Not a jot of proof," the prisoner asserted. Not a trace of the jewelry or money alleged to have been on the prisoner's person had been found; nor was any motive whatever proved for the terrible murder which, he said, had been conjured up for the minds of the jury. One fact only he said had been proved: the moving of the candle at night—and the explanation of that was obvious and simple as they would soon learn.

"IT WAS true, said he, that he rose in the middle of the night on which the jeweler had died, and passed down the house to the room of his housekeeper. For years he had been subject to attacks of illness in the night. He had been seized with one on that occasion. He had gone with a lighted candle in his hand and had waked the housekeeper for assistance in lighting the fire in his room until he felt better. He had waited a minute or so in the passageway, after going into her room to arouse her, while she shut the door and threw on some clothes. Then she had returned with him to his room, and after staying there a few minutes, left it, inasmuch as he then felt much better and felt sure that it was not a serious attack. After she had gone he retired again to bed, and had not yet risen from it in the morning when the manservant brought him the shocking news of the death of the stranger.

"As for the disappearance of his housekeeper, she had indeed disappeared, he said. She had been purposely lodged with his own lawyer so that none of his enemies could reach her and possibly tamper with her testimony, in an effort to fasten this false charge on him. She was at this moment under the care of his solicitor, he said, and would instantly appear to confirm the statements which he had just made.

"Such was the prisoner's address, delivered in a firm and impressive manner. It produced a most powerful effect; its simplicity and artlessness gave it the stamp of truth. The housekeeper was then brought in and put into the box and was examined by the prisoner's lawyer. According to the universal custom of the time (of excluding witnesses from court until their testimony was required) she had been kept at a house near at hand and had not heard a single word of the trial. She was an ordinary-looking woman of thirty-five, with regular but not pretty features, and an air free from embarrassment. She repeated in a very clear way the story which John Smith had told: of his frequent attacks of illness in the night, of his arousing her upon that night, of her going to his room with him, and how she had then soon retired to her own room. She added that she slept till morning, when the manservant awoke her with news of the stranger's death.

"At this precise and simple confirmation of John Smith's story the spectators nodded approvingly. The jury looked weary, as if regretful of the delay in reaching the verdict upon which they had decided informally a half hour before. And at this point the prosecuting attorney suddenly indicated that he would avail himself of his right to cross-examine the witness.

"Now it must be borne in mind that in all the talk since the prisoner's impassioned address began there had been no word spoken of the mysterious eclipse of John Smith's candle. The prisoner had made no explanation of this nor referred to it in any way, and this unexplained occurrence had been almost universally forgotten in the excitement of the trial. Not, however, by the prosecuting attorney, in whose logical and imaginative brain an idea of tremendous significance was stirring. He suspected that Smith had deliberately sloughed over the topic because there was a secret closet in his room. The opening of the door of such a closet twice would account for the eclipses of John Smith's candle; and nothing else, under all the circumstances, would account for them.

(Continued on page 56)

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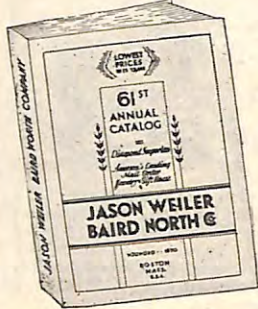
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(Continued from page 55)

To be sure the sheriff, in searching the room, had looked for such a closet but had not found it—yet it might be there!

"These were the thoughts which raced through the mind of the prosecuting attorney as he stood facing the housekeeper in the witness box, though in that crowded court room not one of us, least of all the prisoner at the bar, had the slightest inkling of his thoughts. It must be remembered that the housekeeper, who alone with Smith could have had knowledge of such a secret closet, had no way of knowing how much or how little the trial had already been brought to light (since she had not been present previously)—and the prosecutor, comprehending this, conceived a masterly stratagem.

"After a few unimportant routine questions about her age, and the duration of her service with John Smith, which were promptly answered by the housekeeper, he asked in a casual tone and in a manner conveying stupidity and forgetfulness:

"During the time when you were in Mr. Smith's room that night—you stated that the candle stood on the table, in the center of the room?"

"Yes, that is what I said," the housekeeper replied.

"Ah! yes!" the prosecutor said, as if ashamed that he had become so muddled. "Well—er—was the closet or the cupboard or whatever you call it, opened once or twice while the candle stood there?"

"There was a pause. No answer from the housekeeper. The prosecuting attorney seemed rather disinterested and flicked a speck off his sleeve. He never glanced at the witness.

"PERHAPS you didn't understand me," he said lightly. "I will recall it to your recollection; after Mr. Smith had taken the medicine out of the closet did he shut the door or leave it open?"

"The prosecutor's heart must have been bursting within him.

"He shut it!" the housekeeper replied casually, without any change of tone.

"Then it was opened again, I suppose, to replace the bottle, was it?" he pursued.

"It was."

"When open, the door would be right between the candlelight and the window, wouldn't it?"

"It would."

"I forget whether you said the closet was on the right- or left-hand side of the window." His manner was very easy and casual now.

"The left."

"Would the closet door make any noise in opening?"

"Not a bit."

"Well," the prosecutor said dubiously, "wouldn't it make any noise? Can you speak positively of this fact, that is, have you ever opened the closet door yourself or did you merely see Mr. Smith open it?"

"The prosecutor might have been discussing the state of the weather with a neighbor for all the concern he showed over the answers—and he had not glanced once at the witness.

"I never opened the door of the closet," she said.

"Oh, you didn't keep the key, ever?" said the prosecutor. "Then who did?" he added carelessly.

"Mr. Smith, always!" the housekeeper answered.

"As she said this she happened to turn her eyes toward the prisoner. The effect was electrical! His face was the ghastliest white. The sweat stood on his brow. He was an image of living death! No sooner did she see him than she shrieked dreadfully and fainted. The consequences of her answers had flashed across her mind. She had been so thoroughly deceived by the manner of the prosecuting attorney and by the little importance which he seemed to attach to her answers that she had been led on by one question to another till she had told him all he wished to know. John Smith's doom was written—and he knew it.

"In a trice the crowded court room flared with excitement. It had all happened so calmly, so quickly, that only the more intelligent had comprehended the tremendous importance of the happenings. People literally gasped with astonishment. A medical officer hastened to attend the unconscious witness, and she was removed under strong guard to another room, Lord Mansfield ordering that no one be allowed to see her except in the presence of the official physician.

