

# The Elks

Title Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## Magazine

20 CENTS  
A COPY

NOVEMBER  
1931



Charity

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



# When you "Let the laundry do it"

International Trucks will be glad to serve you



*Modern laundry practice is constantly being improved by the educational, research, and service work of the American Institute of Laundering, "the million-dollar proving ground of the laundry industry." The International truck illustrated is in service at the Institute headquarters at Joliet, Illinois.*

## New Low Prices

See the new model A-2, a 1½-ton 4-speed International. The price of the 136-inch wheelbase chassis with standard equipment is

**\$675**

*f. o. b. factory*

Ask the nearest branch or dealer for a demonstration on your own job, of this or any of the other Internationals ranging from ¾-ton to 5-ton.

**I**N constantly increasing numbers modern women are sending their washing to the laundry, because present-day laundry service is better than ever before. Better on two counts... quality of work, and dependability of delivery service.

The first job, of course, is up to the individual laundries. *And more and more the second job is being intrusted to International Trucks!*

Internationals are good looking... fitting representatives of a quality laundry. And they may be relied upon without reservation. In other words, they are able to attract new trade, and to keep it!

And then... there is the matter of upkeep cost! An average of \$9.65 was enough to take care of all service requirements for a year, on each of 12 International Trucks operated by The

Campbell Laundry Company of Milwaukee. Down in Memphis, the New Snow Flake Laundry had to spend only something under \$12 for all maintenance work on each of 8 trucks during the sixth year of operation. New York's Consolidated Laundries use 55 Internationals; Chicago has 28 large fleets, in addition to the many trucks operated by the smaller laundries; nearly one hundred are working for Atlanta Laundries, Incorporated; and there is even a large laundry fleet of Internationals operating among the palms in Honolulu.

You don't have to be in the laundry business to profit by International operation. Whether you build roads or run a bakery, you can make good use of International appearance, performance, and economy!

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY  
606 S. Michigan Ave. OF AMERICA  
(INCORPORATED) Chicago, Illinois

# INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



# SUCCESS

*while you are young enough to enjoy it!*

*"I'm meeting Armstrong this afternoon at Ingleside—last chance for a little golf before we sail for Europe on the fifteenth . . ."*

Pretty soft for Bob Carrington, you say—a lovely country home, golf on a week-day when the other boys are slaving at the office—a six weeks' trip to Europe with the family—and all this wonderful success while he is still young enough to enjoy it!

But why look with envy upon success well earned—especially when it is within your power to attain that same success?

*"If young men in business only realized how immensely valuable are those early years, and how vital it is to get away to a flying start, they would make it an inflexible rule to devote several evenings every week to home-study business training."*

One of America's foremost business men—an active director in a dozen big corporations—made that statement recently; and if you have the slightest doubt of its truth, you need only check it by the actual records of LaSalle-trained men, many of whom, though still in their thirties, are commanding five-figure salaries.

**TWO who achieved success early—and one who waited\***

For instance:—"I'm not going to be a \$100 a month clerk all my life," said R. P. at 20—and today, with the aid of LaSalle training and his own initiative, he is one of the nation's outstanding accountants although not yet thirty-five years of age.

R. E. was a clerk in the purchasing department of an Illinois factory—drawing \$16 a week. Last year, his income was close to \$20,000 and he is still under forty.

On the other hand, C. J. F. at forty-seven was earning only \$200 a month—six years later, thanks to LaSalle training, his income was over \$10,000. Is it any wonder that he urges others to do early in life what he waited so long to do?

**"TEN Years' Promotion in One"**

"I'm determined to succeed," you say—and we do not deny that hard work and learning through day-to-day experience will eventually win you some measure of success. If success is sweet, however, is it not doubly sweet if it comes to you while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

*And is it not a needless and tragic waste of years to continue at out-grown tasks, simply because you will not spare yourself the time to master those bigger jobs that command the real rewards of business?*

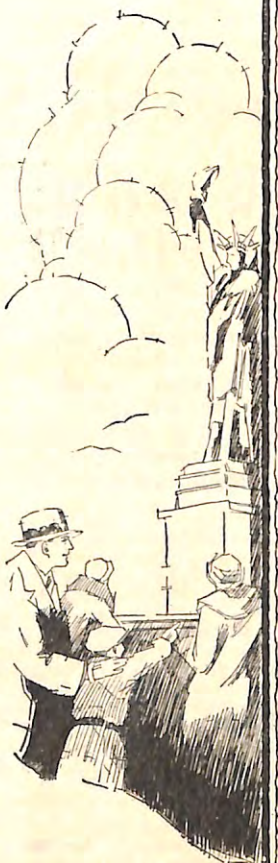
"Ten Years' Promotion in One" is a booklet that shows you how you can save years that might otherwise be wasted. Sending for it has marked the turning point in the lives of thousands upon thousands of men—and the coupon will bring it to you FREE.

With this book we will send you, without cost or obligation, complete particulars of the training that appeals to you, together with details of our easy-payment plan.

Will you wait till the golden years of your life are fast slipping away—or will you set your path toward success while you are still young enough to enjoy it?

Prove that you mean what you say when you say that you want to get ahead—by what you do with this coupon NOW.

\*Names gladly given on request



## LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 11328-R

Chicago, Ill.

Please send me, free of all cost or obligation, a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," and the facts about your training in the business field I have checked below:

- |   |  |  |   |
|---|--|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Management  | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Law          | <input type="checkbox"/> Banking and Finance | <input type="checkbox"/> Business English                     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Higher Accountancy   | <input type="checkbox"/> Industrial Managem't    | <input type="checkbox"/> Expert Bookkeeping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Effective Speaking                   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Traffic Management   | <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Foremanship      | <input type="checkbox"/> C. P. A. Coaching   | <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraphy                           |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Modern Salesmanship  | <input type="checkbox"/> Personnel Managem't     | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accounting  | <input type="checkbox"/> Credit and Collection Correspondence |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Station Mg't | <input type="checkbox"/> Business Correspondence | <input type="checkbox"/> Commercial Spanish  |   |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Law: Degree of LL.B. |  |  |   |

Name..... Address.....





## Something About This Number

WHEN a prominent man vanishes between two days, leaving no indication of the manner of his departure, public interest in the situation runs high. If that man is a bank president and leaves behind him a looted institution, the interest of many thousands of persons in his whereabouts ceases to be that of merely the mystery-lover and becomes acutely personal. The hunt is on!

Despite the large number of unsolved crimes it is nevertheless a fact that rarely indeed does the perpetrator of a major offense against ordered society make good his escape. There are few more fascinating tales than the true, inside stories of great man-hunts and, beginning this month, we are going to give you half-a-dozen of the best. In "Run to Earth in Morocco," Edgar Sisson tells the story of how the managing editor of a great newspaper suddenly disappeared from his office to return months later, bringing as his captive an absconding banker whom he had trailed half-way round the world.

IF THERE is any sport productive of more thrills, more worthy of the love and interest bestowed upon it, than the breeding and racing of trotting horses, there are hundreds of thousands of good Americans of this motorized age who won't admit it. To these, and to others yet to feel the full fascination of harness racing, Earl Chapin May's article, "Beating Time with the Trotters," will be a pulse-quickenning experience—the next best thing to an actual day of racing.

THIS month's cover is a reproduction of one of the great mural paintings by Edwin Howland Blashfield in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago. Entitled "Charity," it expresses this cardinal tenet of the Order with beauty, strength and tenderness. Its companion-piece, "Fraternity," was reproduced on the June cover.

THE fiction of the month includes the dénouement of the tense situation which, for some time past has been developing in the home of Hope Marsden, the intractable heroine of "Millions for Defiance"; and short stories by Ben Ames Williams, long a favorite with our readers, and by Laura Long, a newcomer. Of Mr. Williams' work it is unnecessary to speak; for many years he has been one of the most popular and most able short story writers in the country. We have a particular satisfaction in presenting Miss Long's "Builders" to our readers, for here is not only a moving story but a fine re-creation of the spirit of the pioneer; of the gallantry of the men and women who, in the face of danger, hardship and privation advanced the American frontier.

"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 Six

## The Elks Magazine

### FEATURES FOR NOVEMBER, 1931

Possible Johnny, a story by Ben Ames Williams	7
Beating Time with the Trotters, an article by Earl Chapin May	10
Builders, a story by Laura Long	13
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen	16
Run to Earth in Morocco, an article by Edgar Sisson	18
Radio Rambles, by Gladys Shaw Erskine	21
Millions for Defiance, Part V, a romantic novel by John Chapman Hilder	22
Shear Nonsense, a page of humor	25
What Price the Years? an article by Matilda Spence	26
Editorials	28
Grand Exalted Ruler, Official Circular No. 2	30
News of the State Associations	31
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	31
Annual Conference of District Deputies	32
Elks National Foundation Bulletin	33
Under the Spreading Antlers, News of the Order	34
Correct Dress for Men, an article by Schuyler White	38
Winners of the Elks Baseball Contest	41
Cross-Word Puzzle	43
Answers to Your Radio Questions	54

Cover design from mural painting by Edwin Howland Blashfield

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

Published Under the Direction of the Grand Lodge by the National Memorial and Publication Commission

Joseph T. Fanning  
Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure  
Managing Editor

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

Charles S. Hart  
Business Manager

The Elks Magazine is published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above.





**Thos. A. Edison**  
Extremely interesting . . . of great practical value.

*Thos. A. Edison*



**Walter P. Chrysler**  
Of great interest and value to all young business men.

*W. P. Chrysler*



**Wm. Wrigley, Jr.**  
Thousands of men must have been waiting for something just like this.

*Wm. Wrigley, Jr.*



**Mailed FREE To Thinking People!**

# Like a "Bomb-shell"

## It Reveals the Real Truth of What Really Makes Men Successful!

A great thing has happened! In every corner of America, business men, educators, leaders, are discussing an amazing new book called *Strategy in Handling People*. Like a "bomb-shell" it has upset many old ideas about success, money making, personality, personal power and prestige. Already reports from readers tell of increased incomes, sudden advancements, complete changes in their lives. These results are easily understood once you have seen the book. By simply mailing the coupon below you will receive a copy of *Strategy in Handling People* for free reading.

ACCORDING to authorities, not one out of ten people really understands how to get along with other people—how to establish influence over them, win loyalty, admiration, cooperation. Worlds of ability, integrity and ambition go to waste on account of the lack of this knowledge. You may not be attaining one-tenth the success that could be yours if you knew the real secret of handling people. Reading *Strategy in Handling People* brings an exhilaration that comes from the possession of a new power for attracting and influencing people—a power that is boundless in what it may bring you. Mystery that has shrouded the lives of over two hundred of the world's most successful men has been torn aside. The identical methods they used are now yours.

Great, fundamental truths are always plain and simple once they are understood. But it took years of untiring effort and the help of the best psychological minds in America to make possible *Strategy in Handling People*.

The two authors, Ewing T. Webb, brilliant advertising man, and John J. B. Morgan, Professor of Psychology at Northwestern University, spent more than three years in the search for data and the careful, analytical sifting of facts in the preparation of this history-making volume.

Clear and unmistakable is revealed the fact that invariably the great men of modern times have found in their contacts with other people the true secret of success.

It seems startling, indeed, that such men as Abraham Lincoln and John D. Rockefeller actually used similar methods—and that later Henry Ford cashed in on the same basic idea. Yet all of us, when we stop to think, must realize that great success or great wealth is utterly impossible through the single-handed efforts of an individual. To scale such heights it is obviously necessary to benefit from the efforts of other people.

*Strategy in Handling People* shows how easy it is to control people, relating incidents that show the methods used by over two hundred of the world's

most successful men—men like Elbert Gary, Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, Henry Ford, Benjamin Franklin. The identical methods they used become yours.

David McLain of Milwaukee, a failure in twenty different jobs, when he learned the great fundamental secret disclosed in this book, became a millionaire. No employer of men, no executive or business man needs to be urged twice to secure a copy of this book. The minor employee, the young man starting in business, the man who has stayed too long in one position, the failure—all will find new avenues for accomplishment opened up in *Strategy in Handling People*.

"Already worth \$1,000 to me"; "Worth \$100 a page"; "Every page profitable"—those are random samples taken from letters of average individuals who have read, and are putting into effect, the principles disclosed in *Strategy in Handling People*.

We are surrounded by people. Our fate is unalterably in their hands. They make us or break us. Whether they are used to advance us to the things we desire, or whether they effectively block our way, depends on our ability to handle them.

### Yours for 5 Days Free

The publishers are so confident that you will never be without this book once you have opened its illuminating pages that they are now making a special introductory offer to send it for 5 days' free use. You do not have to send a cent—simply mail the coupon below. If you decide to keep the book send the publishers \$3.00, otherwise send the book back and it costs you nothing. Mail the coupon now while this introductory offer is being made.

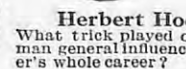
**Boulton, Pierce & Company**  
Dept. P-111  
232 East Erie St. Chicago, Ill.



**Theodore Roosevelt**  
Did he become a governor, later a president, through taking a dare?



**Charles Schwab**  
How did he trade a Jersey cow for 29 ships?



**Herbert Hoover**  
What trick played on a German general influenced Hoover's whole career?



**Abraham Lincoln**  
How was the man who called him "the original gorilla" made to work for Lincoln's success?



**General Pershing**  
What strange method did he use to tame a vice-president?

Some Astounding Chapters	
I	Are Great Men Different From Me?
II	The Secret of Making People Like You
VII	The Knack of Getting Co-operation
VIII	Trading Pennies for Dollars
IX	How to Make People Say Yes
XVII	A Simple Way to Develop Personality
XXI	How to Get Credit For What You Do

**Boulton, Pierce & Co., Dept. P-111**  
232 East Erie St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me a copy of *Strategy in Handling People* for 5 days' free examination. It is understood that at the end of 5 days I will either return the book without cost or obligation—or keep it as my own and send you \$3.00 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

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



# 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.

## 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), 420 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 Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Dwight E. Campbell (Aberdeen, S. D., No. 1046), State Capitol, 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. 770.  
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.  
O. R. Dibblee, Salt Lake City, Utah, No. 85.  
Charles S. Hart (Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842), 50 E. 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.  
Sam Stern, Fargo, N. D., No. 260.  
Charles E. Broughton, Sheboygan, Wis., No. 299.

## 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.

## 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.  
Bruce A. Campbell, Vice-Chairman, East St. Louis, Ill., No. 664, First National Bank Building.  
Joseph T. Fanning, Executive Director and Secretary-Treasurer (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.  
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.

## The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.



# FREE EXAMINATION

## See and Try the Rowflex Health Glider Without Risking a Cent!

**"Take Your Daily Workout with the Work OUT"**



**What People Say**

"Reduced waist-line 3 inches in one month."

"Improved my health 100%—need no laxatives as before."

"Lost 13 pounds in two months."

"Reduced 3½ pounds in four days."

"It sure is FUN—greatest incentive to regular exercise I know of."

"5 minutes with Rowflex equal to 1 hour's exercise of another type."

New York physician writes. "It will reduce abdomen, strengthen the muscles of the back and abdominal walls. My patients very enthusiastic."

# Pay Nothing Before Examining It!

**N**OW there is NO EXCUSE for being overweight, run-down, tired out, nervous, ailing. It's FUN to reduce—increase strength, improve health, become a new man or woman! Let us put the Rowflex in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without risking a cent! Prove that five minutes daily ROWING with ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER is most PLEASANT, EFFECTIVE exercise invented—a Joy-Ride to the health and figure of YOUTH! If you are NOT convinced and delighted, the week's Trial costs you nothing.

### Just 5 Minutes a Day

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

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

### Not \$50 But only \$11.85—IF You Decide to Keep It

So confident are we that you will be DELIGHTED with Rowflex Health Glider that we will send one for examination and a week's trial in your own bedroom. When the Rowflex arrives you DEPOSIT \$11.85, plus delivery charge, with the EXPRESS COMPANY. They hold your deposit for a week. If for any reason (or for NO reason) you are not delighted, simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the Rowflex and refund the purchase price to you. You take absolutely no risk, and there is no correspondence or argument. You are the sole judge of your satisfaction. Isn't

that a fair offer? We believe you will say the Rowflex is equal in every essential respect to rowing machines costing as much as \$50. Yet our price is only \$11.85! The Rowflex is constructed so there is nothing about it to break, wear out, or get out of order. Actuating springs have been tested the equivalent of 5 years' use! Every part guaranteed. Weight, about 14 pounds. Silent in operation, portable, out of the way when not in use, harmless to floors or rugs. Just mail coupon—without money—NOW! Address STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA, Dept. 411, 1783 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.



**SEND NO MONEY! FREE EXAMINATION COUPON**

THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA  
Dept. 411, 1783 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio

You may send me a Rowflex Health Glider, Complete with Rolling Seat, delivery charges collect, for free examination and one week's trial. If I like the appearance of the Rowflex I will DEPOSIT the purchase price (\$11.85) with the Express Company. Then if I am not delighted with the Rowflex after using it in my home, I will telephone the Express Company within one week to call for it and they are to return the purchase price to me at once.

Name.....

Address.....

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

*Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request*



*The New*  
**BURROUGHS  
 CASH MACHINE**



**REGISTERS AND  
 PROTECTS CASH , , PROVIDES FIGURE  
 FACTS TO CONTROL YOUR BUSINESS**

This new Burroughs machine not only registers and protects cash, but provides a record of every transaction.

For example, there are models that record each sale on a permanent, detailed, locked-in tape . . . identify each cash and charge sale by clerks or departments . . . provide totals by clerks or departments . . . validate paid-outs and money received on account . . . total customers' purchases and issue receipts, etc.

With each machine, Burroughs offers, without

charge, a valuable "Daily Business Record" in which to enter this vital information.

Besides, Burroughs Cash Machine can be used as a fast, practical adding machine for all kinds of figure-work without interfering with its operation as a cash register.

Call the local Burroughs office, or mail the coupon, to learn how you may have all the advantages of a fast, easily-operated cash register and a regular standard adding machine, all in one attractive, compact, low-priced unit.

**MAIL THIS  
 COUPON TODAY!**

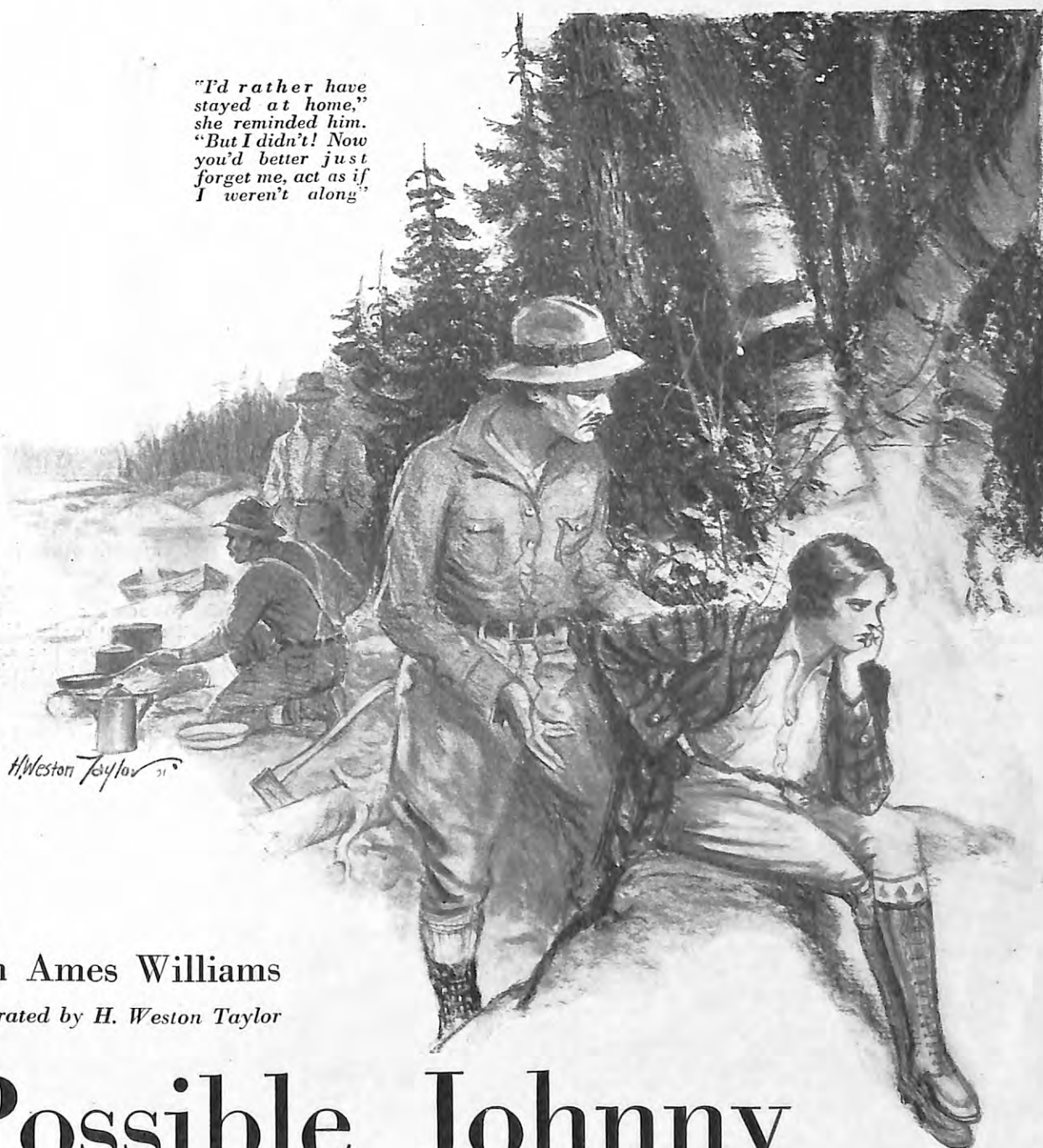
Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 6431 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan.  
 Please send me special illustrated literature describing Burroughs Cash Machines.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



"I'd rather have  
stayed at home,"  
she reminded him.  
"But I didn't! Now  
you'd better just  
forget me, act as if  
I weren't along."



H. Weston Taylor '31

By  
Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

# Possible Johnny

SOMEWHERE in the fog abeam a horn was blowing; the grunting roar of it reverberated in their ears. A bell buoy clanked dismally, and a low greasy mud flat slid along their port side. Deep within the ship itself a bell tinkled, with a sort of cheerful relief, and the mud flat increased its speed, gliding past more rapidly. Then the whistle blew a long blast. It had blown, at brief intervals, most of the night, while they bucked the tides of Fundy, and tide rips roared in the darkness through which, like a blinded bull, they plunged. Nancy Dunton had been seasick all night; there was a fog drip just now at the end of her nose as she stood with Ned at the rail; and she was cold and miserable. She said bitterly:

"I was a fool to come!"

"I was a fool to bring you!" Ned retorted.

Copyright, 1931, by Ben Ames Williams

Her shoulders lifted in an icy anger; and they spoke no more. In the course of an endless time the little steamer docked; porters lugged their bags and the rod case ashore; and Johnny, Possible Johnny, came bounding across the wharf to meet them there.

Ned and the boys had talked of Possible Johnny in affectionate terms for years; and Nancy was curious to inspect him now. His name was Johnny something or other; it had never seemed to matter. Everyone called him Possible Johnny, from a twist of speech which was habitual with him. He was, Ned declared, a clown, a natural comedian. Give Possible Johnny a drink or two of burning Demerara rum, and he could be as funny as—as anyone you cared to mention.

But Nancy, in this first glimpse, saw

nothing funny in Johnny. He was a little man, with very long legs; and he was smothered in clothes. A huge woolen cap; a Mackinaw coat that would have enclosed two Johnnys; Kersey pants cut for a man thrice his size; and rubber boots with their tops turned down to flop below his knees. His cheek was the color of smoked salmon; his black mustache was very black; his teeth gleamed white; and his hands were heavy, twisted out of shape, the skin cracked and every crack deep etched with grime. When Ned introduced them, Johnny took Nancy's hand; or rather he offered her his. She grasped it, and to do so was like grasping the unresponsive root of a great tree, it was so rough and hard—yet somehow flaccid, too. Johnny's hands, fit to set a vise-like grip on axe or pole or paddle, were curiously uncertain where gentler matters were



involved. But Nancy, used to the consciously firm clasp of weaker hands, shuddered a little at this flabby contact, and said evenly:

"Ah! You're the funny man Ned tells about?"

"Possible!" said Johnny; and Nancy heard Ned chuckle, remembered why folk called this little man "Possible Johnny!" Yet Ned's efforts to suggest the extraordinary completeness of the meaning which Johnny could put into this one word had left Nancy unprepared for her confusion now. Her remark had been a little patronizing, even a little cruel. Johnny's reply stripped her instantly of all pretensions. It held dignity, reproof, yet a forgiving kindness, too; it warned her she had erred, yet promised she might be forgiven by and by. And Nancy was furious with Ned for chuckling, but she moved thereafter in a humble silence till she and Ned were safe in Johnny's absurd car, their luggage piled about their feet, and Johnny took the wheel.

They scurried up the hill into town; they left the town and the fog and ran into sunshine and open fields. And Nancy sat grimly listening while Ned, beside her, and Johnny in the front seat, flung their conversation to and fro. She thought again she had been a fool to come. With this dirty little man for company, Ned had no need of her.

"—boys away at school," Ned was saying. "So I talked Mrs. Dunton into coming. She hasn't done any fishing since the year we were married; been too busy with the boys. We'll have to teach her now!"

"My old woman, she don't fish much, too," Johnny agreed. "You can't, when you got nine children."

Nancy spoke for her sex. "I couldn't, Johnny, even with two boys, and Mr. Dunton, and the house to take care of. Now the boys are away, I did expect to have a little time to myself—for the things I want to do. But Mr. Dunton insisted on dragging me up here. I told him this morning I was a fool to come."

And: "Possible!" said Johnny again. Nancy uttered a furious sound. She saw Ned's dry amusement, and she said no more.

The profession of guide—Possible Johnny worked as a guide in the spring and early summer—requires of its practitioners adaptability, and a shrewd capacity for appraising human kind. There will be some customers who wish to venture deep into the wild, heedless of mosquitoes, flies, rain and all discomfort so long as trout are rising; there will be others who prefer a comfortable camp site, with ginger ale and ice readily accessible. Johnny sought to please. He knew what Ned Dunton would want, but he was not so sure of Mrs. Dunton's inclination. So from the moment of their first encounter on the wharf, and afterward during the twenty-mile drive to his farm where they would take the boats and start up river, he studied her acutely.

And he began to understand, as much from Ned's loquacity as from Mrs. Dunton's silences, many things which were as yet not quite clear to these two themselves.

There comes to every man, and woman too, when a heavy task is done, an hour of weary surrender; a slackening of the long tension of slow-driving effort, a sort of ineffectual inanition that endures until some new preoccupation fills once more the heart and mind. Ned and Nancy had been twenty years married. Three years ago the oldest boy went away to school; this year the youngest had followed him. And Nancy suddenly found herself with nothing at all to do. Her ordered household, geared to the demands of four people, served Ned and herself without the least direction from her hands; her days were empty, and they must be filled. She began, tentatively, to try to fill them in this way and in that.

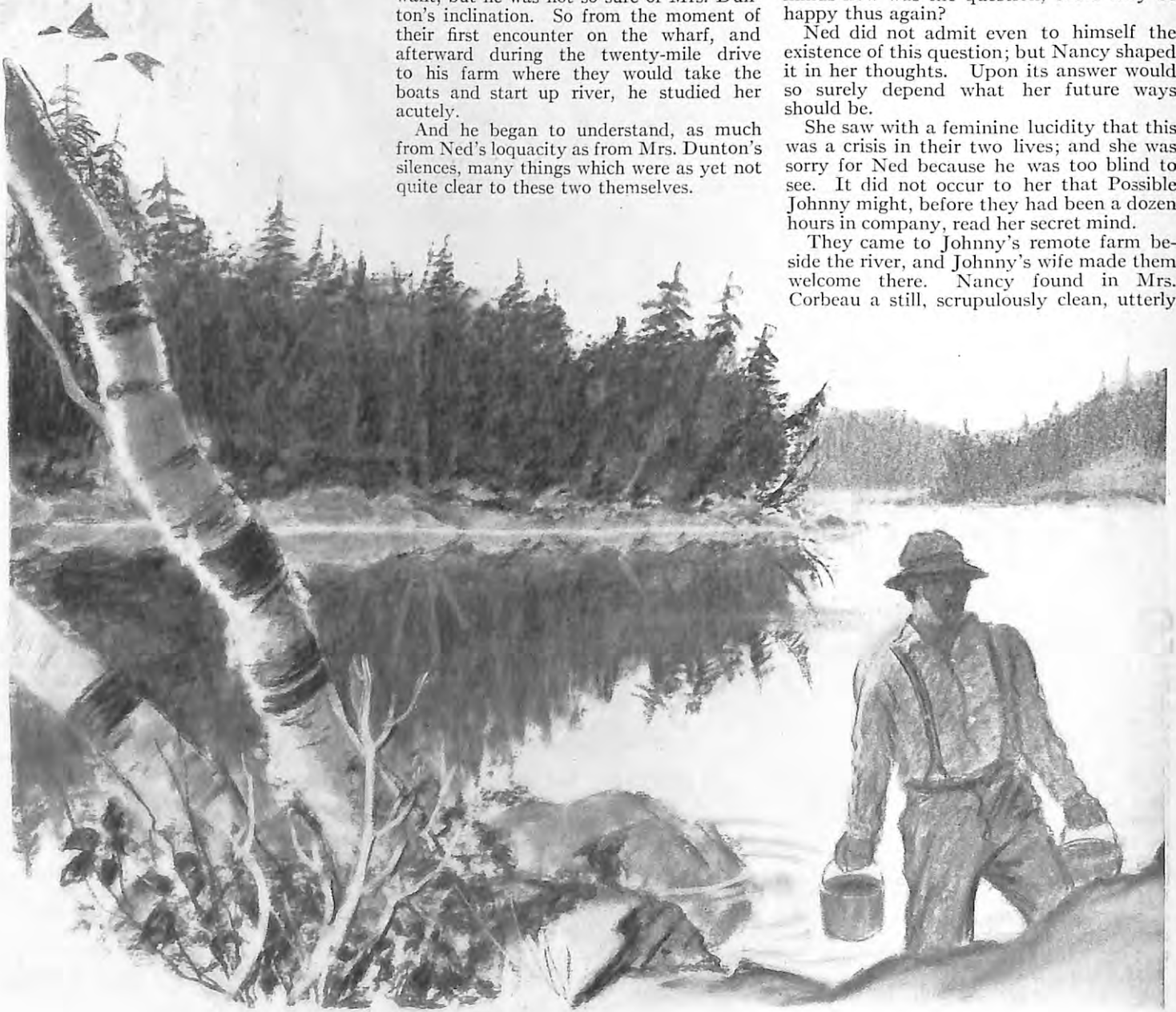
Sometimes the results of these attempts discouraged her; sometimes they awoke in her a faint, scarce-admitted terror—which had, nevertheless, a certain dreadful fascination, too.

WHEN Ned urged that she come with him on this annual fishing trip, she consented reluctantly, yet also with an unadmitted hope. On the surface this was a fishing trip and nothing more; but actually it was much more. Once, a great many years ago, she and Ned had thus gone away alone together, and happily. Alive in both their minds now was the question, could they be happy thus again?

Ned did not admit even to himself the existence of this question; but Nancy shaped it in her thoughts. Upon its answer would so surely depend what her future ways should be.

She saw with a feminine lucidity that this was a crisis in their two lives; and she was sorry for Ned because he was too blind to see. It did not occur to her that Possible Johnny might, before they had been a dozen hours in company, read her secret mind.

They came to Johnny's remote farm beside the river, and Johnny's wife made them welcome there. Nancy found in Mrs. Corbeau a still, scrupulously clean, utterly





silent individual with the strength of steel in her spare frame. The kitchen where they sat was steaming hot. Possible Johnny talked loudly and incessantly, and warmed his hands on the very top of the stove, while Mrs. Corbeau served them coffee, and a silent daughter moved like a shadow in the shadows, and Little John, whose head brushed the low ceiling, came and went as he carried their gear to the boats by the river bank.

They were a silent family, save for Possible Johnny himself; and Ned, in an exuberant intoxication over the vacation days in prospect, talked almost as much as his host. Nancy wondered grimly whether Johnny's wife hated the man's loud hilarity as much as she hated Ned's. She felt a bewildered surprise when in the moment of departure Mrs. Corbeau clung tenderly to her husband; and Nancy heard her warn Little John, in the distorted French patois, which was their familiar speech, to take care of his father, to make sure he did not work too hard, to see that his feet were dry. Johnny, it appeared, was not fit for the utmost rigors of his profession nowadays. When they went to embark, Mrs. Corbeau and her daughter came to the landing to see them off. Nancy, looking backward, saw the two women standing to watch their men away; then the boats rounded the first bend, wilderness shut in about them, the world fell far behind.

Little John, who rowed Nancy's boat, was of a silent habit; and the other craft, in which Ned and Johnny kept up a loud babel of hilarious conversation, drew steadily ahead. So Nancy, all that morning, had her rebellious thoughts for company. She could hear now and then Ned's loud guffaws; and she thought there was something shocking

*(Continued on page 47)*

*"For sure!" Johnny admitted, almost sheepishly. "By Gee, my old woman, she fix me up quick!" He looked from Ned to Nancy and back again, very wisely. "I t'ink you all right, too," he said*



H. Weston Taylor



Riding high; all four feet off the ground



# Beating Time With the Trotters

By Earl Chapin May

**A**N EXCITED crowd in a Blue Grass grandstand. In front of the grandstand a mile dirt oval. Within the oval serried motor cars. On a flagstaff the Stars and Stripes, stirred by a late September breeze. As a backdrop, the roofs and spires of Lexington. The second heat of the 1931 Senior Kentucky Futurity is on!

Six expert reinsmen in their racing colors come down the stretch behind high-spirited trotters whose one-two-three-four pounding hoofs throw dust over gleaming sulkies and goggled drivers. Grandstand, paddock and track rails buzz. The infield buzzes sympathetically. This annual classic of the light-harness horse world is fraught with a fierce uncertainty.

Protector is the favorite. The son of Peter Volo has shown the way in the Futurity's first heat, trotting a mile in 2:02½. This time he is being sent for a record. The big crowd knows that all records for trotters of his age are in danger. Before reaching the three-quarters Protector draws away from the other youngsters. He gradually increases his lead until he comes to the wire a dozen lengths in front. The time is 1:59¼, the fastest racing mile ever trotted by a three-year-old.

Then the fans recall the 1930 trotting classic on the same track a year before when nine star trotters got the word from a timers' stand on which Peter Manning 1:56¾ blazes in golden, significant colors, and how Hanover's Bertha was then the favorite in spite of bruised knees and Tommy Berry's lame driving hand.

In that 1930 race five trotters flashed past the grandstand ahead of Hanover's Bertha. Her backers arose in their anxiety. Would the filly's bad knees go back on her or would Berry's weak hand lessen his skill? The filly was sixth as she passed the eighth

Copyright, 1931, by Earl Chapin May

pole. At the half she had crept up into third position. The fans' cheers mounted into a chanting roar as she went to the front at the head of the stretch—and stepped under the wire a first-heat winner taking half a dozen light-harness horse records with her!

Business of consulting watches. A pause. Then a tumult as official timers credited Hanover's Bertha with doing her mile in an even two minutes!

The fans knew that other trotters had gone a mile faster. Peter Manning made his 1:56¾ world's record on that track in 1922—but against time, only. In 1924 Mr. McElwyn went around the same oval in a quarter less than two minutes—another world's record. During the same racing season, Tilly Brooke negotiated a mile in 1:59 in exhibition with Mrs. Yerkes, her stable mate. But the medium-sized daughter of Peter Volo and Miss Bertha Dillon had trotted the full distance in even time against a field—for the first known instance in light-harness horse history. Her September 23rd performance had therefore topped the 1930 light-harness horse season—and the largest crowd assembled at a Kentucky trotting track in a decade had seen her.

Followers of flat-racing are keen on winners. Followers of the trots and paces are just as keen. But the myriads who annually attend the twelve hundred trotting meets in this country are primarily interested in seeing trotters beat Father Time, which is one of the ways in which they differ decidedly from "bangtail" fanciers.

This differentiation goes back to when Boston Blue won America's first trotting race at Boston, before Top Gallant defeated Betsy Baker in 1823. It has continued through the era of three-minute horses and the coming of 2:05 trotters. It will continue indefinitely because man is born with

love for horses and this love finds expression through many millions who get more thrill out of speed contests between horses in harness than out of races between saddle horses. This goes for pacers as well as trotters. From a sporting standpoint they are in the same category.

There is a certain jealousy between the two schools. That is why harness horse fanciers often sneer at "bangtails." But each school is learning something from the other. At this writing devotees of harness racing are taking lessons from running-horse followers.

**A**MONG the distinguished citizens in the timers' stand when Hanover's Bertha staged her sensation during the first heat of the 1930 Senior Kentucky Futurity were C. K. G. Billings, "Doc" Tanner and John H. Dickerson. The wealthy Mr. Billings, as you may remember, owned Lou Dillon, the world's first two-minute trotter who made a record of 1:58½. Mr. Billings also owned and raced the peerless Uhlan, a horse that beat Lou Dillon's record and hung up a record of 1:58. It was Mr. Billings who first invaded Russia with American trotters. "Doc" Tanner managed Lou Dillon and trained Uhlan. Mr. Dickerson, who comes from an Indiana family which owned enough trotters to hold a full meet, has been brought up on light-harness horses or, more properly, behind them, since a driver gets "up" on a sulky seat instead of into the saddle of his "mount."

"Doc" Tanner's watch credited Hanover's Bertha with 1:59¾ after the filly had done her sensational heat. Mr. Dickerson made it 2:00⅓. Mr. Billings, the enthusiastic veteran, caught the heat at two minutes, flat, and the compromise time was made official. Hence Mr. Billings estab-





TED HANSON

"They're off!" With terrific speed the eleven pacers whip under the starting wire

lished the time of the world's first 2:00 heat in a trotting race. So great was the excitement over this record that those who discuss it often forget to mention that Hanover's Bertha also won the race! That's typical of trotting-horse people. Blood lines and records are their long suits.

It is fitting that new light-harness track records should be made at historic Lexington and under the sponsorship of the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, which controls the track, for members of this and kindred Associations own the largest speed nurseries in the Blue Grass region.

WHEN William Monroe Wright was active in business he had a hobby. His hobby was at Libertyville, Ill., a village a few miles northwest of Mr. Wright's main offices in Chicago. This hobby was trotting horses. One of the trotting horses was Peter Manning. In an unguarded moment the man who made Calumet Baking Powder, and a fortune, sold Peter Manning for \$21,000. The lucky buyer was Irving W. Gleason, of Williamsport, Pa. I say lucky, for under Mr. Gleason's ownership Peter Manning made world's trotting records as a three-year-old, four-year-old and five-year-old and won a whale of a lot of money and races before he retired to the Hanover Shoe Company's breeding farm at Hanover, Pa., where he lives a life of luxury.

The late Mr. Wright regretted that transaction with Mr. Gleason. To assuage his sorrow he invested about \$2,000,000 in Calumet Farm, near Lexington, 1,500 acres of rolling pasture and woodland with palatial buildings and impressive personnel and more than two hundred brood mares from our first trotting-horse families—the third largest speed nursery of record.

Mr. Wright spent about \$200,000 annually for his last four years, on a nursery which produced plenty of winners of trots and paces. He declared it was the best investment he'd ever made. He lived to be eighty—amid plenty of big money company.

Along the main drive leading toward Newton Pike, Mr. Samuel Look of New York City, is carrying on the good work initiated by his father, David, in making Castleton, former home of James R. Keene, a breeding farm the last word in magnificence. On this American country estate with its mansion house, modern men's dormitory and recently built stallion stable and office, the son of David takes pride in the fact that he has bred more 2:10 two-year-old trotters than any other breeder. A star of his stable



TED HANSON

Village Farm, the famous breeding home of fast trotters, near Langhorne, Pa.

is the deep, blood bay Spencer, 3, whose breeder's record of 1:59 $\frac{3}{4}$  was made after his 1927 Grand Circuit campaign with two other sensational "juniors," Fireglow and Scotland.

Henry Oliver, the Pittsburg steel man, has an elaborate breeding farm at Poplar Hill, also not far from Lexington, built around Scotland, 1:59 $\frac{1}{4}$ , the champion 1930 trotter. Poplar Hill's spring house is close to the birthplace of Nancy Hanks. John L. Dodge, retired manufacturer, who has regained his health by driving horses, spends much of his time and money at Hollyrood Farm, where he has bred a string of trotting race winners bearing the trade-mark, "Hollyrood." Other big harness horse nurseries are in that vicinity.

Walter Candler sticks to his Georgia. W. N. Reynolds, whose cigarettes you may be smoking, has most of his fun at Tanglewood Farm, near Winston-Salem, N. C. His stable has been in the headlines since "Tommy" Murphy drove Mrs. Yerkes over

the Grand Circuit eight years ago. Gage Ellis of Philadelphia, is breeding fast trotters on his charming Village Farm near Langhorne, Pa. The list of names can be extended indefinitely, for men of wealth and influence own large light-harness horse-speed nurseries from Maine to California and from Michigan to Florida. There are hundreds of smaller trotting farms.

BECAUSE those devoted to trots and paces have studied flat racing as conducted by their brothers, there has been a rejuvenation of a sport with which the names of Maude S. and Dan Patch are indelibly associated. Trotting horse men are progressing from a glorious past to a healthy future.

After the Lexington meeting, at which Hanover's Bertha distinguished herself, leaders in the world of the light-harness horse raised a fund of \$250,000 for publicity and other purposes. I put publicity in the van because the light of light-harness racing has been hidden under a bushel since motor cars drove horses from our highways.