"Meanwhile, the prosecuting attorney had slipped from the court room in the excitement and returned, scarcely noticed, a few minutes later. It was twelve noon, and Lord Mansfield adjourned court for several hours. The jury was herded into a special room, and the prisoner was taken back to jail under heavy guard. The spectators, to a man, remained rooted to their places and forgot food and drink lest they should not be able to reenter and witness the end of this transfixing drama.

"It was not until nearly five o'clock in the afternoon, however, that Lord Mansfield resumed his seat upon the bench. The prisoner, John Smith, pale and stoical in appearance, took his position at the bar; and the housekeeper, now with staring eyes as if in a trance, again entered the witness box.

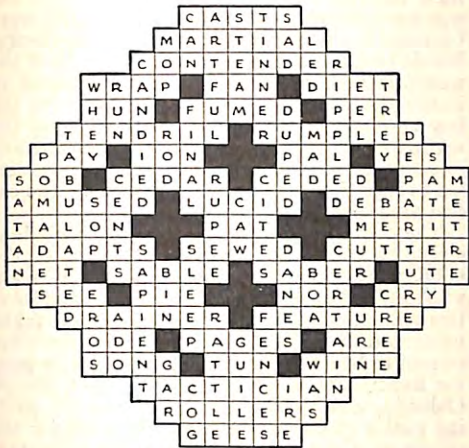
"Now, it was noticeable, to me at least, that the prosecuting attorney was nowhere in the court room when the court was declared in session. The further cross-examination of the



"Aw, send it to Ripley!"

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)



witness was undertaken by assistant counsel. He addressed the witness in a steely voice that smote fear into her:

"Only a few more questions will be asked of you. But beware that you answer them truly, for your own life hangs on a thread."

"The assistant counsel for the prosecution held up the stopper which had been found in John Smith's house.

"Do you know this stopper?"

"I do," she whispered.

"To whom does it belong?"

"To Mr. Smith!"

"When did you see it last?"

"On the night of Mr. Thomson's death."

"At this moment the side door of the court room opened wide and the prosecuting attorney entered, followed by three of the sheriff's officers. Carefully guarded by the officers of the law he strode down the aisle, bearing before him with outstretched arms a large tray, with a heap of articles on it. He approached the judge and placed the tray on the table nearest to the prisoner and the witness—and we all saw a money bag, a pocketbook, a jewel case of large size, and a small bottle. It was obviously of the same make as the stopper. The prisoner quailed violently; and from that moment not a doubt remained in the mind of any man that the prisoner was the guiltiest of the guilty.

"THE house of John Smith was but ten miles from the court room and there the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff's officers had hurried when court had been adjourned at noon. John Smith's room, in which the mysterious eclipse of the candle had taken place, was searched minutely. Nothing could be detected. It was not until the prosecuting attorney, certain of his conclusion, ordered the house wall to be torn down, that the existence of a secret cupboard was revealed. In it were found many of the jewels, gold coins, and papers of the murdered Henry Thomson (over a thousand pounds' worth of property). And, finally, the distinctive bottle, partly filled with poison, and temporarily stoppered with an ordinary cork.

"The trial moved swiftly to a close. The property of the unfortunate Thomson was readily identified by witnesses, and to leave no room for doubt, the poison in the bottle was sworn to, by medical experts, as the identical kind which had caused the jeweler's death. And the stopper fitted the bottle.

"John Smith, who five hours before could have walked from court a free man, crumpled under the verdict of 'Guilty!' and staggered away under the sentence of death. A short time later he died on the gallows."

Solution to "The Bungalow in the Sound Marsh Woods"

1. The most accurate possible description of the woman participating in the Fritz Ban-croft kidnaping is essentially as follows:

A large, stout woman; probably fair or blond;
(Continued on page 58)

Muscles stiff and sore? ... here's double-acting relief



THERE'S no sense in suffering for days with aching muscles. For in most cases, all they need is improved circulation—a fresh supply of blood pouring through them to reduce the soreness and bring back normal comfort.

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(Continued from page 57)
a wearer of glasses or spectacles. Ford deduced these points as follows:

The position of the footprints in relation to each other showed the characteristic waddling gait, from side to side, of the stout person. Normally the prints of right and left heels would be much closer together. Moreover, the footprint was large. The complexion was indicated by the pale pink powder, rarely if ever used by brunettes. The fact that she wore glasses was deduced from the pinched or creased swatch of paper found on the floor of the bungalow near the mirror. It was obvious to the detective that she had employed the paper to clean her glasses or spectacles—probably a natural action while awaiting the coming of her partner who had gone to fetch the boy. It was probable, Ford believed, that she had driven the car to the neighborhood of the bungalow by appointment, and had powdered her face and cleaned her glasses while awaiting the "fish man."

2. The car was described as follows in Ford's alarm-report:

Small car, probably sedan or coupé, almost certainly closed car, with two fairly new front tires of Goodyear "Pathfinder" brand. The short distance (less than 7 feet) marked by the tire-tracks beyond the muddy hole was indication of a short wheel-base, for it was apparent that the car, unable to proceed, on account of the hole, had backed out when its rear wheel was bogged in the hole. The pattern of the tires on front of the car was clear—and Ford recognized a common brand. He specified closed car because of the high probability of the kidnapers'

desire for privacy (curtains could be lowered). As Ford had believed, the man who had done the kidnapping dropped out of the party to minimize the risk of traveling with the boy. He was never caught. The woman and Fritz were captured in a suburban cottage near Providence, Rhode Island, late that evening, as a result of the well-circulated and definitive reports based on Ford's deductions. She was observed with the boy at dusk, by neighbors, while entering the cottage which she had rented only a week before. Reports of suspicions by newspaper readers led to investigation by the local police. The car had been stored at a local garage.

The police, raiding the cottage after window-espionage had established the identity of the child, were violently attacked by the woman, who fought desperately when cornered, in spite of threatening revolvers. The boy was taken unharmed from the house. The accomplice proved to be a former servant on an estate near the Bancroft home—a Polish ex-convict, Marya Oblenski, who appeared to have been the guiding genius of the entire plot. Warned by the papers of the woman's capture, the abductor, who had masqueraded as the "fish man," vanished from public notice. The woman refused to divulge his identity. Ironically enough, the Bancroft ransom demand, with elaborate explanations as to method of payment of \$100,000, arrived in the next morning's mail. The "fish man" had learned too late of the breakdown of the plot. He had already mailed the ransom note from New Haven, Connecticut, an hour before Fritz Bancroft was recovered.