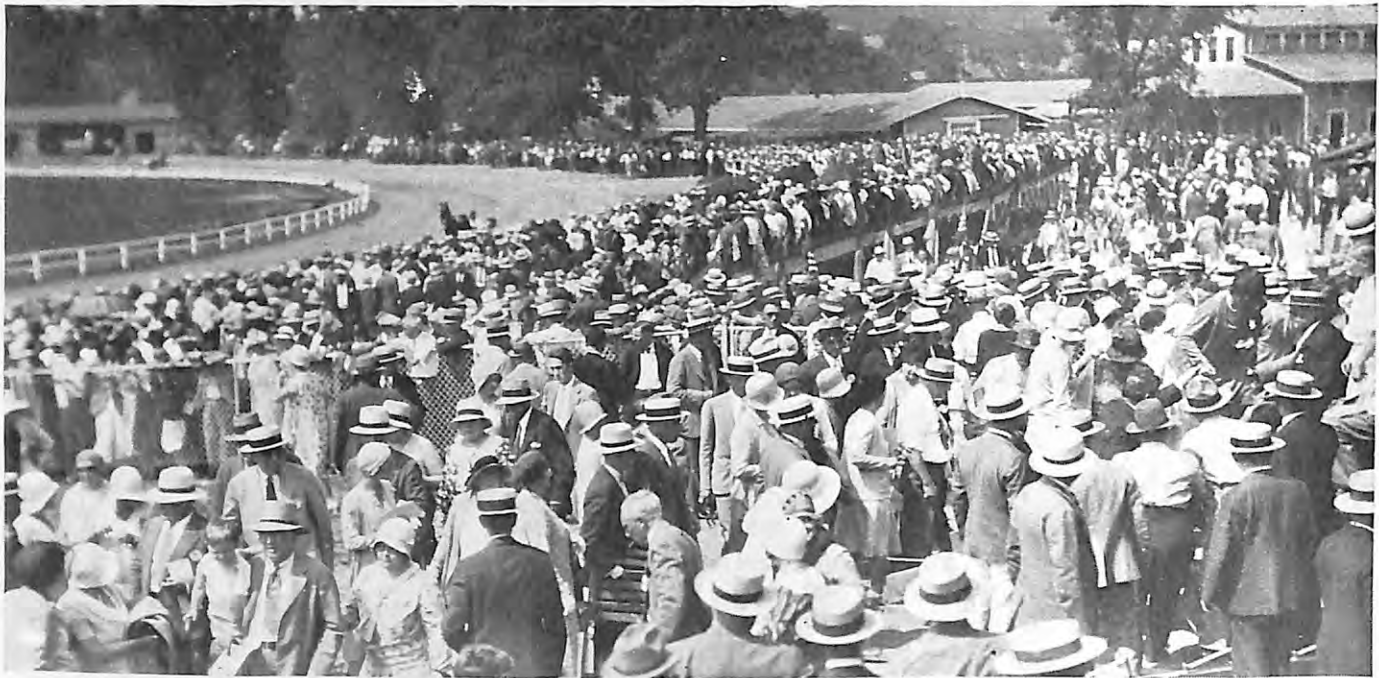
You may be old enough to remember when horses were hitched to carriages and young swains with their sweethearts raced other swains on open highways between our villages. You may also recall that town boys were not averse to tests of speed with saddle horses—"runners" they called them optimistically. Motor cars stopped equine sporting specials except by professionals on running tracks or on State and county fair trotting programs. Flat racing now flourishes close to cities. Carriage racing has disappeared. Trotting reinsmen stay behind board fences on fair grounds or "short ship" ovals.

Flat racing is a highly organized and successful business. Trots and paces have beaten Father Time, though modestly. Millions of ardent ruralites have continued



TED HANSON

Mrs. Charles Francis Adams with Wedgemere and Betterwin



Hambletonian Day at the Good Time Track, Goshen, N. Y., when thousands who love fast trotters gather each year

TED HANSON

to patronize light-harness programs—more millions probably than annually see all the flat-racing events on this broad continent, yet the trotting clan did not realize the value of publicity until recently.

During July of 1928 I went to see Grattan Bars, a sensational pacer from Toronto, perform in a stake race at Windsor, Conn., a village a few miles north of Hartford. Very properly I was among the cash customers. The price was high but well worth paying. At the gate I asked for the purveyor of publicity. The gate man smiled sweetly but said Sage Park did not boast such a person.

"Then where is the press box?" I inquired mildly. I sought information on various particulars.

"There isn't any," replied the official. So I wandered among men, women and children spectators and along rows of stalls in which Standard-bred stars were being groomed and royally cared for, digging up facts where I could find them. Incidentally, I saw a glorious race between Canada and the U. S. A. in which the Toronto pacer pulled down the big end of a \$25,000 purse. But about all the information available was on a program, and that not illuminating.

At another time I sought a race meet at Avon, Conn. I knew Avon was in the Bay State Circuit because I had seen it mentioned by a trade paper—but I had the devil's own time finding it. There were no announcements on roads leading to Avon. Folks within five miles of the track knew nothing about it. Yet more than 5,000 fans got all heated up by a darned good card.

Still later I attended the annual races at the Historic Track in Goshen, seat of Orange County, N. Y., fifty miles northwest of Manhattan. Orange County is properly known as "The Cradle of the Trotting Horse" because Hambletonian 10 was born in that county, and 90 per cent of our good light-harness horses trace back to old Hambletonian. There was a press

box at the Historic Track but no press men. I got my information from spectators and such bustling trade paper representatives as had time to talk.

Goshen, N. Y., is on the Grand Circuit, the chain of tracks stretching from New England to Illinois and Kentucky. Goshen has a population of about 3,000, but more horsemen proportionally than any other American community. The Historic Track is a half-mile oval with traditions going back seventy-five years to the foaling time of Hambletonian. But the Good Time Track is a full mile race-course, owned and financed by W. H. Cane. He is a Manhattanite when not at Goshen, where he is master of the Good Time stable made famous by Walter Cox, racing prototype of David Harum. Mr. Cox, as Mr. Cane's stable-trainer, developed Walter Dear, Hazelton and Miss Woerner, colts which performed so speedily that German buyers took the first two and Italian buyers the last named, to win big money on European ovals.

Mr. Cane is a master builder as well as a master owner. He built war-time plants and a fortune during the recent world-wide unpleasantness. Hambletonian Day was Goshen's big 1930 frolic, the day on which trotters would race in the annual Hambletonian Stake worth \$56,850. Mr. Cane desired to make the day a box-office success, in spite of hard times.

With less than two months in which to achieve his ambition he tore down an old grandstand, built another and made various and sundry other improvements, paid for by Cane money. Then he drafted the artist, Robert L. Dickey, to do some fancy drawing. He also drafted publicity specialists.

MORE than 12,000 racing fans saw Hanover's Bertha win the 1930 Hambletonian and \$36,706.00. Grandmothers and granddaughters were in that crowd. Hours after the program ended many were still milling around and talking horse. There was a record crush in the village of Goshen, which kept open house for everybody. After that experience with publicity, trotting men took an oath against secrecy. This partially explains the \$250,000 jackpot raised at Lexington.

After that 1930 Lexington meet H. K. Devereaux, the Cleveland capitalist, arose, as president of the American Association of Trotting Horse Breeders in annual session in the Fayette County Courthouse, and renewed his proposal for an amalgamation of the National Trotting Association, the Harness Horse Association and the American Trotting Association.

Old-timers and young ones—there are plenty of the latter—refer to that September meet as "the speed whirlwind of Lexington" so many fast horses appeared on the track. But part of the wind raised by those trotters continues to beat against tradition as well as time. For a dozen years leaders in the light-harness industry—it has become an industry as well as a sport—have chaffed at the chaotic condition of their turf government.

In general, the three racing Associations operate under the same racing rules, but if an owner wants to campaign across the country he has to pay three fees for doing it. Moreover, if a horse is outlawed by one Association it

(Continued on page 56)



The old fellow never took his eyes off the young racers on the track

TED HANSON



By Laura Long

Illustrated by Lowell Balcom



*He had felt the lure  
of the new land, he  
had seen the vision  
beyond the horizon  
—the shadow of a  
future, shaped into  
peaceful towns*

# Builders



**D**AVY TURNER was a soldier and an Indian fighter. He had gone West with Mad Anthony Wayne, and had stayed to grow up with the country. The trouble was, Davy grew faster than the country, and before he had reached his own stature, he was trying to pull the country up with him. He knew much about Indians and more about fighting. He grew a fearsome brown beard to hide the youthfulness of his countenance, and he tried to be as hard and unrelenting a scout as there was in all the Illinois country. Indians wouldn't listen to an humble man, nor a soft one.

Because Davy was fearless, loving danger, because he was alone, without any family, the settlers put most of the really hard jobs upon him.

"You can take a chance, Davy. You hain't got no fambly."

He had heard it time and again, and he had taken a chance time and again, because

Copyright, 1931, by Laura Long

he knew somebody had to, if the country was to be a white land instead of a red land.

Davy had not always been a bristling backwoodsman. He hadn't been born in the forest. His father had as nice a little place as a body could wish for, in Pennsylvania. He could have had his share of it, if he had stayed there. But he was a spirited lad who wasn't impressed much with security. Anthony Wayne, whose business was the making of soldiers, had talked to his father about him.

"Some's got to keep peace, and raise food for a country, build it up that way, and some's got to make a place peaceful by fighting. Davy's the last kind. Let him do what he's made for. He's as likely a lad as I was meself once." Wayne wasn't a man to act humble.

Davy was only sixteen at that time, but he felt himself pledged to that western country from the moment Wayne spoke to his father.

There was a girl on the place next to the

Turners, a black-eyed girl, just beginning to round out into a woman, a girl Davy had played with and fought with, and now, when the time came for leaving, a girl he found himself loving.

He rode over to tell her, when it was settled.

"I'm goin' with Wayne. I'm goin' to make a good soldier. And when we get the Injuns out of the country, I'll send back for you, Sophie."

Sophie brushed her blue-black hair out of her eyes, and squinted up at the boy who sat very straight on his horse in the sunlight.

"D'ju reckon all you got to do's whistle?" she asked him. "I ain't a sheep dog."

Sophie had plenty of spirit. That was why Davy liked her.

"Tain't that ezackly. Soon's I clean out the Injuns, 'twill be time to start buildin'. Then's when a man needs a woman to he'p him. Will you come, Sophie?" He got down from his horse to get her answer. "Will you come . . . when I send for you?"

Sophie swayed a little, like a windblown sapling, and answered.

"I ain't a-sayin'. I may be married by that time. Or dead. You can't tell what's apt to happen. A girl can't wait forever for no one."

"Sophie," he begged, bending over her. "Go on, Sophie, and promise."

Sophie, frightened at the look of him, at the feel of his breath on her cheek and the pull of his arm on her shoulder, at the unexpected touch of his lips on her lips, breathlessly promised. The next morning early, Sophie drove over to Turners to give Davy a keepsake, a twisted bit of gold wire carefully wound with two long blue-black hairs from her own head.

"Don't forget, now, that I'm back here waitin'," she told him.

It was six years before they saw each other again, six *full* years for Davy. Wayne didn't spare a man he was making into a soldier. He said he only wanted men made of iron, and surely no others could stand it. Men of softer metal went back East after a while, back to their lambing and plowing. But hardship is often a whetstone to a man of good steel. Davy had good steel in him.

By the time the Injuns had been cut down

or driven out of the country, Davy had felt the lure of the new land, he had seen the vision beyond the horizon, the vision that led sane, steady men from good solid hearthstones to face danger and sickness and death for that shadow they saw beyond the horizon. It was the shadow of a future, shaped into peaceful towns (though no one ever guessed they might one day be *too* peaceful) and thriving cities, shadows of crowds in the wilderness, crowds who looked upon peace and prosperity and plenty as their birthright. It was to coax those shadows nearer, to build them into the land that lay before them, that men stayed on and on in the wilderness.

Davy had acquired a good bit of learning in those six years, the kind of learning the country most needed. He used the knowledge of soldiering he had gotten from Wayne to teach the scattered settlers how to protect themselves from the wandering Indians. He used the knowledge he had of how to get on with the Red Man to settle difficulties between the two races. You couldn't be humble when dealing with Injuns, you had to r'ar back, and act mighty important. And you couldn't act young, or they wouldn't listen. All those things Davy knew. He never was humble.

He built himself a log cabin beyond the fort, beyond the last house of the village. He said he thought somebody ought to live away from the others to watch out for danger, and he liked the idea of living alone in the forest. When he first went out there, he couldn't have done it. If it hadn't been for Wayne, and

Wayne's soldiers, he couldn't have done it. A man with a family couldn't have done it very well, yet, but he had no family. He was alone. He could look after the others.

That was one reason he hadn't sent back for Sophie. The wilderness didn't seem a good place for Sophie. She was used to real houses, with rooms in them, with upstairs and downstairs. Sophie was used to safety. He hadn't written to Sophie very often, either, for whenever a man was going East carrying letters, Davy never could think of anything special to write to her. She would know that he thought about her, and missed her, without all the work of putting it down on paper. He got news of her from the settlers, and the last time he'd heard about her, she wasn't married. Folks wondered why a girl as pretty as Sophie should wait that long to marry. She must have been twenty years old.

**B**UT after spring muster, Davy weakened. He had charge of the drilling at muster—*Captain* Davy, they called him. Men brought their families with them and they had a big dinner out in the open, a dinner and games and dancing. And it looked to Davy as though every one of them but himself had someone that belonged to him. Even the men who were barefoot, even the men who had nothing but cornstalks for firearms, had wives and a passel of children. It didn't seem hardly fair.

"Hit ain't for oursel's, we're living like Injuns and workin' like niggers," someone had said. "Hit's for the future. Hit's for our young 'uns."

"Hit's for the country," Davy had answered. "We all of us got to work for the good of the country."

Yet Davy wrote to Sophie that evening. The cabin didn't really look bad to him, only lonely. He pulled his few pieces of furniture around, to divide one room into many. Sophie was used to rooms. The corner where the bedposts were driven into the puncheon floor was the bedroom; the fireplace, with a bench on each side of it, was the sitting-room; the pine table, with a bench and one chair—that one Windsor chair, with the high back for a head rest would be Sophie's—there was the dining-room, and the corner cupboard, containing an iron pot and a skillet, a sack of meal and a wooden spoon, and not much else, either, that was the kitchen.

It was easier to write his letter to Sophie after he'd fixed his house up. He told her he was ready for her to come. He told her he had a house ready, a four-room house, with a sitting-room and a dining-room, a bedroom and a kitchen. And maybe next spring they could build on a parlor. He bragged half a page on his cabin. By the time he was through, he almost believed what he had written. It was in May that he wrote her. He might not have been quite so rash, if it hadn't been springtime, but there was a moon, and the woods smelled uncommonly fragrant.

In July, Sophie wrote she was coming. She hadn't forgotten her promise. She'd had news of Davy and she was proud that he'd made such a good soldier. She would come out



*Wayne didn't spare a man he was making into a soldier. He said he wanted only men made of iron*





in September, before the cold weather closed in. Her folks would bring her as far as Marietta, and he could come there and meet her, and they could be married there. Then the trip to the new country would be a honeymoon journey. She was glad he hadn't forgotten. She'd had several good offers, lately, but she was waiting to hear from him. Folks thought she was foolish not to go on and get married, at her age. But now she was glad she had waited. And she was glad he'd built such a nice house for her. Davy scratched his head when he came to that part of her letter.

HE DID not get to Marietta as soon as he had intended. He was all ready to leave, when the Governor sent for him to come to Vincennes to smooth out some Indian troubles. While he was there, he took enough time to petition the Government for more muskets, to take the place of the cornstalks some of his men were using for drilling. He stopped a few days on his way back, to visit some friendly Indians, accepting their hospitality the more firmly to seal their loyalty to the settlers. Then he would feel safer to go away to get married. He

*After he had eaten, he told Davy that the Weas were ready for trouble. Davy offered to go to the Governor to explain*

would feel safer about bringing Sophie back with him.

Sophie had been waiting at Marietta two weeks when he got there. She didn't like being kept waiting, and she didn't like Davy's beard, nor the way his long hair curled under his hat brim. But Davy didn't act humble. He didn't cut his beard or his hair when Sophie asked it. She was far prettier now than she had been when he knew her. And just as full of high spirits. He couldn't quite understand, himself, how she happened to marry him. There was nothing as lovely as Sophie in the whole northwest territory.

The trip back home was a long one, and Sophie spent most of the time asking questions. Did he like Injun fighting? Didn't he ever feel lonely out there in the forest? Did he think of her sometimes? Were the Injuns ever nice, or were they always so cruel? Had it taken him long to build the house for her? Did he have his furniture sent down by flatboat? Would there be any shade trees? So many places she'd seen had looked so bare

and ugly. That last question was easy to answer. Yes, there were plenty of shade trees . . . in the midst of the forest.

They came at last to the creek that wound through Davy's section. Sophie was worn out by that time, too worn out to ask questions. Davy knew she'd be glad to get there.

"Is it much farther, Davy?" she did manage to ask, at last, in a weak little voice that didn't sound like her.

"Tain't no further a-tall," answered Davy heartily, to encourage her.

"You mean . . . what *do* you mean, Davy? You don't mean we're there, do you?" She looked about her. There was nothing but woods and a stream. "Where's the house, Davy?"

"It'll be 'long in a minute," promised Davy. It hadn't occurred to him till then that she might be disappointed, after all he had told her. The cabin was home to him, and he liked it, and he must have thought she'd feel as he did about it.

She found the cabin herself. Her eyes had always been bright enough.

"Look at that little place, Davy. It must be dreadful to have to live that way. In one room, so far from a village. I'd be  
(Continued on page 50)

# Behind the Footlights



*A gay young marine kissed his fiancée goodbye and sailed away to Cuba. There, in the person of a beautiful little peanut vendor, he found love, romance and adventure. Then came the war, and for the rest of the story of this screen play you must see "The Cuban Love Song." In it you will find Lawrence Tibbett as the young marine, singing soulfully under the luscious Havana moon to Lupe Velez, who is pictured with him below*



*"Payment Deferred," the English importation by Jeffrey Dell, with an all-English cast, is a thriller, but not in the noisy or blatant sense. If you like lots of shooting and obvious corpses on the stage, this play is a bad investment; but if you want to see a murderer suffering all the secret pangs of his undiscovered crime, watch his pathetic struggle for peace and his ironic undoing, then Charles Laughton (pictured above with Elsa Lanchester) is your man. Mr. Laughton is a magnificent character actor and gives a masterly and moving performance as the middle-class Cockney bank clerk who murders a man under the goad of his financial stress. Cicely Oates, as his wife, and Elsa Lanchester, as his daughter, likewise give outstandingly fine performances, and their play is an interesting and satisfying entertainment*



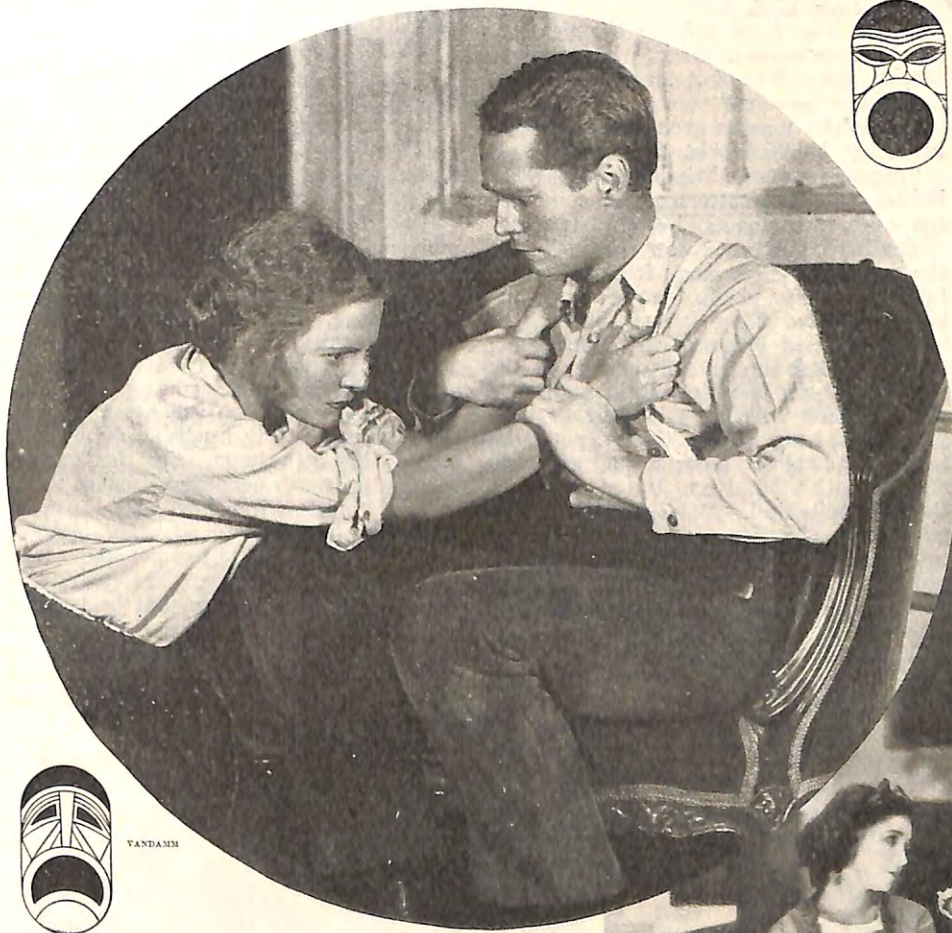
*James Cagney, who has made quite a screen reputation as a depicor of underworld characters, plays the lead in "Larceny Lane." He is shown at the left with his leading lady, Joan Blondell. As a bellhop, anxious to make quick and easy money, Cagney studies the methods of crooks and swindlers. He teams up with a pretty chambermaid (Miss Blondell) and after their first successful coup they depart for the richer field of a big city. The way of quick riches does not long run smooth for them there, but we will give you just a hint that when you have your last glimpse of Mr. Cagney his smile will be rueful but happy*



# And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

At the right are John Halliday, Irene Dunne, and Pat O'Brien in the picture entitled "Consolation Marriage." This engaging and popular trio have the leading roles in a romance which begins in a small Texas town, travels to England and winds up in New York, gathering sophistication as it goes. After a lapse of several reels, Pat O'Brien and Irene Dunne meet in New York, each having been jilted, and decide that, under the circumstances, they might as well get married. Hence the title of the play



Paul Green, who won the Pulitzer Prize several seasons ago with a play called "In Abraham's Bosom," has written a serious and interesting study of the South twenty-five years ago, entitled "The House of Connelly." A proud plantation-owning family has fallen into poverty and decay. The daughter of one of the tenants brings new life and vigor to the son of the house and arouses the bitter opposition of its proud ladies. While only intermittently dramatic, there is beauty in the writing and acting of this play in which Franchot Tone and Margaret Barker (circle) head a fine and sympathetic cast



VANDAMM

Seventy-five years ago New York audiences thrilled to the drama of Dion Boucicault's play "The Streets of New York, or Poverty is No Crime." To-day audiences are going into gales of laughter over the revival of its absurd bombast and pious virtues. It is acted by a highly competent cast, headed by Dorothy Gish and Rollo Peters (right) who, one and all, play their parts solemnly and reverently, wisely leaving the whole appreciation of the joke to the spectators. It is a diverting tale of villainy punished and virtue triumphant, done in the highly rococo style of an outmoded school of acting which pleasantly tickles the humor of the modern playgoer



VANDAMM





The fugitive—Paul Stensland

"PAUL OLSON," wrote the traveler, filling in the forwarding blank in the international post-office at Tangier, Morocco, on the morning of September 3, 1906. He was a tall, blond man, heavily built, holding himself so erect that his weight seemed to fit him. He wore a suit of American cut which one, noting that he had written his home residence as "Christiana, Norway," might have thought a little surprising. A closer look, however, would have shown that he obviously was Norwegian by birth, belonging apparently to the well-to-do business class.

"Mog—" he started upon the word "Mogador," his destination, the port furthest down the West African Moroccan coast.

A voice reached him, coming over his shoulder.

Copyright, 1931, by Edgar Sisson

"Give the right address!" it said commandingly. "Write 'Paul Stensland, forwarding address, Chicago, U. S. A.'"

The hand holding the pen was lifted for an instant. Then, without a look around, the owner of it lowered the point and wrote "—ador."

The letters were as even as those at the beginning, boldly legible.

"Suppose we go to breakfast at the Hotel Bristol and talk matters over," continued the voice, more suavely but still sternly.

The big man turned now and looked at the speaker. There stood fronting him, a full-head lower, a plump, bare-headed young looking person, whose face, inclined to be longish, seemed just now to be stretching like an elastic under the weight of the thrust-out lower jaw. The little man shone with pugnacity. The terrier had set himself for the bear. James Keeley, not a detective although a pursuer, had come to meeting with a fugitive at the end of a five-thousand-mile trail. And a meeting only it might be. The chase, long as it had been, could be only skirmish to a conflict for capture, by one, and for escape, by the other; and this both the glowering men knew.

"Don't let me keep you from breakfast," said the big man after the moments of scrutiny. "I've had mine. I'm going back to the steamer."

"No, you're not, Paul Stensland," snapped Keeley. "You're going back with me to Chicago, where you wrecked your Milwaukee Avenue State Bank and stole a million dollars."

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm Jim Keeley of the *Tribune*, You know it, maybe. I'm taking you back."

In complete possession of his nerves the pseudo-Olson changed to a foreign and a formal manner of speech, disregarding the vernacular of his first utterances.

"You mistake me for someone else," he said politely. "I am Paul Olson of Christiana, Norway, traveling for pleasure; but if I were this Stensland I would not be under arrest. I am familiar with the laws of your country. The United States has no extradition treaty with Morocco." He added, as if in afterthought, with a shrug of his shoulders, "You will notice perhaps the excellence of my English. As a young man I traded in India, with the English. There also it was necessary to learn something of the American laws."

He was Paul Stensland. He had exaggerated nothing. He was not under legal arrest and could not be. The point, too, that Keeley was not sure that he had the powers of an officer of the law made no difference. Warrant for appointment as High Commissioner of the Government had been prepared at Washington and



A bearded man presented the proper trunk checks at the railroad station

It was the nervous strolling of the man in odd, hot attire that made Hamduchi pause and observe



In three days he found Hering and got him to a rendezvous in the park





# How a Newspaper Editor Captured an absconding Bank President. The first of a Series of six thrilling inside Stories of famous Man-hunts

By Edgar Sisson

Keeley knew that "authority" for him was due by cable. But even if he had it, of what use? The United States Minister to Morocco three days before had told him—"None."

Yet he attacked, for that was his way. He was defeated in the first set-to. The poised and defiant Stensland of the post-office scene, nevertheless, soon was to appeal to the very one he had flaunted, to beg him to become a jailer, to look upon him as rescuer and friend and to travel back with him willingly, without need of shackles or even a locked cabin door.

The annals, whether of adventure or crime, have no parallel to the circumstances of the Stensland-Keeley struggle of wit and force, and for a quarter of a century the tale, owing equally to its humanness and to the events themselves, has been famous in the limited group of those who knew some of the episodes and were willing to invoke fancy for the rest.

This is the first complete telling, aided by the memory of the writer, who witnessed the Chicago beginning; by a new look at the records; and by the conversational recital of the same James Keeley who left his desk as managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune* to become a man-hunter, and by the experience was cured of any desire ever again to be a policeman. To-day, more urbane and less impetuous, and yet with abundance of enthusiasm, he has a restful

view of Lake Michigan from his office in a high building and is addressed as Vice-President of the Pullman Company.

Paul Stensland fell from high place to reach the depth of the situation to which he came at our first sight of him in Tangier. He had ascended through his own ability. Added to vigor, he had imagination, the too free use of which had much to do with his downfall. He was also a confident egotist. Well educated in his native town of Stavanger, Norway, he moved on to become excellently trained in international trade and banking. As a young man he traveled far as an agent for Norwegian and British firms, through Europe, Asia Minor, the Far East and in India, where he lived for several years.

THE expansiveness of America invited him as the permanent place for the best use of his promoter's mind. He had gained a small capital. He came into a thrifty settlement of his countrymen, plodding, saving folk to whom he was a natural leader.

On Chicago's West Side, Milwaukee Avenue is a long thoroughfare, cutting northwestward to the city's border. It was the old road to Milwaukee. One might choose a racial group along its

stretches, stay within the set precincts and never have cause to visit the Loop district of the city. Markets, retail stores and industrial employment all were at hand. And so, naturally, banks. The inner Norwegian city was one of the most prosperous communities within the boundary of Chicago. In 1906 Paul Stensland was its foremost citizen, reward of twenty years of energy and outward probity. He was a member of the Chicago Board of Education, his opinion and aid sought in every public movement.

He was president, proprietor actually, of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank, where 22,000 families kept their savings accounts of upwards of \$4,000,000 and their checking accounts of another million. He was owner of the largest general store of the district.



The pursuer—James Keeley

A voice reached him, over his shoulder. "Give the right address!"



The passenger listed on the Oldenburg as "Paul Olson" looked down and saw nothing pertinent



Illustrations by  
Herbert M. Stoops



He supplied the conveniences for daily life and when any of the residents died, their families laid them to rest in the cemetery he had promoted.

Stensland no longer lived in the city district itself. His most ambitious project was a suburban development, Irving Park. There he had a house, valued with its grounds at \$100,000, and costing a good part of that sum. He had brought many of his neighbors with him and attracted American population as well by liberal building-and-loan financing. The territory prospered. He broadened the development. He loaned, but also must borrow. Cash money often was his need.

There in his own bank was cash. If he used it for gain, no one would lose. Who, indeed, would know? He chose the method of memorandum notes. At first they were signed by "dummies." Afterwards he did not take even that trouble but let one convenient confederate write fictitious names. The short word for that practice is forgery. Bank examiners for eight years checked these notes, and the new ones written to take them up, as normal commercial assets. The bank had a State charter, a board of directors including well-known men, cleared through one of the largest downtown banks, and yet remained a one-man bank.

Presently, however, it verged evilly toward a two-man bank, for the cashier, Henry W. Hering, laid the notes, while they were still moderate in number, in front of Stensland—not as a warning but to argue that since there was no difficulty in passing them before a bank examiner, the way to clean them up ultimately would be to speculate nervily with larger sums. The

cashier became the note-signer and the sharer in proceeds. He was more a gambler than Stensland, lost the money, had need for more. Each man was in the toils of the other; neither could restrain the other.

**EXCEPT** for a generous style of living, Stensland used his portion of the abstracted funds to bolster up his different businesses. If a cycle of depression had not come, the game might have gone on much longer. Stensland hoped almost to the last to be able to recoup. Depression struck and he began to lose rapidly in all his commercial operations. Only the bank continued to have the appearance of making money and he knew how he and Hering had eaten into its resources.

In early July, Stensland decided that he could not avert ruin and chose disappearance. His wife had been dead for several years. His son, Theodore, was a lawyer, who purposely had been kept away from his father's enterprises. He would be shamed but he could not be involved seriously. An adopted daughter had married. He had women friends but they lacked hold on him. He would go alone. He made his plans, and they were simple.

Sunday, July 12, was servants' afternoon and evening out as usual. After dark an expressman called for two trunks and delivered them at a railroad station. A bearded man saw to the loading at the house. A bearded man presented the proper checks at the railroad station later at night and took the trunks away. But the man who boarded the train at a different station and rode with the trunks to New York was smooth-shaven. Stensland never was

traced by his own movement or by that of his baggage, although he had neglected to remove his initials "P. O. S." from either of the large pieces.

He sailed from New York on a White Star liner the following Tuesday, disembarked at Liverpool, took a P. & O. boat there, reached Gibraltar on July 27, and crossed to Tangier the next day. He had been safe in Tangier for more than a week before the explosion of his bank's failure shook Chicago. He had with him in escape only \$13,000.

Cashier Hering, left alone with the strain, collapsed under it in the third week and sought to hide himself in Chicago itself. His disappearance was signal for an official examination. The bank was closed on August 6, a receiver appointed and an alarm rung for Stensland and Hering. Examiners approximated the looting total at \$1,003,000.

The factor of James Keeley entered along with the first publicity. Although both had adventured largely in Chicago, Stensland and Keeley had only a casual acquaintance. To the latter, on the night of August 6, the former was only a prominent citizen who had gone wrong sensationally and so made big news. There will have to be an understanding of Keeley to bring a grasp of his rôle and of his impulse in seizing it. He is writing out for his grandchildren a record of some of his impulses and their results, and doubtless is doing a deal of reasonable explaining. I can short-cut him to the truth: he loved excitement for itself.

Londoner born, gamin and newsboy by his own colorful account, he saved enough money as a lad to buy his passage to the United States. Taking advantage of his

(Continued on page 45)

*Action was fast and rough. Keeley's retinue of Hamduchi men crowded the Germans back and, encircling Stensland, moved toward the door*





# Radio Rambles —Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



Harriet Lee seems a very simple name for this gorgeous lady, just elected Miss Radio (1931) at the Radio World's Fair at Madison Square Garden, New York. She is staff soloist of the Columbia Broadcasting System. One would expect Orchid La Orientale, or something similar as a title, for such an exotic creature. Hearing her sing, one becomes a little incoherent with enthusiastic praise, and the gardenias on her dress are real, gentlemen!



That veteran and well-loved actor, Harvey Hayes, who created the Old Timer on the Empire Builders Program, N. B. C. I doubt if there is another chuckle as infectious as his heard on the air. He is doing his broadcasting now from Chicago, and the Windy City's gain is New York's loss. The little East Indian place in the "Forties" is very sad—for that was where the Old Timer was wont to take his friends, and treat them to real baked peppers—tiny hot ones—and true curry—and let them hear him talk Hindustani, a language he speaks fluently, having been born in India

Both the pretty young ladies with the tangled eyelashes are none other than Betty-Boop, the one the Betty you see, and the other the Boop you hear! The one you hear is Margie Hines of Paramount, and the one you see lived till recently in the fountain pen of the world-famous cartoonist, Max Fleischer. You must remember Betty-Boop's ancestors. "Koko the Clown," "Out of the Inkwell," and others—but it took Betty to stop a show on Broadway



Not the latest thing in Eugenie bonnets!—nor is it ex-Governor Al Smith in his fireman's helmet!—but this is Alois Havrilla, N. B. C. announcer, showing "what the well-dressed man will wear" in his native Czecho-Slovakia. He was born in that land and takes great pride in his country—a sentiment which assuredly Czecho-Slovakia reciprocates

For answers to your questions see page 54





# Millions for Defiance

By

John Chapman Hilder

*Illustrated by Douglas Duer*

**C** Part V  
COLIN returned to his room for a bathrobe, then hastened downstairs. Hope was just ahead of him. Hornsby, with his feet spread wide apart, stood blinking at them and repeating his stentorian desire to see O'Rourke, tugging at his ear-lobe the while.

"Take him into the library," Hope ordered Colin. She followed them through the doors of the lounge.

"Now, then," said Hope briskly, "what's this all about? How about my Indians?"

Mr. Hornsby seemed to be struggling to get a grip on himself. It was evident that he had been spending a Bacchanalian afternoon. He peered from one to the other with eyes that had dwindled in size almost to the vanishing point.

"Don' wanna talk to you," he informed Hope. "Wanna talk to him."

"What do you want to talk to him for?"

"Wanna talk to him—hup—wanna tell him about my coshens—my sonshus—" he battled with the word and gave it up.

"Your what?" Hope turned to Colin. "What on earth is the man talking about?"

Hornsby blinked at her and waved her away. "You go out," he said. "Wanna talk to him—hup—see? Wanna talk to him about my coshens."

"Perhaps," said Hope to Colin, "you wouldn't mind explaining what this helpless idiot does want."

"I think," Colin improvised, "he must be trying to tell you that his conscience hurts because he promised to get you the Indians, when he knew all the time he couldn't. That's it, isn't it?" He tried by his expression to convey to Hornsby that he wanted him to agree with this statement. The other, however, shook his head violently.

"No, no, no!" he shouted. "No!" His face took on a dangerously apoplectic hue.

"He says no," observed Hope, drily. "Have you been trafficking with this man behind my back?"

The visitor suddenly brandished a bright





new hundred dollar bill. "Here," he shouted in triumph, holding the money out to Colin. "I'm honest, I am. Can't bribe me." Then he peered into the wallet again. "There was two," he muttered. "where's other one?" For a moment he stood tugging at his ear and staring perplexedly at the ceiling, with his head cocked on one side. "Ah ha—hup—I know. Spent it. Hup—" a sly grin illumined his vinous countenance. He lurched forward, lost his balance and keeled over. The next instant he was fast asleep.

Hope looked at Colin and Colin looked sheepish.

"I begin to understand," said she, "why I didn't hear from him. . . Do you think you were playing fair?"

"I didn't agree to," he reminded her.

"It would have been better if you had. Now I'll simply have to round up those Indians myself."

As she started for the door, an inspiration flashed into Colin's mind.

"Hope, wait a minute," he cried, "listen. I've got a much better scheme. Knocks your parade idea into a cocked hat. If you're set on doing something crazy, I can't stop you. I realize that. But you mustn't risk your neck. Promise you won't try to fly to the Everglades and I'll give you this other idea."

"I'd have to hear it first."

"It's a grand idea—honest it is. Front page stuff."

"Do you expect me to buy a cat in a bag?"

"All right," said he, with a shrug. "I'll tell you anyway. You know that abandoned hotel—what is it—the Blue Heron—across the Inlet?"

"Well—?"

"You could give a marvelous party there. A masquerade. Everybody dressed as ghosts—nothing but dim blue lights—phosphorescent skeletons in all the corners—bloodcurdling shrieks coming from empty rooms—a treasure hunt all over the place—"

Hope's face lit up with enthusiasm. "Gosh, yes," she chimed in, "and a black-draped barge to ferry people over—like Charon's ferry across the Styx. It is a good idea—"

"Better than the other," said Colin, "and safe."

"It's a grand idea—"

Colin's spirits rose. He did not believe for a moment that Hope would be able to get permission to use the hotel for such a purpose; he did think, however, that if the notion appealed to her, she would use up considerable time trying to obtain permission. But with her next words, his spirits sank again.

"The Blue Heron's all tied up—I doubt if I could get it."

"Everything has a price," he said, encouragingly.

"Hm," said Hope, with a satiric glance



Hornsby blinked at her and waved her away. "You go out," he said. "Wanna talk to him—hup—about my coshens"





at the gentleman snoring rhythmically at their feet. "It's certainly worth a try. I might be able to wangle it. But—" and here she smiled, "I'll have to go after the Indians just the same, in case——"

"You must not do that. It's too dangerous."

"I've got to have Indians," she said imperturbably.

"Well—let him get 'em, then," he urged, poking the recumbent Hornsby with his toe.

Hope laughed. "Something tells me he's not awfully dependable," she said. "Would

*"Steady, there, cave man," she warned, "you're tipping the boat." "Damn the boat," he said, kissing her*

you mind taking him outside and dropping him in the lake or something? Thanks." She went to her desk and sat down. "And by the way—for your future guidance—it's a good rule never to try to buy a man unless you're fairly sure he'll stay bought."

Colin opened his mouth and then closed it again without saying a word. Then he gathered the sodden cause of his frustration

into his arms and deposited him, none too gently, in the rattletrap roadster in which he had arrived.

Before going to bed that evening Colin sat in his room for a long time thinking. He knew it was up to him, by hook or crook, to prevent Hope from making that flight to the Everglades. But if he couldn't prevent her from going, then he should go with her.

Suddenly he slapped his thigh and jumped to his feet. He slipped into his

*(Continued on page 39)*





**Explosion Shot**

Hopeless Golfer: "What couldn't I do to a nice big bottle of beer?"  
Caddie (scornfully): "Hit it with a club."  
—Punch.

**Sharp Refusal**

When a suitor arrived at her home to propose matrimony, a Tulsa girl stabbed him nine times. This was not very encouraging.  
—Life.

**He Could**

Lady (at country station): "Could you stop the express for me?"

Porter (exasperated): "We could, ma'am—or we could wire the last one to come back for you!"  
—The Humorist.

**Automatic**

Divorced are Mr. And Mrs. Howell;  
He wiped the car  
With her best  
guest towel!  
—The Pathfinder.

**Doing Very Yell**

"My daughter is having her voice cultivated."  
"Is it improving?"  
"It's growing stronger. She used to be heard only two apartments away. Now we get complaints from away off in the next building."  
—Washington Star.

**Square Dancing**

An authority says that the waltz will never die. If people aren't using it in ball-rooms—the heavyweights are using it in the ring.  
—Judge.

**Changing, Anyway**

"Tell me, Jock, is my golf getting any better?"  
"Weel, it's no' gettin' better, an' it's no gettin' wur-r-se. It's just gettin' queerer."  
—The Humorist.

**Sauce from the Gander**

The woman who drives from the back seat of a car is no worse than the man who cooks from the dining-room table.  
—Liberal (Mo.) News.

**Fresh!**

Mrs. Brown: "My husband brought home some lovely peaches last night."  
Neighbor: "Oh! Canned?"  
Mrs. Brown: "No, my dear. He often does that sort of thing."  
—The Humorist.

**Hats On, Gentlemen!**

Signs have been posted in Charlotte, N. C., elevators asking men not to remove their hats. One by one our major problems are being solved.  
—Life.

**Forking Idea**

Nowadays when folks come to the parting of the ways they start a gas station.—Judge.

**No Manners**

"Where's old Bill been lately? I haven't seen him for months."

"Look, Henry! The one on the outside of the cuff is Uncle Will!"



**Buy and Large**

"What? Haven't you heard? He's got three years for stealin' a car."  
"What did he want to steal a car for? Why didn't he buy one and not pay for it, like a gentleman!"  
—The Outspan.

**Ride for Ride**

"Girls are the most biased creatures I've ever seen."  
"Why so?"  
"All they ever say is, 'Bias this and bias that.'"  
—Iowa Frivol.

**Split-Second Thought**

Ben Hur: "What about a ride in my new chariot, Cleo?"  
Cleopatra: "Not so much of the Cleo—Miss Patra to you."  
—Smith's Weekly.

**Severed Relation**

"My own flesh and blood," exclaimed the doctor as he amputated his finger.  
—Penn. State Froth.

**Wife Is Like That**

Hostess (at evening party): "What, going already, Professor? And must you take your dear wife with you?"

Professor: "Indeed, I'm sorry to say I must!"  
—The Outspan.

**Truth in Advertising**

They tell of the ham actor who complained about the size of his name in the lights.  
"Oh," groaned the actor. "I know I'm not a star, but I do think that my name should be featured. Why don't you mention the name of the show plus the principals, and then before my name put: 'And—?'"  
"A N D !", screamed the fed-up producer. "Why not 'BUT'?"  
—N. Y. Mirror.

**Lightning Comeback**

Mistress—"Evelyn, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, were you not?"  
Maid—"That's not for me to say, ma'am, but I did my best."  
—The Humorist.

**She'd Sooner Be Caught in a Bro.**

Mrs. Firefly—"Go. I never want to see your face again."  
Mr. Firefly—"Oke. You glow your way and I'll glow mine."  
—Red Cat.

**Dry Cleaning**

An old maid who lived in Mo. Was summoned to serve on the jury. She vowed she'd not serve— Said the Sheriff had nerve, And on him she vented her fro.  
—Umatilla Tribune.

Betty: "How did mama find out you didn't really take a bath?"  
Billy: "I forgot to wet the soap."  
—Boston Transcript.





Donald Brian and Ethel Jackson in the original production of "The Merry Widow," 1907



Elsie Janis in 1906



George and Josephine Cohan in 1904

MINER

# What Price

Mr. Grimes and Mr. Haines, two doddering old gentlemen, well along into middle age, pitched St. Louis to another pennant in the National League this summer; Mr. Tilden, many long hard years removed from adolescence, can still give a hot argument to any tennis player in the world; out in Hollywood an "ivy-covered ruin" by the name of Marie Dressler is regarded as the screen's best bet, and just by way of making the Oslerian theory completely absurd, one Donald Brian brought "The Merry Widow" back to Broadway this last September, exactly twenty-five years after his sensational premiere as *Prince Danilo*, and danced and sang with all of his old gay dash and charm.

Quite a first night if anyone should happen to ask, for while New York has the reputation of being hard-boiled, it's really the most sentimental town in the whole country. Player folk were much in evidence, gathered with firm purpose to see that "Donnie" got a big hand, and there was also a high percentage of graying men and women whose tanned faces showed that they had come in from seashore and mountain resort, braving the ghastly heat to pay a tribute of affection to an idol of the old days. A mighty nervous audience for all its surface enthusiasm.

"Let's see," whispered a man in front of me, plainly an actor. "I played with Donnie in 1897, and he was twenty then. Yes, he can't be a day under fifty-four."



Richard Mansfield as Baron Chevalier in "A Parisian Romance"

FALE



Ethel Barrymore in 1896

**W**ASN'T it a certain Dr. Osler who muttered something to the effect that people were through at fifty, and might as well be chloroformed? And isn't there a saying about how "youth will be served"? *Stuff and nonsense!*

Copyright, 1931, by Matilda Spence





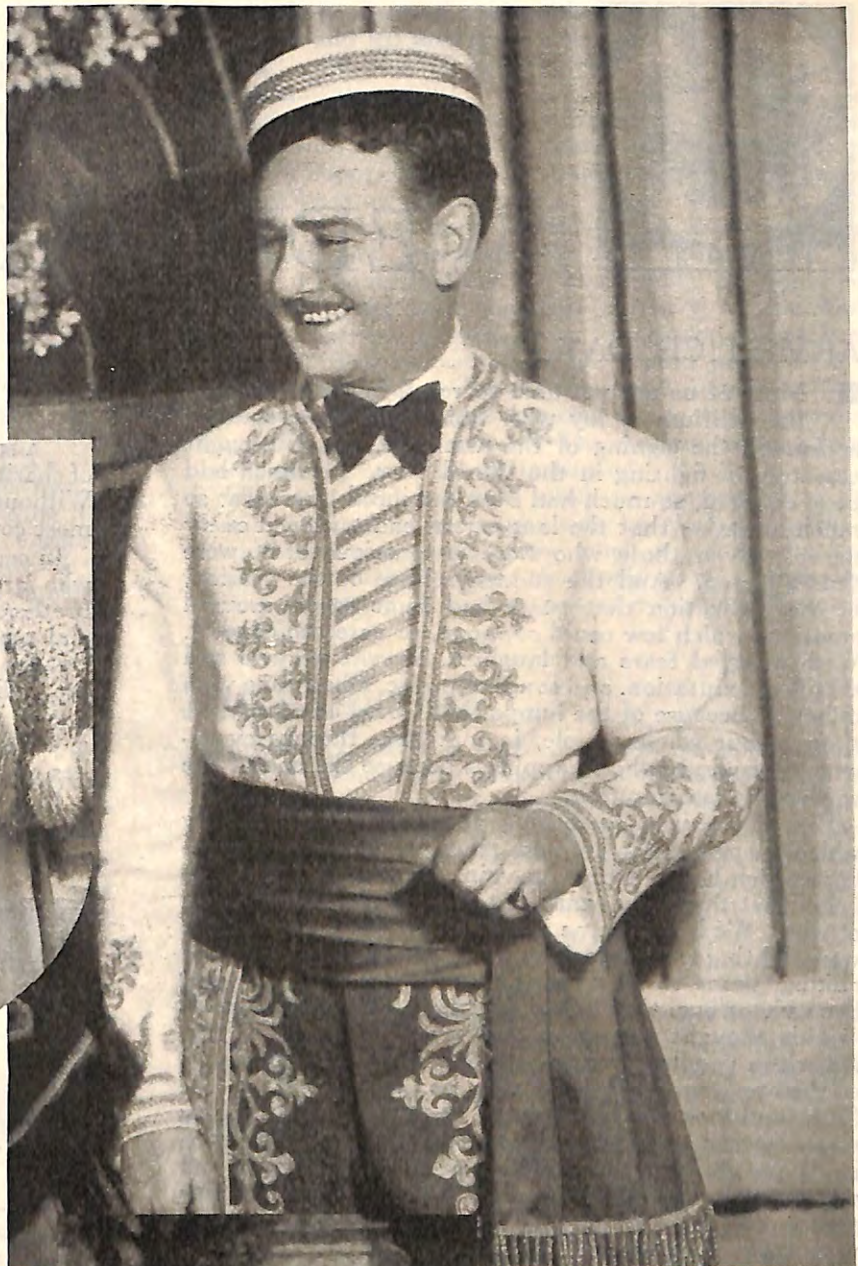
OTTO SARONY CO.

Maude Adams in "Peter Pan"



AINE DUFONT

Marie Dressler now of Hollywood in 1896



WHITE

Donald Brian as Prince Danilo "25 years after," in the 1931 revival of "The Merry Widow"

# the Years?

By Matilda Spence

"That's so," answered his friend. "Wonder what made him take a chance on a part like Danilo anyway?"

Others felt much the same way, to judge by the whisperings. There was a burst of applause as the curtain went up, revealing old Popoff, the sly Kish and fiery-whiskered Nova Kovich, but one could feel the tenseness with which they waited for the appearance of the star. Twenty-five years is a long time. How would Donnie look? How would he dance? Would there be the same caressing lilt in the Irish voice as when he captivated New York back in 1907?

Suddenly came the crash of the brasses, and at the top of the great staircase stood Prince Danilo, a tall, slim-waisted, debonair figure in faultless evening dress, silk hat rakishly awry, the very picture of dashing, dissolute youth. Down he came, down to the very footlights, light, lithe and graceful, and high above the burst of cheers rose a man's voice, "The same old Donnie!"

And so it was! Not a day older to all seeming, the Irish smile as winning and joyous as ever, the Irish eyes full of the same old charm and sparkle, the Irish voice still a thing of sweetness and heart appeal. And when he took off his hat to acknowledge the ovation, some old-timer down in front, carried away by enthusiasm, exclaimed audibly, "Why, dammit, he's even got all his hair."

Later in the week I went to Mr. Brian's



SARONY

Otis Skinner in one of the many rôles he made famous

Photographs from the Collection of the Players Club

dressing-room on the hottest September night recorded since 1870. Perspiration spouted from every one of my gasping pores, and as I thought of the whirls and dips of the Merry Widow Waltz, I felt sure that Prince Danilo, already staggering under the  
(Continued on page 58)



BURR MINTOSH

Blanche Bates in 1903





# EDITORIAL

## ARMISTICE DAY

■ Most of us are yet able to recall in vivid memory the delirium of joy with which the whole country acclaimed the signing of the armistice, which brought cessation of fighting in the World War. So much had been endured, so much had been sacrificed, there was so much at stake, that the long strain had tautened every nerve. Even those who were unconscious of it were thus affected. And the sudden release of the tension, in the realization that peace had come again, aroused emotions which few could suppress, or cared to conceal. With mingled tears and laughter, fervent prayers and shouts of exultation, and songs of praise, albeit sung with difficulty because of the lumps that would come in their throats, our whole people, in marching throngs everywhere, displayed their happiness because the end of the war was at last assured.

But there was something beyond this, something which deepened our joy and made us glad of the sacrifices which had not been in vain. It was the confident belief that the world would not again suffer the scourge of war. We had become imbued with the faith that we were fighting for a principle, an ideal, which would bring abiding peace to all nations. And since our arms had been victorious, that principle, that ideal, must prevail.

This thought was deep seated in the hearts of the American people. It may be that some are disappointed at the apparent results. It may be that some have lost faith, and look with little hope upon the efforts being made toward an assured world peace. Many may cynically protest that the World War settled nothing and was as futile as it was awful. But the fact remains that out of the armistice, and the ensuing treaty, there were born instrumentalities that are yet functioning in bringing the nations into better accord. Ideals and aspirations have come into the minds and hearts of men which are yet given expression in persistent efforts toward a stable international understanding which will minimize, and mayhap in time remove, the danger of future conflicts.

Every celebration of Armistice Day, in its deepest significance, is not merely an occasion for proudly recalling a great triumph of our armed forces. It is rather a celebration of the event as one which gave the world its first real hope of a lasting, universal peace. It should be an occasion of rededication to that cause, of reconsecration of our efforts toward the establishment and preservation of such a sympathetic international concord as to make war an unthinkable horror.

The approach of Armistice Day, upon which public celebrations will be held all over our country, prompts the suggestion that the subordinate Lodges cooperate in arranging for these occasions in their respective communities. They are distinctly patriotic. They will be made all the more so if they be not too vaingloriously reminiscent, but rather constructively forward-looking, with the high purpose to insure the real blessings which were designed to flow from the Armistice.

It is appropriate that Elks should participate in the celebrations in this spirit, rightly proud of the glory which was achieved therein, but mindful that our Order is a great

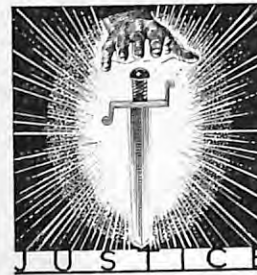
“ . . . fraternity  
That has everlasting hatred of War.”

## THE NEED FOR LOCAL LEADERSHIP

■ The Order of Elks is made up of members who have a sincere interest in their fellowman, in the practice of charity, in community welfare, and in patriotic service. Without such interest they would not have felt the most compelling appeal of the Fraternity.

In each one of the subordinate Lodges there are many who are really eager to do things pleasing to their brothers, uplifting to humanity, helpful to the needy, and constructive in the upbuilding of their community. But too often they lack the requisite initiative. They are diffident. They are inexperienced, and feel at a loss as to how these things should be done. There is a collective capacity for effective achievement; but it lies dormant. It awaits a leader.

It is in just these conditions, which are existent in many of the Lodges, that is to be found a great opportunity for fraternal services; the opportunity to vitalize the potential forces; to stimulate them to action; and to lead and direct them toward appropriate goals. There is pressing present need for leadership.



And yet it is a need that is less difficult to be met than is generally assumed. We are rather prone to magnify the qualities which are deemed essential. It is true that one must possess unusual ability and peculiar attributes, if he is to lead men against their natural impulses, contrary to their ordinary opinions, and toward an end in which they have slight interest. But it is easy to lead them in the direction in which they wish to go, and to secure their ready cooperation in activities which appeal to their own ideas of worth-while objectives.

That is the situation in practically every subordinate Lodge. The eagerness to serve will prompt a ready response to any appropriate invitation to follow, from one who will simply undertake to lead the way. The impersonal suggestion that a particular activity is desirable will likely receive a mere mental acquiescence. But the call for volunteers, “to help me put this over,” will secure them. It is that special sort of leadership which is needed; the leadership which does not point, but beckons.

The Exalted Ruler of each Lodge is the one in the most favorable position to assume this leadership. It is expected of him. He was chosen for that very job. And he is the exception who cannot secure a following if he will but lead. But if he fails to seize his opportunity, there are others who can quite effectively accomplish results if they will but assume the proper initiative. The duty should not be neglected by all simply because some, of whom better things were expected, have failed of performance.

It is this message that the Grand Exalted Ruler is eloquently and forcefully stressing in his fraternal addresses. If subordinate Lodge officials, to whom that message is primarily directed, will but become aroused to their opportunities, which impose definite obligations, the results will astonish and thrill the whole Order.



## A REAL JOB AHEAD

■ The action of the President in calling upon a selected group of highly trained and widely experienced men and women, to organize and supervise the most effective measures for dealing with the problem of unemployment and its attendant evils, indicates the seriousness of the problem and its national scope. However confident one may be that the upward trend toward a new prosperity is near at hand, it must be realized by thoughtful men that the coming winter will be one of acute distress for hundreds of thousands and that every community will have its share of those who will face real want and destitution.

The bare fact that approximately seven million workers are unemployed bespeaks the nation-wide extent of the trouble. It presents a challenge to the whole country. It presents a definite challenge to the Order of Elks.

The chief object of the Order is to relieve distress, to practise charity toward those in need. During the coming months the calls upon it will be more insistent and appealing than ever before. If the Order is to maintain its fine record, adequate preparation must be made appropriately to answer those calls.

In each subordinate Lodge special efforts will be required to enable it to play the part expected of it. Special committees should be appointed to cooperate with other agencies in surveying the local situation, in providing funds, and in perfecting the organization needed to administer relief measures in its community.

A real job lies ahead. But it is one which makes a special appeal to Elks. The President voiced the sentiments of the American people when he declared: "The problem of unemployment and relief, whatever it may be, will be met." On behalf of the Order of Elks it may be confidently stated that it will readily bear a generous share of the burden.



## THE ANTLERS

■ A number of the subordinate Lodges have availed themselves of the privilege conferred by Section 183a of the Grand Lodge statutes, adopted at Los Angeles in 1929, and have secured executive permits for the institution of The Antlers

in their respective jurisdictions. Other Lodges contemplate like action. The growth of this movement, looking to the organization of boys from fifteen to twenty-one years of age into fraternal units, under the tutelage and supervision of the local Lodges, would seem to be assured. It becomes increasingly important, therefore, that the interested Lodges should clearly recognize their responsibilities in the premises, and should assume them only with an earnest purpose to meet them fully.

Experience has taught that any group of boys and young men of the prescribed ages, when banded together in a formal fraternal association, becomes an agency that is eager to be active. To the natural energy of youth there is added the equally natural desire to make their organization felt, to have it recognized as a real adjunct to the patron Lodge. Experience has likewise demonstrated that this youthful enthusiasm must

be carefully directed and guided; not curbed, but encouraged and led into proper channels.

This is the peculiar duty of the Lodge which fosters the organization. When it has instituted a unit of The Antlers, it has only taken the first step. If its interest in, and wise supervision of, that unit is not to be consistently maintained, that first step will inevitably prove to have been an unwise one.

Many Lodges have hesitated to undertake the organization of The Antlers in their communities, because they have doubt of the availability of proper enthusiasts among their members to carry on the work after it has been started. For this reason it has been suggested that the Grand Lodge should provide for a Counsellor, or for a Council of several members, to be charged with the duty of insuring the continuing proper supervision of such units of The Antlers as may have been, or may hereafter be, instituted.

The suggestion has in it much to commend it to the Grand Lodge. If such provision be made, it is likely that the movement will grow much more rapidly and that it will develop more effectively along the desired lines. Certainly it is one that is deserving of serious consideration.

## THANKSGIVING

■ So much has been said, and is now being said, about hard times, depression, unemployment, and their kindred ills that our minds have been occupied too much, perhaps, with thoughts on those subjects. They have crowded out the realization of many things the contemplation of which can only bring pleasure and deep satisfaction. We are neglecting to consider the things for which we should be consciously thankful. The approach of the day set apart for its expression prompts this suggestion on Thanksgiving.

Times are hard, by comparison with other times of over-flush prosperity. There are many more people unemployed than is usually the case. And we should recognize these facts and take thought for the betterment of conditions as promptly as possible.

But bountiful harvests have been reaped. The scourge of epidemics has passed us by. We have been spared the great catastrophes of flood and storm and starvation which have afflicted other peoples. The American dollar is still worth one hundred cents in the marts of the world. And we have the comforting assurance of our ability to care for our own needy. Surely in these conditions there is just cause for a deep and heartfelt thankfulness.

As Thanksgiving Day draws nigh, Elks might well give thought to these things. And, as in the past, they should give concrete evidence of the spirit within by generous deeds of charity and benevolence toward those who have less cause to feel devoutly grateful.

Poverty is not an absolute term of abstract meaning. It is always comparative. There are so many thousands less happy, less comfortably circumstanced, than the great majority of Elks, that they are relatively poor and needy. Let us be thankful of our ability to be helpful to them; let us be thankful of our desire to be helpful; and let us express it in the most effective manner by being helpful with true Elk cheeriness and generosity.





Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

*Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks*

*of the United States of America*



Official Circular Number Two

October 3, 1931  
 Sterling, Colorado

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

MY BROTHERS:

Elks are first of all Americans who keenly appreciate the sacrifices made by former generations, to insure to us to-day, the enjoyment of this "Land of Liberty."

Aware of the self-denial practiced by those who have gone before, and fully realizing that *we in these times* live on a plane of luxury tremendously superior to that of our immediate fathers and mothers before us, we approach the winter season with the full assurance that our country and our fraternity stands at the threshold of a period of greater power, prosperity and accomplishment.

*Demands of the Day*

Shift and change in world development makes additional demands upon the ingenuity and resourcefulness of our Lodge leaders. I appeal to all of you for constant effort in fraternal affairs that the interest of our entire membership may be engaged and retained.

In the personnel of the rising generation who have attained their majority within the last ten years, are to be found the host who will carry Elkdom on to its proper destiny. I suggest special selective effort to interest this group in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

*Armistice Day*

A span of thirteen years has passed since a war-weary world awoke on November eleventh to find that peace had been restored.

On the anniversary of Armistice Day we will reverently recall those times when war made its glories out of women's tears, and men were gasping out their lives where guns had dyed the greensward red.

*Thanksgiving Day*

Confronted by the rigors of winter in a new and unknown land, the Pilgrims gave thanks to the Almighty for nature's bounties. Sure of our position to-day we welcome the opportunity of participating in the approaching national Thanksgiving Holiday. I know that Elks throughout the land will grasp this opportunity of discharging their full obligations as members of "THE UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD OF MAN."

*Memorial Day*

While the observance of "Elks Memorial Day" on Sunday, December 6th, is enjoined by law, I am happy in the knowledge that our Lodges are already preparing programs fully commensurate with the dignity and importance of the occasion.

Let the atmosphere of every city in which one of our Lodges is located be permeated on the first Sunday of December with the thought of "OUR ABSENT BROTHERS."

With most affectionate greetings,

Sincerely,

John P. Cowell  
 Grand Exalted Ruler.



# The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

## Lodges in Nebraska and Colorado Welcome Mr. Coen

**A**CTIVITIES of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen during September began with his attendance, on Labor Day, of the meeting of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building in Chicago.

Later in the month, on September 19 and 20, Mr. Coen presided at the annual fall conference of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, held at the same place. In commenting upon this gathering, the Grand Exalted Ruler made note of the fact that, despite the unusually brief interval this year between the appointment of the District Deputies and the date fixed for their assembly, there were present in Chicago all but five of the one hundred and thirty-one. The absence of those five was due in every case either to illness or to conflicting and imperative business demands.

Mr. Coen's initial call upon subordinate Lodges was made upon the 25th, at Hastings, Nebr., Lodge, No. 159, where two hundred members of the Order greeted him. Most prominent among the gathering were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. A. Wunder and President Walter C. Nelson, of the Nebraska State Elks Association. Besides members of the host Lodge, there was in attendance a large delegation of Elks representing Kearney Lodge, No. 984. An enthusiastic Lodge meeting and a most enjoyable entertainment thereafter were features of the Grand Exalted Ruler's reception.



*Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, at a famous Arabian horse farm, inspected during his visit to Pomona, Calif., Lodge*

Three days later, at Central City, Colo., Lodge, No. 557, Mr. Coen made his second visit. Foremost among the events of this was the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers of Boulder Lodge, No. 566. In addition to a numerous representation of the members of Central City Lodge, there were present to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler delegations from Denver Lodge, No. 17, Idaho Springs Lodge, No. 607, and Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804. Of distinction among the Elks in attendance were Justice Wilbur M. Alter, of the Colorado Supreme Court, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Colorado, Central; President George L. Hamlik, of the Colorado State Elks Association; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George G. Bromley, Hugh B. Mark and H. D. Ingalls; and Judge Alvin H. Pickens, the oldest living Past Exalted Ruler of Denver Lodge.

After these two visits the Grand Exalted Ruler returned for a few days to his home in Sterling, Colo., before setting out to fulfill his schedule of calls in October. His program for that month called for his attendance of the annual convention of the California State Elks Association at San Diego, and for visits to nearly a score of Lodges elsewhere in that State and in Utah, Nevada, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming. A report of the completion of these visits will appear in the December issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

## News of the State Associations

### Ohio

**D**URING two days of the four-day annual convention, held recently by the Ohio State Elks Association at Cedar Point, near Sandusky, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen attended meetings and took a leading part in several of the speaking programs. Arriving in Sandusky on Wednesday morning, the third day of the convention, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met at the station by a committee comprising the present and past officers of the Association, headed by Past President W. H. Weinhart. From the station Mr. Coen was escorted to Cedar Point and, later, in the afternoon, attended the convention's opening session. Among the prominent members of the Order attending the convention were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick, Grand Trustee James S. Richardson and Blake C. Cook, former member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. Before the arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler no business sessions were called. However, on Monday evening, the first day of the convention, a reception was held in the lounge of the Breakers Hotel at eight o'clock. Clarence J. Brown, Secretary of the State of Ohio, delivered the principal address. The program included speeches by President J. C. A. Leppleman, Past President Weinhart and Mayor Charles F. Miller, of Sandusky, and a musical selection rendered by an orchestra. Many additional delegates registered on Tuesday; and a meeting was held to discuss the plans of the Thursday parade. After the first business session on Wednesday afternoon, a memorial service was held for Past Grand Exalted Rulers August Herrmann and John G. Price, also for Past President Fred W. Maerke and J. Charles Schaffer, Trustee of the Association. The Past Exalted Rulers of Ohio Lodges held a meeting and a dinner later that night, at the hotel at which Grand Exalted Ruler Coen spoke. The most important business session of the convention got under way shortly after two o'clock Thursday afternoon, following the parade that morning. Retiring President Leppleman presided, and introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Elks of Ohio. The address then made by Mr. Coen, the chief speaker of the

occasion, received rousing applause from the large number of delegates present. Election of officers for the ensuing year followed. Ernest Von Bargen, of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, was chosen to serve as President. Other officers elected were First Vice-President N. C. Parr, New Philadelphia Lodge, No. 510; Second Vice-President Charles W. Casselman, Alliance Lodge, No. 467; Third Vice-President Fred L. Bohn, Zanesville Lodge, No. 114; Secretary Harry D. Hale, Newark Lodge, No. 391; Treasurer William Petri, Cincinnati Lodge; Trustee for three years William G. Campbell, Lorain Lodge, No. 1301; and Trustee for two years William F. Bruning, Cleveland Lodge, No. 18. The installation of the officers took place on Friday, the following day. At the same meeting the delegates selected Cedar Point as the place of the 1932 convention. Among the many delightful forms of entertainment arranged by the Association's committee in charge of the convention, and indulged in by the hundreds of Ohio Elks, their wives and their friends gathered at Cedar Point, were a golf tournament at the Plum Brook Country club, a musical program given in the lounge of the Breakers Hotel, a dinner dance at the Cedar Point banquet hall, attended by nearly five hundred persons; and the parade. The golf tournament, in spite of the rainy weather, was considered exceptionally successful. Many golfers from cities throughout the State entered the matches. The low net score was won by Guy Murray, Tiffin Lodge. The success of the tournament was due to Edward J. Windisch, Sandusky Lodge, who was Chairman of the Committee and who made the arrangements to have the matches played on the beautiful Plum Brook course. As one of the most colorful attractions seen in Sandusky in many years, the parade drew from the cities in all parts of the State a huge crowd of admiring onlookers. Leading the procession as it wound through the heart of the city were the cars occupied by the officers of the Association, escorted by a squad of motorcycle police. From the grand stand, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen reviewed the long parade as it passed in front of him. Overhead, airplanes circled and dipped in recognition of the Grand Exalted Ruler and

the marchers. The first parade prize was awarded to Lorain Lodge. Fremont and Cincinnati Lodges won second and third places, respectively. A special prize for the Lodge having the largest number of marchers in the parade and coming from the greatest distance was given to Cincinnati Lodge. Honorable mention by the judges was made of Warren Lodge, No. 295, for the splendid showing of its marching band.

### Nevada

**A**T THE seventh annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Ely Lodge, No. 1469, and attended by delegates from every Lodge but one in the State, H. J. Gazin, of Reno Lodge, No. 597, was elected President for the ensuing year. Other officers chosen were First Vice-President, C. H. Sheerin, Elko Lodge, No. 1472, and the following Trustees: F. L. Middleton, Elko Lodge, Verne Hursch, Reno Lodge, and R. H. Downer, Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072. The Secretary and other officers to be appointed by the President were not named at that time. The first day of the three-day meeting was devoted to the registration of the guests and a short business session in the morning, followed by a sight-seeing tour and a ritualistic contest in the afternoon. The Ritualistic Team of Elko Lodge won the event with a score of 95.44 per cent. Ely Lodge was second with 94.89 per cent, and Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062, placed third, with a score of 93.87. Individual winners were Exalted Ruler Martin C. Duffy, Goldfield Lodge, who received the high score of 99.37 per cent. Second place in the individual score was won by Verne Hursch, of Reno Lodge. That evening a dance was held at the Home. The election of the officers for the new term took place at the business session on the morning of the second day of the convention. At that meeting it was voted by the delegates to hold the convention next year at Reno under the auspices of Lodge No. 597. In the trapshoot held that afternoon, the Ely Lodge team captured the Venable Trophy, with an average score of 94. Ernest Lindskog, of Ely Lodge, won

*(Continued on page 63)*



# The Annual Conference of District Deputies

*Held in Chicago, Ill., September 19 and 20*

THE Annual Conference of District Deputies was held at the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, Chicago, Illinois, on Saturday, September 19, and Sunday, September 20, 1931.

On September 19 Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, following the practice of recent years, received the newly appointed District Deputies at his office in groups according to States, thus coming into personal contact with each individual District Deputy. From his office, each group was escorted to the office of Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, where they received special instructions in connection with the relation of that department to the subordinate Lodges, and especially in the matter of the examination of books and records of subordinate Lodges.

In the office of THE ELKS MAGAZINE they were received by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director, and Charles S. Hart, Business Manager, who, with representatives of the advertising and editorial departments of the publication, familiarized them with ways in which they can help the magazine in their visitations to subordinate Lodges.

The conference adjourned at 5:30 o'clock, Saturday afternoon, September 19, to meet the following noon at a luncheon in the Florentine Room of the Congress Hotel. This gathering was addressed by Mr. Coen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and John F. Malley, Grand Secretary J. E. Masters, Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and Grand Trustee John K. Burch.

Preceding the luncheon, the meeting was called to order by Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, who administered the oath to the new District Deputies. After the coffee and cigars, Mr. Coen addressed the gathering, speaking in part as follows:

"Gentlemen, will you place yourselves in comfortable positions?"

"Permit me, first, to congratulate you upon the spirit of cooperation evidenced by your earnest and serious participation in our conferences yesterday. Although but a few days have passed since telegraphic notice of your appointment was given, of the one hundred and thirty-one called, only six, I believe, are not in attendance. It augurs well, to my mind, for the success of our work during the year.

"The preciousness of time is the predominant thought in my mind today—one-fourth of my administration has practically passed by—and the importance of immediate agreement on our program of policy for the year is magnified by the passage of the hours.

"There are some things that I will discuss today which may be more or less repetitious by reason of our discussions in yesterday's conference at the Memorial Building, but, if so, it will be because of the importance of stressing obvious conditions, which, in these times, become of primary importance.

"I believe I am a proud Elk. I have been affiliated with this organization for twenty years, and it has engaged my attention, my activity and energy, more so than any other organization with which I have been affiliated. And so, it must be true of all of you in this room, that for some reason your interest has been engaged and retained in the activities of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to the exclusion of, and connection with, other similar activities. So I say, I am a proud Elk, and I believe that you are proud Elks.

"I referred to you yesterday as 'educated men in Elkdom,' and so, by reason of your long connection with the affairs of the Order, you are ripened in the work, because of official connection with your respective Lodges.

"In considering the problems of the hour,

there occurs to me a passage from Hamlet. You will recall the scene: The guards are gathered at the gate of the castle. The ghost of the King appears, and the guard Marcellus affrightedly exclaims: 'You are educated, Horatio; speak to it, speak to it.'

"So I call upon you 'educated men of Elkdom' during this year of my administration and of your administration, to speak to indifference, speak to apathy, speak against the mental depression which is so prevalent in every section of our country, and speak that we have re-inspired interest in the affairs of our fraternity.

"You have taken the obligation as District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, and I believe you concede me the right to demand of you specific accomplishment during your term of office.

"As I am a proud Elk, I am jealous of the good name of our organization, and resentful of any criticism leveled against it, and I have little patience with men who are identified with our fraternity, who after accepting positions of prominence and trust, are not giving in return that amount of enthusiasm and that amount of energy to which we are entitled.

"And so, in formulating our program of procedure and of policy, I have come to the fixed conclusion that our main duty at this time is the utilization of all our energy in the upbuilding of the subordinate Lodges of this Order.

"We have attained a place of national prominence and distinction. We have conceived and launched activities national in scope, but this proud position cannot be maintained—the Elks National Foundation developed—until its benefactions reach every section of the country—the National Journal continued as the clearing house for exchange of the best thought of Elkdom—The National Home at Bedford kept open as the assured haven of peace and rest for our aged members—unless our subordinate Lodges are functioning in the fullest sense, prosperous in spiritual and financial measure, and pulsating with energy contributed by an enthusiastic and inspired membership.

"There are spread over this broad land many magnificent Lodges. Yet, spotted here and there, are individual units which claim ownership of perfect physical plants, but where the fires of Elkdom are dead or dying. These units to which I refer represent the result, in physical housing, of the expenditure of thought, time and effort over a long period of time, of devoted brethren, and it is indeed tragic to find, in some instances, these costly accomplishments destroyed in a few months' time by those who aspire to leadership, without the willingness to assume the responsibility, and without the inclination to give the sacrificial service which positions of leadership demand.

"I am firmly convinced that a proper conception of the duties of Elk leadership on the part of those selected for Lodge office will insure our continued growth and prosperity, and the realization that we live in one of the greatest periods of world history will imbue our leaders to the point of matching the competitive factors of modern life with new methods and programs for engaging and retaining the interest of our membership.

"A Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge recently made the statement that as a young man his mind was filled with the thought that he was born too late; that he had no real contact with the great periods of history; the privilege had been denied him of living the experiences of the Napoleonic era; that he had missed the impressing contact of our own Revolutionary period; that during the decades which felt the impress of the character and deeds of Grant and Lee and Lincoln were confined the thrilling forward movements of the

centuries. But that, within recent months, he had become convinced that we who have lived through the last fifteen or twenty years—we who have had the contacts and the experiences common to all gathered in this room—have lived in the great age of history.

"Reflection convinces us that our Brother from Ohio is right.

"During the period mentioned, dynasty after dynasty has fallen. The political, the social, the economic life of the world has altered, has changed.

"This world-wide shift enters directly into and contributes to the problems which will engage your attention during the year. And the added competitive factors of changed methods of transportation, the radio, the luncheon and service club, present a challenge to our leadership to change and adjust their programs of activities to meet the situation presented.

"Men have said to me: 'The day of fraternities has passed. No longer will men gather behind closed doors in secret communion. A condition exists which it is futile to struggle against.'

"My study and investigation, however, lead me to the conclusion that this suggestion is not true.

"The spirit of the times, in my opinion, justifies the existence of our fraternity as never before.

"The experiences of the past fifteen years, of war, of speculation, of moneyed selfishness and of resultant depression, convince me that men welcome affiliation with such an agency of service as that which we represent.

"I am fortified in this opinion by the established fact that where Lodge officers are inspired with the real spirit of Elkdom and are giving of the sacrificial service I have already referred to, the Lodges led by them are flourishing in every way.

"Pardon my reference to a concrete example of my own state: In the little town of Idaho Springs, which, by reason of the stoppage of metal mining, has been reduced to a population of approximately one thousand people, a forfeiture of the Lodge Charter was seriously considered. Meetings had not been held for months. An enthusiastic District Deputy last year, after two or three visits, succeeded in arousing interest to the point that serious consideration was given to the election of officers in March of this year. A young chap under thirty was named as Exalted Ruler. This youngster had some conception of Elkdom. He asked advice of neighboring Lodge leaders. Since April first, 1931, he has initiated and reinstated over one hundred men.

"Leadership is the answer.

"Give me ten thousand Elks in these United States imbued with the spirit of Elkdom, as is this young man in the village of Idaho Springs, and we can report one hundred thousand gain at Birmingham.

"Your task is the attempt to rekindle the fires of Elkdom in the Lodges you visit. Point out that the Exalted Rulership is a position to which any man might well aspire. It presents the opportunity, in every instance, to deal with great potential power—the chance to direct the activities, the energy of men. This great potential energy of power I attempted at Seattle to compare with trees in a forest.

"You doubtless have planted trees adjacent to your own homes, and with the exception of noting greater height or breadth from time to time, an increased beauty from year to year, have given no consideration to the process of growth and development. But considering such a tree in association with thousands of others, you are soon convinced that the energy and power of group development is almost beyond human calculation.

"And so with men, with human beings. And



we place in the hands of our selected leaders the opportunity to enhance and direct the development and application of a great potential force.

"What finer instrument can be given to any leader to play upon than man himself? More sensitive to direction than any man-made instrument—more responsive to rightful indication than the greatest organ ever built.

"We place in control of the average Exalted Ruler—five hundred—a thousand—similar instruments to play upon, to develop and direct the combined energy of the mass, for its own betterment, for the benefit of the human family.

"Oh, give me the average Lodge in the average community, coupled with leaders who have the proper conception of Elkdod and the capacity for a sacrificial service, and I will dominate the affairs of such community.

"Our job, our task, as I see it, is to reinspire our leadership with the importance, the dignity, of their respective positions, and to bring about a realization of the power that is theirs.

"One further thought—and that: Many of our Lodges are departing from the beaten paths and disregarding and neglecting the true tenets of Elkdod. Luxury, undue prosperity, selfishness, have caused many of us to forget that we belong to the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

"My point is illustrated by one of David Grayson's delightful tales, called "An Adventure in Fraternity."

"His adventurer was a tiller of the soil, a farmer. He was accosted on one of his weekly visits to town by an implement salesman, who happened to be what is sometimes called 'a jiner,' wearing upon his person the evidences of membership as a Mason, an Oddfellow, and an Elk. The salesman asked our adventurer to what lodge he belonged. He replied, 'None,' and thereupon the salesman proceeded to impress upon the farmer that he was indeed beyond the pale: explained the peculiar loyalty of fraternal friends, referred to the signs and grips which apparently barred the way of the uninitiated to fellowship, and told of the helpful service rendered by fraternal orders in time of trouble.

"So impressed was our adventurer that he

came to believe that the spirit of brotherly love was confined within unsurmountable and impenetrable walls of mysteries, grips, passes and benefits, and as he turned his way homeward he was indeed depressed as he thought of the fellowship denied him.

"But as he drove meditatively along, his attention was attracted to the beauties of a perfect spring day—he noted the evidences of Nature's awakening—he thrilled to the song of the returning birds and the realization at length burst upon him that such joyous experience was common to all, and he exclaimed aloud, 'Why should I envy my friend his Lodges? I myself belong to the greatest of them all. *I am a member of the universal brotherhood of man.*'

"Take back to the members of the Lodges of your respective districts the message that they must not forget that they belong to the Universal Brotherhood of Man, and that in the measure they discharge the responsibilities of such membership will they prosper and flourish.

"My Brothers, the next speaker, in the absence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, who is detained by business, will be the Vice-Chairman of the National Memorial and Publication Commission.

"You men will recall that at Seattle the former Memorial Commission, obeying the injunction contained in the resolution for its creation adopted at Los Angeles in 1921, presented its final report and tendered the Grand Lodge the ownership of its property. Thereafter by Grand Lodge resolution a new Commission was created to consist of five new members. It further provided that the appointment or selection of these five members of this Commission be made by the incoming Grand Exalted Ruler, myself. I felt that was a responsibility I did not care to undertake, to select from the members of our Order the personnel of the new Commission, and therefore, acting upon my request, the Grand Lodge adopted an amendment to the original resolution permitting me to appoint the old Commission in its entirety. That was done. You are familiar with their names. They after-

wards met and organized and your Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell of Illinois was selected as Vice-Chairman of that Commission. I now present him to speak on the National Memorial and Publication Commission."

Mr. Campbell greeted the gathering, saying: "Grand Exalted Ruler and my Brothers of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. I am pinch-hitting today for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, our senior Past Grand Exalted Ruler, who is detained by business upon this occasion. He handed me his manuscript a little over an hour ago and asked me to communicate to you as the officials of the Order the message that comes from him as Executive Director of the National Memorial and Publication Commission, which I take pleasure in transmitting to you as follows:

"Grand Exalted Ruler and my Brothers: At the end of its 10th year of existence the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission completed the task assigned to it upon its appointment—the construction and completion of that great Memorial, which you all saw yesterday, to the members of the Order who answered the call of our country during the World War.

"In accordance with the provisions of the resolution creating this Commission, it submitted its final report to the Grand Lodge at Seattle, in July, following the installation in June of the last of the decorative features of the Building—the heroic bronze groups, "Patriotism" and "Fraternity," by Adolph Weinman. At this time, as also was required by the terms of the resolution, it made definite recommendations for the permanent maintenance and control of the Memorial Building, and the continued publication of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. These recommendations are contained in the printed report of the Commission, and were published in the August issue of the Magazine. As those of you know who attended the Grand Lodge Sessions, or read the digest of them in the Magazine, these recommendations were slightly modified, at the suggestion of the newly elected Grand Exalted

(Continued on page 60)

# Elks National Foundation

## Scholarship Rules and Instructions

1. During the Grand Lodge year 1931-32, an Elks National Foundation Scholarship of \$300 shall be awarded in each State in which 50% of the subordinate Lodges are enrolled as subscribers for Honorary Founders Certificates.

2. An additional scholarship of \$300 shall be awarded to a resident within the combined jurisdictions of Lodges located outside of the forty-eight States of the nation.

3. If a State is eligible to receive one of these scholarships and a majority of the subscriber Lodges of said State prefer to use the money for some other philanthropy, and indicate this preference in a manner satisfactory to the Board, the \$300 shall be sent into said State for the preferred use.

4. The scholarship awards shall not be permitted to interfere with any other welfare endeavor in a particular State. In other words, a State which receives a scholarship under this plan may, nevertheless, receive a portion of the balance of the net income of the Foundation to assist in carrying on some other group endeavor of its subordinate Lodges.

5. The scholarships shall be awarded without obligation of repayment.

6. A scholarship shall be awarded only to a person who is a graduate of a recognized high school, or who has received the equivalent of a high school education, or sufficient education to permit him to enter a college or scientific school of recognized standing.

7. The scholarship award shall be for the purpose of enabling or assisting the beneficiary in obtaining the advantages of education or training to supplement that which has been acquired in the standard grammar and high school courses. Provided, however, that if

local conditions require the imposition of additional restrictions, such restrictions may be imposed by the State Association, subject to the approval of this Board.

8. No scholarship award shall be made to any person who does not furnish a satisfactory certificate of good character and sufficient evidence of his need of such assistance.

9. No distinction as to sex shall be drawn in the awarding of scholarships.

10. No application for a scholarship shall be considered unless and until it is endorsed by or accompanied by a certificate of approval signed by the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the subordinate Lodge within the jurisdiction of which the applicant is a resident.

11. Except when otherwise ordered by this Board, no award shall be paid unless and until the applicant has filed with the Chairman of this Board or with the tribunal which the Chairman shall indicate, a certificate of a responsible officer of the school or institution in which he claims to be a student to the effect that he is an enrolled student in good standing in said school or institution.

12. The selection of the person to receive the scholarship award shall be left to the committee, commission or other tribunal set up by the State Association in each eligible State, subject to the approval of this Board. After the selection has been made, however, the Board will contact directly with the person who is to receive the scholarship.

13. Applications for scholarship from residents in the scholarship zone outside the forty-eight States of the nation shall be sent to the Chairman of this Board and the selection of the person to receive the scholarship allocated to this zone will be made by the Board.

14. The State Association of each eligible State shall be authorized to make rules and regulations not inconsistent with the foregoing to meet local conditions, and such rules and regulations shall be submitted to this Board for approval. It is the intention of the Board to leave to the local body the management of the details of the scholarship awards covering the publication of the project, the method of filing applications and the selection of the beneficiary.