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 54)

1. Enterprise.
2. India.
3. Benjamin Franklin.
4. Bucharest.
5. Tin and lead.
6. Miss Fay Webb.
7. Three: red, yellow and blue.
8. In Pittsburgh.
9. Cleveland.
10. Evelyn.
11. A little over two years, in July, 1929.
12. Hugo Eckener.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 37)

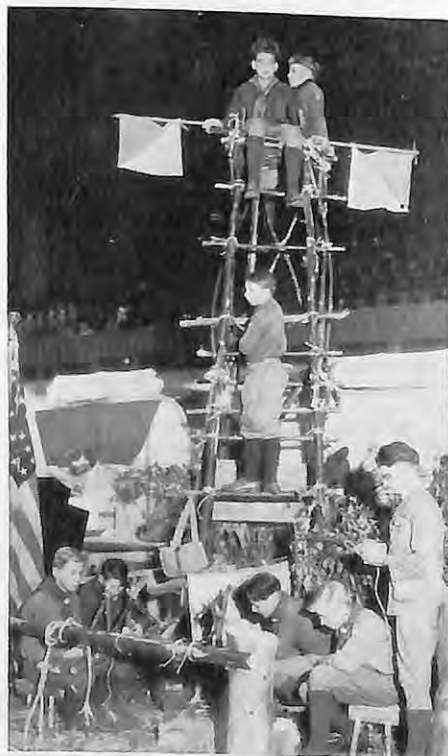
served in similar capacity at the dedication of what is now the old Home of the Lodge. A second veteran of the same event was Past Exalted Ruler Tom Lea, who spoke at both the recent exercises and those a quarter-century ago. The chief address of the evening was that of the Grand Exalted Ruler. A second speaker of prominence was Dr. Harry A. Logsdon, President of the Texas State Elks Association.

The Grand Exalted Ruler left El Paso on August 14 to cross into New Mexico for his visit to Carlsbad Lodge, No. 1558. He arrived there the following day. With him upon this part of his journey was Mrs. Coen, who had come down from Sterling, Colo., to join him. The visit of Mr. Coen marked the first ever made to Carlsbad Lodge by a chief executive of the Order. During the day, under the guidance of Exalted Ruler Joseph Wertheim, of No. 1558, and in the company of delegations of Elks from Clovis Lodge, No. 1244, and Roswell Lodge, No. 969, the Grand Exalted Ruler undertook a tour of the famous Carlsbad Caverns, near the city. A

banquet in the evening, at which he was the guest of honor, concluded the incidents of his visit to No. 1558. The toastmaster at this affair was Past Exalted Ruler W. H. Duckworth, of Clovis Lodge. Prominent guests, in addition to

Mr. Coen, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Jack Burke, of Texas, and A. Mandell, of New Mexico.

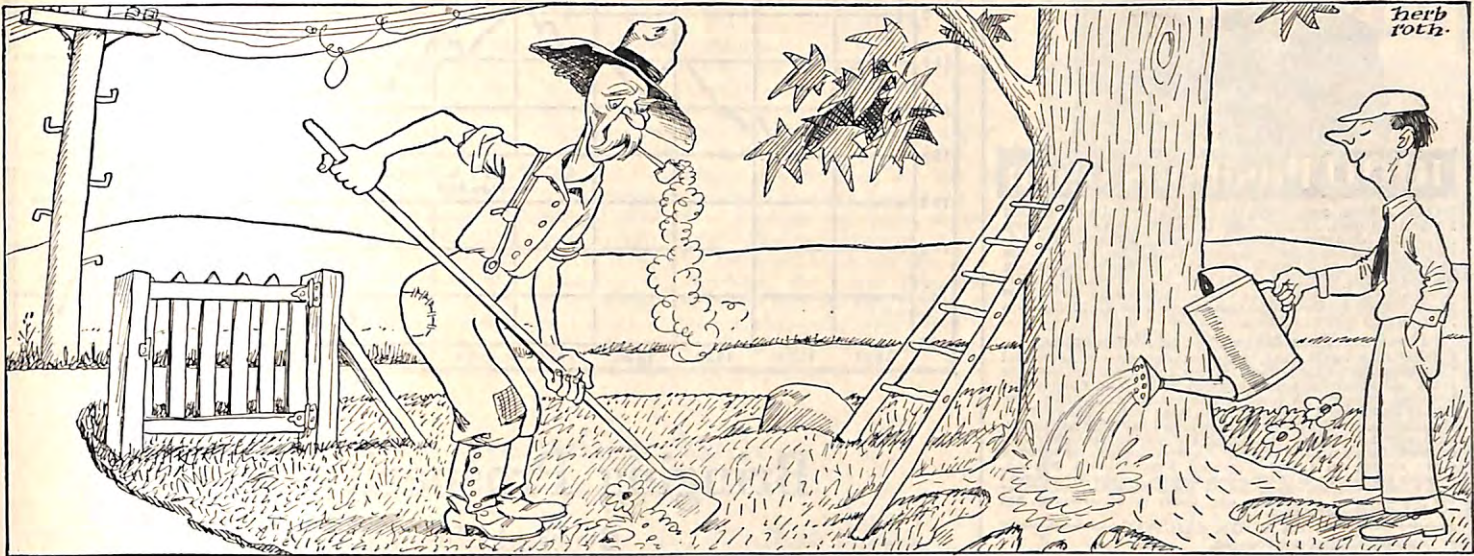
Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, No. 460, was the next to entertain the Grand Exalted Ruler. His reception took place on August 17. The principal event of his stay was a banquet in his honor, held at the La Fonda Hotel. In the course of this celebration, at which Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter J. Turley presided as toastmaster, Mr. Coen was presented with a token of esteem by Governor Arthur Seligman, who is a charter member of Santa Fe Lodge. There were present at the dinner Elks from Lodges as distant as three hundred miles. Among the Lodges represented by numerous members were Raton Lodge, No. 865, Las Vegas Lodge, No. 408, and Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461. Immediately after his



Members of Boy Scout Troop 18, sponsored by San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, which recently won fifth place in a contest among 150 troops

What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 62)



call upon Santa Fe Lodge, Mr. Coen returned to his home.

On August 24, a week after his visit to Santa Fe Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Harrisburg, Pa., to attend the silver anniversary convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. His part in the activities of this gathering is set forth elsewhere in this issue, in "News of the State Associations."

Departing from Harrisburg on the evening of the 25th, Mr. Coen arrived in Sandusky, Ohio, on the morning of the 26th. Soon thereafter, at Cedar Point, he was welcomed at the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association, held under the auspices of Sandusky Lodge, No. 285. In the course of his sojourn with the Ohio Elks, he addressed both the members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the State and the

delegates to the convention. Mr. Coen furthermore participated in the convention parade on the morning of the 27th. Among other Elks of high rank at the Ohio meeting—which will be reported in the November issue—were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick, Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, and Blake C. Cook, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's next objective was Sheboygan, Wis., where, with Lodge No. 299 as host, the Wisconsin State Elks Association was gathered at its annual convention. Upon his journey from Cedar Point he was joined by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell and Grand Trustee John K. Burch. At Milwaukee the official party left the train and, in company with a

delegation of welcome comprising Edward W. Mackey, President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Broughton, and William F. Schad, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Memorial to Thomas B. Mills, proceeded towards Sheboygan by motor. One halt was made before reaching there. At the invitation of former Governor Walter J. Kohler, a member of Sheboygan Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite stopped to visit the model industrial village of Kohler. Arriving in Sheboygan, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed 400 delegates at the convention banquet in Chamber of Commerce Hall on the evening of August 28 and, the next morning, spoke to them again at their business session. Soon thereafter he returned to Chicago.

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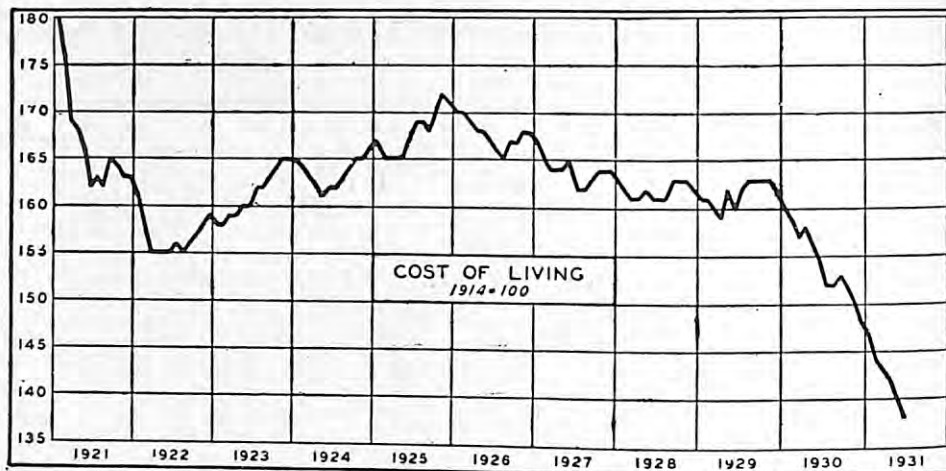
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Bringing Prosperity Back

By Fred Messner

Commodity Editor, The Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

THE makings of better times are finally available, but are you and I prepared to play our parts in using these makings to build a new prosperity? A Moses alone can not take us out of this wilderness; but the united effort of a hundred and twenty million aggressive people can.

Last year it couldn't be done. Attempts were made, despite the warnings of the practical economists. Failure was inevitable, as a firm foundation for a sound business structure had not been laid.

How can we tell whether the basis for recovery in business, employment and prices has been laid? The answer lies in the cause of these ups and downs that are called the business cycle. A working knowledge of these forces is not merely a fascinating study but in addition teaches us how to profit by these recurring changes that have marked all history.

Perhaps the most vivid way to describe our present trouble is to liken it to a severe case of indigestion caused by over-eating. In the boom era ending in 1929, we over-did everything. We borrowed, spent, built, produced, and speculated to excess.

For a while we enjoyed a healthy prosperity. The housing shortage inherited from the War had to be filled. The automobile was brought within reach of almost every family. Roads were built. Mass production was developed to a high degree, and the buying power of workers was the highest in the history of any nation.

To pay us the interest on the loans that were made to the rest of the world during the War, foreign countries sent us gold. Such gold is usually put to use; it forms the basis of credit and finances the projects mentioned above. The process did not stop there, as these movements always go to extremes when credit is available. Individuals bought all kinds of goods on installment and factories were built to supply this abnormal demand. People speculated in the stock market with borrowed money and bought still more goods with nothing but paper profits.

In 1928 we could see the beginning of trouble. So many houses had been built that an excess appeared, thus driving down prices and rents. By 1929 everybody had mortgaged his income ahead. Will Rogers, with the characteristic horse-sense of the humorist describes the situation in these picturesque words: "Spending when we didn't have it put us where we are today. First payments is what made us think we were prosperous, and the other nineteen is what showed us we were broke." Production had expanded so greatly as to outrun even the inflated consumption, and speculation went so far beyond the bonds of reason as to strain the credit structure.

Like a bubble, the thing burst, merely because

it was over-inflated; unlike the bubble, the collapse was not over in a moment. The correction is long and painful. In order to reduce production of goods in the effort to eliminate the over-supply, workers had to be discharged. Their buying power was cut down, thus bringing demand for goods down still further and necessitating additional curtailment of production—until the process seems unending. In the meantime the purchasing ability of other groups of people was crippled—of the farmer by the slump in prices and of others by the collapse in the stock market.

Many things were thrown out of balance. A long time is required before low prices of raw materials are translated into low prices for finished goods. But now the surplus goods manufactured at high prices are fairly well liquidated, and prices of goods at retail are becoming deflated. Consequently, everybody's dollar buys more things than previously. The accompanying chart shows that the cost of living has dropped sharply and is well below the low point reached in 1922.

In the meantime, such goods as clothing, shoes, and tires are worn out until at last the public must buy. The retailer and wholesaler in turn, who have let their stocks run low, must take larger quantities from the manufacturer. Curtailment of production at the factories has been so drastic that operations must soon be stepped up—thus giving more employment, increasing the pay envelopes of certain classes, and starting a trend in the upward direction again.

It is encouraging to see that such a revival of activity has already taken place in what are called consumers' goods: textiles, shoes, and tires.

In time, the recovery spreads into the field of capital goods—the building industry, for example. The erection of new homes has been below normal for two years, the surplus has been absorbed, financing is easier, and costs are lower. These conditions will stimulate new building, though we do not have the driving force of a real housing shortage such as prevailed after the War.

The automobile industry had a spurt, but public buying is still marking time—probably partly in anticipation of an improved or lower-priced Ford model. Cars are wearing out, so a potential demand is being built up. The automobile industry can contribute a great deal toward business revival by introducing new models that are so distinctly improved or cheaper that the public is compelled to turn in the old "bus."

Naturally, there are many bad factors that still plague the world. In particular, Europe is struggling under severe handicaps. Russia is giving keen competition to the rest of the world. Wage cuts are unpleasant, though they are

softened somewhat by the drop in the cost of living. High taxes are a burden. However, we hear too much about these gloomy things now; last year was the time when practical economists emphasized them, when blind optimists were holding out false hopes.