15. In case there is no State Association in the eligible State, or the State Association refuses to act or fails to co-operate in a manner satisfactory to this Board, the subscriber Lodges within such State shall be dealt with through a committee, commission or other tribunal set up by a majority of said subscriber Lodges and approved by this Board, and said approved tribunal shall be substituted for the State Association in respect to Elks National Foundation Scholarships.

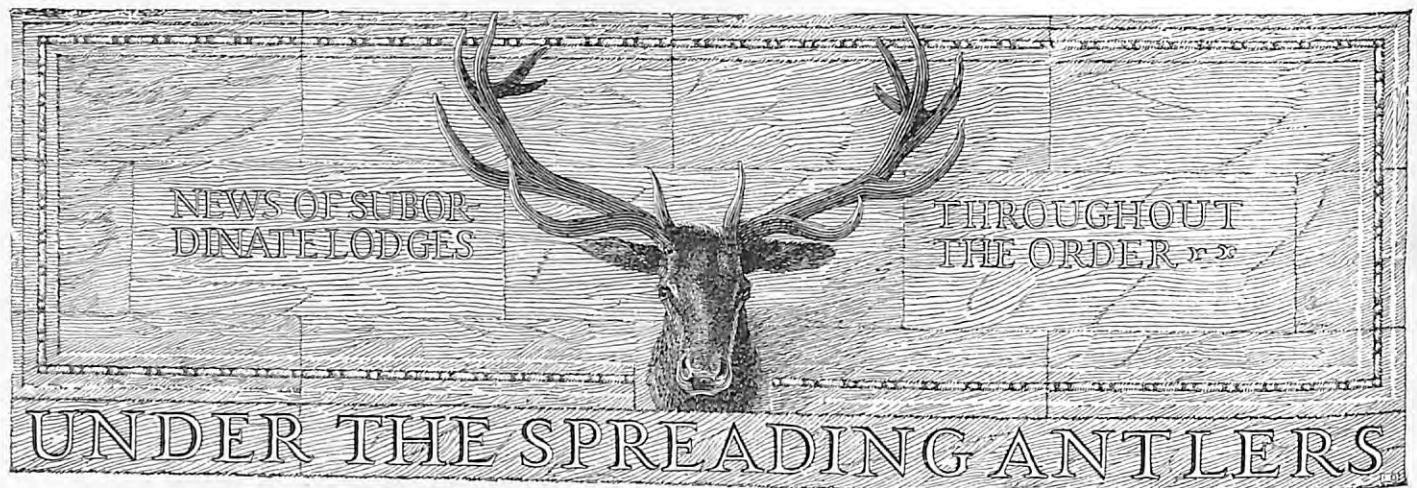
16. The Board reserves the right to change these rules, regulations and instructions, or to change its policy and method of administration whenever in its judgment a change would be for the good of the Order or promote the best interests of the Elks National Foundation.

Issued from the executive office, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass. October 1, 1931, by direction.

### BOARD OF ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

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





### *Past Exalted Rulers of New York, East, Inaugurate Two Events*

**T**WO highly enjoyable events, each designed to be hereafter of annual occurrence, were inaugurated recently by the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York, East, District. The first of the two was a golf tournament, held at the Kitchawan Golf Club, at Ossining, and participated in by 112 players. Prizes were awarded for both team and individual play. In the team competition, one award for which was custody of the Louis A. Fisher trophy, a prize in memory of the late Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Louis A. Fisher, Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, proved victorious, with an aggregate score of 667. White Plains Lodge, No. 535, took second place, with 713, and Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, third, with 745. The members of the winning team received, in addition to the group prize, individual gold medals. These were presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert. Fred Wright, one of the Mount Vernon Lodge team, was first in the contest for individual low-gross score, with 74. For his victory he received the Joseph T. Fanning Trophy, donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; and the first leg on the Sidney Syme Trophy, which must be won four times for permanent possession. Five days after the holding of the golf tournament, the Past Exalted Rulers Association met at a clambake, at which there were representatives of Beacon, Peekskill, Ossining, Yonkers, White Plains, Mount Vernon, Mamaroneck, Port Chester, New Rochelle, Mt. Kisco and Poughkeepsie Lodges.

### *West Palm Beach, Fla., Elks Induct Largest Class in Six Years*

Before the largest gathering ever present in its Lodge room, West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1352, recently initiated its greatest class of candidates since 1925. The group, designated "The Past Exalted Rulers Class" because the ceremonies of its induction were performed entirely by former heads of the Lodge, comprised thirty-seven initiates. J. Edwin Baker, President of the Florida State Elks Association, occupied the Exalted Ruler's chair during the exercises. Besides the large number of West Palm Beach Elks in attendance, there were representations from Fort Lauderdale, Lake Worth, Fort Pierce, Cocoa, DeLand, Miami, and Daytona, Fla., Lodges; as well as from the Lodges of Atlanta, Ga., Marlboro, Mass., Portsmouth, Va., Fairmont, W. Va., and St. Joseph, Mich. Prominent among dignitaries to witness the initiation was the retiring District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Florida, East, Arthur C. O'Hea. A street parade and a dinner for the candidates preceded the meeting at which they were received into the Lodge.

### *Rahway, N. J., Lodge's Clambake Attracts Many from Lodges Near-by*

Members of sixteen neighboring Lodges joined those of Rahway, N. J., Lodge, No. 1075, recently at its annual clambake at Linden. Delegations were present from Westfield, Elizabeth, Plainfield, Bound Brook, Somerville, Perth Amboy, New Brunswick, Freehold, Red Bank,

Long Branch, Newark, Boonton, Jersey City and Newton, N. J., and from New York and Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodges. Guests included the retiring District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles Wibiralski, and Past President Albert A. Dearden, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Special attractions during the course of the clambake were programs of entertainment presented by the members of Rahway and Jersey City Lodges, and a series of athletic events.

### *Thirty Bowling Teams Striving for Prizes at Pekin, Ill., Lodge*

Interest in bowling is unusually pronounced this year among the members of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271. Thirty teams in all are entered in the contest for the league championship. Among them is one group of five, composed entirely of members of one family. They are Fred W. Soldwedal and his four sons, two of whom are twins. A photograph of this unique team was reproduced in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

### *Lives of Two Boys Saved by Daring Rescues Performed by Elks*

The lives of two children were saved recently by unusual acts of heroism and bravery performed by Elks at widely separated points in the country. In Staten Island, N. Y., John J. Field, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of Staten Island Lodge, No. 841, rescued Peter Fiering, aged 10, who was trapped on the third rail of a railroad, near New Dorp

station. Defying the great voltage of the third rail Mr. Field grabbed the little boy and broke the contact. Both the man and the child were hurled twenty feet by the force of the electricity. The child was badly burned and Mr. Field suffered an injured arm. The other rescue took place near Tampa, Fla., and was performed by J. H. McLaughlin, Secretary of Tampa Lodge, No. 708. During an outing for the children of the city, sponsored by the members of Tampa Lodge, one of the little boys swam too far out into Egypt Lake, became exhausted and sank. Mr. McLaughlin, standing at the head of a pier some distance away, saw the struggles of the drowning youngster. In spite of the fact that he was not a strong swimmer and was in ill-health, Mr. McLaughlin dived in, swam to the boy and saved his life.

### *Los Angeles, Calif., Elks Active In Exchange of Fraternal Visits*

Both as hosts and as guests, the members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, have been active recently in inter-Lodge visits. Upon the first occasion, they received a call from the officers and other members of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, entertaining them at a banquet and at the formal session thereafter. The visiting officers, in the course of their stay, inducted a class of candidates for the Los Angeles Elks and later presented an enjoyable musical program. A second reception of visiting Elks occurred later when the officers of Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler A. Clete Murphy, were the guests of No. 99 at din-



Shade trees and vines enhance the beauty of the Home of Ravenna, Ohio, Lodge





P. B. RENYON

The float representing New London, Conn., Lodge in its city's sesquicentennial celebration of the Burning of New London and the Battle of Groton Heights

ner and later conducted initiation ceremonies for Los Angeles Lodge. The third event in the exchange of fraternal visits came when the present officers, a number of Past Exalted Rulers and a large delegation of other members of No. 99 journeyed to Santa Barbara for a call upon the membership of Lodge No. 613 there, upon the occasion of the celebration of its thirty-first anniversary. The event had the atmosphere of a fiesta, with the Santa Barbara Elks attired in Spanish costumes. After a splendid banquet, the Los Angeles officers initiated a class of sixteen candidates into No. 613.

### Fair Held by Brattleboro, Vt., Elks Proves Biggest in History

The third annual Elks Fair, held recently by Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, proved the most successful in the history of such events. Upon the concluding evening of the several over which the fair extended, attendance reached the record number of 3,500 persons. Elements of the entertainment which attracted unusual interest were a series of daring aerial acrobatic exhibitions and a popularity contest.

### San Francisco, Calif., Elks Pay Pleasant Visit to Oakland Lodge

The officers, the Drill Team, the Glee Club and a numerous delegation of other members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, recently made a fraternal call upon the members of Oakland Lodge, No. 171. Met at the station upon their arrival by a delegation of Oakland Elks, the visitors from San Francisco were the guests later at a dinner and at the Lodge meeting, during which their officers initiated a class of candidates for their hosts. An exhibition by the Drill Team and a program of music by the Glee Club of No. 3, and a splendid buffet supper provided by Oakland Lodge were other pleasurable events of the evening.

### C. W. Potter, a Founder of the New Jersey State Elks Association, Dies

After an illness of three weeks' duration, Charles W. Potter, Past Exalted Ruler of Montclair, N. J., Lodge, No. 891, and one of the founders of the New Jersey State Elks Association, died recently at his home in his seventy-eighth year. Mr. Potter was a Charter Member and an Honorary Life Member of his Lodge.

During his thirty years as a member he was a loyal and devoted worker and a conscientious Elk. He attended five hundred and sixty-seven consecutive meetings. An impressive address in eulogy of Mr. Potter's life was delivered by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas J. Dunnion, at the quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association, held a short time ago at Red Bank.

### Secretary of Watertown, Wis., Lodge Warns Against Woman Defrauder

Warning is given to Lodge Secretaries by Max Melzer, Secretary of Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666, against a woman claiming to be the wife of a former member of La Crosse Lodge, No. 300. This woman has defrauded Watertown and other Lodges of money, by declaring that she has lost

her pocketbook containing cash and identification cards, that she is in need and that her husband will reimburse the Lodge immediately. According to Anthony Fay, Secretary of La Crosse Lodge, there is no member of his Lodge with the name used by this woman.

### Richmond, Calif., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

Richmond, Calif., Lodge, No. 1251, celebrated its twentieth anniversary a short time ago with a dinner at the Peralta Golf Club. The affair was one of the most enjoyable in the memory of the Lodge. Charter members of No. 1251 were guests of honor at the banquet.

### Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge's Crippled Children's Record Is Impressive

One of every four patients under the care of the Crippled Children's Committee of Elizabeth, N. J., Lodge, No. 289, during the last year has been so improved as to require no further treatment. This was disclosed recently in the Committee's report to the Lodge. The summary of the Committee's work shows 143 cases treated and 36 needing no further attention. Fourteen of the 36 were cured by operations.

### Marianna, Fla., Lodge Is Planning Charity Work for Coming Winter

In anticipation of the coming winter, Marianna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1516, recently organized a program of charity enterprises for the benefit of the poor within the Lodge's jurisdiction. The committee in charge hopes that by this plan food will be provided in quarters where it is most needed.

### Membership Card Is Stolen From San Diego, Calif., Elk

Joseph James Hudson, of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, reports that his membership card, number 2340, was stolen recently, together with some of his personal belongings, in the Grand Central Station, in New York City. Mr. Hudson is at present on board the U. S. S. *Twiggs*, No. 127, in care of Newport, R. I.

### Clearwater, Fla., Elks Entertain One Thousand Children at Outing

One thousand boys and girls, guests of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, recently enjoyed a day of many pleasures at the Lodge's third annual children's picnic and outing. From the Home, where they gathered early in the morning,



FRED J. SMITH

Entrants in the golf tournament of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the New York, East, District, at the Kitchawan Country Club, Ossining





*A few of the bundles of old clothes accumulated by Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, by means of its presentation of a minstrel show for charity*

the youngsters marched behind the Clearwater Boys Band to a theater. There, through the generosity of the manager, they enjoyed the first event of a full day's program, the special presentation of a juvenile film. Following the show, the little guests of the Elks were transported in county school buses and in private cars to Joyland Park. After luncheon the afternoon was devoted to the enjoyment of the park's amusement devices, and to water sports and field contests.

#### **Toledo, O., Elks Boy Scout Troop Wins High Honors**

Boy Scout Troop No. 53, sponsored by Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, recently won, for the third consecutive year, the Maumee Valley Council Achievement Award, the highest honor that can be granted by its local council. The requirements to be met by the boys to receive the reward consisted of winning six monthly achievement streamers, an annual inspection banner and a Camp Miakonda banner. This year's prize was a beautiful plaque.

#### **S. J. Gatlin, Past Exalted Ruler of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, Dies**

S. J. Gatlin, senior Past Exalted Ruler of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, died recently at his home in El Paso. Three times, in 1901, 1902 and 1903, Mr. Gatlin served his Lodge as its Exalted Ruler. For a number of years after that he held the office of Secretary. At the time of his death, Mr. Gatlin was seventy-five years old. Funeral services were conducted by Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge at the Home. Interment was in the Elks plot at Evergreen cemetery. The full Elks service was read by the Past Exalted Rulers.

#### **Home of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge Is Redecorated Throughout**

The Home of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, recently underwent a complete redecoration. Among some of the improvements are beautifully repainted walls and woodwork and new rugs and lighting fixtures throughout the building.

#### **Pennsylvania Northwest Association Holds Meeting at Franklin Lodge**

At the quarterly meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest Association, held recently at the Home of Franklin Lodge, No. 110, twelve Lodges of the Association were represented by forty-one delegates. Among the distinguished visitors attending the session were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Mathew A. Riley, Frank J. Lyons, Earl MacDonald, Walter C. De Arment, Ralph C. Robinson and C. O. Morris; and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. One of the outstanding reports received at the meeting was the one read by Frank L. Ben-

singer, President of the Student Aid Committee, which is under the direction of the Association. Mr. Bensinger disclosed that the sum of \$1,950 had been loaned to seven students during the last year. He stated that five of these students had recently completed their final terms and two were continuing as post-graduates. At the close of the meeting the delegates and their hosts enjoyed an informal dinner.

#### **Sacramento, Calif., Elks Pay Honor to Their Championship Drill Team**

Attended by over four hundred members of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, a banquet was held recently at the Home in honor of the Lodge's Drill Team, winner of the 1931 national championship at the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle in July. Even before its national triumph, the Sacramento team had had a remarkable record. In both 1930 and 1931, it won first place at the California State Fair. In this year's contest at the fair, fourteen California Lodges were represented by drill teams.

#### **Past District Deputy T. M. Hunter Of Denver, Colo., Lodge, Dies**

Thomas M. Hunter, of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and a former member of the Good of the Order Committee and other Grand Lodge Committees, died recently at his home in Den-

ver, after a long illness. Since 1900, after his dimit from Adrian, Mich., Lodge, No. 429, Mr. Hunter has been a conspicuous figure in many of the activities of Denver Lodge. He was, soon after his transfer, elected Exalted Ruler of No. 17 and, during his two terms in that office, he worked faithfully and untiringly on the building committee for the then new Home. As an expression of the appreciation of the Lodge for his effective devotion to that project, Denver Lodge elected him an Honorary Life Member in March, 1913. At the Grand Lodge Convention the same year, he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Preservation of Elk. In 1914, he was made a member of the Auditing Committee of the Grand Lodge. Further recognition came to Mr. Hunter when he was appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Colorado, North, in 1926; and a member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, in 1927.

#### **Outing and Clambake of Lansford, Pa., Elks Is a Pronounced Success**

One of the most pleasant of the informal gatherings which have taken place at Lansford, Pa., Lodge, No. 1337, in several months was the annual outing and clambake, held not long ago at Kershner's Grove, a beautiful spot not distant from the city. Both during and after the outing, the many members of the Lodge who attended expressed their commendation of the manner in which the committee in charge of the affair managed it.

#### **St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge Gives Outing to 6,000 Children**

Between 5,000 and 6,000 boys and girls were the guests at an annual children's day outing, given recently by the members of St. Petersburg, Fla., Lodge, No. 1224, at Pass-a-Grille beach on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The traction companies of the city permitted the children to ride to and from the resort free of charge. A program of entertainment arranged by the Elks gave the thousands of youngsters a variety of fun. Prizes, donated by the business men of St. Petersburg, were awarded to the winners of the several contests. During the hours in which the children played or swam in the water, a constant watch was kept by a score of life guards. Not a single mishap occurred. After the games the children were served refreshments.

#### **Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge Band Gives Its First Fall Concert**

During a recent visit to his Home Lodge, Minneapolis, Minn., No. 44, William W. Nelson, director of the Lodge's famous band, winner of



*The bowling team of Watervliet, N. Y., Lodge, winners for 1931 of the New York State Elks Championship. They were intersectional champions in 1929 and 1930*



the 1927 championship at the Grand Lodge Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, conducted at the band's first fall concert. The large attendance of members of No. 44 was enthusiastic in its praise of Mr. Nelson's direction. As an additional feature of the concert, Harry Carter, a member of the Lodge and a favorite of the Lodge's minstrel shows twenty years ago, entertained the members with a number of songs and character sketches.

**Treasurer Close, of the Michigan State Elks Association, Is Dead**

Jackson, Mich., Lodge, No. 113, and the Michigan State Elks Association are mourning the loss of the Association's Treasurer, Patrick H. Close, who died recently at his home in Jackson. Mr. Close was one of the State's most enthusiastic Elks. He was actively interested in both the affairs of the Association and of Jackson Lodge. To the funeral services, which were held at St. Augustine's Church, came many of the officers of the Association and members of No. 113. Notable among those present were President George C. Ackers and Secretary Arthur E. Green. On the night preceding the funeral, a Lodge of Sorrow was conducted by Jackson Lodge at the Home.

**Catalina Island, Calif., Is Scene Of Alhambra Lodge Outing**

Three hundred and fifty members of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328, and their families recently enjoyed a week-end picnic on Catalina Island, off the California coast. A specially chartered steamer conveyed the party to the island. Members of the Order living there formed a welcoming committee and escorted, in a parade, their mainland visitors through the beautifully decorated streets of the town of Avalon. Water sports, golf tournaments and baseball games were among the attractive features of the program.

**Exalted Ruler A. A. Adams, of Goodland, Kansas, Lodge, Dies**

Exalted Ruler A. A. Adams, of Goodland, Kansas, Lodge, No. 1528, died recently at his home in Goodland. His death, following a sudden illness, was a tremendous shock to his Lodge and to his many friends. Mr. Adams was initiated into Concordia Lodge, No. 586, in 1910, later transferring to Goodland Lodge. To the members of his family who survive him, to his Lodge and to his many devoted friends elsewhere, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to express its condolence.

*The new Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, erected at a cost of \$135,000*



**Pilgrimage Made to the Grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Allen**

Members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, their relatives and many friends, recently made the annual pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen, in Elmwood Cemetery, Birmingham. The opening prayer at the exercises was offered by the Reverend George C. Royer. In his oration, which followed the prayer, Hugh Morrow, of Birmingham Lodge, paid high tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Allen. Judge W. M. Walker, also of Birmingham Lodge, then placed a wreath on the grave; and the East Lake Quartet rendered several vocal selections. Taps, sounded by a bugler, brought the services to a close.

**2,700 Children Enjoy Outing Given By Inglewood, Calif., Lodge**

At its annual children's day outing recently, Inglewood, Calif., Lodge, No. 1492, entertained about 2,700 pupils of the city's schools. Led by the Inglewood Boys Band of eighty pieces, the youngsters paraded from the school building to the picnic park. There they witnessed, among the amusement features of this year's affair, a spectacular series of airplane races. Events in which the children themselves participated were swimming and boat races, a baseball game for the boys and one for the girls, and a treasure hunt.

**Past Exalted Ruler Huth, of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, Dies Suddenly**

Members of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, are mourning the loss of Past Exalted Ruler Bart M. Huth, who died suddenly at his home in Albany a short time ago. For many years Mr. Huth was an active member of his Lodge. To him is extended the credit for having been one of those principally responsible for the splendid housing condition which Albany Lodge has enjoyed ever since he was its Exalted Ruler twenty-nine years ago.

**Head of California State Elks Association Visits Alhambra Lodge**

President Horace S. Williamson, accompanied by Vice-President Newton M. Todd, of the California State Elks Association, recently made a visit to the Home of Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328. In honor of the occasion a number of the officers and members of San Fernando Lodge, No. 1530, and Whittier Lodge, No. 1258, were in attendance. Prior to the meeting the officers of Alhambra Lodge gave a banquet for the President and the Vice-President.

**Everett, Wash., Elks Again Are Active in Relief Campaign**

Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 479, which last year rendered great service to its city in cooperation with the community's Central Relief Committee, has undertaken this year to do again its utmost for the alleviation of distress among the destitute.



*Ontario, Calif., Lodge's banquet to Company "G," 185th Infantry, of the National Guard*



*Crippled children, assembled in the Home of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, before the outing given them by the Lodge at Lake Ronkonkoma*





*Whether full dress, or informal evening clothes, consisting of the dinner jacket and black tie, are worn, depends upon the nature of the occasion*

## Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

**A**LTHOUGH fashions in men's clothes for general wear change constantly with the seasons, there is one type of clothes in which there is rarely, if ever, a change—and that is in evening clothes. In view of the fact that correct evening clothes have become so standardized as to become practically a uniform, it is somewhat surprising that so frequently men make the error of combining the wrong accessories. First and last, it should be remembered that in evening clothes a man has no choice but to adhere to the accepted standard of what is considered correct. In no other part of his attire is he so circumscribed by convention as in his evening clothes, and any deviation from the accepted standard—any introduction of individual taste or preference is absolutely taboo unless it is in line with what well dressed men the world over consider the correct thing.

Evening clothes are divided into two classes—formal and informal. Evening clothes are always correct after six or seven o'clock in the evening. Whether formal evening clothes or full dress, or informal evening clothes, consisting of the dinner jacket or Tuxedo and black tie, are worn, depends entirely upon the nature of the occasion.

In order that there can be no doubt as to just when to wear formal or informal evening clothes, a brief résumé of evening occasions is in order. Formal evening events consist of receptions, weddings, formal dances, banquets and what is so often described as the formal dinner party, the opera and the theatre. For these occasions the full dress suit or tail coat is correct. Informal evening events consist of small, intimate

Copyright, 1931, by Schuyler White

parties either in one's home or at the theatre, stag dinners, Lodge meetings and the like. For these occasions the dinner jacket is correct. A glance at the illustration gives an excellent idea as to the correct details of formal and informal evening clothes. In either case it will be noted that the closest attention is given to the smallest detail of cut and fit and that extreme conservatism and simplicity are outstanding characteristics.

Take, for instance, the dress suit or tail coat. It is invariably cut so as to fit the figure closely, the lapels are peaked and faced with either a dull ribbed silk or with satin. The ribbed silk is preferable because it does not have the tendency to "ruff up" as in the case of satin, but either material is correct.

The utmost care should be given to the fit of a dress coat. In the first place, as in the case of all coats, the greatest attention should be given to the fit of the collar and the shoulders. The width of the shoulders should be broad enough so as to allow a comfortable freedom of movement. The back of the coat, from the shoulders to the waistline, should fit the body closely so as to cling to the figure. This does not mean that the coat should fit so closely as to give the impression of a tight fit, but unless the fit is snug the entire effect will be spoiled and, as every one knows, nothing looks worse on a man than a badly fitting dress coat. The collar should also fit as closely as possible around the neck so as to help keep the coat in place. In

order to insure this, a man should wear a stiff bosom shirt and a wing collar at the time he is having his dress coat fitted because otherwise it is impossible to secure a perfect fit. Since the cut of a tail coat does not allow of it being buttoned in front, it can be readily seen how important it is to have the collar fit snugly, else the front of the coat will not stay in place. Another point in helping to keep a tail coat in place is to have it fit well up under the arms.

The trousers of a full dress suit should be cut with a high rise—that is, the top of the trousers should be at least two inches above the normal waistline. The reason for this is that the front of a full dress coat reaches to just below the waistline and unless the trousers come well up above the waistline, there is bound to be a gap between the two—and a gap which cannot be covered up by the waistcoat since the evening waistcoat never shows below the bottom of the dress coat. Braces are an absolute necessity with dress trousers not only because the trousers hang better but because the buckle of a belt is bound to show under a well-fitting waistcoat, thus spoiling a neat effect as well as being bulky. In this connection, too, it is interesting to note that an evening waistcoat is cut a little shorter than the waistcoat of a business suit—hence the advantage of braces over belts.

The length of evening trousers should always be a little longer than the trousers of business suits. In front they should be long enough so as to permit of a slight break on the instep, tapering gradually downward toward the rear until they just escape the ground. A full dress suit always tends to heighten a man's appearance, but this effect will be spoiled if the trousers



are too short, in addition to attracting undue attention to his feet.

A white waistcoat is the only correct waistcoat with full dress. It may be of linen, piqué or silk, but whatever material is used it must be white. Linen and piqué waistcoats are much smarter than silk waistcoats. This is because white silk does not retain its original color but, with time, darkens to an ivory shade which makes a marked contrast with the white of the shirt. No matter how often a silk waistcoat is cleaned, it never presents the same fresh appearance of a washable waistcoat. Hence the popularity of the washable linen or piqué waistcoat.

Single- or double-breasted waistcoats are correct with evening dress. As to which type is worn, that must be decided by the individual, remembering always that single-breasted waistcoats tend to give a man height and make him look slimmer, while a double-breasted waistcoat tends to shorten his appearance, giving him, at the same time, an appearance of greater breadth.

A plain starched bosom shirt is correct with a tail coat. The bosom may be of linen or piqué, but under no circumstances should the bosom be pleated. The starched cuffs of the shirt should show about half an inch below the sleeves. Two types of shirt bosoms are possible—the one stud or the two-stud variety; and both are correct.

WITH full evening dress a wing collar is correct. Contrary to the idea many men have, a wing collar is quite as comfortable as a turn down collar provided the collar is cut with a deep V opening. Wing collars come in several heights, and a man should select his collar according to whether his neck is long or short. It is only necessary for a man to experiment with one or two until he finds the collar which is most comfortable to him.

A white bow tie only is correct with formal evening dress. Like the waistcoat, it should be of white linen or piqué, and since this is the day of the ensemble idea in being well-dressed, it naturally follows that the tie, shirt and waistcoat should all be of the same material. As with waistcoats, the tie may be of silk or a washable material, but the contrast of several different shades of white, which is bound to occur when white silk is combined with linen or piqué, is not a good one and therefore a white wash tie is recommended.

Evening ties are cut in three shapes, as shown in one of the illustrations. The man with a long, thin face will find the butterfly type of tie most becoming. The man with a face of average proportions will also find the butterfly tie becoming as well as the "spade" tie, which is a modified version of the butterfly tie. The man with a full round face will find the narrow tie with pointed ends better suited to him. In any event, any of these types of tie may be correctly worn.

One of the most widely discussed questions with regard to being well dressed is the subject of jewelry and it is with formal and informal dress clothes that jewelry comes in for its greatest importance. First and foremost are the studs worn in the shirt. If a shirt is of the one-stud variety, a white pearl stud is correct and, because only one is worn, it should be a little larger in size than the pearl studs worn with the two-stud shirt. But pearls are not the only jewels correct with evening dress. Moonstones

and star sapphires are also correct, as well as small diamonds combined with other precious gems such as sapphires, emeralds, and black onyx and mother-of-pearl. Jeweled studs are usually part of a set which also includes cuff links and waistcoat buttons. If, however, a man does not possess a complete set of evening jewelry, it is a simple matter for him to have correct jewelry accessories even though they do not all match. Imitation pearls are to be had in every shop—and at very moderate prices. With pearl studs his cuff links can be of gold or platinum, while the buttons on his waistcoat can be of white composition—the kind that comes with the waistcoat and which simulates the pattern of the material of the waistcoat, whether it be of linen or piqué.

Either a silk top hat or an opera hat of the collapsible variety is correct with full evening dress. Black patent leather Oxfords or pumps are correct, together with black silk socks. The question of a cane with evening clothes is a matter about which there has been much discussion. If a man has a handsome evening stick there is no reason why he should not carry it. On the other hand, a cane is primarily intended for walking and as one seldom walks the streets in evening clothes, it is rather a superfluous accessory, especially as one is apt to go off and forget it, and it is certainly in the way and a nuisance at the theatre.

For informal occasions, a dinner jacket or Tuxedo is the accepted attire for evening wear. There are two types of dinner jackets—single- and double-breasted. The single-breasted dinner jacket is far more widely worn than the double-breasted jacket, since the latter is a fashion of comparatively recent origin. However, whichever type is worn, the accessories accompanying it are identical.

The shirt, of course, is white with a starched bosom, but unlike the shirt worn with a tail coat, it may have either a plain or pleated bosom. The necktie is invariably a black bow tie and it must be a plain black tie without small white figures and not piped in white silk. The shape of the tie can be any one of the three shapes described above.

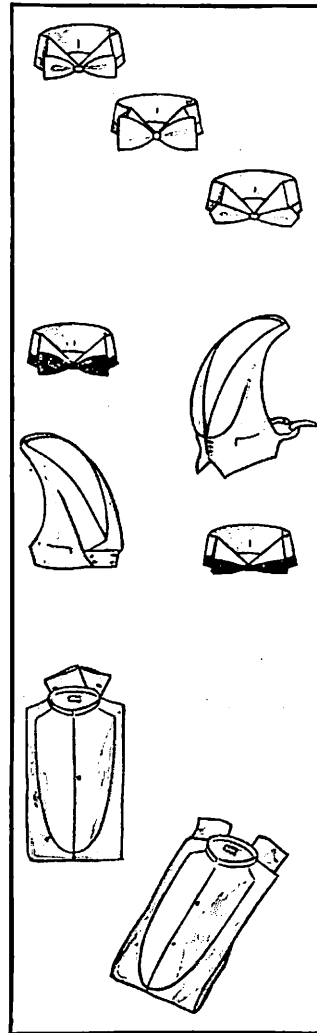
The question of the waistcoat worn with a dinner jacket

is one which, in some quarters, is still subject to heated arguments. However, it can be stated authoritatively that either a black or a white waistcoat is correct. If the waistcoat is black, it can be made of the same material as the dinner jacket, or in some dull ribbed silk or silk barathra. Very often a waistcoat made of the same material as the jacket will be finished with lapels of silk or satin to match the facing of the lapels of the jacket.

Three types of hat are correct with a dinner jacket, namely, the silk collapsible opera hat, a Derby or a black Homburg. Black patent leather Oxfords complete the turnout.

In view of the fact that evening clothes are distinctly formal in character, it necessarily follows that the overcoat worn with them should be correspondingly formal. The Chesterfield overcoat is the best choice. It should be black, Oxford gray or dark blue in color. The second choice for evening wear is the Guards coat in the same dark colors. Overcoats in light colors are not correct for evening wear and for the man whose clothing budget is limited, it is strongly recommended that in winter overcoats, at least, he should confine himself to the darkest and most conservative colors, since they are the most practical. One gets tired of dark clothes because of their similarity and it is a great temptation to get away from the beaten path, especially in color, but the advantage of wearing an overcoat that is correct with both day and evening clothes can be readily appreciated.

The final accessory to be mentioned in connection with evening clothes is the muffler. A muffler is really necessary in order to keep the collar free from the soil and black marks which inevitably rub off from the overcoat. Silk mufflers are best for evening wear and they may be either in plain white, gray, or black and white designs. Mufflers come in two shapes—the long reefer type of muffler or the large square of silk which is folded on the bias. And if you are asked what you want for Christmas and you do not have a nice evening muffler, what better or more acceptable present could you want—unless it is a pair of gray suède or white doeskin gloves to complete your evening dress turnout?



Three distinctive types of evening dress ties, any of which is correct with a tail coat. The two waistcoats are both conservative and smart in cut. In white, they are correct with both tail coat and dinner jacket. If in black, they are correct only with a dinner jacket. White dress shirts invariably have starched bosoms which may require the wearing of either one or two studs. Either type is correct

**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.

## Millions for Defiance

(Continued from page 24)

dressing gown, hurried along the gallery and tapped lightly on Hope's door. At his second knock she slid open the panel in the grille and looked out.

"When are you starting—for the 'glades?"

She said she didn't know.

"I want to go with you."

She said she preferred to go alone.

"You mustn't. It's much too risky."

"That's exactly it—I don't want to risk anybody else's neck. Good night."

"But Hope—"

There was no use finishing the sentence. Hope had closed the panel in her door.

### CHAPTER XXII

INTO Colin's fitful dreams there penetrated next morning a familiar sound. He sat up quickly, then bounded to the window and listened. Outside, the dawn was just breaking. The sound borne on the still air carried him

back to the days of his service in France. It was the drone, at times a whine, of an airplane engine being warmed up, not far from the house.

Switching on a light, he snatched up the clothes nearest to his hands and pulled them on in a fever of haste. There was only one plane he could have heard so clearly—Hope's seaplane. Dressed sketchily in evening trousers, patent leather shoes and a soiled blue shirt, he

(Continued on page 40)



(Continued from page 39)

seized the handle of his door. But it was locked from the outside.

Examining the window, he found that the copper screen was firmly screwed to the metal sash. To unscrew it would have taken half an hour. He picked up a heavy chair, swung it with all his might against the screen. The sharp edge of one leg cut a hole in the mesh. The window was too far above the ground to jump. The crescendo whine of the motor warned him he had no time to lose. Swiftly tearing the sheets from his bed, he improvised a rope, squeezed through the ragged screen and slid earthwards.

As he swung clear of the Spanish Bayonet and landed on the grass, the figure of Wilson rounded the corner of the house. Levelling a revolver in one hand, the elderly negro commanded him to stop. Thinking fast, Colin brought into play an ancient trick. "Look out!" he shouted, "Behind you!" As Wilson instinctively turned his head, Colin leaped in, wrenched the gun from his hand and sent him spinning.

Across the parking space—where Hornsby still slumbered in his car—and down the driveway toward the lake he rushed at his best pace. The plane was already afloat, its engine idling. Hope was in the after cockpit. The negro garage boy was knee-deep in water, holding one wing, while Stringer, standing with one foot in a dinghy and the other on the tail, made a last minute inspection of the elevators.

AT sight of Colin pounding along, Hope shouted to Stringer to stand clear. If the man had heard her immediately, Colin would have been too late. But she had to shout again, and the brief delay gave Colin his chance. As Hope opened the throttle and the plane started off, he plunged headlong into the lake and managed to catch hold of a pontoon strut. With a pull that almost jerked his arms from their sockets, he succeeded in heaving himself onto the pontoon and thence to the lower wing. Once there, it was a simple enough matter to reach the empty forward cockpit. Breathless and dripping wet, he settled into the seat and turned to wave derisively at Hope. She was staring fixedly beyond him.

After a few seconds more of taxiing, the ship took off, and rose slowly, climbing in a wide spiral that circled Hope's house and grounds. Then the plane straightened out and headed for the south.

Soon they picked up the buff expanse of the saw-grass country which, even from the air, appeared limitless. Here and there, breaks in the monotonous vegetation beneath showed glistening patches and streaks of water. Twice they passed over narrow canals that stretched off to the northwest. Then more saw-grass, more patches of water and, like oases in a desert, the rich verdure of scattered hammocks and the wisps of mist that actually were groves of stunted cypress.

From an altitude of a thousand feet, Hope brought the plane gradually down to about five hundred. Three times Colin saw small clearings on the edges of hammock-islands in the sea of saw-grass and recognized the crude shelters of thatch that constitute the dwellings of the Seminoles. He saw nothing, however, to indicate that these shelters were in current use. The Indians, he knew, kept their cooking fires alive constantly when at home. There were no signs of smoke near these particular clearings, though off on the horizon were two thick columns of it, where evidently the 'glades were burning.

Here and there, though few and far between, were good-sized bodies of shallow water, large enough to land on and, by skillful piloting, to take off from. The sight of them made Colin increasingly impatient for Hope to come down, for not until then could he put into effect the plan he had evolved the night before.

A sudden, sharp side-to-side rocking motion made him look back at Hope, who smiled triumphantly and pointed to the right. Following the direction of her hand, he saw a cluster of shelters in front of which, staring up, stood a group of Indians, in vivid costumes. Hope banked and circled their hammock, then headed for a stretch of open water that lay glittering in the sun a comparatively short distance away.

As they began to glide earthward, Colin held his breath, wishing he were at the controls himself. To land without mishap, Hope would need to set the plane down with the light touch of an expert angler flicking a dry fly onto a trout pool. The saw-grass in the foreground, then the edge of the pond, rushed upwards to meet them. Colin unfastened his safety belt, so as to be thrown clear in case of accident. Next instant, the pontoons slapped the water, sending up hissing plumes of spray. The ship bounced and skimmed the surface alternately, finally coming to a stop near the far border. A perfect landing.

With the din of the engine cut off, the silence of the 'glades seemed intense. Then, as Colin stood up and stretched, Hope's voice cut through the silence.

"Well," she said, "here we are."

"A sweet spot," he remarked, brushing the dried salt off his bedraggled dress trousers.

"You weren't asked to come," she reminded him.

"Oh, I'm not complaining. I like it here. Nice and peaceful. What do we do next? Take to the boat, or wade?"

"There's no hurry. I imagine that family we spotted may drop over to investigate us. They're not far off."

"A good ten miles," he said. "It doesn't seem far in the air, but it's quite a trek by land—

and there isn't any land, at least not dry land." "Ten miles is not far for Seminoles in canoes," said Hope, undaunted. "What's the matter?" Colin had drawn Wilson's revolver from his pocket and was intently aiming at some target in the water.

"Just a snake," he replied. "See if I can pop him." He pulled the trigger, but a click was the only result.

Hope laughed. "You didn't think it was loaded, did you?"

"Is it yours?" he asked.

"No. But I made Wilson empty it. He might have shot you."

"On purpose?"

"Hardly—still, he's a loyal old fellow. I hope you didn't hurt him."

"Didn't need to."

"Poor Wilson. He'll be so mortified. He was sure he could stop you. He's very proud of his strength. Lord knows how old he is, but his hand's as steady as a rock."

"I guess it was just as well you had him empty the gun. But it might have come in handy to have a few cartridges with us."

"What for—each other?"

Colin grinned. "Snakes," he said.

"Oh—they won't bother us if we leave 'em alone."

"Hornsby told you that, I suppose. Seems to me he's not awfully dependable," he chuckled, then grew serious. "Maybe he knows his mocassins. They're bad news, those babies. I know a fellow whose father went out duck hunting—somewhere around the Gulf, I think it was—anyway they got lost in a fog around nightfall and tied their boat up to a tree in a swamp. Their bodies were found the next day. It seems that the tree they had tied up to had been swarming with mocassins and the brutes had crawled on board the boat in the dark . . ." he shuddered. "My friend's father had a hatchet in his hand. He'd evidently waked up and tried to cut the boat loose—"

"A nice bed-time story to tell a young girl," commented Hope. "However, we're all right—there isn't a tree for miles. Besides, we won't be here all night. But if you know any more cheery anecdotes like that, keep 'em to yourself, if you don't mind."

"How long are you going to give those lads?" Eager to put his scheme into operation, he could hardly wait until Hope was out of the plane. "Let's take a look at this boat of yours. Where is it?"

"Back here," said Hope. She opened a compartment behind her seat and hauled two long canvas sacks out of the fuselage. "Framework in one, outside skin in the other."

The craft, when, with great difficulty, it had been assembled, had somewhat the appearance of an Eskimo kayak.

As they waited for the Indians, Colin became increasingly fidgety. If the Indians did come, it would render his strategy null and void. Reassuring himself with the thought that the red men harbored a long-standing dislike and distrust of whites, he forced himself to sit still until, at last, Hope said they might as well start.

"All right," said he, trying to conceal his eagerness, "you get in first and I'll follow." He helped her outside. Then, the moment she was safely in the boat, he reached for the dump valve and opened it. A pungent torrent of gasoline gushed from the fuel tank in the upper wing.

TAKEN by surprise, Hope recovered quickly, shouting to him to shut the valve. When he made no attempt to do so, she tried to climb back into the plane. He held her off.

"Oh no, my lady," said he grimly, tightening his grip on her wrists. "I told you there'd be no parade and there won't be—now. You'll spend the next few days in the Everglades."

"You idiot!" she cried, struggling to get free. But her footing was precarious and her strength inadequate. Only when no more fuel flowed from the tank did he release her. She looked at her wrists, which were turning scarlet, then, without a word, sat down in the boat and buried her face in her hands. Her shoulders shook as though she were sobbing. The sight filled Colin with remorse. "I'm sorry if I hurt you," he said, penitently. She looked quite a pitiful figure, until suddenly she raised her head and he saw that she had not been sobbing at all,

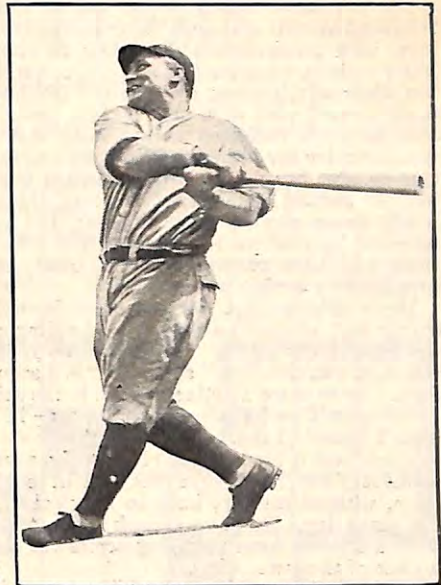




# The Baseball Winners

**T**HE following is the list of prizes awarded to those who participated in THE ELKS MAGAZINE'S Baseball Contest. The prizes, which total \$550, were based on the best letters written in conjunction with estimates submitted.