Now, when the washout is over, is the time for all to put their shoulders to the wheel to start the covered wagon on the road to the "gold in them thar hills." Opportunities abound when things sell below their true values, and many fortunes have been founded in depressions. As private citizens, we can take advantage of the bargains that are offered; many articles ranging from rugs to houses are available at sacrifice sales. Stores that maintain prices that are too high should be shunned and encouragement should be given to others who are offering real values. Will Rogers again had the right idea when he remarked during the veterans' drive: "Buy yourself a poppy, and you may feel so good that you will buy your-

self a coat to wear it on." Common stocks are selling at only a fraction of their 1929 prices. Many are entering an investment range, though a careful selection seems to be more necessary and yet more difficult than ever before.

Manufacturers can buy raw materials ahead and push new products. Such things as television and the autogiro illustrate the possibilities that still exist for future development. Advertising and selling efforts should be increased. Retailers who offer goods at attractive prices not only increase their own volume of sales but in addition help to bring the cost of living down into line and thus contribute to general recovery. Bankers can play an important part by encouraging legitimate projects and especially by financing home building.

Last year, optimism was sheer blindness. Now, courageous action will not only permit an individual to take advantage of opportunities but in addition will contribute toward general improvement.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

Warns Secretaries Against Member Of Geneva, N. Y., Lodge

Past Exalted Ruler L. H. Guard, Acting Secretary of Geneva, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1054, has requested THE ELKS MAGAZINE to warn Secretaries of other Lodges against a former member of Geneva Lodge, P. R. Holt. Although Mr. Holt is reported to be carrying a card paid up until October 1, 1931, Past Exalted Ruler Guard states that he was dropped from membership in Geneva Lodge last March, for non-payment of dues, and that therefore any card which he presents must be spurious.

Wallet and Membership Card Lost By Patchogue, N. Y., Elk

Somewhere between Miami, Fla., and Patchogue, N. Y., a wallet, belonging to August Reich, of Patchogue Lodge, No. 1323, was lost a short time ago. The pocketbook contained the owner's membership card, numbered 193, paid to April 1, 1932; and some money. If the wallet is found it should be sent to Mr. Reich in care of the Secretary of Patchogue Lodge.

Grove City, Pa., Elks Give Their First Children's Party

Grove City, Pa., Lodge, No. 1579, recently celebrated its first Children's Day with a huge parade through the business section of the city and an elaborate program of games at the playgrounds. Over one thousand children from many districts of Grove City participated in the contests. Prizes were awarded to the winners.

Warning Issued Against Former Member of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge

It is reported that a former member of Princeton, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1459, C. H. Carver, who was dropped last April for non-payment of dues, has been issuing worthless checks at a number of Lodges in several States. Secretaries of Roanoke and Bristol, Va., Washington, D. C., and Indianapolis, Ind., Lodges have notified the Secretary of Princeton Lodge to that effect.

Freeport, Ill., Elks Commence Drive to Raise \$15,000

Freeport, Ill., Lodge, No. 617, recently inaugurated a drive among its members to raise \$15,000 to lift a mortgage on the Home and other indebtedness incurred. The Lodge furthermore has undertaken to practice the strictest economy compatible with comfort. The Lodge room is rented in the morning during the school year to a kindergarten, bringing in a substantial revenue. The large living-room is rented for musicals, receptions, card parties, and to medical societies. These activities have added a new and prosperous atmosphere to the Home.

Mobile, Ala., Elks Hosts to Four Hundred Orphans on Outing

Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, recently entertained as its guests over four hundred orphan children on a boat ride and picnic. The youngsters were called for in automobiles lent for the occasion by members of the Lodge, and brought to a steamboat. During the sail, the Elks in charge of the trip arranged games and served refreshments. Following the boat ride, the children enjoyed a visit to St. Mary's orphanage, where they spent the rest of the day in playing and in competing in various prize contests.

Member of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge Missing Since Last Fall

Charles S. Wax, a member of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, has been missing since the fall of 1930. THE ELKS MAGAZINE recently received word to this effect from Secretary Furman Angelo, of No. 1352. Mr. Wax was last heard from in Los Angeles, Calif. If any member of the Order has heard of him or has seen him, his father, Samuel Wax, would appreciate information. Communication should be sent to the Secretary of West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge.

Member of San Diego, Calif., Lodge Wins Post in State Naval Militia

Past Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Nerney, a charter member of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, was recently commissioned by Governor James Rolph, Jr., Rear-Admiral in the California Naval Militia. The post was awarded Admiral Nerney for his efforts in organizing and founding the State's Naval Militia in 1891.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge Delegate Reports with Camera

For those members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, unable to attend the recent Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle, Washington, the Lodge's representative, Dean R. Daynes, exhibited at a recent meeting a group of motion pictures of various views of the convention. The pictures shown supplemented the delegate's written report, sections of which were read aloud during the display. The unique photographic method of report provided the Salt Lake City Elks with especially vivid and interesting scenes of the convention.

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Downs Welcomed at Temple, Texas, Lodge

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs was the guest of honor recently at a reception tendered by his home Lodge, Temple, Texas, No. 138. The affair, attended by many Elks of the Central District of the State, was held in celebration of Mr. Downs's recent election to office in the Grand Lodge. Talks were given by a

(Continued on page 62)

PLAY BILLIARDS

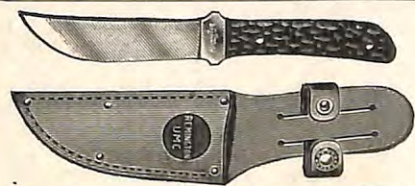


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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 61)

number of Past Exalted Rulers of No. 138, praising the work accomplished by their distinguished fellow member. In an address in response, Mr. Downs thanked the officers and the members of the Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's October Itinerary

The Grand Exalted Ruler will start on a western trip on or about October 1st, making

official visits in southern Wyoming; on October 5th at Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge; Tuesday, October 6th, at Las Vegas, Nevada, Lodge; Wednesday, October 7th, at San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, and on October 9th and 10th will attend the California State Elks Association meeting at San Diego. Tuesday, October 13th, he will spend at Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, and Friday, October 16th, at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge. During the week of October 12th the Grand Exalted Ruler will visit other Lodges in northern California. The week of October 19th

will be spent by Mr. Coen in the States of Oregon and Washington, and he will return to his home at Sterling, Colo., the week of the 25th, visiting en route at various Lodges in Idaho, Montana and western Nebraska.

News of the Order from Far and Near

John L. Irwin, Secretary of Manila, P. I., Lodge for over eleven years, died recently on a visit to San Francisco, Calif.

An All-American All-American

(Continued from page 12)

Hendricks, Payne and Little Boy made the touchdown, Mount Pleasant kicked the three goals, and Mount Pleasant and Pete Houser each kicked a field goal.

Just to prove that the victory was no accident, the Indians smashed Harvard 23 to 15, and then went West to defeat Chicago and Minnesota. The game against Stagg's eleven, which had won the championship of the Conference Colleges of the Middle West, was played November 23, and Carlisle took it 18 to 4 to crown their season. The Chicago ends were outsprinted and often completely boxed in, and Exendine and Gardner, now at the top of their form, smothered the great "Wallie" Steffens, downing him in his tracks almost every time.

The Indians were without the services of Mount Pleasant, their star quarter-back, who had received a broken thumb in the Minnesota game, but the accurate kicking of Houser, coupled with his startling runs and line plunging, made up for the ground gaining and scoring abilities of the absent Tuscarora. Houser, backed up by impregnable interference, carried the ball two-thirds of the time, and Aiken and Little Boy opened up great gaps for him. Houser's best work, however, was with his toe. Three times he kicked goals from placement.

In 1908 the great Jim Thorpe flashed into view. He had been a substitute in 1907, not attracting any large amount of notice, but given a regular position, at half-back, the wonderful Sac and Fox established himself at once as a star. In the game against Syracuse, won by a score of 12 to 0, Thorpe kicked three goals from placement.

In the annual game with Pennsylvania, on October 24, the Quakers got a tie, 6 to 6, Captain Braddock scoring on a forward pass after it had seemed that Thorpe had won the game for the Indians with a sixty-yard run in which he "flitted among the Quakers like a wraith and darted along the outside boundary of the field." Hollenback, the defending full-back, dived into Thorpe and rolled with him over the goal line. Pennsylvania was as jubilant over the final tie as if it had won a victory.

By way of showing that Carlisle was not a one-man team, a 16 to 6 victory over the Navy was won by Mike Balenti. Four times the little Indian, worthy successor to Hudson, Johnson, and Mount Pleasant, was called upon to kick field goals, and each time he delivered, twice from hard angles at long distances.

IT IS now the fashion for football teams to moan about a "tough schedule", if they have more than three "big games," but it was nothing for the Carlisle Indians to take on eight or nine hard struggles, one after the other, and then travel across the country to California and clean up the best that the Pacific Coast had to offer. It is also to be remembered that the redskins were always lacking in reserve material, and that every one of their games was played away from home before hostile crowds.

In 1911, for instance, the Indians met Harvard, Pennsylvania, Georgetown, Syracuse, Pittsburgh and Lafayette in succession. It was Thorpe's greatest year, and Walter Camp, in picking his All-American eleven, had to confess that the Sac and Fox stood head and shoulders above all paleface rivals. In the game against Harvard he kicked four field goals from placement, one from the twenty-seven-yard line at a difficult angle.

Thorpe's last year was 1912, and again he stood out as the greatest football star of all time. The team play, too, was close to the best Carlisle

ever had. Two new stars, Peter Calac and Joe Guyon, came along, and Powell, at full-back, reached his maximum. Calac, who the next year was to be a prime full-back, and Guyon, who was to replace Thorpe at half, both were tackles throughout 1912.

Syracuse was crushed by a score of 33 to 0, with Thorpe leading the onslaught. On the three Saturdays following, Carlisle beat Pittsburgh, 45 to 8; Georgetown, 34 to 20; Lehigh, 34 to 14; and then on November 9 went against the rugged Army team, emerging victors, 27 to 6. For the last half of the West Point game

Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. Telephone wires are snarled.
2. Foot pegs on telephone pole are reversed.
3. Gate doesn't lead to path.
4. Gate has no fence.
5. Farmer has no ear.
6. Farmer has two left hands.
7. Farmer's shirt buttons wrong way.
8. Farmer's boots have buttons.
9. Farmer's suspender has only one loop.
10. Smoke from pipe goes down, not up.
11. Ladder legs are different lengths.
12. The watering pot is built wrong.
13. Watering pots are not used on trees.

Carlisle was without Powell, who was sent off the field "for lunging with his arms" at Prichard, the Army quarter. The report of the game gave him no blame, however, pointing out that the gesture looked accidental, and admitting that the Army was not a gentle opponent. The score at the time stood 7 to 6 for Carlisle. Then Thorpe, Welch and Calac, as if spurred by disaster, broke loose, and in the last two periods the Indians romped through the Cadet line as if it were made of paper.

Their one defeat came in the next week of this grueling schedule, when the University of Pennsylvania team, by directing its attack against Thorpe, quelled him to some degree. That is, the Quakers rolled up a score of 34 and held Carlisle to 26. It was a loose game, with many fumbles. Thorpe, however, made one of Carlisle's scores with an eighty-yard run, which even Quaker partisans conceded to be a football treat in itself. He wormed, tore and fought his way to mid-field, and then, after being pulled down, broke loose and continued his dash for the goal posts.

So we have a vision of the Sac and Fox whirlwind in his last metropolitan college football game.

The Carlisle team of 1912 was Left End, Large; Left Tackle, Guyon; Left Guard, Garlow; Center, Berge; Right Guard, Busch; Right Tackle, Calac; Right End, Vedermack; Quarter-back, Welch; Left Half-back, Thorpe; Right Half-back, Arcasa; Full-back, Powell. Substitutes were Williams and Hill in the line; Wheelock and Broker in the backfield.

THE climax of the season was for New York to see, the game with Dartmouth being played at the Polo Grounds. The teams had not met for several years. The big Green team, coached by Frank Cavanaugh, had a clean sheet of victories for the season, and expected to keep it so. It learned on November 15 that it had met a better team. Carlisle won, 35 to 10, with a varying attack that seemed the nearest point to perpetual motion, with Gus Welch and Joe Guyon as the speeding messengers of the victors.

Carlisle closed the season by winning from Syracuse, 35 to 27, on November 22, and on November 27, the Thursday following, beat Brown, 27 to 13. Pittsburgh gave the team its only defeat, and Pennsylvania its sole tie.

Jim Thorpe, in reply to my letter asking him not only to select a champion team (including himself on it), but to tell how he was getting along, and to comment upon his fellow players, wrote:

"I am in the 'movie game' now, as you know, and find the work very interesting. We are working this summer on a picture, 'Battling with Buffalo Bill.' Have been thinking seriously, however, of taking a coaching position this fall."