Name	Prize	Name	Prize	Name	Prize
John P. Ruddy . . . . .	\$27.50	John Murray . . . . .	\$22.50	James Sweeney . . . . .	\$20.70
Troy, New York.		Fort Edward, New York.		Newark, New Jersey.	
Robert Bunevich . . . . .	\$27.50	P. J. Hughes . . . . .	\$22.50	C. L. Fraser . . . . .	\$20.70
Passaic, New Jersey.		Pittsburgh, Swissvale, Pa.		Bloomington, Indiana.	
George Ona Sinsel . . . . .	\$27.50	Thomas H. Davis . . . . .	\$20.70	David Dreier . . . . .	\$20.70
Flemington, West Virginia.		Shamokin, Pennsylvania.		Irvington, New Jersey.	
C. A. McGlumphy . . . . .	\$27.50	King Larkin . . . . .	\$20.70	A. J. Johnston . . . . .	\$20.70
Flemington, West Virginia.		Martinsburg, West Virginia.		Arlington, New Jersey.	
Harry Luther . . . . .	\$22.50	Joe Caplon . . . . .	\$20.70	Frank Simonty . . . . .	\$20.70
Amsterdam, New York.		Newport News, Virginia.		Lewistown, Montana.	
				Harold Sperry . . . . .	\$20.70
				Erie, Pennsylvania.	
				Roy A. Benway . . . . .	\$20.70
				Saginaw, Michigan.	
				Dr. F. Walter Boyer . . . . .	\$20.70
				Wadsworth, Ohio.	
				Bob Carlson . . . . .	\$20.70
				Erie, Illinois.	
				W. B. Jackson . . . . .	\$20.70
				Gary, Indiana.	
				J. D. Newham . . . . .	\$20.70
				Newark, Ohio.	
				F. M. Bullard . . . . .	\$20.70
				Jacksonville, Florida.	
				Leo C. Anderson . . . . .	\$20.70
				Alliance, Nebraska.	
				W. F. Landrum . . . . .	\$20.70
				Eugene, Oregon.	
				Naaman Aldredge . . . . .	\$20.70
				Logan, West Virginia.	



### The Judges



Col. Jacob Ruppert



William Wrigley, Jr.



Hon. John K. Tener

but laughing. Then, perversely, instead of feeling relieved, he was aggrieved. He felt she had no right to laugh.

"What's so funny?" he inquired stiffly.  
 "You."  
 "Hm," he grunted, taken aback.  
 "You remind me of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and the horse and the donkey, all rolled into one." She burst out laughing again. "Especially the donkey," she added. "What did you imagine you'd accomplish by that silly trick?"

"Pretty obvious, isn't it?" It annoyed him to hear his Machiavellian stroke referred to thus.  
 "But you know perfectly well we'll be picked up. When we don't get back to-night, they'll start a search. Hadn't you thought of that?"

"Certainly."  
 "Well, then—"  
 "But they may not find us for days. Hadn't you thought of that?"  
 "Not see this plane?" her tone was scornful.  
 "Why, my dear boy, it'll stand out like a zebra on a pink carpet."

"There are four million acres in the Everglades," he said. "That's a lot of ground to cover, even in the air. They could fly within a few miles of us and miss us half a dozen times—"

"Bosh," put in Hope.  
 "But as a matter of fact," he went on confidently, "it doesn't matter whether we're seen at once or not. Sooner or later we shall be, of course. The point is that no sane pilot's going to take a chance on landing here, even if you did. For one thing he'd be afraid of hitting your ship. Whoever sees us'll make for Miami or some place and send guides in to fetch us out by canoe. That'll take a couple of days at least—maybe more."

Hope looked at him for a moment with a glimmer of amusement in her eyes. "Got it all figured out, haven't you?" she jeered. "What about these Indians we're going after right now? They could take us out in no time."

"We're not going to look for them," said he.  
 "I am," she asserted.

"No, you're not, said he. "I happen to have the paddle."

Hope shrugged. "Think you've beaten one, don't you?" she said with sarcasm.

"Not yet," he replied.  
 "Not soon, either," she said positively. "It was a pretty good idea of yours, emptying out the gas—but only pretty good. You see—as you say—it doesn't really matter whether we're found right away or not. The point is—this stunt alone—you and I landing in the 'glades—not returning the same day—having to be found and rescued—will all make a newspaper story and that'll blow the Senator's hat off. Hadn't thought of that, had you?"

"Yes. I had. I realize there'll be some excitement when we don't get back. But the Senator won't blame you because he'll think you had a forced landing. It simply wasn't your fault. Your engine went haywire and you had to come down. That's my story and I'm going to stick to it. And he'll believe it, too. Don't think he won't." He rather expected Hope to look crestfallen at this, but he was disappointed.

"The trouble with you is," she said blandly, "you're too impulsive. You don't think far enough ahead. The fact is the Senator knows right now why I flew down here." She chuckled. "I'd have given a lot to have been able to see his face this morning—and hear his language. . . . You see, I had a sneaking hunch you might try something like this. So I called up the papers last night and told 'em all about the whole business. This flight and my proposed parade and that suggestion of yours about the Blue Heron. They simply ate it. That was a master-stroke, that Blue Heron idea. The Associated Press man said he'd put it on the wire last night. Of course, I had to explain that I wasn't sure I could get the hotel to give a party in, but he said that didn't matter, it was the idea that counted—"

For a moment Colin was speechless. In his mind's eye he could see the newspapers—and the face of his chief scanning those newspapers. His stomach felt suddenly as if he had swallowed a pound of buckshot.

"I'm afraid you're sunk, brother," laughed Hope. "You've done your best, but you never really had a Chinaman's chance. I'll tell the

Senator that; then perhaps he won't bear down on you too hard."

"I suppose you realize you've just said good-bye to ten million dollars."

"Maybe," she answered, cheerfully.  
 He stared at her, incredulous at her attitude. "Good Lord," he said, "you don't fool yourself for one minute that the Senator'll let you have it after this, do you?"

"Never can be sure what he may do," she replied. "He's a singular old bird."

"Not as singular as all that."  
 "Well, let's not talk about it," said Hope. "It's a waste of time. Let's go look for those Indians. There's no use staying here any longer than we have to, is there?"

"Don't guess there is," he agreed, in a tone of indifference that was far from indicative of his feelings. "Which way do we head?"

There were half a dozen channels radiating from the edge of the pool like the spread fingers of a hand. Hope pointed to the widest. "Let's try that one," she suggested. "It's probably wrong, but there's only one way to find out."

### CHAPTER XXIII

**T**HREE times they started from the pool, exploring channels, only to find, sooner or later, that these also led nowhere. By mid-afternoon they were back again at their starting point. The sun, though well past its zenith, beat down fiercely on the shadeless waste. There were few mosquitoes, but swarms of tiny black flies that bit sharply made up for that lack.

Neither Colin nor Hope had much to say. The former was busy with his thoughts, which, to put it moderately, were a complete jumble. And not only were his thoughts tangled, but likewise his emotions.

Often, of late, he had caught himself thinking how difficult it would be to have to go back to New York and put Hope out of his mind. The thought had recurred with disturbing frequency and with increasing poignancy. In vain he had tried to exorcise it by recalling the Senator's warning, as though the old gentleman's words were a magic incantation. In vain he had

(Continued on page 42)



(Continued from page 41)

reminded himself that once before he had been in love, with consequences disastrous to himself. Yet somehow, when next he saw Hope, warnings lost their effectiveness and his old disillusionment seemed part of a very distant past. As long as there remained a possibility that she would receive her father's millions, he had taken care to give her no hint of his feelings toward her. It seemed certain now, however, that she would never receive those millions, but until he could be positive that that barrier between them had been removed, he was resolved to keep his love for her a secret.

He gazed at the sky. The sun, like a burnished copper ball, seemed on the verge of rolling over the edge of the world. "We'll find no Indians this day, I'm thinking," said he. "It'll soon be dark. Perhaps we'd better go back to the ship."

"Wouldn't we be safer where we are—in the boat, I mean? I don't like snakes."

There was a moon that night, only a small segment of one, but it gave enough light to guide them, without mishap, back to the pool where the plane lay. It gave enough light, too, to show a sinuous form wriggling across the shiny surface of the lower wing.

"Look," Colin whispered. "You were right about staying where we are." He slapped the water with the paddle, whereupon the snake glided swiftly to the edge of the wing and dropped off into the pool. While the moon still shone, Colin kept the boat in the vicinity of the plane, curious to see whether any more visitors of the same tribe would betray their presence on board. But when, at last, the darkness came, he began to paddle slowly back and forth, keeping at a distance from the ship.

Save for the sounds of insects and the gentle drip of water from the paddle, the night was very still. Colin could see Hope only as a dim, vague shape, huddled in the bottom of the boat. He wanted very much to touch her hand. . . . He listened for the sound of her breathing and leaned forward, but quickly sat up again, for she said: "I'm still here."

"I thought you might be asleep," he explained.

Silence for a little, then she said: "You're a bad loser, aren't you?"

He did not answer. "You've been sulking all afternoon," she went on.

He said nothing.

"I rather like that quality in you," she said. "I'd probably feel the same way in your place. I'm a very bad loser myself. I haven't much patience with the other kind. They're fakes, most of 'em. I hate fakes. I've met so many. All my life, practically, I've been surrounded with fakes." She paused a moment, then went on: "I don't suppose

you've ever thought of that, have you? You've never had to wonder whether people really liked you or were just trying to get something out of you. You haven't had to look at every new person you met with suspicion. You've never prayed to God to send you one or two friends you could trust—have you?"

Colin caught his breath. The note of mockery was gone out of her tone. This, he knew, was the real Hope speaking, the self she usually kept hidden.

"You think I'm quite crazy," she continued. "You think I'm an empty-headed fool. I know. The Senator thinks the same, bless his heart. Well—perhaps I am. Perhaps you're both right. I shouldn't be surprised. But I know what I want and soon I shall be free to find it—if I can. . . . Do I sound like a tragedy queen?"

"No," he replied.

"You asked me why I did all these idiotic

things when I knew perfectly well what the result would be. I said I couldn't tell you then. I said I'd tell you after my birthday. Would you still care to hear? I think I'd like to tell you now—"

"I would," he said.

"Do you remember something I said that day—the day I drove you down to Royal Palm Park—after you had asked me if I didn't think the Senator's opinion of my conduct was important and I told you that when the time came the Senator would do what I wanted him to do?"

"Yes," answered Colin. "I remember all of that day very vividly."

"You thought then," she continued, "that I was just about the last word in pigheadedness and conceit, didn't you?"

"I did," he admitted.

"NATURALLY," said she. "You didn't know what I meant. And I didn't want you to know—then. So I made you a little angrier by saying that when the time came I thought you'd also do what I wanted you to. . . ." She paused for a moment, then said, earnestly: "You do believe, after this, that the Senator will give that money to the Foundation, don't you?"

"I don't see how he can help himself," said Colin. "He's been as lenient as any man in his position to carry out your father's wishes. You put an awful strain on his conscience—"

"I know," said Hope, "and on his temper, too, poor old thing. It's hurt me to be such a thorn in his side, but I had no other way out—no other way that would have satisfied me. You don't understand yet, do you?"

"Not yet," he confessed.

"You see," she resumed, "the whole thing is—I don't want that money. I'm sick of money. It's robbed me of every worth-while thing I might ever have had. It was money—my father's greed for it and for more power, that killed my mother. It was money that killed my father before his time and made him

then added: "Seems incredible, doesn't it? Me, the wild woman of the western world, being able to talk learnedly about collateral trust debentures and escrow agreements—I could, though. Did you know that?"

"Not exactly. The Senator only said that for a time you promised to turn out very well—that was how he put it. Then something happened and you changed. He said you never would tell him what it was—"

Hope did not at once respond to this cue, but sat silently as though trying to decide whether to say more or not. Colin waited eagerly for her to continue. She had given him, so far, only half an explanation—enough to make clear, in a general way, the motive for her un governable behavior; yet scarcely enough to justify it. After a little she went on:

"No," she said, "I never did tell the Senator. At first, I couldn't—I was too hurt and bewildered. Later on, though I could have, I wouldn't. He blustered and lost his temper with me and it made me angry and stubborn. Do you think I could ever explain that to him? Not in a thousand years. . . . That's why I've acted as I have. I've tried deliberately to make it impossible for him to give it to me. I don't want it. There's nothing in it for me. . . . nothing!"

"You could have gotten rid of the money when it came to you," Colin said. "You could have given it away—"

"I thought you'd say that. It's the obvious solution, of course. But, you see—I know myself too well. I was afraid if I actually had the money in my possession I might give in to the temptation to keep it. I knew it would be safer for me never to have it at all than to trust myself with it. . . . I'd rather not ever touch those millions. That's an admission of weakness, I suppose, but I don't care. Do you understand now?"

"I'm beginning to," said Colin, "only—there's one thing you haven't told me. One very important thing: What made you change?"

"I've already told you more than I've ever told another soul," she temporized.

"Tell me everything," he urged. "It's quite safe to—"

"I know. Funny, isn't it—of all people to confide in. . . . But I think I will tell you. Promise not to laugh at me?"

"I promise," he said gravely.

"Well," she began, "once upon a time there was a girl named Hope Marsden. She was a rather tiresome, earnest young creature who considered herself something quite special. Then—she was quite young, you remember—she met a boy. . . .

"He was not much older than Hope, but

he was very much wiser in some ways, though she didn't realize that then. . . . He was a happy, care-free person, very much alive. And he was gifted, too. He might have been a musician, or a painter, if he hadn't wanted more to be a writer. He had no money, except what he earned with occasional stories, but he didn't care. He was the kind who didn't need money to enjoy life. He had a funny old Daimler car and a piano and a typewriter and a few books, and those were his only worldly possessions.

"Well—Hope liked him and they played around together and after a while she wanted him to marry her. And he wanted to marry her. But when they talked about it there was one thing they couldn't agree on. He said she had too much money and that he couldn't marry her unless she would promise to devote her whole income to charity and let him support her. This seemed absurd to her and she wouldn't hear of it. She loved him, but she also loved



"Let go my shirt, you fool!"

a stranger to me while he lived. You know the story. . . .

"When I was young, I took things more or less as they came, without thinking, the way kids do. Never having known my mother, I didn't miss her—not acutely, that is. Like most rich children, I enjoyed being given everything I asked for and being waited on hand and foot. And when I was grown up I still liked it. When I was told about my father's eccentric provision for my future, all I could think of was how magnificent it would be to have millions all my own to do as I liked with. I made up my mind to learn all about money, so as to be sure to qualify. I even began to see myself as a sort of young Hetty Green, making my millions pile up into more millions. That must have been a bit of my father coming out in me, I guess. . . ." she broke off and laughed softly,



# Cross-Word Puzzle

By Luke Blanco, New Rochelle, N. Y.

**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: Douglas Davis, Represa, Calif.; Johnnie Mae Franklin, Muskogee, Okla.; Belle Murdock, Tremont, Tex.; Millie Storey, Portland, Ore.; and Amelia T. Wilkinson, Chester, Pa.

luxury and order and money itself. Besides, it was her idea that he would be able to write better and more freely if he had no economic worries. He said she was wrong and that if he felt he was being kept he would be miserable. He didn't want to live the way she lived—tied down with houses and social obligations. He wanted to be free to roam about the world—living in a suitcase. Hope's money would stifle him, he said.

"But she said that living in a suitcase would stifle her. If he wanted to travel she could make that easy for him, and instead of living like gypsies, they'd be able to live comfortably. They didn't quarrel at first. They were too much in love. They simply had discussions, at first. Then arguments. And when she couldn't make him change his point of view and he couldn't make her change hers, they began to get angry with one another. And then, at last, being an arrogant brat, Hope lost her temper with him. She told him he couldn't really love her, because if he did he'd do what she wanted him to do. . . . And she called him selfish, and a coward for being afraid of what her money might do to him. Finally, one night, she told him she didn't want ever—to see him again—unless he'd agree to her terms. . . . She hurt him about as cruelly as a girl can hurt a man. And he went away. . . ."

She was silent for a space, then went on, broodingly: "You see, she was sure he would come back. But—he never did. The night he left her house, he was killed. . . . They found his car upside down, in a ditch—and he was pinned underneath. He had evidently been driving like a madman. . . . Hope felt she had sent him to his death. . . . Or rather that her money had. . . . It was then that Hope Marsden changed."

Colin's heart went out to her. "You poor kid," he murmured compassionately.

"Now, perhaps," she went on, evenly, "you understand why she has been incorrigible—and why she hasn't been able to bear certain pieces of music—and why she keeps an old Daimler roadster in her garage. And why she always has a houseful of people who don't care what fantastic thing they're asked to do, so long as they're well fed and their expenses are paid."

There was a long silence, while Colin framed a question in his mind. At length he spoke: "May I ask one thing?" he queried, with diffidence.

"Yes."

"Is Hope—" he hesitated, choosing his words carefully, "is Hope always going to live—with a ghost? Do you think she could ever take an interest—or have any place in her heart for anyone else?" He gripped the paddle tensely, waiting for her answer, which was slow in coming.

"SHE'LL never be able to entirely forget the boy," she said softly, "because when he went, part of her heart went with him. But I think she knows—I'm sure she knows—that she can't go on forever living on a memory. A good many men have told her that they wanted her, though what they really wanted most was her fortune. . . . I think if she ever found someone she could trust, someone who knew she didn't have much to bring him materially, but who had a place in his heart for what's left of hers. . . ." She left the sentence unfinished.

Colin's pulses seemed to skip a beat, and his mouth went dry. "Do you think," he asked, "she could ever care at all for a man with a broken nose and a broken leg and a heart that he thought was broken too, but that doesn't seem to be? He hasn't any money and he's going to lose his job in a day or two—but he's fairly honest. And he's mad about her—"

"What's his name?" Hope asked.

"His name's O'Rourke," he said. "Colin O'Rourke?"

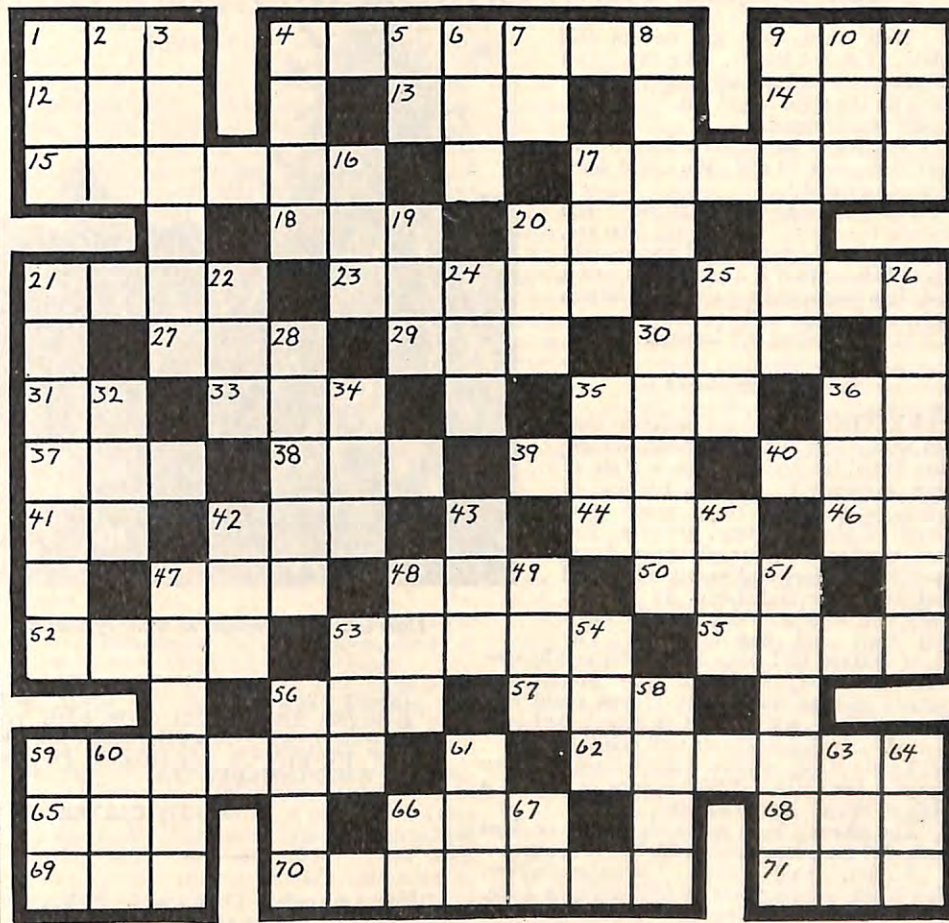
The few seconds her answer was delayed seemed like aeons. At last, with a faint quaver in her voice, she said, "She thinks she could—if he's really sure."

"Really sure!" he blurted. "Oh, Hope dearest—" he stretched out his arms to her.

"Steady there, cave man," she warned, "you're tipping the boat."

"Damn the boat," he said, kissing her.

(Continued on page 44)



## Across

- 1—Large serpent
- 4—Any individual of the Sauria
- 9—Insane
- 12—Tavern
- 13—Wooden peg
- 14—Employ
- 15—Intensity
- 17—Smart
- 18—Ensnare
- 20—Enemy
- 21—Refined
- 23—Humble
- 25—Hinder part
- 27—Part of the verb to be
- 29—Reward
- 30—Curdle
- 31—You
- 33—Sprite
- 35—Timid
- 36—Note of the scale
- 37—Utter
- 38—Organ of hearing
- 39—Digit
- 40—Female fowl
- 41—Impersonal pronoun
- 42—Provoke
- 44—Stake
- 46—A preposition
- 47—Cook in hot oil
- 48—Aqueous vapor

- 50—Male cat
- 52—Burn
- 53—Closed automobile
- 55—Unit of time
- 56—Membranous extension from fishes
- 57—Tropical plant
- 59—Dried grape
- 62—Mild
- 65—Greasy liquid
- 66—Gone by
- 68—Place
- 69—Arid
- 70—Spiritual being
- 71—Female sheep

## Down

- 1—Offer
- 2—A unit
- 3—Breed of cat
- 4—Observed
- 5—Towards the top
- 6—Equipment
- 7—A preposition
- 8—African river
- 9—Building devoted to the preservation of art works
- 10—Stupid person
- 11—The former title of the governor of Algiers
- 16—Elongated fish
- 17—Coquettish
- 19—Summit
- 20—An insect
- 21—Physical science
- 22—Before
- 24—Wit
- 25—Beam of light
- 26—One who plants
- 28—Funeral song
- 30—Broad piece of paper
- 32—Consume
- 34—Cigarette
- 35—Weep
- 36—Meadow
- 42—Be wrong
- 43—Marry
- 45—Child's plaything
- 47—Race
- 48—Lair
- 49—Direction
- 51—Fortitude
- 53—Offense
- 54—Horse
- 56—Excellent
- 58—Apportion
- 59—Twig
- 60—Atmosphere
- 61—Era
- 63—Rule
- 64—Organ of sight
- 66—Thus
- 67—A preposition

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 48



(Continued from page 43)

At daybreak, Hope looked at Colin with a glint of mischief in her eye.

"Boy," she said, "how would you like a nice bath and a shave and large quantities of breakfast?"

"Oh, say," he grinned, "be reasonable. Do you think that's nice—?"

"You can have 'em in an hour," she said.

"Sure you feel all right?" he queried, laying his hand on her forehead. "You're not feverish, or anything?"

"I feel grand," she assured him, "but frightfully hungry. You hungry, too?"

"Dearest!" he implored, "a joke's a joke."

"Well, then, let's get out of this place. I'm not joking. We can. You didn't know it, but there's an auxiliary tank on the ship, full of gas."

His jaw dropped.

"You mean we needn't have spent last night here at all? We could have gone any time?"

"Are you sorry we stayed?" she asked, laughing. "I'm not. You see, I'm an old-fashioned girl. I was brought up to believe that if a gentleman put a lady in a compromising situation, he was in honor bound—"

"You little demon," he said.

#### CHAPTER XXIV

ARRIVING in Palm Beach—as they did safely less than two hours later—they found the household in a state of high excitement. To the barrage of questions, however, Hope made adequate, if disappointing, answers. Engine trouble had forced them down, she told reporters and guests alike, and had taken several hours to correct. They had been in no danger. The night had been cool, but not cold. The worst feature had been black flies and hunger. And the latter, she said, they proposed to remedy just as quickly as Wilson could spur the cook into action. If a search had been started, someone might as well call it off.

"Thank God, you're back," said Hartley Graham fervently. "We've none of us had a wink of sleep. I'm exhausted."

"The phone's been going steadily ever since yesterday morning," put in Molly Henderson.

"Rather," said Crisp. "Regular bedlam. New York wanting you or O'Rourke, or both. Gent with a ferocious voice."

"Telegrams, too," chimed in Molly.

"Stacks of 'em," said Claire Sprague, "fresh every hour." She smothered a yawn.

"Where are they?" Hope inquired. "In the lounge?"

"Yes," said the Princess, "all that did not overflow into the patio."

With Hope leading, they all trooped into the house. The telegrams, some addressed to Colin, and some to Hope, were spread in two rows on a long table. Hope gathered them up and made for the library, signalling to Colin to accompany her.

"You'll have to excuse us for a bit," she told the others, who stared after them with expressions of chagrin.

By arranging the messages addressed to him chronologically, Colin received a graphic picture of Senator Carter's state of mind. There was not much variation between the first to be dispatched and the last, except in the matter of verbiage. The later ones all but crossed the bounds which a moral telegraph company imposes on its customers. The first three read as follows:

(Time—10 A)  
WHAT IS MEANING OF NEWSPAPER REPORTS REGARDING FANTASTIC PLANS FOR PREPOSTEROUS BIRTHDAY PARTY EXPLAIN AT ONCE

JEREMY CARTER

(Time—12.02 P)  
DESIRE IMMEDIATE ANSWER MY WIRE REGARDING REPORTED PLANS BIRTHDAY PARTY STOP DEEPLY CONCERNED OVER UNEXPECTED AND ADDLE HEADED DISPLAY STOP ADVISE AT ONCE

WHETHER ANY TRUTH IN NEWSPAPER REPORTS AND IF NOT DEMAND FULL RETRACTION AND APOLOGIES

JEREMY CARTER



Harvest. A cornfield in Pennsylvania

(Time—3 P)  
INSIST YOU REPLY AT ONCE MY EARLIER TELEGRAMS STOP FAIL TO UNDERSTAND YOUR SILENCE STOP IF NOT INSANE OR PARALYZED PHONE OR WIRE IMMEDIATELY

JEREMY CARTER

"How are yours?" Colin asked. "Mine are what you might call warm."

"Mine are what you might call hot," she said, chuckling. "Poor old Nunky."

"These were sent yesterday. He must be ready for a strait-jacket by now. I don't envy Osgood. Let's see what the old boy says to you."

The telegrams to Hope were very similar to those he himself had received, except that they contained threats.

"What are you going to do?"

"Nothing," said Hope. "What are you?"

"Nothing, I guess," he said. "I hate not to answer him though."

"You're not weakening, are you?"

"Not on your life." He looked at her severely.

"You sure you're not weakening either?"

"Silly boy," she replied, kissing him. "Hold me tight. We're not in the boat now."

He held her tight. Through the open window came the staccato rattle of a motorcycle. A few moments later there was a knock on the door. The pair jumped.

"Telegrams," called a voice.

"Read 'em aloud," said Hope, when Colin had closed the door again. "Read mine first."

"It's a night letter," he said, ripping the envelope, "Oh, boy, listen:

YOUR FAILURE TO REPLY TO MY WIRES CONFIRMS MY BELIEF YOU ARE THOROUGHLY AND INCORRIGIBLY IRRESPONSIBLE AND CONGENITALLY INCAPABLE OF SERIOUS THOUGHT STOP I HAVE DONE MY BEST TO INDUCE YOU TO CONSIDER THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR ACTIONS AND HAVE GONE FAR BEYOND THE LIMITS OF YOUR FATHERS INTENTION STOP

IN RETURN YOU HAVE SHOWN YOURSELF UNBALANCED IMMEDIATE UNGRATEFUL AND DISCOURTEOUS STOP I NOW TAKE THIS MEANS OF NOTIFYING YOU THAT UNLESS I RECEIVE FROM YOU AN IMMEDIATE DENIAL OF YOUR REPORTED PLANS I WILL POSITIVELY TURN OVER THE TRUST FUND TO THE MARSDEN FOUNDATION ON THE STIPULATED DATE  
JEREMY CARTER

"Well," Hope remarked, "that's that. Now let's hear yours."  
Colin's was the following:

YOUR SILENCE IS INEXPLICABLE AND INEXCUSABLE STOP YOUR FAILURE HAS DISAPPOINTED ME BITTERLY STOP KINDLY RETURN TO OFFICE IMMEDIATELY ON RECEIPT OF THIS STOP ACKNOWLEDGE  
JEREMY CARTER

"And that," Colin added, "is that. A young lawyer about to be married, gets in wrong with his boss. Look here, Hope, we haven't talked about one important item. When are we going to get married?"

"On my birthday," she said promptly.

"You don't think we ought to wait till I land another job?"

"The Senator hasn't fired you yet," she pointed out.

"Ah—but I'm going to save him the trouble. I'm going to fire myself. I'll wire him my resignation. Ought to answer him anyway."

"I suppose so," she agreed. "What are you going to say?"

"Watch me write it out." He went to the desk, thought for a moment, then wrote this message: "Deeply appreciate your action in giving fund to Marsden Foundation thereby making

it possible for me to marry Hope stop. Sorry to have failed you stop. Kindly accept my resignation from your employ effective at once stop. Best wishes and thanks for past favors."

"Fine," said Hope.

"All right," he said, reaching for the telephone, "off she goes." He dictated the missive to the telegraph operator. "Now for bedroom, bathroom and dining-room," he said.

It seemed scarcely any time before Colin's telegram brought a reply. He and Hope were in the library again when it arrived, in the midst of a discussion as to what should be done with the hundred thousand dollars she had intended to spend on her party, which would not take place. Hope had just suggested that perhaps they ought to keep it as nest-feathers for their old age, when the wire was delivered. Colin hesitated to open it.

"Read it quick, boy," Hope said, "and get the agony over. Here—I'll read it to you." She tore open the envelope, unfolded its contents, glanced at the typewritten lines and, with a joyful whoop, threw her arms about Colin's neck. "The old darling!" she cried. "Hear this—"

HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS ON FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE STOP ALWAYS BELIEVED YOU HAD IT IN YOU STOP AM GIVING FUND TO FOUNDATION BUT AM MAKING YOU AND HOPE MY JOINT HEIRS STOP ACCEPT YOUR RESIGNATION AS CLERK STOP DO YOU STILL WANT PARTNERSHIP QUESTION CAN YOU POSTPONE WEDDING UNTIL I ARRIVE QUESTION PLEASE ANSWER  
JEREMY CARTER

"You're making it up," Colin accused her.

"No I'm not," she protested. "Here it is—in blue and yellow."

"Good gosh—but, Hope dearest, we'll be rich."

"Who cares?" she said buoyantly. "I don't—now."

"Neither do I. Maybe we can do some good somehow."

"Why not begin right now?" she exclaimed excitedly. "Why not let's divvy up my hundred thousand among the others? They haven't a cent among them. I'd love to do it. They've done an awful lot for me, without knowing it."

"Sure," he assented. "Xenia, too?"



"Certainly Xenia too." Hope laughed. "Xenia's a sound person. Discriminating. You mustn't dislike her. She was jealous of you because she guessed what might happen. It was Xenia who got me interested in you. She told me you were a nasty, rigid, uncompromising barbarian."

"She did, eh? You know, I've never mentioned it—in fact, I'd forgotten it lately—but I suspect that lady of having stuck a dagger in my bed for some unearthly reason. The first morning I woke up here, there it was,

large as life— What are you laughing at?"

Hope rocked with mirth. "Oh dear," she said, "so you blamed that on Xenia? I'd forgotten about it too. It wasn't Xenia who did that. It was Wilson."

"Wilson!"

"Yes. He was afraid of you. I mean he was afraid you'd force me to behave—he's known what I was doing, you see—and he thought he might be able to do his bit by frightening you off. It was his own idea entirely. Sticking the dagger in the bed was only the beginning. He

had all sorts of things planned to come after that—voodoo stuff—but I called him off."

"Why?"

"Well," said Hope, "in the first place, I didn't think you'd be scared. And in the second place, I didn't want Wilson to get hurt. You looked rather dangerous to me."

"Do you still think I look dangerous?" he asked, drawing her to him.

"Absolutely," she said happily. "You're the most sinister wretch I ever saw."

(THE END)

## Run to Earth in Morocco

(Continued from page 20)

ignorance of American geography, the wily immigrant agent sold him a ticket to Leavenworth, Kansas. There, undismayed, he became odd-job boy around the military post, where he wise-cracked himself into the favor of General Nelson Miles before wise-cracking had a name. He was born with a sense of news just as some are born with a voice for opera. There was news at the post and Keeley began to send peppery bits to a Kansas City newspaper, which presently invited him to come to town and be a police reporter. Kansas City soon was too small. He came to Chicago, got a similar job on the *Tribune* and became a terror to other police reporters. He also had executive ability. He mounted fast. At thirty-one years of age he was managing editor of the *Tribune*. In 1906 he was in his later thirties. At times office routine irked him. His associates saw that these times were when there was excitement in the air. He would plunge into the outside news battle. The Stensland case called to him.

HE JUMPED into it as a combination of reporter, police chief and district attorney, considerably usurping the functions of the latter pair, not at all unwilling to invade their territory if by so doing he could beat rival papers to the news. He threw out his own drag-lines among all the sorts of people acquainted with the intimate lives of Stensland and Hering, and then followed to source the openings of promise. The grandiose ambitions of Stensland made prompt appeal to him. He wrote a character sketch of the absconder, heading it, "The Man Who Would Be King," with apologies to Kipling.

In three days he found Hering, got him to a rendezvous on a park bench, heard his relation, kept him out of the way until the confession was in print in next morning's *Tribune*, and then sent him to the police. In sequel, Hering was convicted and served his sentence in Joliet Prison.

Suddenly Keeley seemed to lose all interest in the story and his newspaper ceased to pay attention to it. He remarked that he was going on a vacation among the North Wisconsin lakes. He departed.

He had, in reality, learned on August 13, a week after the bank failure, that Stensland had headed for North Africa and would halt for a time in Tangier. From the first, one person in Chicago had been aware of this part of Stensland's plan. Stensland had trusted to this individual to mail to him, as Olson, certain documents he desired, news as to what had happened in Chicago, and perhaps additional funds. It is to be remembered that Stensland, once in Morocco, believed he could defy any effort to arrest him.

In his later cable version, Keeley said that a woman gave the information, writing:

"It was the old story of a woman scorned that led to the finding of Stensland's trail. One of his numerous friends who thought she had been shabbily treated put the *Tribune* in possession of the first hint of the fugitive's whereabouts."

Keeley told me last month, however, that this statement was a subterfuge to protect the real informant, whom he said he never would name either in his own writings or by word of mouth. The person, he said, was a man who received a cable in the Norwegian language from "Olson" at Tangier. Keeley got hold of this cable and answered it himself, under the other's signature, adding the admonition to Stensland

to remain in Tangier until mailed material should reach him. Stensland afterward said he was astonished when the cable reply came in the English language, and suspicious enough to begin to plan departure. It struck me as I listened to Keeley that, accepting his premise and putting aside the thought that he might be protecting a woman through the denial, it might not be too difficult to discover who gave him the clue. He was entitled, however, to his secret.

He knew, at any rate, his goal when he left Chicago. Not until he prepared for his journey, resolved to make a personal capture of Stensland, did he seek any alliance with the law. He went then to State's Attorney John J. Healey and asked the prosecutor if he would assign to him a man to travel with him to an "unknown destination" in the "hope" that Stensland might be found there. Healey was a smart official: he knew that the capture would bring credit to his administration. He consented and assigned to Keeley, to be under his orders, Assistant District Attorney Harry Olson, later to be throughout many years Judge of the Juvenile Court of Chicago.

In Washington, application was made to the State Department for the appointment of Keeley as a Government Commissioner.

Keeley and his companion took passage for Europe on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II* on August 20.

Landing at Cherbourg, they reached Paris in an early morning and went out on the Sud express in the afternoon. In the half-day, Keeley visited Robert S. McCormick, Ambassador to France, and set in motion a process for tying up any funds "Paul Olson" might have deposited in the French bank in Tangier. From Marseilles, Keeley crossed the Mediterranean to Tangier.

But Stensland was gone.

He had left for Spain, taking some cash and the balance of his deposit in the bank Comptoir Nationale d'Escompte in the form of a letter of credit. The tying-up process had not operated in time, although in due course, somewhere, Stensland would find himself in trouble with his letter of credit. He had made no arrangement for returning to Tangier.

On arrival in Tangier, Stensland went to a small hotel on a side street, kept by an Englishman, Philip Sterwind, who formerly had been the warden of a penitentiary at Cairo and who prided himself upon his knowledge of the habits of crooks. He never had a suspicion of his genial, cosmopolite guest. The two men had a meeting ground in reminiscences of earlier life in India and Asian countries, and they became cronies.

Sterwind introduced the traveler to Gouraud, the governor of the French bank. The banker was less taken in, being impressed by the irregularity of the new client's action in presenting currency rather than drafts for deposit. He said that Stensland dug \$12,000 in American dollars, British pounds and French bank notes from his pockets. Perhaps, Gouraud thought, the bills were counterfeit. So, while he accepted them, he forwarded some of each variety of currency to his correspondent bank at Marseilles for examination. The report came back that the money was good.

Stensland became a popular figure around the cafés, the Français, the Imperial and the Turquesque. Mlle. Yvette, the reigning chanteuse of the Français, and Señorita Vittoria, a Spanish dancer from Seville, who was the star at the Imperial, found him an agreeable and a liberal dinner host, and regretted his departure. In that summer he was the only person in Tangier wearing a blue suit and patent leather shoes.

If he had worn kilts and gone bare-legged, the denizens would not have marked him down quicker as a queer person who ought to be of some use to them. Stensland was hard-headed and no stranger to the East. He held off most of the street bandits, bought little, was not accessible. That is, he was not until he met an artist in mankind.

Mohammed Hamduchi lived well in Tangier, harvesting a perennial crop. He was a Moor of the desert, rather than the town, had a presence, knew how to stage himself, could talk English instead of jabbering it, could arrange for a caravan trip or for a town entertainment, could take every care off a tourist's mind, much cash from his purse—was in truth a dragoman of dragomen, with a band of willing recruits hanging on his orders. He had the power of a gangster leader—and on the whole not much chance to use it. For life in Tangier verged, after all, on respectable dullness. Hamduchi was sometimes bored.

Now Stensland, living at a second-rate hotel, scarcely looked worth the attention of a Hamduchi. It was the nervous strolling of the man in the odd, hot attire, that made Hamduchi pause and regard him. Plainly the fellow was no spendthrift. The thought of gain had to be dismissed. An instinct told the student of human nature, however, that he ought to make the visitor's acquaintance. That process began with morning greetings, proceeded to chats about how a visitor might spend his time about Tangier, and came finally to gossip meetings in the rotunda of Sterwind's hotel. To Hamduchi the first inquiries about Mogador as a place of long residence was made by Stensland. The men, in spite of difference in race, had in common the qualities of curiosity and of a vivid look upon life. They liked each other. Hamduchi made no profit from Stensland—not yet.

Only when Stensland was off for Spain and another American of astonishing activity began to dart about asking native Tangerians questions about the man with the shining shoes, did Hamduchi see that his own occasion had arrived. He hastened to Keeley to offer his knowledge and services. If Hamduchi had found Stensland agreeable, he recognized Keeley as a brother-at-arms. Keeley looked into another pair of eyes as flashing as his own and accepted kinship. A Keeley-Hamduchi alliance was made right soon, as between two free-captains.

Hamduchi uncovered every path that Stensland had trod, ending at the pier where he had embarked with an English professor from Cambridge University upon a tour through southern Spain, with plan of ultimate return to Gibraltar.

THE campaign must be divided. Tangier must continue to be watched. Stensland must be followed. Hamduchi was commissioned to increase his band to numbers capable of meeting a crisis, and to keep the piers at Tangier under surveillance. Keeley got ready to go to Gibraltar, where British law could give him any help he might need. If Stensland slipped back during Keeley's absence, Hamduchi was to trail him as long as he stayed and, if he tried to leave, to kidnap him outright and hold him in a house in a back street. At the American Ministry, Keeley had been informed that the Government would ask no help from Morocco officials. Keeley started for Gibraltar.

In the wispy, deceiving whiteness of a dawn fog, the liner *Oldenburg*, outward bound from

(Continued on page 46)



(Continued from page 45)

Gibraltar, September 2, on a long voyage down the West African coast, almost cut down a packet boat, incoming from Tangier. There was clamor of shouted orders, ringing bells, and cries of terror on both decks, then the hush of the instant which would tell whether the laboring engines would win their battle to veer the ships away. The prow of the heavy *Oldenburg* swung slowly off the line amidship the packet, and the smaller boat slipped unharmed along the side of the liner.

Passengers on deck had rushed to the rails of the vessels, and as they drew apart those on the packet looked up at faces peering down from the *Oldenburg*. The passenger listed on the *Oldenburg* as Paul Olsen looked down curiously on the little mob scene flitting past and, beyond that, saw nothing pertinent. Keeley, from the packet, saw his quarry above him—beyond reach, escaping. The *Oldenburg* was on the Mogador run, several days at sea. True, the ship made Tangier as the first port of call, but if Stensland had no reason to return to Tangier, particularly if he had become suspicious, he would remain on board while the *Oldenburg* was in harbor. He could not be taken from a German boat in a foreign harbor.