Then to player tribute:

"Joe Guyon was one of the greatest of Indian players and stands out as one of the best in football history.

"Calac at full-back was a battering ram and his team mates called him 'Bullet Pete.' He is now a member of the Canton, Ohio, police force.

"Welch was the brainiest and most wonderful quarter-back—a good punter and a star at returning the kick-off.

"Mount Pleasant, the Oneida Indian, was a great man on open field work and runs a close second to Welch. I heard of him last as Postmaster at Oneida, New York.

"Powell, the Cherokee, played two or three great games—Harvard and Pennsylvania, both in 1911. He was one of the outstanding players of the season, but was not as aggressive a full-back as Calac.

"The ends are harder to pick, as they were all very good players, but not what one would call outstanding heroes. Harry Roberts and Albert Exendine, in my opinion, were the best in receiving the forward pass, and both were great on defense. Burd, the 1911 captain, played a fine game and would have been placed with Exendine had not an injury ended his career in mid-season. He has an extensive sheep ranch now near Browning, Montana. Roberts is in the oil business at Ponca City, Oklahoma. William Gardner was another end whose work gives ground for putting him in any debate about ranking the ends.

"Wauseka, who was the brother of Pete Houser, the fine 1907 full-back, was a line-man hard to move, and aggressive for such a big man. He was the opposite in build from Lubo

(whom I have picked as the other tackle). Both had the fighting heart, and would make any man's team.

"Newashe, the Sac and Fox and my tribesman, was in the class of Wauseka and could do his work easily and well. He was a good man for the tackle-around-play, gaining much ground for Carlisle.

"Bemus Pierce, one of the largest men to play football at Carlisle, stood near seven feet and weighed more than two hundred and fifty pounds. This man was fast on his feet and could be classed with Heffelfinger, the all-time guard. He was also a wonder at punting, and would be pulled from the line to do the kicking.

"Thad Redwater was versatile and his records show him in a class with Pierce.

"Sam McLain (Afraid-of-a-Bear) was another good big man, but not as fast as Pierce and Redwater. Elmer Busch also deserves a good mention as a guard.

"Bergle as a center had no equal in backing up the line, and when pulled back was a sure ground gainer. All backfield men will realize what I mean when I say confidence placed in a center gives as much to the team as the quarter-back. He must know all signals and where the ball is to go.

"Garlow, a short and stocky boy, could pass and do everything that Bergle could do, except he was not so good in tackling. Some other players before my time at Carlisle might take the places of some of the players I have picked, but to my knowledge the first team could hardly be different."

What, one wondered, were Warner's feelings about his bronzed pupils? He had been both teacher and counselor to them, and it would be just like him to keep track of his old players. So I wrote to him, and by air-mail in a week's time, there came back from him a spontaneous letter that only a big-hearted man could write. For both its humaneness and the information in it for many who want to know what became of their favorite players, the letter belongs with any record of Carlisle.

"THE Indians learned quickly and easily," he wrote, "and executed tricky and open plays better than any team I ever coached. They were always outweighed by their opponents. They had to depend upon speed and upon kicking more than upon power. The change in the rules, making the game more open, was to their advantage. They took to the passing game like ducks to water.

"Carlisle's greatest teams were '99, '03, '07, '11, '12, '13.

"Frank Hudson was probably the cleverest drop kicker the game has produced. Bill Gardner was a great end. Frank Mount Pleasant was a great quarter-back. Mike Balenti kicked four goals against the Navy when they counted four points. Thorpe kicked four goals from field against Harvard in one game."

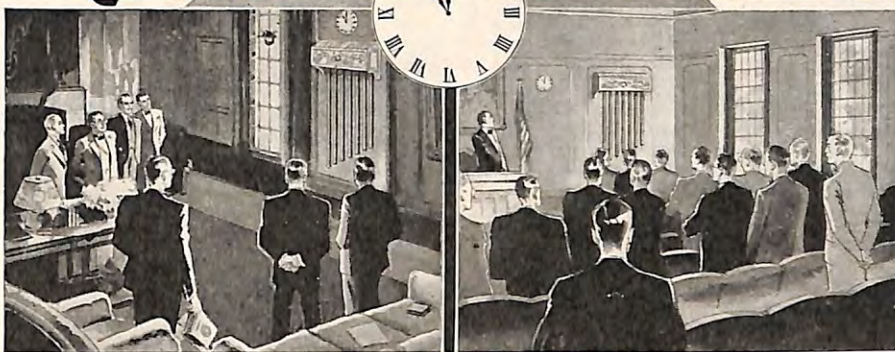
I had asked: "How did you happen to go to Carlisle as coach?" He answered:

"I was graduated from Cornell in '94, coached University of Georgia '95 and '96 and Cornell '97 and '98. In '98 Cornell played Carlisle and defeated the Indians, 23 to 6. I saw their possibilities, applied for the job and went there in '99. After that season I took the job of athletic director and coach of all out-door sports. I returned to Cornell as head football and baseball coach in '04, '05 and '06, but was persuaded to return to Carlisle in '07 and remained there until I went to Pittsburgh in 1915. I preferred Carlisle to Cornell because of so many outside interferences at Cornell, and because I liked the Indians and was happier there."

In reply to my question as to the present-day activities of his players, he turned first to the early teams, 1899 to 1903. "Seneca, All-American half-back in '99, was in the Indian Service the last I heard. Bemus Pierce (tackle, '08 and '99), is in charge of athletics at the Sherman Institute at Riverside, California, an Indian school. Hawley Pierce (tackle and back) is a locomotive engineer on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh, and has a fine family, as has Bemus. Jones Metoxen ('98 and '99) was a great full-back. Smith ('98 and '99) and Schuckuck ('03), the latter an Esquimau, were good centers of this early period. I do not know

(Continued on page 64)

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(Continued from page 63)

where they are. James Johnson, All-American quarter in '03, afterwards went to Northwestern University. He is now a prosperous dentist in San Juan, Porto Rico. Ed Rogers, a great end and captain of his day, went to Minnesota and was captain there. He is now a prosperous lawyer in Minneapolis. Wilson Charles (full-back '03) is coaching in an Indian school in Minnesota. He has a son, Wilson Charles, Jr., now at Haskell, a champion all-around athlete and a football player. Charles Dillon, who carried the ball under his jersey to a touchdown against Harvard, has a fine family, and is a rancher in Montana."