Keeley went on, as he must, to Gibraltar; verified the presence there of "Paul Olson" the night before and ticket purchase to Mogador; and then went hunting for a steam yacht fast enough to hang to the heels of the *Oldenburg* until the latter dropped anchor before Mogador. He found such a craft, British owned, and he chartered it. He remarks now that he has forgotten the name of the boat, which I doubt, since my memory might lapse under similar circumstances. Anything, inside or outside the law, was a possibility for that boat and it must have been hired on that basis.

What had happened to Keeley, in fact, once he was in British Gibraltar was that he again had become a fundamental Britisher. He asked English blood help: and he got it. The law of the harbor was that boats could not depart during the late night. No one but the Governor-General could change the rule. Keeley went to him.

"I told him," said Keeley, "what I wanted and why; and that I had started as a London newsboy and come up fighting. Would he put in a lick for me?"

Talk of one fighting man to another—it opened the night road from the harbor to the sea.

Now that the way would lie clear at his need, Keeley performed what, to my notion, was his most reckless act—so because it was a challenge to fate. He went to the cable office and sent a dispatch to his paper describing Stensland's first hide-out in Tangier, giving account of the fugitive's journey to Spain, locating him

definitely at sea aboard the *Oldenburg*, asserting that escape was now impossible—that Stensland would be his prisoner, if not to-morrow, then inevitably soon. In newspaper lingo, he "broke his story" before he had it actually in his hands. Failure after that would break him. That risk, also, he took boldly. The dispatch was printed in the *Tribune* of September 3, taking up half the front page.

The racing boat shot across the channel in the early hours of the morning and at daybreak entered Tangier harbor. The *Oldenburg* lay cheerfully in view, no sign of early sailing visible. Hamduchi was waiting for Keeley and reported that Stensland had not landed, though passengers were coming ashore again during the morning. The outlook was for a chase to Mogador.

CHANCE took a hand. Stensland, it was to appear later, had made friends with a group of German tourists, and had talked about his acquaintance with the features of entertainment in Tangier. The Germans begged him to come ashore with them as guide. He remembered also that he had not given the post-office a forwarding address to Mogador. The feeling that there was danger for him in Tangier did not leave him, but he yielded to the other persuasions.

Keeley and Hamduchi, through glasses, saw him come down the side of the *Oldenburg* and, with his friends, enter the shore-going boat. They divided their followers into two groups, one to follow Keeley after Stensland, the other to remain with Hamduchi on guard at the pier. They were determined that Stensland should not return to the *Oldenburg*. It was deemed better to take him, if possible, after he was a distance from the shore, but if this design did not prove practicable and Stensland got back to the harbor front, Hamduchi was to seize him and throw him into a waiting row-boat. Keeley's yacht, in the roadstead, British flag flying at its peak, kept steam up. Keeley was to hurry to it in another waiting small boat. Stensland, in the contingency, was to be abducted to the British territory of Gibraltar. Keeley's first strategy, however, was in the shore plan, although that also might lead to kidnapping and a rush for the shore boats.

Stensland landed with his party, and apparently at his suggestion the first point of call was the post-office. The hour was seven in the morning. Two minutes later Stensland heard Keeley's voice.

Action, after Stensland refused to agree to parley, was fast and rough. His German companions tried to rescue him. Keeley's retinue of Hamduchi men crowded the Germans back and, circling Stensland, moved toward the door. They were too slow, or the scuffle had been too long. The post-master, witnessing rising riot,

had called for the police, and the guards came in time to block the door in force. All parties to the disturbance were rounded up. Jail impended for Keeley as well as Stensland. Keeley was glad enough at this moment to see James Martin, of the American legation staff, struggling to his side. In the interval of the Gibraltar absence, cabled order of Commissionship for Keeley had finally come, and hearing that Keeley was back, the attaché had been trying for an hour to catch up with him.

The effect of the explanation of official rank was enough to make the subordinate officer of police doubtful of his course. He escorted both Keeley and Stensland to a hotel to remain under a courtesy guard until he could make report of the occurrence to his superiors. So Keeley had an hour with Stensland, without any profit whatever, Stensland holding both to his pose and to his legal rights, though listening without interruption to the details of what had taken place in Chicago after his flight. One incident, too, disturbed him. The German captain of the *Oldenburg* put his passenger's baggage ashore regardless of Mogador fare paid, and then sent to the American consul demand of payment of a mark and a half for Stensland's morning coffee. A consular clerk came to the hotel to collect. There was finality about the episode and while the others laughed at the illustration of German thoroughness, Stensland paled.

Measured tramp of soldiers outside, an officer in uniform, sword and side arms, at the door! The affair of the post-office, reported to the Governor of Tangier, was out of the hands of the police. Official Morocco was taking it over. Keeley stepped forward, resigned to arrest. Instead he received salute.

Was he the American officer? He bowed in assent.

And this man the thief? Hand was waved in direction of Stensland. Yes, it was so.

Soldiers seized Stensland and took him away. Another officer, with interpreter, arrived to explain meanings to the dazed Keeley. He was told that Mohammed El Torres, Moorish Governor and Commandant of the city, of such rank and power that he had a cabinet of ministers about him, was delighted to do for an American Commissioner sent by the President at Washington much more than such a trifling favor as jailing a fleeing thief whose presence insulted Morocco. Would he have the honor soon of a call from the Commissioner? The fate of the wretched prisoner might then be discussed. The Commissioner could take the man back to America when he was ready, but that time need not be soon. Rascals sometimes were slow to repent, and it had been reported that this one was stubborn. All who went to Kasba prison soon were penitent, which was good for their souls. A régime of two beatings a day had been found effective. Keeley understood that Stens-



"Fer cryin' out loud, Joe, we outa gas!"



land was in worse pickle than he ever had meant. The root of the mystery itself he did not immediately grasp, nor did the permanent American officials at Tangier. The exultant Hamduchi, when he reached Keeley several hours later, did the enlightening. He knew the Moorish view.

Unwittingly, Stensland had chosen the unsafe area in the world for supposed haven. The voice of Theodore Roosevelt had rung through Morocco and the echoes of it still reverberated from mountain back to desert and town.

"Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!" had been not only fiery challenge but weapon of victory. The fisted language had gained liberty for the alien-born citizen held captive by Raisuli, the bandit, because it had won the admiration of the Moroccans, from their ruler, old Sultan Muley Abdul Azis, down through all the governing ranks. They had the Oriental love of phrase and a kindred feeling for the wielder of a big stick. Roosevelt got Perdicaris and now if he wanted a runaway thief he could have him on a platter.

The way of serving the dish was all that interested Mohammed El Torres, Sultan's deputy. The native jailers mouthed the program of beatings and other preparations before the prisoner with cruel relish. Stensland foresaw debasement and torture, and his spirit melted away in fear and frenzy. He turned to the one hope left.

"For the love of God, don't forsake me!" he wrote to Keeley, on a note-book leaf, and bribed a guard to take the message.

THE night passed before Keeley got the call to rescue. Keeley's ceremonial visit to Mohammed El Torres was set for that morning. He determined, not too optimistically, to make formal application for the custody of the prisoner. In the only panoply at hand, a borrowed high hat and frock coat, flanked with attachés from the Ministry and with Hamduchi as interpreter, he came into the presence of the dignitary, Mohammed El Torres, who was delighted to give him every honor except the one he wanted.

The American Commissioner already had the custody of the thief, the courteous reply to request was given. The Governor-General was only providing the jail, the sole place of safe-

keeping in Tangier. Let the man stay there until the Commissioner got a ship. Keeley asked that Stensland have no other punishment than jail. El Torres rubbed his chin and murmured that unwhipped scamps did not repent. Keeley persevered: he had hired a house, Stensland would be guarded there, he wished to question the prisoner privately, believed El Torres' stiff jail already had softened him.

El Torres truly desired to favor the Commissioner sent by the President at Washington, who spoke so understandingly. He said so. Compromise was reached. Stensland would be taken to Keeley's house. A platoon of soldiers would be set down around the house.

That night, after Stensland had been transferred, Keeley got another message, not from Stensland, but from the officer of the guard—Stensland was dying. Hurrying to the place, Keeley found that Stensland was suffering from an attack of asthma, induced by lack of good air. The windows had been tight-closed and access to the flat roof barred by timbers. Keeley tore the barricade away and had the sick man taken to the roof, the officer consenting but protesting that he would be disgraced in the morning. There was trouble, indeed, but Keeley got another audience with El Torres, took the responsibility and argued that it was his duty to save the life that the miscreant might have a long-drawn-out punishment. This was a view of which Torres approved. The roof-top became the jail.

The convalescent Stensland was grateful, turned to Keeley as a friend, confessed the detail of all his misdoings at the bank, was willing and anxious to return to the United States, and promised to plead guilty in court. When he learned that his trunks were being searched, he asked a single favor. There was a package of letters from a woman, he said, in one of the trunks. Might not she be spared the unhappiness of seeing them in print? Keeley destroyed the letters.

The trunks bore the initials "P.O." The "S" had been scraped off. Stensland said that on his first passage from Gibraltar to Tangier he had looked down onto a lower deck and seen the full initials on the pieces. He had descended and sat on the trunks, surreptitiously cutting the "S" away. But his pocket key-ring bore

the tag of the Milwaukee Avenue State Bank. The man did not have a gift for disappearing.

The steamer *Prince Adalbert*, New York bound, came to Tangier port on September 12. Keeley, Stensland and lawyer Olson went aboard, three passengers together. Soldiers, guards, their duty done, saluted for the last time. Hamduchi waved Keeley farewell and never forgot him. The next son born under the Hamduchi roof-tree was named James Keeley Hamduchi, who has lived to reach Moroccan prominence, sharing with his father the profits of letters of introduction that many travelers bear with them to Tangier each year.

On board the *Prince Adalbert* was a body of American school teachers on the last stretch of a vacation tour. The women protested to Captain Forst against the contamination from a criminal strolling the decks. The captain replied that he did not believe they were in danger of infection, and anyway, he was sure he was immune. So he invited the Tangier trio to remove to the bridge and share his quarters for the voyage.

One night while the four sat together under the stars, Stensland told why he was alive among them. He had gone to Spain, he said, to kill himself, and had chosen Ronda as the place. But the landscape there was too beautiful. He could not soil such a spot. He would accept whatever life held for him. The climax at Tangier had been relief.

New York was reached on September 24, and Chicago on September 27. Stensland pleaded guilty that morning and five hours later was Convict 9902 in Joliet Prison.

In receivership, his bank paid out better than had been expected, and this fact, aided by Keeley's influence and his guarantee for Stensland's future, brought parole in three years. Given gradual trust and responsibility, Stensland was sent finally to Ecuador by a group of Chicagoans to survey for them a promotional project of large scope. He reported unfavorably upon the venture. His associates learned, after a while, that he had refused a bribe of \$100,000 to make a report that would have lured them into the enterprise.

The short space of life left to him passed honorably. Ronda's beauty and Keeley's hand of help had done well by him.

## Possible Johnny

(Continued from page 9)

and brazen in thus startling the still forest with empty noise.

They lunched on a dry knoll beside the first quick water, on trout Ned had caught as Johnny poled up the rip, and corn bread, and hot tea. Nancy, till lunch was ready, sat apart, as far as possible from Johnny's loud babble and Ned's appreciative mirth. She welcomed John's silent company when after lunch they went on.

They lay that night on a bed of moss among great boulders on a bluff above the river. The stars shone; there was no need of a tent to cover them. Ned slept soundly, and he snored; but Nancy was long awake. A single mosquito buzzed interminably around her head; when at last she crushed it, another took its place. She had been a fool to come, she thought bitterly; a fool to come. No one but Ned would be such an idiot as to bring a woman to a place like this. A woman old enough to prefer a sensible amount of comfort, a certain privacy, a few decencies such as hot running water, a sufficient mirror, silk lingerie. She could not imagine Billy Clive, for instance, bringing a woman to such a place. She could not even imagine Billy himself coming here. Bachelors learned to love their comforts, too; and Billy was apt to be immaculate as a woman. Ned had not shaved this morning; he would not shave till they started home. Freedom from the stroke of steel was his idea of a rest, a vacation, a riotous good time. No razor, and Possible Johnny—or, better, Impossible Johnny—for company.

Nancy was so sorry for herself that she tried, before she slept, to cry. But she could not. It was, after all, her own fault for consenting to come. At home she would have been free, with not even the boys to demand her time; and Billy Clive to keep her gay company if she should choose to be gay.

But in a moment of weak sentimentality she had let Ned persuade her. And now he slept noisily beside her, and she must fight mosquitoes the whole night through. She thought drearily that at least she would be able to sleep in the boat on the way up river next day.

But even that hope was to fail; for in the morning Possible Johnny cheerfully announced that she would go this day as his passenger.

"We got to get acquainted, you and me," he told her, his little eyes twinkling. "I know your husband' long time; and your boys. By Gees, it come time for me to know you, too."

She said uncertainly: "Oh, I'm sure Mr. Duntton would prefer to ride with you," and the little man said calmly:

"Possible!"

But he was already preparing, with a sleeping bag and a packsack full of gear, a sort of bed for her in his boat.

"So! You put yourself on that," he directed. "Make some sleep if you want! You don' have to talk to me. By Gees, I can do enough talk for one man and woman, too. My old woman she don' talk much, but we get along fine all the same!"

Nancy shuddered at the thought that she must listen all that day to his loud tongue. But no easy escape appeared; and during the long morning she began to be habituated to his chatter, just as one's ears become indifferent to the noises of a boiler factory. His steady prattle had at last an almost soothing quality; she did sleep for a while, and in the afternoon, refreshed, she began to listen more intently to the little man, to ask him a question now and then. She remembered Mrs. Corbeau, and she said once when he spoke of this old woman of his:

"I liked Mrs. Corbeau very much!"

"Possible!" Johnny agreed. "By Gees, I do,

my own self!" He was rowing busily, but his tongue never slackened. "I got along wit' her now good many year. Takes one smart man for do that, I tell you! Sometimes things maybe don' go so good, so I take one of my boys and lick him some, no matter for why; and that make her ver' mad at me, so we have one good fight, and everything all right again!"

She smiled, assented. "It's fun, making up, isn't it?" she said, and was astonished to find herself faintly liking this offensive little man.

"For sure!" Johnny agreed. And he rattled on. Her thoughts drifted for a while, she forgot him in more personal concerns. Then something he said caught her attention back again. In the summer, Johnny told her, he and his old woman had one fine time.

"PICKING berries," he explained. "When blueberries come to be ripe, I hitch up my big wagon, and put some blanket in, and some bacon and flour, and my old woman and all my children; an' we go away, back up in the mountains, maybe twenty mile, maybe thirty. By Gees, we go way back, I tell you. And my old woman and the children pick berries all day long, and we stay there four, five, six week. By Gar, that time is best of all the year for me. Me and my old woman we like that, I tell you. She don' see nobody but me for four-five day at a time. That's a good thing for a woman, too!"

Nancy smiled, but rather with friendliness than mirth; there was an elemental simplicity and a pastoral charm in the picture which he drew. She had an impulse to tell him something about herself, as though his words had made her feel it necessary to justify herself to him. She found herself relating some of the

(Continued on page 48)



vacation expeditions she and Ned had taken; an automobile tour with the Paynes; to Europe with the Bishops; to California with the Thayers. . . .

"We have so many good friends," she explained, "that it seems more fun to do things with them than just us alone."

Johnny backed water with one oar, looking over his shoulder, and he said indifferently:

"Possible!"

She colored as though at a rebuke; and he swung in toward the point where they would camp that night again.

The other boat was half a mile behind them; for despite his son's bulk, Possible Johnny had the better knack for making speed. Before the others arrived, he now had the business of the night's camp well under way.

When the other boat landed, Ned stepped ashore, and stretched the stiffness out of his arms and legs, and called to Nancy:

"Well, we're arrived! Here's where we settle down!"

But Possible Johnny, squatting to feed the new-born fire with little sticks, contradicted him.

"By Gees, no, M'sieu'!" he protested. "Tomorrow we go on some more."

"Further?" Ned echoed, in surprise. "Why, Johnny? Where?"

Johnny laid a wise finger against his nose; he winked a cheerful eye. "I find me a place last year," he declared. "You never see it, but by Gees, I tell you, it's one fine place. So many big fishes you don't take your boot off at night. If you do, Mist' Trout bite your toe off before morning, sure."

NED grinned, but he asked doubtfully: "How far? Mrs. Dunton must be tired of travelling."

But Nancy said icily: "Please don't consider me, Ned. I want you to have just as good a time as if I weren't along!"

She saw him wince; but Johnny said sharply: "Possible!" And Nancy felt, ridiculously, that she had been silenced with a just reproach. She turned furiously away; but Ned stayed behind to consult with Johnny there. Later he reported to her as much as Johnny had told him. There was, the little man said, a certain island, with quick water, and a deep black pool, where not only big trout but sometimes even a salmon might be taken now and then.

"But we won't go on if you'd rather stay here," Ned assured her.

"I'd rather have stayed at home," she reminded him. "But I didn't! Now you'd better just forget me, act as if I weren't along. I'm sure I don't want to interfere with your fun in any way!"

Ned urged: "But I want you to be comfortable."

She retorted: "Nonsense! Don't be a hypocrite! I could have been comfortable at home."

He said angrily: "All right, we'll go on!" And stalked stiffly away to Johnny by the fire.

So next morning . . . Nancy had slept fitfully, dreaming of her wrongs . . . they pushed on upstream. The river, as they ascended, grew less in volume; and they encountered sometimes long stretches of quick water where Nancy had to go ashore and fight her way through the tangle along the banks, while the three men tugged and hauled the heavy boats through the rips into smooth water above. Nancy scratched her cheek, and tore her stockings, and got twigs down the back of her neck; and once when they ran without warning on a sunken log, the boat tipped so that she half fell, half stepped out into the water above her knees.

Their progress was slow; and it was full dark before they came to the island which was Johnny's goal. Long before that, Nancy was shivering with cold and with fatigue; and when Little John, whose passenger she was that day, pushed the bow of their boat ashore, and Nancy stepped wearily out, she tripped in the darkness over a fallen tree; and her foot plunged into a corner between two rocks, bruising her shin cruelly. But she stifled the cry upon her lips and clambered to her feet and went on to the fire.

Ned looked up at her coming to say idiotically: "Well, here we're!"

And Nancy answered evenly: "I see we are! I'm sure we'll be very comfortable."

Johnny Corbeau answered: "Possible!" And Nancy thought there was something derisive in his tone. She felt for the first time a faint twinge of absurd and inexplicable fear.

Later, after they had eaten around the fire the meal Johnny hastily prepared, Ned proposed that the guides pitch the tents, but Johnny demurred. It was already late, and the night was fine, he pointed out; it was hard to set up tents in the dark; time enough for that in the morning. Nancy was wearily content to roll in her blankets on the first level spot she found. She wakened, hours later, at the touch of a light rain on her cheek, and lay grimly silent, waiting for Ned to rouse. But a pool of water began to accumulate where they lay, and it rained harder. She got up and sat against a tree. Rain came down the trunk of the tree

around the first bend, then returned to the shelter of the tent again and Ned said, determinedly cheerful:

"Now it's up to me to make you comfortable here!"

Nancy looked about her through the dripping trees, through the dreary smoke from the half-drowned fire; she brushed a mosquito away.

"I'm sure you can do that very easily," she agreed in a still, grim tone.

It was Tuesday morning when the guides departed. Ned fished that day, but with no success at all. They had bacon and cold corn bread and tea for lunch; a steak, rather overdone, for dinner. It still rained; their blankets were wet; the night was a miserable one.

And Nancy, politely refusing to complain, drove Ned to silent fury again and again.

Wednesday it rained harder, and without intervals, and Thursday it rained. The river rose steadily; about them lay the drenched and sodden wilderness. The rain whispered maddeningly; despite its hissing murmur, silence filled the universe. Nancy thought she could hear every drop that fell for miles.

Thursday night there was a sudden rise of the river; and in the morning their boat was gone. Ned cried incredulously: "But it can't be! I hauled it ashore; and I had the anchor up here behind this tree. It couldn't drag that anchor far."

"No?" Nancy commented, in that cool politeness which lashed him like a whip; and he turned toward her in sudden rage.

"No!" he shouted. "No, blast it! That's what I said. No!"

"I see!" she returned; and she was so maddeningly composed that he caught her shoulders, shook her fiercely.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded. "What's the matter with you?"

So Nancy too boomed over. She told him what was the matter with her, and what was the matter with him. They stood there heedless of the abominable rain and poured out all their mutual grievances; she lashed him with a hot contempt; he bruised her with bitter words. Till he silenced her at last by sheer volume of recrimination; and when she was silent, he cried:

"Now I'll go downstream and get the blasted boat and we'll get out of here! And next time I'll know better—"

"There'll be no next time," said Nancy sharply; and:

"That's what I mean!" Ned furiously agreed.

He left her standing there, plunged waist deep through the quick water as he waded to the shore. And Nancy watched him go with bleak eyes; but afterwards, when she was quite sure he was gone, she cried.

NED was gone all that day. He had to break his way at first through thick forest; but presently he discovered traces of an old wood road which followed the stream, and thereafter went more easily. Now and then he descended to the bank to scan a reach of river, expecting always to discover the boat stranded on some point or bar; and continued failure drove him on. He thought grimly for a while that he would go on till he found help, send someone back to fetch Nancy away. She would be safe enough where she was; and happier alone than with him for company. But in the end he did turn back, reluctant and ashamed, yet compelled against his will. He was hungry, and weary; and he wanted and dreaded to come to her again.

For Nancy too the day had been long, and somehow terrible. She began after an hour or two to expect Ned's return; later she began to be afraid he would not return at all. When at last she saw him, a quarter mile below the island, visible for a moment through an opening in the trees as he picked his way along the shore, she knew such intense relief it was like pain, and made her hate him more. She meant to pretend to be asleep in the tent when he returned. As though she had not missed him at all; but when, watching covertly, she saw him begin to wade out to the island, her resolution failed. She went on swift feet to meet him there.

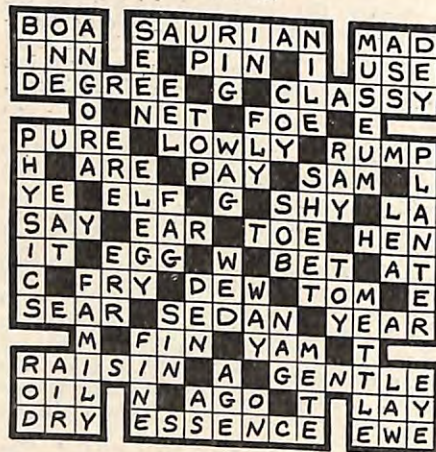
Yet when they met, they stood a moment without speaking, flushed and shaken, both of them.

"I didn't find it," he said at last, sullenly.

(Continued on page 50)

### Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)



and seeped through the blankets in which she wrapped herself. When Ned finally did wake, and discovered her, he protested.

"Why didn't you call me, you idiot?" And she answered politely: "I thought this was the sort of thing I was expected to enjoy, my dear!"

She almost smiled at Ned's furious exclamation. Then he shouted to wake Johnny and Little John to rig some rude shelter under which they crawled.

And by and by dawn came. They were all soaked to the skin. Possible Johnny cooked breakfast, crouching silently above the little fire; and Nancy saw his dark cheek twist once or twice as though with pain. She hoped it was pain.

Later . . . it was by that time raining in a cold, driving torrent so that they were all chilled to the bone . . . she learned that it was pain indeed. When Johnny and his son had pitched one tent, Johnny called Ned aside, and Ned returned to Nancy with bad news.

"Trouble," he said, ruefully. "Johnny's got appendicitis, Nancy. Acute, I'm afraid. He can hardly move."

She stared at him; and then she said indignantly: "Nonsense! He's faking!"

But Ned shook his head. "No. I've looked him over. I'm no doctor; but his abdomen's tight as a drum, and you can see he's suffering. No, it's no joke, dear!"

She bit her lips to stifle some swift word; and her eyes narrowed. "What will he do?" she asked then, quietly.

"Little John will have to take him home, in one of the boats," Ned explained. "He can make it in a day and a half, downstream, by travelling all night." He added, before she could ask another question: "I thought you and I might stay here—at least till it stops raining. Little John will be back in four or five days, bring another man. And we can work downstream to meet them if we want to." He concluded, frowning: "I'm afraid Johnny ruptured his appendix, poling, yesterday. He says he felt it go!"

And she said no more; so Little John presently departed, with Johnny huddled in the bottom of the boat, in silent pain.

Ned and Nancy watched them out of sight



---



---

# STUDEBAKER

*advances from*

9th place in 1929  
to 5th place in 1931



**D**URING the present period of stress, true to form, Studebaker has kept up its steady advance, moving from ninth to fifth place in the automobile field. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1929, Studebaker ranked ninth among all cars in dollar volume. During the twelve months ending June 30, 1931, Studebaker's volume of business was fifth largest.

This sort of thing has always been true of Studebaker. When business becomes harder to get, Studebaker is always accorded a larger share of the total.

Studebaker in its 79 years has been through many a time of close buying . . .

just like today. And each time, without exception, when the storm was over, Studebaker was several

notches nearer the top!

If this happened just once, it might easily be accidental. Happening *every* time means that Studebaker offers a sound money value which shows itself most plainly when buyers look beneath the surface.

Among Studebaker's four great models—President, Commander and Dictator Eight and Studebaker Six, pioneers of Free Wheeling, there is an ideal car for every family. In *your* search for fullest car value, your Studebaker salesroom should be your first stop.

---



---

Studebaker—*Builder of Champions—Pioneer of Free Wheeling*

---



---





## FOR FUN TRY CUBA

A succulent dinner, appeasing a cocktailed appetite...a fragrant cigar...and a promenade along the Prado. A morning dip in the surf and sun bath on the beach. An afternoon at the races, with a sip and a dance between events. Fun? It's here in Havana...Paris of the western world. And then there's the romantic land south, east and west of Havana...moody hills, radiant valleys, deep-thrust harbors...clean, gemlike cities...towns where the rust of centuries still clings to the mission bells...ox-plows...guavas and goat cheese...*caballeros* with machetes hanging from their saddles...tobacco fields, *fincas* and sugar *colonias*... mineral water resorts... palm groves, caves and mahogany forests...all accessible by the new Central Highway. Cuba offers you color, tang and variety in experience...a foreign adventure...within a few hours of your home town. And, let us add, a vacation here will fit comfortably into your program of travel economy.



Photo and Photo Studios

Send for interesting pamphlet "Cuba", Cuban National Tourist Commission, Havana, Cuba, or Room 3307, 10 East 40th St., New York City.

# C U B A

Year-Round Playground of the Americas

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 48)

"You mustn't leave me alone again," she told him.

Her words were angry ones; but he caught an eloquent undertone in her voice, and he uttered a smothered cry, and sprang toward her, and took her in his arms. "Why, we're all right, Nancy!" he exclaimed, in cheerful reassurance. "We're all right, Little John will be here tomorrow, sure." And he kissed her.

She said: "I know; but don't leave me alone!" And she was unresponsive in his arms, so he released her. But later, while he cooked supper, she stayed near him despite the rain; and when they turned to the tent, she lay close by his side. His arm, in his sleep, encircled her; and she was awake, and knew, and held his hand.

Their island, as the water rose, had shrunk; but next morning the water began to recede. They spent much of the day watching downstream for the coming of Little John; and they spent this day together, keeping their vigil jointly. The rain had stopped in the night, the sun now began again to shine; and their spirits rose.

Ned said once: "You know, Nance, you've been a sport up here!"

She answered, on guard: "What did you expect me to be?"

But he grinned, ignored her challenge. "I'm beginning to have a good time," he confessed. "I'm glad it worked out this way; gave me you alone. It's a good many years since we have been alone."

"You were a better cook then," she remarked. "If this is going to happen again, you'd better go to cooking school."

"Anybody who don't like the grub has to take cook's job," he declared laughingly. "That's camp law! Try your hand for a while! You used to know how."

And: "I still do," she assured him, with dancing eyes. "If you'll tend fire!"

SEVEN days after they had departed, Johnny and Little John came back again. Ned and Nancy had gone up river that day exploring to see what they could find. Ned had his rod, they discovered a tributary brook where good trout dwelt, and Nancy cooked the fishes over the luncheon fire. Afterward they lay half asleep on a sunned knoll beside the stream while Ned smoked his pipe, and they talked in a drowsy comfort together. About them dwelt the still, illimitable peace of the forest; and their voices were hushed lest they disturb and shatter this vast silence which did soothe and comfort them like a healing balm.

In mid-afternoon they turned again downstream; and half a mile above the island they heard the sound of an axe at work there, and Ned said quickly:

## Builders

(Continued from page 15)

afraid to live like that, wouldn't you Davy?"

That would have hurt Davy's pride, if pride hadn't been the biggest part of him. He sat straight in his saddle and looked like a soldier.

"No, ma'am," he said, very positive. "No, ma'am, I wouldn't be feared. No, ma'am, hit ain't dreadful. Hit's peaceful. An' quiet. Hit's beautiful. Mighty beautiful. The woods is yours, and the trees is yours. The birds is yours, too, when they find you. Warn't no birds here when I come, but now hit's sorta like a choir early mornin's and twilights. No, ma'am, hit ain't dreadful. Hit ain't even lonely, once you get used to hit. Not with the hosses, and the houn' dog, and the deer that comes stealin' down to the crick ever' so often. Don't you reckon hit means a lot to a man to live like this, away from a village, an' be safe—havin' nothin' special to fear just at present? That's what me and the rest of 'em's been doin' out here, ma'am. Makin' it safe for a man to build him a house where he's a mind to."

He lifted her down from her horse and led her into the cabin. By the way she hung on his arm, leaning against him, he knew she was plumb worn out. But he didn't know how deeply disappointment cut into her.

"Davy, you can't mean . . . Is this the house

"Listen, Little John has come!"

"Oh," she whispered. "Oh, yes!"

He caught her in his arms. "I'm—sorry, Nancy," he said in a whisper. "Aren't you?"

"It's been fun, dear," she confessed. "Yes, it has been fun!"

So they came back to the island, to find there not only Little John but Johnny too. And Ned cried delightedly: "You old rat, you all right, are you?"

"For sure!" Johnny admitted, almost sheepishly. "By Gees, my old woman, she fix me up quick!" He looked from Ned to Nancy and back again, very wisely. "I t'ink you all right, too," he said.

And Ned grinned. "Absolutely!" he told the little man.

The two guides had picked up the last boat on their way upstream; and next morning it was time to start for home. Ned and Nancy looked back at the disappearing island almost regretfully. Days later, after they had said goodby to Johnny on the wharf, they stood at the steamer's rail to watch with a little regret the receding shore; and Ned said, half to himself:

"Johnny's a character, isn't he? I like the darned fool! Mighty glad he wasn't as sick as I thought he was. I thought he was a goner, sure."

She smiled; and he added slowly, his arm against her arm, his eyes on hers: "But it was a good thing for us, Nancy, wasn't it?"

"Yes," she agreed; and she said then, in a tender amusement at his credulity: "But Johnny wasn't sick, Ned. He was pretending!"

"Oh, I don't think so," he protested, incredulously.

"He had his appendix out last fall," she declared.

Ned stared at her. "He did? How do you know?"

"Mrs. Corbeau spoke of it when she said goodby to him, before we started upstream. I knew enough French to understand."

Ned's eyes were shining with a swift and rapturous comprehension. "Then—you knew at the time?" he said huskily. "You knew? Why didn't you say so, Nancy?"

"I wanted to see what would happen," she confessed. "If you and I were left alone."

Her cheeks were bright. His hand gripped her hand there on the rail. Folk stood near, folk were passing by; but their eyes could meet, for all of that, and warmly.

"The blasted little liar!" Ned whispered. And then, in sudden misgiving: "But after what he put us through, you'll never want to come up here again."

Nancy smiled; and: "Possible!" she said. Ned perceived that Johnny Corbeau was not alone in the ability to make that simple word say deep and moving things.

you wrote about, Davy, the big house with rooms in it?"

He laughed loudly at that, trying to make her see it was a joke of his, pointing out the rooms he'd made in his cabin. But when he saw her white face, his laugh sounded like the rattling bones of a skeleton. She took off her bonnet and fooled with her hair, all the while looking about her. Davy's eyes never left her face for a second.

"It'd been better," she said at last, "it'd been better, I guess, if you hadn't come to Marietta at all, Davy. It'd been better if I'd seen for myself how things were before we got married."

This was harder than fighting the Injuns. Words like that, from Sophie; hurt worse than arrows. But, pitiful as her voice was, and bad as it made Davy feel, he didn't act humble. He paced the floor, talking like sixty.

"An' after waitin' six year to be sent for, you'd go back, would you, just 'cause the house ain't to suit you?" His voice sounded scornful. He wanted it to sound scornful. "Would you be better pleased, do you think, ma'am, with any house o' my buildin'? I hain't scarcely been in a reg'lar house since I been out here. D'ju reckon I know much about houses? Wouldn't you druther do your own plannin', when spring comes? That war my idee all along." He really



believed the idea was an old one, not born of the need of the moment.

"Whyn't you say so, then?" snapped Sophie. Black eyes can look mighty accusing. But a man mustn't be feared of a woman.

"Would you've come, had I said so?"

Sophie pulled at her bonnet strings.

"No," she said. Sophie was honest. "Ma wouldn't 've 'lowed me. She wasn't much in the notion, as 'twas. The good house decided her." Sophie's red lips twitched into a rueful smile. Then she took another look at the cabin, and her eyes filled with tears. Davy decided that to put his arm about her just then would be weakness.

"I'll take you back, if you say so," he offered, hoping mightily that she wouldn't say so. "A new country ain't got much use for folks that's forever regrettin' their comin'." He knew Sophie would never stand having anyone doubt her courage. He watched to see what she'd do next.

SHE went to the door and looked out at the forest. The sun was already rosy and the creek was on fire with it. The trees along the banks shook their leaves in the breeze, like girls dancing. A dozen different birds were warbling their evening chorus—the cool, clear tones of a cardinal, the intricate trills of a song sparrow, an impudent catbird shaking his sleek form and pretending he was a nightingale. Far off, in the distance, a whippoorwill was complaining because the moon wasn't up yet. There were crackling sounds in the forest. Life was there, all about them. And behind it all was the deep, soothing quiet that Davy had talked of. She turned back. Davy stood at her shoulder, seeing what she saw, trying to take it in with her eyes and ears, new eyes, unaccustomed to wildness, new ears, unaccustomed to silence.

Sophie sat in the Windsor chair, leaning her head back.

"I ain't made up my mind, yet," she said. Then, after a silence, "Davy, I don't know why you made that cupboard a kitchen. I can't cook you a supper out of that cupboard."

Careful, now, not to let her know how she had pleased him.

"Of course," said Davy, cautiously, "it's your house now. I hain't opposed to your changin' hit. You an' me . . . we both of us got to be builders."

Though she never actually said she was staying, Sophie fell right into the housekeeping. She did what she could to make the bare place look homelike. And Davy was grateful to her, for all he was awkward with women. He didn't know how to treat a wife, that was the truth of it. He couldn't get used to having Sophie around, and he couldn't get used to thinking in terms of a family. He'd thought in terms of a settlement for too long. He planned for the good of the country, instead of his own good, or Sophie's.

There was the time Sophie went to fall muster. That was in November, and Davy had thought he had never seen quite anything quite so pretty as Sophie in her brown bonnet. He was proud, too, to see how well she made out with the women. They were hungry for news of the world outside the wilderness, those who could still remember there *was* a world outside. They buzzed around her like bees around a lilac bush.

"You're the peartest thing I've seen yet," Davy whispered in her ear as he passed her. The women laughed to see Davy Turner with a wife to look after.

Then the territorial governor himself came to look at the drilling and Davy started talking to him about muskets. He talked muskets all morning, and all during dinner, and all afternoon, and when the governor left to drive to the fort on the Wabash, where he was staying the night, Davy drove along, still trying to promise more firearms to his militia. Davy never once thought about Sophie. He never thought of anything except getting firearms to protect the settlers from Indians. He went right off without her, without a word to tell her he was going.

The settlers thought it was a good joke on Davy, and like him. They thought he had no business with a wife anyway, and this seemed to prove it. It was a great joke, worth laughing at over and over. But Sophie didn't do any laughing. Someone drove her back to the cabin, and she sat there alone, getting madder and madder at Davy the longer she waited.

(Continued on page 52)

## A Grand New Food from England



JUST put your teeth into one of these crunchy wafers of Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread! You've never tasted anything like it before. And the delightful thing about this new food is that *it is as GOOD for you as it TASTES.*

AllWheat Crispbread contains just what it says . . . *All of the Wheat.* No part of the healthful wheat berry is removed. *Bran* is retained in its entirety. It is rich in phosphates and vitamins A and B. Excellent as a *conditioner*, a perfect *balance* for your meals and the ideal "nibbler" with all liquid refreshments.

AllWheat Crispbread is a product of Peek Frean & Company, Ltd., of London, biscuit purveyors to H. M. King George V.

Note: If you cannot get Peek Frean's AllWheat Crispbread at your grocer's or delicatessen, ask your lodge steward for a sample. Or write the American Representatives for a sample:

The Renken & Yates Smith Corporation  
16-22 Hudson Street, New York City

or

Tonkin Distributing Company  
841 Howard St., San Francisco, Calif.

PEEK  
FREAN'S AllWheat  
CRISPREAD





## THEY WERE MARRIED in "Eighty-one"

YOU wouldn't recognize Granny and Grandad in this old tintype. But it is they — as they looked on the day they began their 50 years of sweetheart days. Now she is the sweet, gray-haired little woman . . . nearing seventy years . . . whom you so often see. *His* work here was finished just a year ago.

Many times, when the winds howl and the rain lashes down — she silently thanks the one who suggested the CLARK Vault at the time her life-long sweetheart went home. She knows that within its protecting influence is a safe, serene sanctuary — into which outside elements may not intrude.



We make CLARK Metal Vaults of specially processed, rustproofed metals because this is the only material that is absolutely non-porous — proof against water, and against *c-r-u-m-b-l-i-n-g!*

We fuse each joint and seam by double welding until the entire vault is one continuous, seamless, jointless piece.

We test each vault, submerged under 5000 pounds of water — for leaks. Not even a pinhole leak can escape. Then we guarantee it *for 50 years*. CLARK De Luxe Vaults of solid copper are guaranteed *forever*.

Leading funeral directors everywhere can furnish the CLARK Vault in a choice of nine appropriate finishes. Cadmium plating by the Udylite process is included. Prices are very reasonable — within the means of all.

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.  
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Western Office and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULTS

This trade-mark is on the end of every genuine  
waterproof Clark Grave Vault

(Continued from page 51)

When Davy came home, along toward midnight, smelling strongly of corn liquor, but still in his senses, he was surprised as could be to find Sophie there. She had packed her stuff up in a saddle-bag and she sat on the edge of the bed, her black eyes flashing lightning.

"Folks say you've no business with a wife, Davy. Looks like they know, too. You'd best be preparin' to take me home in the mornin'. I don't care what the roads is like, I'm agoin'." She pulled the saddle-bag nearer, resting her foot on it.

He looked at her for a moment, mighty ashamed of himself. He wouldn't have hurt Sophie for anything, if he could help it. He started to say something soft to her, to make up for his neglecting her, and then he remembered Wayne's warning that a man just couldn't afford to be humble. So he straightened up and looked high and mighty.

"I plumb forgot you was with me, Sophie," he said, but it was merely a statement of fact, not an admission of guilt. He laid his gun on the table and sat down on the bench. "Looks like the gov-nor's finally made up his mind to give us muskets for drillin', and fightin'. He's as good as promised them to us. He *did* promise, 's a matter o' fact, though he may be forgetful. Some be, you know."

Sophie tapped her foot on the saddle-bag. "Muskets . . . muskets . . . all I ever hear about's muskets. D'you count muskets more important than wives, Davy?"

"Yes'm," said Davy, promptly. "In this country, they be."

Sophie gasped loud enough for Davy to hear her. But he paid no attention. "Yes'm. In the long run, in these parts, muskets is a sight more important than women."

"Why'd you send for me, then?" snapped Sophie, switching herself to lean on a bedpost.

Davy squinted one eye at the candle and went on talking of firearms. "We can't keep women nor children . . . nor ourselves, neither, for that matter . . . safe out here without firearms. We got to have plenty, and we got to let the Injuns know we got plenty. Gov'nor don't understand Injuns. Don't know how to treat 'em. Wouldn't surprise me to see him have trouble before long. God, but I'm tired!"

He laid his head on his arms. The sag of his shoulders told Sophie how weary he must be. Before she knew what she was doing, she was kneeling beside him, pulling his boots off.

Grievances that are never aired are apt to grow musty. If Sophie could have flared out at Davy, or if Davy had paid any attention to her when she tried to flare out at him, it might have helped matters. But Davy was always so right. And he never could see Sophie's side of it. By the time winter had closed in upon them, Sophie was pining, feeling sorry for herself, crying at nothing, losing interest in everything. "You got a big job before you, remember," Davy sought to recall her. "You got to build up a new country."

"I don't want to build a new country. I want to go back to my family. I want to go where it's not lonesome."

"We'll start the new house when spring comes. Have you thought how you want it?"

"I don't want it. I want to go home."

Davy saw how pale she had gotten, how deep were the circles under the black eyes, and he began to feel humble.

"If you're still of a mind to go when the roads dry out, I'll take you," he told her. Which was a great deal for Davy to promise. To Davy, to go back would mean failure. And for all his awkwardness, he wanted Sophie there with him. She was helping him build.

Already, the trouble Davy had anticipated at the time of the governor's visit was beginning to cast its shadow. The Indians who camped along the banks of the Wabash during hunting season had gone south in the fall, feeling bitter. The governor had taken some of their land from them, as though it had never belonged to them, as though they had not the title to it from the Great Spirit. There had been a few marauding parties in the fall. There would doubtless be many when spring came. Davy thought that a confab, and maybe a treaty, would have avoided most of the trouble. The governor didn't know the importance the Indian placed upon ceremony.

There were still patches of snow in the low

places, though the sun was beginning to have warmth in it. Spring would soon be upon them. One evening, just before dusk, a tall, stately Indian, wrapped in a blanket, his face brightly painted, stood at their door. Sophie was frightened, but Davy greeted the fellow with affection. He was an old friend of Davy's, a Wea chief, named Waponjea, the Swan. In the past, before Davy brought Sophie out, Waponjea had often stopped at Davy's cabin for a visit. The two would sit by the fire smoking, and talking, trying to find some way for the two races to be friendly. Now, however, the chief was uneasy, eying Sophie with suspicion, making a mystery of his mission. He sat cross-legged at the fire-place, silently smoking, filling the small room with the smell of his rank tobacco until Sophie's throat burned. After he had eaten, he told Davy that the Weas were ready for trouble. Davy offered to go to the governor, to try to explain to him what was the trouble, to beg for some manner of payment for the land they were quarreling over.

THE night wore on, and Davy, with the hospitality of the wilderness, asked the chief to stay overnight, and told Sophie to spread a bed for him on the floor. Sophie looked at the heavy figure sitting cross-legged by the fire. She looked at the grotesque red streaks like bloody gashes across his shiny cheeks. She shuddered at the thought of that creature lying on the floor of her cabin. She caught Davy's eye, and motioned for him to come outside for a moment.

"Why can't he sleep outdoors?" she asked Davy.

Davy, who had been touched by the Indian's loyalty in coming to warn him of the impending trouble, who was trying with all his might to placate the Weas, looked hard at Sophie, saying nothing.

"Why can't he go to the fort?" she asked them.

Still Davy looked at her in silence.

"Let him sleep in the shed," she suggested.

Davy turned away angrily.

"When I stay with him," he said, "his squaw leaves us the wigwam." He went back in the cabin.

Sophie laid a straw ticking on the floor, pulling it about, pummeling it, as though it were Waponjea, the Swan.

"I'll go away, too. I'll go away . . . and *stay* away . . . when the road's dry," she said to herself, planning how she would repeat the words to Davy the first thing in the morning.

But Davy told his news before she had a chance to tell hers. Waponjea had left them at daybreak, refusing breakfast, and Sophie was making chicory coffee when Davy told her.

"I'm aimin' to go talk to the gov'nor, Sophie. You could stay at the fort whilst I went."

Sophie slammed the coffeepot on the table.

"Who'll bile down the maple sap? Who'll clean your cabin. Just 'cause it ain't much to brag on's no reason to leave it go dirty. I'm aimin' to leave here myself, 'f ever I get my work done."

"Would you druther stay here, with someone to guard you?"

"I'd ruther go home. I'd ruther jump in that crick'n stay here." She stirred the spoon in the mush pot. She had known for a week or more that it wasn't all loneliness ailed her. She knew there was a reason for the shadows under her eyes, for the feeling of weakness. She knew that if she stayed there, before the summer was over they'd need more room in the cabin. She knew, in short, that all the angry plans she was making were nothing but nonsense. It was too late to leave now.

"'F you go 'way now, Davy, I'll jump in the crick whilst you're gone."

Davy looked at the gleam in Sophie's eye. He saw the set of her lips. He had been worried about the change in her, the way she was fading, and he made the mistake of forgetting Wayne's teachings. Davy was humble.

"Never mind, Sophie, I won't go, then," he told her. "Let someone else go, this time. I've done my share, and more. Let someone else do a leetle. I'll stay with you, Sophie. We'll start the new cabin."

Into the midst of their truce came a lad, hatless, coat flapping, a look of fear on his face that seemed to be graven there, never to leave it.



"Davy!" he cried, "Davy, the Weas have burned up our village. They're comin' this way. I rode on to warn you. Davy, can't you do nothin' to stop 'em?"

Waponjea had not gotten back to his tribe in time to prevent a foray.

Davy and Sophie rode with the lad to the blockhouse. The fright on the boy's face was contagious. Soon every face reflected it. Sophie gathered the women and children together and set them to playing games, singing, *Pop Goes the Weasel*, *Charley Boy*, *Weevily Wheat*, yet all the time listening to what the men were saying.

"Will you go now, Davy? D'ju think they's a chanct for us?"

Davy put his elbows on his knees and hid his face in his brown hands, shaking his head slowly, as though the motion were painful.

"No," he said, in little more than a whisper, "I can't go. Somebody else go this time. I got a fambly."

There was an awed silence, as though Davy's words meant the doom of the settlement. Then came a chorus of protests and a shower of suggestions.

"Let Luke go." "Let John Dormer." "What about you, Joe?"

But always someone or other objected. "He's too flighty a temper. He'd make 'em madder'n ever."

"His trigger finger gets narvous. Hain't got any patience."

"Don't like Injuns. Hit's got to be someone that don't dislike Injuns."

"Davy's the logical person. What he has done, he *can* do."

"If we make a mistake, it means the end of the settlement. The end of us, too, ever' last one of us."

Sophie watched her husband across the heads of the children. He still had his face hid, as though he couldn't stand to look at them. They talked all about him, aimless talk, getting nowhere. Suddenly he got up. Sophie thought he looked taller than she ever had seen him. He made her think of the Wea chief, Waponjea.

"I'm goin'," he said. "I'm goin' myself. Take care of Sophie."

Before there was time for a cheer to form on their lips, Sophie dashed across the room to him, throwing her arms about him, laughing and crying. "I'm glad, Davy. I'm glad. I thought maybe you wouldn't. . . Davy, I think I don't like a man to be humble."

THE men left the next morning. Sophie waved a glad good-bye to them as they rode up the creek. She, too, had caught the vision by that time, the vision beyond the horizon. It had come to her yesterday, in pieces, not altogether . . . when Davy had promised to stay with her, and she had discovered she'd rather he wouldn't . . . when that poor frightened lad had risked his own life to come warn them . . . when she saw that Davy alone could be trusted with such a mission . . . when the children playing at the blockhouse had reminded her that one day her child would be with them. . .

The clatter of hoofs had faded into the silence of the forest. It was not a lonely silence to Sophie. She looked over her land and saw the new vision. Along the creek rose a city. Mill-wheels turned, and mills buzzed with industry. Fields, no longer dotted with stumps, spread out their golden grain in every direction. Through the forest ran a network of roads, no longer rutted and muddy. Stage coaches flew gaily over them without danger. Taverns with broad white porches beckoned the traveler, and wide avenues of beech and maple and oak led up to large two-story houses. At night there were no frightening sounds of the forest, the howl of the wolf, the hiss of the wildcat, but there was the sound of music and dancing, the sound of fresh young voices in laughter. And the voices of Davy and Sophie Turner's children would be among them.

## Follow the Direct Road to Success

Do you want a better position and a larger pay envelope? There is just one way to win success—be head and shoulders above your fellows by gaining a broader basic education. Mathematics is the basis of all education. Not a day passes in which you do not have to use mathematics in your work. Do you make your own calculations, or are you handicapped by your inability to do this work yourself? Here is the whole secret of success. This is why mathematics is taught in every school and college. A thorough knowledge of it makes clear so many things which are puzzling you today.

Do not let another day pass without doing something to improve your knowledge of mathematics. But how can you obtain this knowledge? By going back to school or college, or taking an expensive correspondence course? You need do neither!

### At Last! Mathematics Self-Taught This Simple, Easy Way!

Now you can take advantage of this easy method which has been worked out by an expert for those who do not wish to give the time and money required by other methods of mathematical study. A very simple and extremely interesting group of books has been prepared for you by a man who has devoted his life to teaching practical men the fundamentals of this important subject.

# MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY

By J. E. Thompson, B.S. in E.E., A.M.  
Dept. of Mathematics, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn

These books start right from the beginning with a review of arithmetic that gives you all special short-cuts and trick problems that save countless hours of your time and make you more valuable to yourself and your job. Then they go right into higher mathematics and show you how simple it is when an expert explains it for you. Don't let appearances fool you, mathematics is *easy*. You can get these books on approval and see for yourself how much enjoyment you can have while getting this valuable training and solving interesting practical problems that puzzle your friends and fellow-workers. In no time at all you will be tackling with ease the most difficult question on this subject.

### A Complete Reference Work on Mathematics in These Four Inexpensive Books

Starting from the first simple principles, these interesting books take you, by easy stages, into the detailed applications of higher mathematics. Each step is clearly explained and is followed directly by sample problems.

- Arithmetic for the Practical Man
- Algebra for the Practical Man
- Trigonometry for the Practical Man
- Calculus for the Practical Man

4 Volumes — 1240 Pages — Illustrated

### An Expert Gives You These Simplified Methods

Mr. Thompson, the author of these books, is not an ordinary teacher of mathematics. He has had many years' experience in giving students the kind of mathematical training they need in practical work. He presents each practical method and problem in the clearest and simplest way. He gets right down to the kind of information that you need in your daily work. Look up any mathematical problem that puzzles you in these books and see how quickly you get the solution.

## Send No Money Examine These Books for 10 Days FREE!

The coupon below brings you the four books for 10 days' free trial. After 10 days, return the books to us without obligation or send us the small down payment of \$1.65—balance in three monthly payments of \$2.00 each (5% discount for cash).

### MAIL THIS COUPON

D. Van Nostrand Co., Inc.  
250 Fourth Ave., New York

Send me MATHEMATICS FOR SELF STUDY in 4 volumes. Within 10 days I will either return the books or send you \$1.65 as first payment and \$2.00 per month for 3 months—total \$7.65. (5% discount for cash.) (EILs 11-31)

Name.....  
Address.....  
City and State.....  
Business Connection.....  
Reference.....







## “Wish I’d had this 40 years ago”

**M**AYBE if the ladies had been smoking then we would have had it. Takes tobacco stain right out of your handkerchief—I’ve tried it. Takes it off your teeth and keeps it off!

Think of all the other things you didn’t have forty years ago that are every day necessities now. It’s no longer the day of carry-alls and cure-alls.

Well, that’s one good turn these young girls have done us—they had to have this tooth paste. And Dr. Bōst has earned a vote of thanks from us old timers!

Did a good all-around job, too—made a gentleman’s article of it. Tastes like it ought to, doesn’t scratch, and leaves the breath clean as balsam.

Sends you to bed happy and makes you anxious to get to it in the morning.

The Smoker’s Friend



Send for a trial tube

BōST, Inc.,  
10 East 40th Street,  
New York

I would like to try Bōst. Please send me a week’s supply. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

## The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. Are American passenger ships dry?
2. Who said, “Hitch your wagon to a star?”
3. At noon in New York, what time is it in Paris?
4. Who is Ellsworth Vines?
5. How many miles long is the Panama Canal?
6. Who is President of Cuba?
7. In what year did the Titanic sink?
8. How old is President Von Hindenburg?
9. Of what nationality is George Arliss?
10. What does the degree of LL.D. stand for?
11. Where did printing originate?
12. Who has succeeded Knute Rockne as coach of the Notre Dame football team?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 57)

## Answers to Your Radio Questions



Major Ivan Firth, actor, singer, radio star, both sides of the Atlantic. Recently starred as Major Andre in Soconyland Sketches, W E A F—a part specially written for him

Dorothy Thomas, Ansonia, Conn. Awfully sorry that you have had to wait for pictures of your favorites . . . but I have had so many requests that I have been swamped . . . sunk in a quagmire of questions and an avalanche of answers! If you only had a Television set, you could see and hear Major Ivan Firth (and myself) every Tuesday night at 9.45 over W2XAB . . . the experimental Television station of the Columbia Broadcasting Company. I am placing Major Firth at the head of this column to guard all the little answers.

Edith Hyman, Columbia, Pa. So you lost the Rise of the Goldbergs? They must have been in ‘conference’ . . . dickered, just . . . dickered . . . ‘cause they have risen higher than ever, and are now on EVERY night (cept Sundays) at 7.45 WEAF for Pepsodent . . . TOOTHPASTE . . . the better to smile with, my dear . . . so you see they have become related, by air, to Amos ‘n’ Andy!

Anna G. Ackerman, Naugatuck, Conn. You are evidently “one of us,” since you sign yourself “an Elk Booster” . . . and ask questions about Radio.

I’m sorry to say that Gene and Glen, That popular team, Have been left out again . . . They’re not what they seem . . . as Lena and Jake . . .

Though heaps of fun they certainly make, Fan letters come in by the score From Radio fans, the country o’er, I’ll print their pictures next new moon . . . Keep on watching . . . they’ll be here soon.

Odele Swanson, St. Louis, Mo. Thanks for the lovely bouquets about my department. I am so glad you like it and get so much pleasure out of it. As to your question about John McGovern, who is heard so often over the big networks . . . I have not been able to get either a picture or any information about him from the stations concerned. Well, well! There is some credit due an actor, who hides his light under a bushel. If he sees this I wish he would help the stations concerned to remedy their deficiency.

Jane Brewer, Chester, Pa. I’m glad you liked the picture of Lucille Wall . . . and I am sure

you can see now, why she could never be a Wall-flower . . . (punning is the lowest form of wit, but I just couldn’t help that one) . . . and I am pushed into further infamy, in answer to your question as to whether she is married or not. My answer is . . . she is still a Wall, and always a flower . . . but never a Wall-flower.

Mrs. John McNamara, Ansonia, Conn. My my! Such a lot of letters from Ansonia! You all ought to get together and form a Radio Rambles Club . . . I’ll be President and General Answer Man, if you like . . . think it over. I’m awfully pleased that you have heard me over the air, and still more pleased that you liked me so much. Now as to your questions about auditions . . . all the big radio stations such as N.B.C. and Columbia, and WOR, and most others have regular station auditions, and are constantly on the lookout for new talent. But let me warn you that these auditions are going on all day, and that the new applicant for Radio fame will have to wait at least six weeks before he or she can even be heard. However, if you will drop me a line before you expect to be in town . . . I shall be very glad to hear you at my own studio . . . and to assist you in any way possible. The best of luck to you.

Marian Shields, Mondamin Camp Fire Group, Faust, N. Y. My dear, I see that your camp is at Faust . . . and we all remember that, in Gounod’s opera, Faust sold his soul to the Satanic one in payment for eternal Youth . . . and here you girls are . . . asking a penny in payment for every pound of weight that one is burdened with. . . . Well!

You ask for a penny for every pound, That shows on the scale when my weight is found, To help the cause of the Camp Fire Girls, Who live under canvas . . . by eddying swirls.

Your scheme would be great, except that confession To avoir-du-pois . . . (that so great obsession) Would make many demur, who’d be otherwise keen To further a cause so wholesome and clean.

So I make a suggestion . . . ask those who’re reducing A dollar a pound, that they lose! Such producing, Would give an incentive . . . they’d be happy to do it, So take my advice, make haste, and go to it.

How are you getting along? Write and tell me news of the Camp Fire Girls. . . . Greetings to the whole Camp . . . and pounds to those who want them, and a loss to those who don’t!



Dr. A. J. Quick, Pittston, Pa. Glad to hear that oil as well as coal is showing up in Pa. . . . between the two you should be able to motivate the world. Hope your land is full of both . . . not being a metallurgist, I don't know if that is possible, but I wish it anyway. You say you want fish stories over the air, being a member of the Isaac Walton Club. . . . Listen, listen, brother . . . a lot of the air programs you hear are fish stories enough to get them into the Isaac Walton . . . or better still the Ananias Club . . . they're certainly TALL enough! Do you listen in to Harbor Lights? They're salty . . . although not at all fishy . . . I think you'll like them. You can't fail to like the old captain, played by that veteran actor Ed. Whitney.

Margaret Rich, Santa Fe, New Mexico. Makes me homesick and heartsore just to write that name . . . which to me spells far distances and purple hills . . . pinon smoke and penitentes . . . Indigo nights and Indian friends . . . the scent of sage . . . and friendly faces. Welcome to the Radio Rambles column, Margarita, welcome!

Tom Shepard, Iilon, N. Y. Some questions you ask . . . and mostly about banjos . . . and the virtuosity of the saxophone. Well, if you want a tune *par excellence* banjoified . . . you will have to go to Harry Reser, whom I feel safe in naming as the King of the Banjo in this country of America, this year of grace 1931. As for the saxophone . . . Andy Sanella put the PHONETics in the saxOPHONE . . . but Rudy Vallee bothered more with the SAX. But let me tell you, just for your information, that they can all do lots of other things . . . fr'in-stance, Reser . . . the banjo . . . teaches . . . directs . . . and what not. Sanella . . . oh! for goodness' sake! The instrument isn't made that he can't play! He started on a comb with tissue paper when very young, and it's hard to get ahead of him now . . . still. . . . We heard of an instrument used in some forgotten island of the South Seas . . . called the Bala-Bala, and I'm having it sent up to try Sanella out. We shall see . . . we shall see!

Phyllis Chambers, Nauticoke, Pa. Jack and the Bean Stalk had nothing on our own Lil' Jack Little, who climbed the beanstalk of Radio Fame as expertly as did his predecessor to the title of Little Jack.

Jack Little was a pianist . . . and yet . . . he started his upward climb by trying to help the other fellow . . . the chap who wrote the songs . . . and so Lil' Jack sang the songs of the other fellow, and forgot all about himself . . . and yet . . . so great was the charm and power of Little Jack, that he reached the top of the beanstalk, and conquered the giant alone. In his own words, here is the reason. "I gave just a bit of homely talk. . . . I never cared for the smart stuff. . . . I always talked to the family group. . . . I still do." And that about sums up Little Jack Little.

Dorothy Grayson, Jackson Heights, N. Y. You are one of the very first fans to write to me about television. I'm awfully glad you were able to pick up Major Firth's and my Tuesday Televisicasts . . . and happy that it came over so clearly both as to sound and sight. Those artists we had that night were charming, weren't they? He was Anton Schubel from Jugo-Slavia . . . the only concert singer in America who sings in Slovene, his native tongue . . . and what a voice! . . . and what artistry! Ljubjana was at the piano and told the story of each song. They both created a sensation in the Columbia Studios, when they arrived for the performance in the colorful bridal costumes of Slovenia. I'll run a picture of them in costume, next issue.

To all of you. Please, please . . . listen . . . have a heart . . . ask as many questions as you like, but NOT SO MANY in ONE letter. ONE letter, ONE question, ONE answer . . . gives everyone a fair break, dealing both ways from the acc. G. S. E.

# Do Your GIFT BUYING Direct By Mail—and Save Both Time and Money

Order direct from this announcement—if you desire (we guarantee and prepay all deliveries)—but be sure to write for our 61st Annual Free Catalog of 10,000 Gift Suggestions in Jewelry, Watches, Silver, Novelties, etc.

			
38402P. Ladies' Solid White Gold Elk Emblem Pin with Elk head, connected by fine gold chain to c'lock. Both parts have safety catches. \$3.00	34631P. Finely Designed Solid Gold Lapel Button \$1.65	34600P. Diamond Mounted Solid Gold Button \$5.00	34617P. Platinum Lapel Button, one full cut blue-white diamond. \$12.50



36825P. Diamond Mounted Elk Ring

A remarkable value in solid white gold; hand engraved, with raised platinum emblem enameled in the proper colors. A full cut blue-white diamond set in the emblem (as illustrated). Our price direct to you \$12.50

This ring can also be furnished with Masonic, Shrine, Knights of Columbus or Knights of Pythias emblems.



32831P. Diamond Mounted 14K. Solid White Gold Pendant. Genuine crystal, mounted with brilliant diamond. Complete with neck-chain. \$7.50



42097P. Ladies 14K. Solid White Gold Wrist Watch, smart bracelet model. Fine 17 Jewel guaranteed accurate timekeeper. Complete with latest style link bracelet. A remarkable value \$18.50

	
82425P. Elk Emblem Ash Tray of Black Glass with Sterling Silver enameled emblem and trimmings (5 inch) \$1.00	51281P. Solid Sterling Silver Napkin Marker. Any initial. State initial desired when ordering. Each. \$1.00

The New Catalog shows all the latest styles \$2.50 to \$500.00

	
62467P. Emblem Bill Fold. Genuine cowhide with laced edge. Hand tooled Elk Emblem Compartments for bills, cards, pass case. \$2.00	80763P. Heavy Nickel Plated Automobile Emblem, enameled in colors, heavily embossed for radiator front. (Also for radiator cap.) \$2.25

32596P. Diamond Mounted Solid White Gold Bar Pin. Richly pierced lace work effect. Full cut Diamond of fine brilliancy. Very special value. \$9.00

32726P. Girl's Birth Stone Ring. Solid white or green gold. Mention month of birth \$1.95

30051P. Ladies' 14K. Solid White Gold Ring. Beautiful pierced open-work design. Set with genuine Black Onyx in the center of which is a Diamond of good brilliancy. \$7.50

82368P. Pewter Bon Bon Dish. Chock-full of scented bath crystals. A perfect gift article. \$1.00

38370P. Baby's Solid Gold Heart with chain—Initial engraved free of charge. 95c

**Jason Weiler-Baird North DIAMOND VALUES are World Famous**

Write for Special Diamond Catalog FREE

	
21225P. Finest solid Platinum Ring. Brilliant, blue-white full cut Diamond—four perfectly matched Diamonds on sides. Very unusual value \$50.00	21237P. Finest Solid Platinum Ring. Full cut blue-white Brilliant Diamond with six perfectly matched Diamonds on the new shoulder sides. An extraordinary value \$100.00

Rings Will Be Sent To Any Bank or Express Co. for inspection—if desired. Written guarantee for full value.

You may Purchase Any of These Rings on Our Budget Charge Account Plan.

WRITE FOR THIS FREE CATALOG

Order direct by mail. Save both time and money. Send coupon below for this 200-page 61st Annual Catalog of Jewelry, Diamonds, Watches, Silver and 10,000 Gift Articles. We prepay postage.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG Shows all the latest styles—Saves you both time and money.

CLIP COUPON—FILL IN AND MAIL NOW

**BAIRD-NORTH CO.**  
376P Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

Corner Washington and Franklin Sts. Jewelers and Diamond Importers since 1870

Please send me either or both FREE Catalogs marked (x) below.

Diamond Catalog.

200-Page Catalog of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, Elk Emblems.

Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

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





## The Finest of Gifts ... for Your Lodge



Adds richness and dignity to the observance of the Mystic Hour.

### AUTOMATICALLY played DEAGAN Auld Lang Syne Chimes.

At the press of a button the air is filled with the exquisite melody of Cathedral Chimes. First, in stately sequence, the hour stroke of 11; then the full, rich beauty of "Auld Lang Syne," played only as genuine Chimes can play it.

To the Mystic Hour Deagan Auld Lang Syne Chimes add a tenderness and beauty that beggars description. To generations of Elks they serve, as no other means can, to keep alive the traditions and ideals of the Order.

What better investment can a lodge make—what finer gift can a member bestow—than Auld Lang Syne Chimes pealing forth in all their glory on Christmas Day? May we send you full details?

J. C. DEAGAN, Inc., Dept. E111, Chicago



A truly beautiful memorial to retiring officers or departed brothers.



### Amazing New Device

## SILENCES NOISY DOORS

Closes All Doors Automatically  
With Efficiency of Human Hand

At last—a low priced door control that takes the slam bang out of all noisy doors. KANT-SLAM Door Check can be installed by anyone in a few minutes. Screw-driver only tool.

### AGENTS A Gold Mine

Earn up to \$15 daily demonstrating and installing KANT-SLAM. We furnish demonstrator of actual check mounted on miniature door. Write for Money Making Plans.

Gives life-time of service. Needs no attention, no extras. Built on entirely new oil principle. Not pneumatic. Closes all doors silently, automatically, in all kinds of weather. Keeps door open when wanted open. Speed easily adjusted by screw at top of check. Works perfectly on heavy or light doors. Ideal for stores, offices, factories, public buildings, etc. Keeps out cold air. Saves fuel. Banishes danger of broken glass panes. Thousands in use everywhere. Write for free details.

KANT-SLAM DOOR CHECK CO.  
Dept. S-41, - Bloomfield, Ind.



## WANT A STEADY JOB?

\$158 to \$225 month. Railway Mail Clerks. Many other Government Jobs. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32-page book with list of steady U. S. Gov't. positions open to men and women 18 to 60. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. J-236, Rochester, N. Y.

## "A NEW CAR THIS WINTER!"

Your engine will run like a new model. Before filling with anti-freeze, flush with

## Met Radiator Cleaner

Avoid over-heating! Remove clogged obstructions! Simple to use... cleans thoroughly. Will not harm solder or radiator linings. Watch water temperature drop. Agents and Service Stations write for plan. Met Cleaning Products, Bloomfield, N. J.

Send  
\$1.00

Postpaid in U. S.  
\$1.25 in Canada

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## Beating Time With the Trotters

(Continued from page 12)

may race without question on another Association's tracks. Trots and paces need inclusive administration like that of a Jockey Club, in the opinion of most racing men. Mr. Devereaux appointed Mr. Wright, Mr. Look and Dr. Ogden M. Edwards a committee to formulate a program of action.

Quite naturally influential members of the three Associations oppose amalgamation. It remains to be seen what Mr. Wright, Mr. Look and Dr. Edwards—the latter proprietor of Walnut Hall Farm, another of the stellar Blue Grass trotter and pacer nurseries—can do to clear up the situation. The committee's first job will be to merge with the Trotting Horse Club of America, an organization sponsored by E. Roland Harriman and others to promote the cause of light-harness racing. After that, the three Associations may get together.

In the meanwhile fanciers of trotters and pacers have gradually learned to please their public. Until a decade ago the three-heat system was generally followed. Under that system, which dates from the days when each farmer had a nag that could "break 2:50 or better," a horse had to come in first under the wire three times before a race ended. Hence many an event was a two-day affair, what with tiresome scoring and many heat winners. "Every heat a race" replaced the three-heat-to-a-finish system. Few races now require more than four heats.

**DURING** 1918, Will J. Caton and William G. Rosemire came back from Russia where they had driven American trotters on tracks whose entries were classed according to money won instead of according to official speed records made by the horses. "Money won classification peeps up the sport," Messrs. Caton and Rosemire told our horsemen at home. And Grover H. Perrigo, a famous sports writer, came out with "fourteen points," a la President Wilson, one of which was an endorsement of the "money won" plan.

Up to that epoch horses had been classified according to their best race records. If they won in last time they were moved into fast company. Hence reinsmen "pulled" many a heat rather than be "penalized" by winning. This slowed up the game and confused the bettors. It also made many non-betting fanciers sore, for your followers of trots and pacers know a heap more about horses than do flat-racing fans.

Three years ago the "money won classification" was generally adopted. Since then—while the time is primarily regarded—a horse races with horses with similar ability determined by similar money winnings.

Adoption of this rule raised much hoolabaloo. John L. Dodge fought it bitterly. Mr. Dodge races as well as raises Hollywoods. He put the Association officials in hot water and boiled them viciously. But when Mr. Dodge drove his own Hollywood Harrod 4, 2:02 1/4 to a glorious victory in the \$10,000 Empire State Trot at the New York State Fair last fall he began to weaken in his opposition. The "money won classification" makes drivers drive to win. There is no more "pulling" to escape a record. More than ninety per cent of light-harness races are on the level.

Attention is now centered on the scoring. It has been one of the rules that a field of light-harness horses shall come down the stretch together and pass under the starting wire simultaneously. Theoretically this is possible. In practice it is difficult. Hence drivers may waste an hour or more jockeying their horses for position, weaving stately but tiresome quadrilles in the hope that they will get to the wire ahead of competitors. Scoring is about to be abandoned, thanks largely to newcomers in our trotting game. Among these is William Loftus.

Mr. Loftus rates as a successful Los Angeles business man. Outside of business he likes trotting horses. Not long ago he bought some promising ones from Fred Ward of Hamet Farm, Whittier, Calif., but he wanted a first class Futurity candidate for 1930, eligible to the Hambleton Stake, a prize no true trotting

man ignores. Hence coincident with the 1929 "Old Glory" sale, the annual November auctioning of Standard-breds in Manhattan, he paid \$25,000, privately, for Guy Day which had made a good two-year-old-showing against Main McElwyn and Hanover's Bertha. That purchase was followed by much excitement. The trotting game is not used to unknown buyers of large calibre.

Mr. Loftus quotes Longfellow and has ideas. For example, he says modestly, "Arabs were entirely responsible for the foundation stock of the English Thoroughbred which is almost entirely responsible for the light-harness horse or Standard-bred. Probably ninety percent of the blood in present day trotting and pacing champions can be traced to the Thoroughbred, and the other ten per cent cannot be traced at all. While there is, no doubt, a small percentage of what is termed cold blood, it is, to my mind, a liability instead of an asset and is gradually being bred out. It would hasten the process to inject proper strains of the Thoroughbred.

"Breeding the light-harness horse is far from an exact science. I am not in favor of inbreeding. Breeding the Thoroughbred race horse has always been carried on by wealthy men. The light-harness horse, now that there is practically no use for it except for racing, will naturally be bred and raised by wealthy men, as there is no use for any but the 'tops.' Why worry if the millionaire wants to carry the burden?"

"In my judgment, the best way to compete with running races is to use some of the same methods. Dash races, at different distances, would reduce scoring and increase interest. Heat racing has outlived its usefulness. It was established when horses were much slower. It has been discarded by running horse men. They know how to draw crowds. When these crowds see a race like the Kentucky Derby they don't care to see the same horse run it over. Horses prepared for heat racing would make faster time in dashes, which always create interest.

"As an example, three races under the present plan we will say develop into seven heats. Often one horse shows to be superior. Repeat this—and wonder next day what has happened to the crowd. But split the money in six or seven races and there will be as keen interest in every race as in the first heat."

I am quoting Mr. Loftus because newcomers are being listened to, in spite of opposition to using the barrier at more than one trotting track last year. The European standing start, with handicaps, has already been tried successfully. For nearly a century we have been shipping trotting horses to Europe. Now we are getting something beside money from foreign trotting tracks.

The events we call trots and paces persist, especially in our rural districts, because they are indigenous to America and because horsemen and horsewomen find romance in them even though the sport is not scaled so high, in money, as are the bangtails' divertissements.

Robert S. Dora was tall and raw-boned, a descendant of Kentuckians. Though graduated from the University of Missouri law school he farmed a hilly bit in Coles County, Illinois. He bred a filly and named her May E. Grattan but had to sell her for a song to Cameron & Lindblad of Denver, who vainly offered the light-shaded chestnut yearling to trainer Ted Bunch for \$50.00. As a two-year-old, they gladly accepted \$500.00 for her, and Walter Wilkins of New Jersey became her dubious owner, Wilkins raced May E. Grattan at Trenton as a three-year-old. Earl Pitman, the trainer, spotted her and got his patron, Mr. John C. Thompson of New York, to buy her for \$3,500.

As a four-year-old, May E. Grattan opened the 1929 trotting season and won twelve out of thirteen starts, taking a 2:05 1/4 record on a half mile track. She became the champion money winning pacer of 1930 with a race record of 1:50 1/4. And big, raw boned, shock haired Robert Dora lived and died almost without a dollar, loving his wife and trotting horses. Hollywood Dick is a different case.

Tracing his ancestry to Peter the Great, one of the greatest trotting sires of our day, Hollywood Dick went on the turf as a four-year-



Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 54)

1. No; unless their owners wish them so.
2. Emerson.
3. 5 p. m.
4. National singles tennis champion.
5. From deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific, 43.8 miles.
6. Machado.
7. 1912.
8. Eighty-four.
9. English.
10. Doctor of Laws.
11. In China.
12. Hunk Anderson.

old and raced his way to so many victories he was acclaimed one of America's fastest and finest looking trotters when the 1929 season got under way. November found him lame and on the block at the "Old Glory" sale where Allan J. Wilson of Boston bought him for \$625.00.

Mr. Wilson, born on Prince Edward Island where trotters are super-popular, was and is a sportsman. He made possible the \$25,000 New England Pacing Derby which Grattan Bars won at Windsor, Conn. He is president and chief promoter of Boston's Metropolitan Driving Club which holds free matinees on its track facing the Charles River and Harvard College and competes with the Road Horse Association of New Jersey; the Old Colony Driving Club of South Weymouth, Mass.; and the Schenley Driving Club of Pittsburgh. Also he is sponsor for the prosperous Bay State Circuit, foundation of harness horse racing in New England. Like many a light-harness horse devotee he is heavily interested in motor trucks. He has a fleet of them operating through New England.

Because of lameness, Hollywood Dick was in the discard and Mr. Wilson was out \$625.00. Mr. Wilson took his purchase to Sage Park and turned the trotter over to Ted Bunch for training. Ted Bunch works horse wonders. Hollywood Dick was entered for the 1930 races.

By the time the "broken down old trotter" had finished with the Bay State and Grand Circuits he had nine starts and seven wins to his credit, including the \$10,000 trot at Avon and events at other eastern centers until Mr. Wilson drove him to a final victory at Brockton, Mass. In cash, Hollywood Dick earned \$10,025 last season. Part of this was the \$375.00 given him against a field of five other handsome trotters as Grand Champion at the Boston Horse Show. Good returns on a small investment to say nothing of one sportsman's satisfaction.

**T**HERE are breaks in both the breeding and racing games, as any trotting fan will tell you. When the late A. B. Coxe, who made Yale football history during the 'eighties, owned the Nawbeck Farm at Paoli, Pa., he also owned Miss Bertha Dillon, 4, 2:02½, daughter of Dillon Axworthy. Dillon and Axworthy are names to conjure by. Mr. Coxe sent Miss Bertha Dillon down to Walnut Hall Farm to be bred to Moko, a famous sire. Harry Burgoyne was the Kentucky breeding farm's superintendent. He advised Mr. Coxe that young Peter Volo would be a better choice than ageing Moko.

Harry Burgoyne's advice was followed. Out of that mating came the greatest three sisters in trotting history. I have told you how Hanover's Bertha won, among other important events, last year's Senior Kentucky Futurity in spite of bruised knees and an injured driver. In that same two weeks' meeting, which is a trotting Mecca, Charlotte Hanover, a two-year-old sister, won the Junior Kentucky Futurity; Charlotte came back to win the Lexington Stake; Miss Bertha Hanover, a four-year-old sister, won the 2:16 trot and later established a new world's record for four-year-old fillies of 2:00 flat in an exhibition while Hanover's Bertha did an exhibition mile in 1:59½.

On the season, Hanover's Bertha won \$62,437.90 and Charlotte Hanover led all money-winning two-year-olds by garnering \$17,382.52. There were Hanover brothers in the racing but it was a sisters' season for the

(Continued on page 58)

# Why suffer with aching muscles?

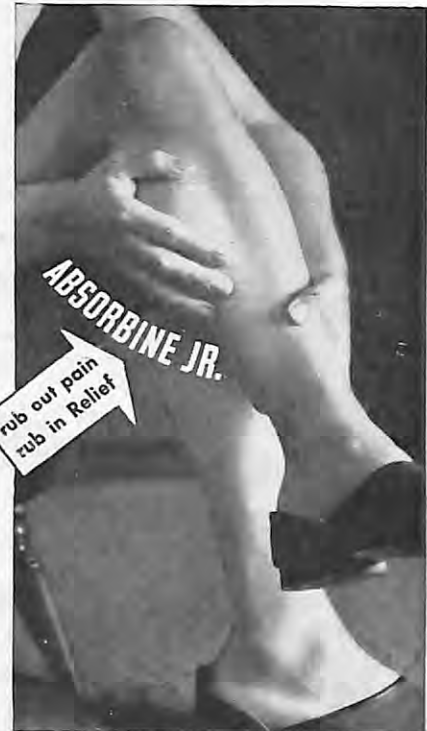
... here's double-acting relief

**W**HEN arm, leg, neck or back muscles are painfully stiff and sore those aching muscles need a fresh supply of blood to flush out congested impurities and take the soreness away.

In Absorbine Jr., you will find wonderful, comforting ease. The moment you start rubbing it on the ailing parts, you can tell by that glowing warmth in the muscles that it is getting results. And as you continue to massage, the muscles lose their tautness, and as they relax, the throbbing pain disappears.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieve the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings double-acting relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. When used full strength, it is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.



## ABSORBINE JR.

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

**PATENTS** Send sketch or model. Booklet free. Highest references. Best results. Promptness assured.  
Watson E. Coleman, Patent Lawyer  
724 9th Street Washington, D. C.

### PREVENT FATAL NIGHT CRASHES



#### Get In On This BIG PROFIT Opportunity!

An amazing "two-beam" light invented by a famous light engineer now gives drivers complete safety at night. Road is bright as day for 1000 feet—yet secret principle absolutely prevents glare! Kinney of Chicago made \$96 in one day! Big territories—a fat share of 23 million prospects. Write today for full facts about this amazing safety Speedlight and find out about wonderful money-making sales proposition.

**SPEEDLIGHT COMPANY**  
1731 Belmont Ave. Dept. 200-R Chicago, Ill.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

**BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST** A new profession not in demand nor chiropody. All the trade you can attend to; many are making from \$3,000 to \$10,000 yearly, easy terms for training by mail, no further capital needed or goods to buy, no agency or soliciting. Established 1894. Address Stephenson Laboratory, 7 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

### FREE How To Secure A Government Position

Tells About These and Other Positions  
**RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK** \$1850 to \$2700 a year  
**POSTMASTER** \$1200 to \$2500 a year  
**CUSTOMS HOUSE CLERK** \$1140 to \$2700 a year  
**INTERNAL REVENUE MEN** \$1140 to \$2700 a year  
**R. F. D. MAIL CARRIER** \$1800 to \$2000 a year

**FREE BOOK** tells how I can help you get a Government job. For thousands. If citizen 18 to 50, you can qualify. Get ready NOW for the NEXT Railway Postal Clerk Examination! Send for free book. Write or mail coupon TODAY.

A. H. PATTERSON, Civil Service Expert  
 7011 Western Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.  
 Please send me your free book "How to Secure a Government Position."  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_





**1000 Positions Open**

HOTEL, club, restaurant and institutional field calling for trained men. Thousands of positions as Manager, Assistant Manager, Steward, Room Clerk, Sports Directors and many other important positions paying \$2,000 to \$7,500 a year, open annually. Nearly one billion dollars worth of NEW HOTELS, APARTMENT HOTELS, CLUBS and INSTITUTIONS being built this year. Lewis-trained men start at salaries up to \$2,500 a year, living often included.

**Previous Experience Proved Unnecessary**  
 Qualify for a fascinating, well-paid position—our Personal Coaching Plan adapts the training to your needs in spare time. Lewis-trained men of both young and mature age winning success. A good grade school education, plus Lewis Specialized Training, qualifies you. All of your training under the personal supervision of Clifford Lewis, who was appointed Managing Consultant by over 300 hotels throughout the United States. Registration free of extra charge in Lewis National Employment Bureau, covering the country at 70,000 points through special arrangement with Postal Telegraph. Send coupon today for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," explaining our Money-Back Agreement, and our Personal Coaching Plan.

**FREE BOOK COUPON**  
 LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS,  
 Room DT-6585, Washington, D. C.  
 Send me without obligation the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," and details of your Personal Coaching Plan.  
 Name.....  
 Address.....  
 City.....State.....

**450 Miles on a Gallon of Gas!**

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.



**NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS**

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, and reduce carbon formation, but it also creates more power, quicker starting, snappy pick up, and a smoother running motor.

**To Make UP TO \$100 a Week AND MORE**  
 To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today for this free sample and big money making offer.  
 WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.  
 Dept. 746-A, Station C Milwaukee, Wisc.

**ONE CENT A DAY PAYS UP TO \$100 A MONTH**

The Postal Life & Casualty Insurance Co., 1651 Dierks Building, Kansas City, Mo., is offering a new accident policy that pays up to \$100 a month for 24 months for disability and \$1,000.00 for deaths—costs less than 1c a day—\$3.50 a year. Over 86,000 already have this protection. Men, women and children, ages 10 to 70, eligible. Send no money. Simply send name, address, age, beneficiary's name and relationship and they will send this policy on 10 days' FREE inspection. No examination is required. This offer is limited, so write them today.

**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**



Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 179, 70 5th Ave., New York

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 57)

Hanovers. All because Harry Burgoyne suggested a different mating than the owner had planned.

There are plenty of veterans in the sulkies and plenty of old-timers among the caretakers, but trotting is a young man's game, as witness the career of the champion reinsman, Dr. Hugh M. Parshall. When T. W. "Tommy" Murphy, greatest race winner of modern trotting, retired to manage Mrs. Payne Whitney's Greentree bangtails, he bestowed his red, white and blue trotting colors on young Dr. Parshall of Urbana, O. This was a prophetic vote of confidence.

Young Dr. Parshall was graduated as a veterinary, but leaped lightly into a sulky instead of practising. That was at his native Washington Court House, also in the Buckeye State. He began by winning races with cast-off horses. One of these was the aged Counterpart, a confirmed puller, which he drove into first money of the \$25,000 American Pacing Derby.

He had a way with colts and veterans, hobbled or unhobbled, bad actors and what have you. In brief, at the end of 1927 he was the leading winner with fifty races to his credit. During the following year he won thirty-five. In 1929 it was fifty-five. Last year he won 202 heats and seventy-six races, besides thirty-nine second moneys, thirty-six thirds and some minor takings which brought his total up to about \$50,000. "Doc" has proved a fitting successor to "Tommy" Murphy.

Harness horse racing is a family matter. Half the spectators are juveniles. Some of the others are aunts or grandfathers. Many a woman does high speed driving. Mrs. E. Roland Harriman holds the world's record for any woman in a sulky. She drove Highland Scott, the pacing stallion, a mile at Goshen in 1:50 3/4, thus achieving all drivers' ambition to "beat two minutes."

If the late E. H. Harriman had witnessed that unique performance I am sure his eyes would have gleamed behind his spectacles, for the great "Empire Builder" loved to drive trotting

horses. I still have his picture, in a sulky, up behind "Elsie," ready for his daily constitutional. And as I write these lines his son, E. Roland Harriman, is wearing full length overalls and driving his trotters in the presence of the winter colony at Pinchurst, N. C., unless he has gone on to look over the training stables at Seminole Park, Longwood, Florida.

Away back in 1908 a Mrs. Morris drove Citation a mile against time at Dallas, Texas, and made it in 2:03 1/2. Still later Mrs. Suzanne Perry drove another pacer, Gilda Gray, in 2:04 3/4. But Mrs. John L. Dodge holds the woman's record for driving a trotter by sending Hollywood Harrod, 3, a mile in 2:02 1/4. And this fall, in my old home, Ogle County, Illinois, Mrs. F. Burright drove Lisette, a horse she had trained personally, to win the 2:24 trot at our county seat fair. When I was a small boy Burrights were driving and winning races! Folks just never seem to tire of trotters. Love of the sport is handed down through generations. Horses have the same yen, too.

Last fall when the fair at Riverhead, Long Island, was booming, my friend, Ted Hansom, went hunting with his camera. Ted's grandfather, Joseph Aloysius Hansom, invented the Hansom cab in London and on September 12, 1876, Ted rode a little gray trotter ten miles in less than twenty-seven minutes amid the cheers of the patrons of Abby-A Park, Manchester, England. Hence Ted has an eye for horses.

Looking over the race track fence at Riverhead, Ted Hansom found a brother race fan. 'Twas an old calico colored gelding wearing a fly net and hitched to a market gardener's express wagon. No human eyes followed the races more eagerly. That horse, which may or may not have been a racer, never took his eyes off the entries as long as they were scoring or racing.

I submit, herewith, that old equine's picture which Ted took with his camera. Trotters have a peculiar technique. If you are schooled in that technique you never get over it. That goes for both four-footed and two-footed animals.

**What Price the Years?**

(Continued from page 27)

weight of his fifty-four years, would probably have to be carried off the stage and hurried to an embalmer. Instead off that he bounded in. Regular chamois stuff, if you please.

The sweat stood out on his forehead in great beads, but there was no trace of fatigue in the clean-cut, handsome face, and not a sign of slackening in the tall, slender figure, encased in Hussar tunic, heavy red breeches and high boots. Close up, I saw that the thick black hair showed hardly a touch of gray, and as for his waist line, it made me feel that I would simply have to do something about my own.

"Tell me," I implored almost pathetically, "are you really the Donald Brian who played the 'Merry Widow' back in 1907?"

"In person," he assured me gaily. "Not a picture. Anybody can come up out of the audience and see for themselves that there's no deception. And if you want further proof, look at that."

On the wall, just to the right of a mirror, a telegram was pinned—a telegram from the Lambs, that made loving mention of his triumph twenty-five years before, and called upon him to "kill 'em dead" again. A telegram that carried devoted friendship in every word, and signed by two hundred and seventy-five famous names.

"And how does it feel?" I insisted, "to come back to the same part after a quarter of a century?"

Donald Brian talks just as he dances—dipping, skipping and swirling—gaily and without effort. And as he leaped from one subject to another, commenting on plays, players, managers, the stage and changing times, I began to get an understanding of the theatre as it was in the days before movies and radio, when Broadway was ablaze with fixed stars, known and beloved from coast to coast.

Acting was a real profession then, not the accidental, haphazard thing that it is to-day. A player learned his craft by hard years in stock and in road companies, and stardom was the reward of successful struggle, not the sudden, temporary elevation that it is now. Donald

Brian, for instance, spent his first seven stage years miles removed from Broadway, playing everything from juveniles to heavies, not only doubling up but sometimes doing three parts in the same piece.

"There was an Uncle Tom show," he laughed, "where I played everything but the ice and the bloodhounds. And once when an idle summer stared me in the face, I toured the bushes with a medicine show. Five dollars a week and cakes looked better to me than going hungry in New York. We worked the lumber camps in northern Michigan, traveling in a big covered wagon and usually giving our show at the town pump, although we took the op'ry house of evenings now an' then, and charged five cents admission."

"It wasn't bad training at that," he confided, "for I did a little bit of everything. Besides singing in the quartette, gargling a few solos, doing a few waltz clogs and some buck dancing, I put up the posters and passed out the bottles of miraculous oil that were guaranteed to cure every known ill from baldness to spavin. And believe it or not, I learned a lot about acting from Good Old Doc Hornell, our speler, for there wasn't anything he couldn't do with that voice of his."

HE MUST have been an engaging lad, this Dennis Francis Brian who came down from his birthplace in Newfoundland to conquer New York, changing his name to Donald because he thought it more "stylish." It was after the medicine-show experience that he had the luck to meet up with another Irish actor, a blue-eyed lad by the name of Georgie Cohan. This was in the days before golf, tennis and hockey, when baseball was really the national game, and young Mr. Cohan, just rising to fame as the Yankee Doodle boy, was the maddest fan of them all. He even had a team of his own, made up out of the members of his company, and the company manager's first duty on reaching a town was to get a game for the Cohan team.

"To this day," declared Mr. Brian, "I have the sneaking feeling that Georgie engaged me



because I could throw a curve and had a hop to my fast one. He was the catcher, and a darned good one, too. We made a pretty fair battery, as I remember it, for anytime we got in a hole, Georgie kidded the batter until he couldn't see the ball."

It was while with the Cohan show in Boston that "Pitcher" Brian received a telegram from Col. Henry W. Savage, asking him if he'd like to play a part in an operetta called "The Jolly Widow." "Donnie" didn't think much of it at the moment, but later in the day he happened to mention the matter to a friend, Edgar I. Davenport.

"Jolly Widow!" exclaimed Davenport. "He means 'The Merry Widow,' of course. Good Lord, Donnie, it's a hit in every capital in Europe. Grab it at once. You've got the chance of your life, old boy! Don't lose it."

With characteristic Irish impetuosity, Mr. Brian lost no time in catching a train for New York, but hardly was he warm in his seat than he remembered his contract with Georgie Cohan. Out he jumped at the first station, and back to Boston, heavy-hearted at the thought of missing a great opportunity that might never come to him again. To make matters worse, the Cohan show proved a flop.

Once again in New York, he heard that "The Merry Widow" was still in preparation and "just dropped around." Colonel Savage greeted him with open arms, for he happened to be a badly worried man. A German tenor had been imported to play the lead, and while his voice was a thing of beauty, his bald head and bandy legs made him anything but the proper type for handsome, dashing Prince Danilo. Right in the middle of the rehearsal of the first act, a fellow came from the stage.

"Hey you, Donnie!" called Colonel Savage. "Come on up here and run over this Maxim song for me."

"I protested like mad," explained Mr. Brian. "Not only had I never seen the music, but I felt rotten about the poor little German. But Savage insisted, and somehow or other I managed to get through the song. As I sat down, fully convinced that the Colonel would send for the police, he came over and whispered, 'Boy, I like that Irish lilt in your voice. The part's yours.'"

This occurred when Blanche Bates was in her second year with "The Girl of the Golden West," Frank Keenan playing the sheriff and Robert Hilliard the road agent; Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin were creating a furore in "The Great Divide"; Maude Adams was "turning 'em away" in "Peter Pan"; Billie Burke, in the first bloom of her beauty, was John Drew's leading woman; handsome E. H. Sothern and glamorous Julia Marlowe had just joined forces; David Warfield was in his third season with "The Music Master"; Mrs. Fiske was doing Ibsen; Eleanor Robson, soon to be Mrs. August Belmont, had made her first big hit in "Salomy Jane"; Ethel Barrymore, a rose still in the bud, was playing "Captain Jinks"; Lillian Russell was singing and marrying; and Mrs. Leslie Carter was stunning New York with her audacities.

Robert Mantell and Louis James furnished Shakespeare for such as loved the Bard; Dustin Farnum, James K. Hackett and William Faversham were the favorite matinee idols; and when it came to comedy, there were Willie Collier, Francis Wilson, De Wolf Hopper, Jefferson D'Angelis, Eddie Foy, Frank Daniels, the Rogers Brothers, Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard and the Four Cohans—father, mother, Georgie and Josephine—as talented and joyous a family as ever graced the stage.

Frances Starr was winning plaudits with "The Rose of the Rancho"; Elsie Janis had just begun her meteoric career; Anna Held had come from Paris to show New York the perfect shoulder; Marie Dressler and Dan Daly were throwing each other all over the stage in a piece called "The Lady Slavey"; Chauncey Olcott was the adored singer of Irish ballads, and a young girl by the name of Pauline Frederick was attracting some notice in small parts.

One tragic death had saddened the theatrical year. The great Richard Mansfield, as famous for his productions as for his impersonations, had suddenly passed away. A tremendous figure and, perhaps, the greatest character actor the stage will ever know. The young Prince in "Old Heidelberg," the depraved old rake in "Parisian Romance," Ivan the Terrible and

Cyrano de Bergerac; Rodion the Student and Richard the Third—he ranged the whole field of human emotion.

"Those were the golden days of the American stage," sighed Mr. Brian. "Hollywood was still but a name and the radio no more than a crazy laboratory experiment. No talkies, no loud-speakers, no motion-picture palaces—only the theatre. And how the people loved it! And how we actors loved it.

"I had only nine rehearsals," continued Mr. Brian, "and it seemed to me I forgot every important line, but we went over with a bang. The people out in front stood on their seats, shouting their applause, and I'm not ashamed to say I blubbered like a baby when the curtain rang down. After the show, when I went into the Lambs, the boys all leaped up and gave me three cheers and a tiger, but I couldn't believe it until I saw the morning papers. I waited until six in the morning to get them and walked home reading the notices one by one, nearly getting run over by milk wagons."

FOR a full sixty-eight weeks, "Donnie" Brian, late of a medicine show, stayed on Broadway, and after that came a run of twenty-eight weeks in Boston. The whole country went mad over Lehar's tuneful operetta, turning out in Merry Widow hats, eating Merry Widow sundaes, dancing to the Merry Widow Waltz, while no woman of fashion thought herself perfect without a Merry Widow pompadour, Merry Widow powder and Merry Widow perfume.

"Just to show you how times have changed," commented Mr. Brian, "my salary was \$100 a week. Only after several months, when we were packing them in, did I have the courage to demand a raise, and my \$350 a week was looked on as a princely and almost incredible sum. And yet the week before Christmas, when we grossed \$28,000, the management made us take a fifty per cent salary cut. That's one of the abuses that Equity has corrected."

"My Merry Widows?" He shook his head despairingly. "Honest, I had so many that it's hard to remember them. Eleven in all, I think. Ethel Jackson was the first, then came Lina Abarbanell, Lofs Ewel, Frances Cameron, Beppe De Vries, Ruby Dale, Mabel Wilbur, Alice McKensie and Rosemary Gloze, she's now the wife of the mayor of Milwaukee, I believe. And, of course," he smiled radiantly, "we simply can't forget Miss Virginia O'Brien, my present Sonia."

I smiled back, for it happens that Miss O'Brien, in private life, is Mrs. Donald Brian and the mother of three-year-old Denise Brian. There was a stage romance for you. Back in 1917, when handsome Donnie was co-starring with Caroline White in a piece called "Her Regiment," Miss White fell ill quite suddenly, and great was the consternation.

"Try that little O'Brien girl," suggested somebody. "She's just out of the conservatory, and is green as grass, but she's got brains and knows music."

So out of the chorus stepped dainty Miss O'Brien, and not only did she win her audiences, but also the heart of the star. Strangely enough, her appearance as Sonia in the 1931 revival of "The Merry Widow" was also in answer to an SOS. Alice McKensie was cast for the part, but broke her ankle early in rehearsals, and a second Sonia was suddenly enjoined on the Saturday morning before the Monday night opening.

"We were desperate," confessed Mr. Brian, "but suddenly I thought of Virginia. Off I dashed to the telephone, and yelled at her to come down and do the Sonia."

"You're crazy," she cried. "I can't leave Denise, and anyway I couldn't possibly learn a part like that in forty-eight hours."

"I begged and begged, and finally she consented. Only two days to learn the lines, the songs, the dances and the business, but she did it. But was I nervous! Whew!"

No question that "The Merry Widow" made Donald Brian, for from that day he became the outstanding and most adored figure in musical comedy and light opera. Who doesn't remember him in "The Dollar Princess," "The Chocolate Soldier," "Floradora" and "The Silver Slipper"? And all those delightful, tuneful pieces in which he starred with lovely

(Continued on page 60)



Sankaty Head Lighthouse, on the east end of Nantucket Island. Established 1850.

Bleak dunes and gray seas only emphasize the rugged character of the light. Rich flavor and fine aroma set off the friendly mellow character of

**Old Briar**  
TOBACCO

SKILLFUL blending of the choicest high-grade tobaccos gives OLD BRIAR not only a distinctive flavor and fragrance but also the distinguishing life and sparkle which specially mark OLD BRIAR character. You have only to smoke it to realize how pleasingly it differs from ordinary blends.



15<sup>c</sup>  
size

UNITED STATES  
TOBACCO COMPANY  
RICHMOND, VA., U. S. A.



(Continued from page 59)

Julia Sanderson and rollicking Joe Cawthorn?

"What do I think about the theatre now as compared with the theatre of 1907?" Mr. Brian cocked a reflective eye at the ceiling. "Well, that's a fairly difficult question, but I'm frank to say that I give my vote for the old days. Twenty-five years ago the theatre was openly and honestly devoted to romance, sentiment and joyousness. It was a land of make-believe, a fairy kingdom where dreams came true, a magic garden into which people could escape from the cares and worries of everyday life."

"And that's what I think the average American still likes best," he asserted vehemently. "All of these modern plays that deal with crime, degeneracy, dirt, disease and sordidness may have

their hour of applause, but you'll notice that whenever there's a revival, it's always a piece that has love and laughter in it, sweetness and charm, and one packed to the brim with romantic situations. The 'Merry Widow' can never grow old, nor can 'Peter Pan.'"

I went to Donald Brian's dressing room with something of the idea that I was going to interview a physical freak, so thoroughly had I been imbued with the general American belief that a man of fifty-four is about ready for the moth balls. I came away, however, with the conviction that the *real* freaks were these men of fifty-four who let themselves get fat and slothful, stupidly surrendering to the theory that middle age is really old age.

"Donnie" Brian will never be old because he refuses to *feel* old. I imagine that he watches his food and drink, to be sure, also that he

gets in a game of golf at every chance; but the real secret of his amazing youthfulness is that he holds to every interest and enthusiasm, steadfastly refusing to be shamed out of them.

England is much more sensible than America that way. Over in London I hear them speak of some man of forty-five as a "rising young fellow." At sixty-five the average Briton feels that he is just in the prime of life, and fares forth every Friday for a week-end of golf, cricket or tennis.

So more power to "Donnie" Brian, and may he carry his agile legs, slim waist and abounding vitality to every corner of the United States! After seeing him, maybe middle-aged Americans will take a tumble to themselves, cut out the heavy luncheons and fallen arches, and start in *staying young*.

## The Annual Conference of District Deputies

(Continued from page 33)

Ruler, to permit him to appoint to the new Commission, to be entrusted with the care of the Building and the publication of the Magazine, the eight members of the original Commission which had inaugurated, and for nine years carried on, these ambitious projects. It was a gracious tribute which Mr. Coen chose thus to pay, and one which touched deeply every man of us. Grand Exalted Ruler, may I, on behalf of the newly created National Memorial and Publication Commission, express to you our deep appreciation of your confidence, and our full realization of the responsibilities it entails?

"I am here, however, to talk to you of your Magazine. Entering upon the tenth year of its existence during one of the greatest economic readjustments in the history of the world it is, I am proud and happy to say, maintaining its position among the leading periodicals of the country. At a time when many national magazines are losing money, it is showing a healthy profit. While a number of its contemporaries are, in the parlance of the trade, "living out of the safe"—that is, publishing material purchased in the past, but for some reason laid aside—THE ELKS MAGAZINE continues to search for and to publish new articles and new stories, of immediate topical interest and genuine literary merit.

"Your Magazine during the nine years of publication, concluded on May 31st last, has earned a total net surplus of \$1,785,405.41. Its surplus earnings for the past fiscal year were \$163,478.34.

"From the total surpluses earned during the past nine years, there have been turned over to the Grand Lodge, or paid out at its direction, the following sums:

"Turned over to Grand Lodge and used for reduction of per capita tax for year 1924-25, \$200,000; National Memorial Headquarters Commission, to defray cost of art features for National Memorial Headquarters Building, \$480,000; administration expenses of National Memorial Headquarters Commission from June 1, 1926, to May 31, 1930, \$113,891.07; maintenance, taxes, city improvements, and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building from June 1, 1926, to May 31, 1930, \$143,519.46; payment in full of Grand Lodge appropriation of \$350,000 to the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va., \$350,000; payment of expenses incurred by the Grand Lodge for official visits of District Deputies, during the ensuing Grand Lodge year, in accordance with the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge at Los Angeles, California, July, 1929, \$15,466.22; paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge, July, 1930, \$150,000.

"The Magazine has paid the following sums from its surplus balance of the past year: Administrative expenses of National Memorial Headquarters Commission from June 1, 1930, to May 31, 1931, \$25,226.19; maintenance, taxes, city improvements and other expenses of the National Memorial Headquarters Building, from June 1, 1930, to May 31, 1931, \$33,022.51; paid from surplus to the Grand Lodge, \$75,000, a total of \$1,586,125.45, leaving a working surplus balance of \$199,279.96, of which \$91,234.10 is represented in our inventory of

invoices already paid for, and applicable to future issues of the Magazine.

"The \$75,000 paid to the Grand Lodge this year has been allocated as follows: To defray in part the expense of constructing the new dormitory at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., \$25,000; to the General Fund of the Grand Lodge, \$50,000.

"So have we weathered the storms of the past, and so, with the loyal support of the Order as a whole, and your own enthusiastic backing in particular, shall we weather those yet to be met.

"As an official journal we have the duty of publishing official reports and circulars, and the dissemination of news of activities within the Order. We should like to include in our columns frequent mention of every Lodge functioning to the greater glory of our fraternity as a whole. Too many of these, however, have no provision for supplying us with reports of their activities. Every Exalted Ruler should see to it that his Lodge has a member, or a committee of members, to keep in constant touch with the Magazine and to be responsible for the forwarding to us of news from that Lodge. If you gentlemen, in making your visits, will emphasize the benefits not only to the Magazine, but to the Lodge itself, to be derived from such a practice, a better understanding and a more complete publication will result. You could also point out, where necessary, the difference between what is news and what isn't. The notes of a regular meeting are not news, but a resolution to build a new Home; the establishment of a scholarship; an anniversary celebration; a program of welfare work—these constitute news and will always find a place in our columns. Reports of such events should be sent promptly. To appear in any given issue they should reach the office of the Magazine not later than the first of the preceding month.

"The surpluses accumulated, and turned over to the Grand Lodge, by the Magazine in recent years have come from but one source—the revenue from advertising. It is, therefore, of prime importance that advertising in our pages should remain profitable to the advertiser. If, when ordering merchandise featured in the Magazine, it is mentioned that the order or inquiry comes as a result of reading THE ELKS MAGAZINE, it will help to prove that ours is a responsive, buying circulation and that our advertising pages are fruitful investment for anyone with something to sell. You can be of the greatest assistance in this ambitious publishing enterprise of ours by pointing out that every Elk is in a position to help not only himself but the Order as a whole by patronizing those firms which advertise in his Magazine, and by making it clear when he does so, that his action is the result of such advertising.

"Another matter of importance in the publication of a magazine is its proper distribution. Every Elk in good standing is entitled to receive his copy each month. Before we can guarantee that, however, we must have his correct address. This is the responsibility of the subordinate Lodge Secretary. The full name and address of every new member, and all changes in the cases of older members, should immediately be sent to the Magazine office. Please call this to the

alert attention of the Secretaries in your various jurisdictions.

"As one of its last acts the recent Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission, as instructed by the Grand Lodge at Miami, in 1928, prepared a volume descriptive of the Memorial Building. This volume, a splendid example of the arts of printing and bookmaking, is now available through the office of the Grand Secretary. Every Elk, I believe will be interested in knowing of the existence of this book, and many will undoubtedly wish immediately to secure a copy. It is profusely illustrated with duo-tone photographs and with full-color reproductions of many of the beautiful mural paintings which embellish this great shrine of the Order. In addition, it contains not only the history and a complete description of the Building itself, but an historical record of the outstanding undertakings of the Order since its founding. This, too, is something which you might well bring to the attention of the Elks with whom you come in contact during your round of visitations.

"In the past, the District Deputies have rendered invaluable service as intermediaries between the Magazine and its readers. To them, we of the Publication Commission owe a real debt of gratitude. It has been a great pleasure to see you here and to talk to you on a subject of such deep concern to me, and I am looking forward to another year of support and cooperation from that loyal body of men who accept and discharge the responsibilities of one of the key offices of the Order—the District Deputies."

MR. COEN then introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley who, speaking for the Elks National Foundation Trustees, said in part:

"The purpose of the Elks National Foundation is to raise a great fund, not one dollar of which will ever be spent, but which will be invested and the income used to foster and assist in doing good throughout the United States. It will encourage group activities on the part of the Lodges of different sections—encourage these group activities and finance them to a degree in order that these different groups of Lodges may translate into actions beneficial to mankind the principles and ideals of this Order.

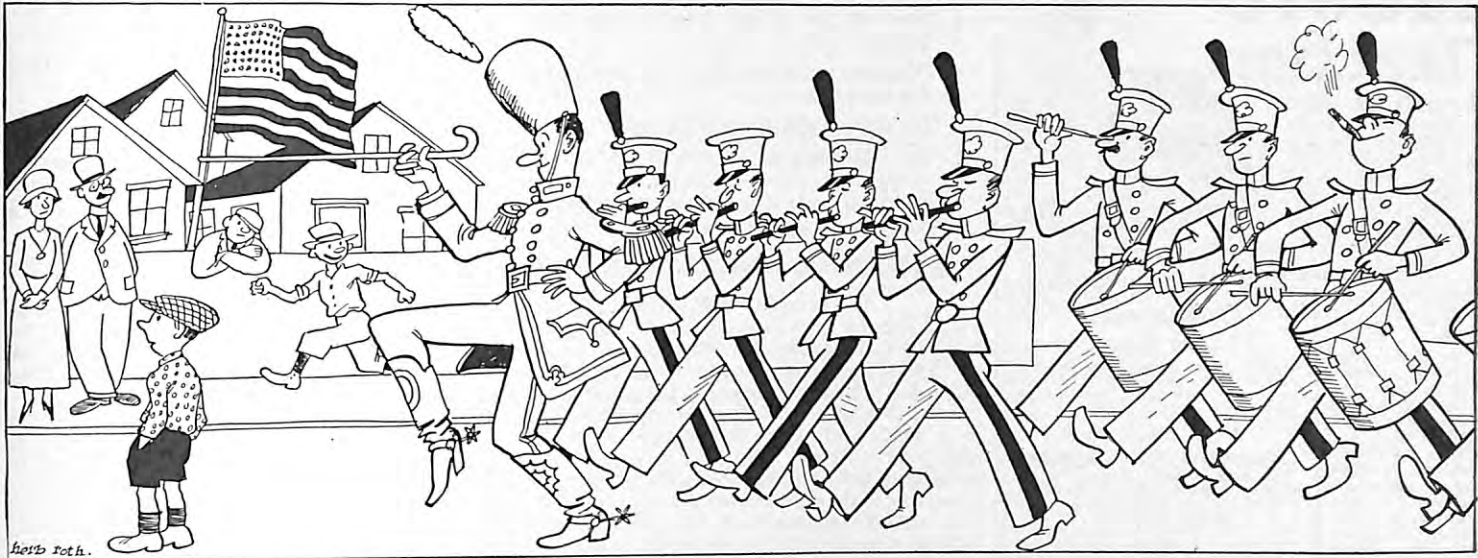
"We have accumulated subscriptions of six hundred thousand dollars. We have paid in in cash, actually in the Fund, approximately \$260,000, which has been invested and which has yielded us an income of about \$20,000 to \$25,000.

"Your Elks National Foundation is no longer a dream, no longer something that is regarded as an accomplishment of the future. It is an actual fact. It is a functioning institution of this great Order to which you and I belong, and out of the money we have already earned and which we have power to distribute, we have sent the sum of \$2000 into New York State for Crippled Children Work and \$1500 into New Jersey for the same work, \$1000 into Illinois to assist the organization in that State in the wonderful work it is doing for the Crippled Children under the leadership of Past Grand



## What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 62)



Exalted Ruler Campbell, and \$1000 into Massachusetts to assist them in their scholarship work; and \$2500 to Arizona to assist the State Association there in the tremendously courageous fight which they are putting up against the dread plague, tuberculosis.

"These things have been done, and but a small part of the income available has been used.

"We think the greatest service any one can do for the Elks National Foundation at the present time is to speak about it to the members of the Order and to those outside the Order. From communications we have received from the different sections of the country, from talking to the representatives of Lodges in different sections of the country, we are convinced that although this organization has been in

existence for two and one-half years, but a small proportion of the membership of the Order knows its purpose or knows the work it is doing. As the knowledge goes out, as the members of the Order become acquainted with what has taken place, funds will come to us to greatly augment what we have and to enable us to increase the work we are doing.

After introducing the others at the speakers' table, the Grand Exalted Ruler presented Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, extracts from whose address follow:

"The Grand Exalted Ruler has asked me to bring to your attention some phases of your work in which our office is vitally interested. I take it you will follow the established custom in visiting a subordinate Lodge; that is, make it your first duty to examine the books of account

and records of the Secretary, the Treasurer, and the governing body of the Home or Club.

"This examination can best be made in the afternoon or early evening, and should be most complete. A list of books you should check and examine includes the minute book, Secretary's and Treasurer's cash books, membership ledger, dimit books and roll books. By completing this work before you go into the regular Lodge session, you will be in position to commend or criticize and to offer suggestions for improvement.

"A careful check should be made of cash receipts and disbursements so that you may determine whether or not a Lodge is living within its income. In that connection, it might be well for you to suggest ways by which addi-

(Continued on page 62)



## Between friends ..and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one... And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors



# Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER



# Be Your Own MUSIC Teacher

Learn at Home

by wonderful new method that teaches in half usual time. Simple as A. B. C.—a child can learn it. Your lessons consist of real selections instead of tiresome exercises. When you finish one of these delightfully easy lessons, you've added a new "piece" to your list. You read real notes, too—no "numbers" or trick music. Method is so thorough that many of our 600,000 students are band and orchestra LEADERS.



**PLAY BY NOTE**  
Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Harp, Cello, Trombone, Flute, Clarinet, Piccolo, Saxophone, Ukulele, Guitar, Voice and Speech culture, Harmony and Composition, Drums and Traps, Automatic Finger Control, Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor), Piano Accordion, Italian and German Accordion, Juniors' Piano Course.

## Automatic Finger Control

Our own invention—limbers, trains and guides your fingers so that they fall into proper place almost automatically.

## Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

You may quickly become a fine player or singer through the U. S. School home study method. Write now however, before Free Books and Free Demonstration Lessons are gone. Mention your favorite instrument or whether you prefer vocal music. Please write your name and address plainly. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. Address

**U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC**  
36211 Brunswick Building  
New York City

# Now You Can Own Diamonds 60% of Market Prices



Have you wondered how people you know, with large or small incomes no different than yours, seem to have so much more than you? Take diamonds for example. Here's some vital information for you: a Century Old House has diamond offers, 60% of market prices.

A reason you rarely think of, makes possible **RADICALLY LOW PRICES**, even for **FINEST QUALITY DIAMONDS**. Offers backed by thoroughly responsible guarantees. Examination Free. Send now, use blank below.

## Why Pay Full Prices?

10 large loan firms combined, world's oldest, largest diamond banking institution of 75 years, rated over \$1,000,000.00, must sell the **DIAMONDS** on WHICH MONEY was LOANED BUT NOT REPAYED. Diamonds, too, from many advantageous sources. Send NOW. Last limited. Free—all details.—Exact descriptions.—Guaranteed amounts you can borrow. Examine Diamonds free, at our risk.

## Unpaid Loans—Low as \$60 per Carat

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

For Free List clip this now, fill in and mail to—  
Jos. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P. O. 7320 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

# TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Save over 1/2-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices. **SEND NO MONEY** All late models completely refinished like brand new. Fully Guaranteed. Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!



231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1174 Chicago  
International Typewriter Exch.,

# Deaf 20 Years



But now I hear and will tell any deaf person FREE, who writes me, how I got back my hearing, and relieved head noises by a simple, invisible, inexpensive method which I myself discovered.

Geo. H. Wilson, President  
Wilson Ear Drum Company, Inc.  
1099 Todd Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

# CAPITAL

An experienced, dependable broker will aid in financing projects of merit.  
**AMSTER LEONARD** East Orange, N. J.

# US GOV'T JOBS

Pay splendid salaries. Men, Women, 18-50. Home or elsewhere. Big List and "How to Qualify" mailed Free. Write Instruction Bureau, 351, St. Louis, Mo.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

# Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 61)

1. The flag has only eleven stripes.
2. The small boy in front is *not* looking at the parade.
3. The drum major's plume is not attached to his head dress.
4. The drum major is waving a cane.
5. The drum major has one epaulet on his elbow.
6. The drum major's boots are not mates.
7. Drum majors do not wear spurs.
8. The second fifer from the left has no plume on his hat.
9. The third fifer from the left is out of step.
10. The fourth fifer from the left has wrong belt buckle.
11. The first drummer from the left is beating the wrong time.
12. The third drummer from the left is smoking a cigar.
13. The third drummer from the left has a different drum.

(Continued from page 61)

tional income may be secured and still other ways by which expenses may be cut.

"By far the most important book kept by a subordinate Lodge Secretary is the membership ledger. Study it carefully. To my mind, this is a matter of prime importance, especially this year. Should you find a considerable number of delinquents, you should at once call a meeting of the officers and lapsation committee and suggest ways and means by which those in arrears may be saved to the Order. It might not be amiss to suggest to some Secretaries that they are collectors, not merely receivers, of dues.

"This membership ledger also contains a list of those dropped from the roll for non-payment of dues. You can do no greater work for Elksdom than start your Lodges to work reclaiming members who have been dropped in the years gone by.

"Each year our office has trouble, in April and May, in securing from a few subordinate Lodges their annual reports. Happily, there are not many such Lodges. May 1st next, I will, with the consent of the Grand Exalted Ruler, refer such cases to you and ask that you make a special visit to see that these reports are sent.

"Practically every Elks Lodge has a membership committee, a lapsation committee, and a social and community welfare committee. These committees will serve the needs of many Lodges. Yet, I sometimes think there is a place in our scheme of Lodge service for another committee—a good fellowship committee. One of the main advantages that can accrue to the individual Elk is friendly association and close companionship with his brothers. A Lodge without good fellowship lacks atmosphere. It would be the duty of a good fellowship committee to see that whole-hearted friendships are developed and sustained. If this idea appeals to you, you may suggest it on the occasions of your official visits.

"The problem of attendance at meetings is one our Lodges have to cope with these days, due to the many diverse attractions of these modern times. So why not suggest to your Lodges the appointment of an attendance committee. Such a committee could study the reasons for poor attendance, and then try to remove same; could arrange interesting programs, and best of all, bring about a regular, even attendance at all Lodge sessions.

"All statutory changes made at Seattle are important. I suggest that you read carefully the report of the Elks National Memorial Commission, which sets forth the statutes which provide for and govern the National Memorial and Publication Commission. This report is to be found on pages 162 to 171 of the Proceedings of the Seattle Convention. Also the report of the Judiciary Committee, found on pages 205 to 214 of the same, which contains other important legislation.

"I know you have listened with deep interest to the aims of the Grand Exalted Ruler and that you have caught the inspiration of the hour. Let us work together with him to the end that he may report to the Convention at Birmingham that 'all is well.'"

Mr. Coen now introduced Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, who spoke on the Elks National Home. Dr. Hagan said:

"There are some things that I want to call your attention particularly to, and I want you to act as our agent so you can answer questions. We have put at each one of your plates a copy

of the Rules and Regulations for the Government of the National Home, which I hope you will all take back home with you and which will enable you to answer all questions put to you by subordinate Lodges or their members.

"You have heard Brother Malley and others tell you all the big things that your Order is doing, and I want to say to you that there is nothing in Elksdom equal to what you are doing in your maintenance of the National Home at Bedford, Virginia. It is the greatest insurance that any man in the world can have. You never know when you are going to meet with adversity. There is nothing equal to this, when it carries with it the Home at Bedford, in case of adversity. Please make that one of your outstanding points when you attempt to sell Elksdom to your fellow man, because there is no place like our Home.

"Now, for your information, so that you may be able to tell this to the subordinate Lodges, I will call your attention to some little notes I have made. Some annoyance has been caused during the past year by Lodges sending applicants for residence at the Home who are clearly not within the law which governs applications. Section 63 of the Grand Lodge Statutes reads:

"The Home shall be maintained as such, for such aged and indigent Elks, and shall not be converted into an infirmary or hospital, except as the temporary illness of the residents there may require."

"On several occasions lately men have been sent to us who were clearly hospital cases, two of them being in such bad health it was necessary for them to be received for hospital treatment and both unfortunately died within a few weeks.

"Again, we find men are being sent to the Home who are in perfect health, and we wish you to call attention of the Lodges to those men and warn the members unless greater care is exercised, the burden of keeping up the National Home will prove too great for the Grand Lodge to carry. At the present time your per capita tax is \$450 per member, for which your Lodge is taxed \$150, and your Elks Magazine comes to the rescue and helps us meet the deficit. Therefore, you can well appreciate the words of Brother Fanning when he tells you what they are doing with the Magazine for the Elks.

"We wish also to call your attention to the fact that while we supply the residents with everything they need in the way of clothing, tobacco and so forth, we can not supply them with cash to buy the little things which they usually desire. So, where a member is sent to the Home, some cash should be supplied him each month in order that he be on an equality with other members. He should also be kept on the mailing list and a Lodge card sent him each six months. This is very important. They are like children, and they are broken-hearted when the Secretary forgets them. Superintendent Scott has been compelled to write letters in regard to this, and in many cases no attention has been paid to his letters, and I wish you would express to the Lodges within your District who have guests at the Home the necessity of sending one, two or three dollars a month for that privilege. We have many concessions given us down there by picture shows and so forth so that our guests are allowed to go to picture shows usually two or three times a week.

"The Trustees feel that your Home at Bedford is the most advanced thing there is in Elksdom. It is a proposition that is not going to stop now, where you have accommodations for some four hundred and twenty-five; it is going to continue. It is going to be the big thing if you



continue it throughout the existence of this Order. There is no better work on God's green earth which any man can do than to join this organization and keep up this Home."

Dr. Hagan was followed by Grand Trustee John K. Burch, who, after reviewing the history and the growth of the National Home, said:

"At the present time the guests of the Order at our Bedford Home number 305. Present inventory value of the Elks National Home, as shown by the books of the Grand Secretary, which includes buildings and grounds, is \$1,223,326.22.

"The Home was founded as a home, in all that that word implies, for worthy, aged and indigent Elks. The welfare of our Brothers in their declining days is a solemn obligation. It would be an inspiring experience if every Brother present here today could visit the Elks National Home, one of the noblest structures of its kind in the world.

"My Brothers, the Elks National Home is

not an institution, it is a home in every sense of the word, situated in the shadow of the beautiful Blue Ridge mountains in the Old Dominion State, a scene of beauty and a place of rest where 'Brothers drifting quietly down the stream of time may let old age face contentment.' In the pride and joy of its possession, we must not forget those Brothers who labored so long and so earnestly in the past for its accomplishment, who faced the problems it created and solved them all in spite of the trials and troubles and worries they caused, who brushed aside all doubts and acknowledged no defeat; firm in their conviction that the cardinal principles of Elkdome would conceive and bring forth this beautiful haven of rest, a harbor safe from the storms of life and a true interpretation of the sweetest word in man's vocabulary, our Home." (Applause.)

With an expression of confidence in the face of the coming year's problems, the Grand Exalted Ruler dismissed the meeting upon a note of optimism and high courage.

## News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 31)

the individual first prize by making 97 hits out of a possible 100. Social activities of the convention concluded that night with a dance in the nearby city of McGill. Hundreds of Elks and their guests attended the colorful affair. No business session was held on the following day, Sunday. In the afternoon, however, the annual Nevada State Elks Association Golf Tournament was played on the Ely course. The first prize for men went to Ray Belding. Mr. Belding's score for the eighteen holes was 76. In the women's tournament the first prize was won by Mrs. B. A. Gillan, with a score of 92.

### Oklahoma

THE two-day convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, held recently at McAlester under the auspices of Lodge No. 533, opened with a grand parade of delegates and marching units, representing almost every Lodge in the State. Through the business section of McAlester, the long line, comprising bands, fife and drum corps, drill teams and color guards, wound its way from the Home of No. 533 to a theatre, where the business session was held. The meeting was presided over by retiring President Don F. Copeland. Exalted Ruler A. B. Clement of McAlester Lodge delivered the address of welcome. At the second business session, which took place on the following day, the delegates elected the officers for the new term. E. R. Walcher, of Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347, was chosen President. Other officers named were First Vice-President Ralph K. Robertson, Sapulpa Lodge, No. 1118; Second Vice-President M. W. Brown, Shawnee Lodge, No. 657; Third Vice-President, Bert E. Nichols, Woodward Lodge, No. 1355; Secretary L. F. Pfothenauer, Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417; Treasurer, H. A. P. Smith, Shawnee Lodge; Tiler, Thomas Galvin, Pawhuska Lodge, No. 1177; and Trustees E. F. Rand, Oklahoma City Lodge, and J. C. Miller, Tulsa Lodge, No. 946. A drill team contest, held that afternoon after the installation of the officers, was won by the Tulsa Lodge Drill Team. This was Tulsa Lodge's third victory and it carried with it the permanent possession of the silver cup.

### West Virginia

SEVEN HUNDRED Elks, many of them accompanied by their wives, gathered recently at Elkins for the twenty-third annual convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association. The assembly coincided in both time and place with the second annual Mountain State Forest Festival. The concurrence of the two events and

the noteworthy hospitality exhibited by Elkins Lodge, No. 1135, toward all visiting members of the Order, made the convention one particularly replete with interesting incident and entertainment. Opening exercises were held upon the evening of the first of the three days over which the convention extended. At these ceremonies, held in the high school auditorium, Past Exalted Ruler John F. Brown, of Elkins Lodge, presided. The invocation and benediction were pronounced by the Reverend P. A. Mullally, Chaplain of the Association. Dr. A. M. Fredlock, Mayor of Elkins, made an address of welcome to the visitors. President J. W. Hartigan responded for the Association. There followed impromptu talks by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Trustee A. Charles Stewart, and William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge. Thereafter two events took place. The first was the initiation of a class of candidates by the Degree Team of Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482. The second was a reception for the ladies attending the convention, at Wilt Hall. The first business session of the convention took place the following morning, at the Tygarts Hotel. At this Mr. Phillips, assisted by Chaplain Mullally, conducted memorial services. Adjournment came at noon, in order to give the delegates opportunity to see the Victory-Elkins football game in the afternoon. After the contest, the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of all the Lodges represented met at the Home to discuss plans for the coming year. The speakers heard by the delegates at this session included Congressman Lynn S. Hornor, Mr. Masters, Mr. Stewart, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Hartigan. After witnessing the Forest Festival parade the following morning, the convention reassembled in the afternoon for its second and final business session. Its principal business was the election of officers. John F. Brown, of Elkins Lodge, was named President; P. J. McGuire, of Wellsburg Lodge, No. 1553, First Vice-President for the Northern District; Walter M. Keister, of Bluefield Lodge, No. 269, First Vice-President for the Southern District; S. B. Haffner, of Elkins Lodge, Second Vice-President for the Northern District; R. E. Turner, of Beckley Lodge, No. 1452, Second Vice-President for the Southern District; Walter B. Wilson, of Clarksburg Lodge, Secretary; and Jesse L. Cramer, of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198, Treasurer. Trustees chosen were Paul A. Decham, of Moundsville Lodge, No. 282, to serve four years; and Arch F. Dawson, of Morgantown Lodge, No. 411, to serve five years.



## GETTING A LINE ON HIS BOYS

Billiards holds and attracts youth, in a healthy, wholesome manner. It provides a pleasant means for fathers to maintain a relationship with their sons which will benefit both, and which both will enjoy. Now, Brunswick manufactures a popular priced line of Billiard Tables for the home—Brunswick Junior Playmates—priced at \$6.50 and up—complete with all playing equipment—at leading stores everywhere. Mail the coupon below for illustrated catalog and complete information.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.  
Dept. C8  
623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send me your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices and your easy payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables, and name and address of authorized Brunswick Dealer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

## STRANGE IRONING CORD

Pays Immense Profits

PREVENTS SCORCHING—SAVES ELECTRICITY  
CANNOT KINK OR SNARL



It's brand new and yours free if you work for us.  
Important! There is only one Neverknot. Write this Company for exclusive territory, special prices and big free offer.

NEVERKNOT CO., Dept. 11-N, 4503 Ravenswood, Chicago



At last! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! This revolutionary invention in only a few short months has banished old can openers from over 100,000 kitchens. And no wonder! Imagine an amazing, lifetime device that holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim sleek, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute, Modern Priscilla, etc. Write today for special introductory advertising offer.

Central States Mfg. Co., Dept. P-865  
4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

## ELKS TOUR TO WEST INDIES

SOME prominent Elks of New Jersey are organizing an Elks Tour to the West Indies this winter on the steamer Reliance of the Hamburg American Line, leaving New York on February 20. Any Elk interested in this tour can obtain full information regarding rates and ports of call by writing to the Elks Tours, c/o Hamburg American Line, 39 Broadway, New York.



# Popular Copyrights Are Abandoned!

## 1,500,000 Books Left to Sell at **20 BOOKS** for \$1

- 14 What Every Girl Should Know
- 19 Story of Nietzsche's Philosophy. Durant
- 25 Rhyming Dictionary
- 39 Story of Aristotle's Philosophy. Durant
- 42 Origin of Human Race
- 53 Insects and Men; Instinct Vs. Reason. Clarence Darrow
- 56 Dictionary of U. S. Slang
- 58 Tales from Decameron.

TAKE your pick of the books listed on this page at the rate of 20 books for \$1. Every one guaranteed