Of players from about 1907 on, he wrote:

"FRANK MOUNT PLEASANT was an officer in the war. His death was reported last fall. I do not know certainly. He was a great quarterback, and also made the Olympic teams in 1904 and 1908 as a broad jumper. Albert Exendine (end '07) coached Georgetown several years, then Occidental College, and is now assistant coach at Oklahoma Agricultural College. Wauseka (tackle and captain '07 and '08) is employed at the Indian school in Chemawa, Oregon. "Pete" Houser (full-back '07) has done a lot of umpiring in minor leagues in Oklahoma, Kansas, and Texas. William Dietz, whose Indian name was Lone Star (tackle of the winning '11 team) coached at Washington State in '15, '16 and '17, being unbeaten two of those years, and defeating Brown in the first Intersectional Tournament of the Roses at Pasadena, California. He is now head coach at Haskell Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, the largest Government Indian school. His team won all but one game last year. The English name of Afraid-of-a-Bear (guard '07) is Sam McLain. He is in charge of athletics at the Vine Ridge Indian school, and is doing fine work. Bill Gardner ('07) was a great end—a Chippewa Indian. He has coached successfully, and is now living in California. Hendricks, Arcasa, Aiken, Jordan, Busch, Lubo, the Wheelocks, all were good. Little Boy was a good center; also Ray Large at end, Arlie Miller, a half-back; Walter Mathews, an end; Joe Shoulder, a tackle; Little Old Man, an end. Also Nelson Hare. Peter Calac was a great full-back, and played pro football many years; also Joe Guyon, who after-

wards was a star at Georgia Tech, then a pro football and baseball player, and now a coach at a southern college. Gus Welch is a coach in a Virginia college.

"Thorpe came to Carlisle too young to be in college athletics, but grew up to make the 'varsity track, baseball and football teams. He was a sub in '07, a regular in '08, and then left the school, returning in the fall of 1911. He played on the team in 1911 and 1912, and was Olympic all-around champion in 1912. It was afterwards learned that he had played in a dinky league in the South the summer before he returned to Carlisle. So Thorpe lost his amateur standing and his Olympic medals. Thorpe was not hard to handle, but was a carefree, happy-go-lucky fellow, and occasionally had to be disciplined for minor infractions of training rules. He never took athletics very seriously. It was just fun for him."

What was the Carlisle Indian school? And what on earth has become of it? These two questions have been asked by thousands who saw and admired redskin players without any exact idea of where they came from and where they went. Here are the answers.

One true man conceived the idea of Carlisle, struggled until he turned his desire into fact, captained and led the institution, and so set the spirit of manhood there that for its sake, and his, the Indian students were welcomed into the sphere of college athletics. The man was Richard Henry Pratt, who in 1875 was a lieutenant in the United States Army. No one ever did more than he for the dignity of the Indians of America. Years before he was listened to, he was pleading publicly that the red man be given the full rights of American citizenship.

Fifty-five years ago, in the course of routine duty, he was detailed to take seventy-two Indian captives from Fort Sill, Indian Territory, to a military prison in distant St. Augustine, Florida. The purpose was to remove them far beyond the range of further trouble making, and the Indians made the trip in chains. Lieutenant Pratt could not change the orders, probably had no wish to do so. On the Florida beach, however, he soon concluded that rigors of imprisonment were unnecessary. From service in the West he knew much of Indian character, and also had unusual initiative for a subordinate officer. Within a few months the confinement

for most of his charges had become nominal.

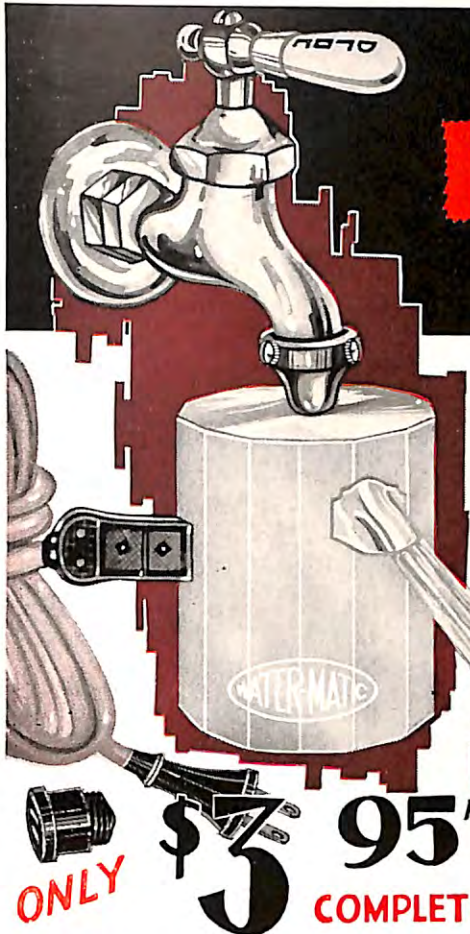
To get their interest, and to save them from moody idleness, he began to teach them the three R's and also simple trades. They learned easily. In 1878 all were freed, with permission to return West. Twenty-two of the younger of them, however, said that they wanted to stay East and keep on going to school. He left these in Florida and went to Washington to ask the Government if it would not turn over to him some unneeded army post.

He was a year on this business, running from department to department, from Congressman to Senator and back again. The War Department had such a post, Carlisle Barracks, nineteen miles outside of Harrisburg, Penn., in the Cumberland hills, but the Department was not running schools for Government charges. That function belonged to the Department of the Interior. Nor could the War Department cede an army post without legislation. Fortunately, Carl Schurz was Secretary of the Interior, and the young officer's enthusiasm warmed him. The law tangles, with his help, were straightened out, Carlisle Barracks was renamed Carlisle Institute, and the War Department assigned Lieutenant Pratt to the Interior Department as superintendent of the school, and still kept him in the Army.

Pratt's purpose from the start, based on his own experience, was to merge the Indians into the ordinary processes of civil and industrial life. As simple as that. He never changed the formula, only widened its application, for instance, by considering interscholastic athletic competition as a process of usual civil life. Lieutenant, then Captain, then Colonel and, finally, General Pratt, remained Superintendent of Carlisle until he reached the military retirement of age sixty-four in 1904. He lived twenty years longer, perhaps to be made unhappy by the passing of Carlisle. The Government, when war came in 1917, took over the Institute as a needed and healthful military hospital. The war, too, had melted the student body away, the young men going with guns on shoulder into Uncle Sam's Army, and a large proportion of the young women donning the uniforms of army nurses. Taps could not have been more fittingly sounded. The Institute was not reopened after the war, new schools nearer the Indian sections of the country having had gradual growth.



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evening over
N. B. C. net-
works.

"It's toasted"

Including the use of Ultra Violet Rays
Sunshine Mellows—Heat Purifies

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough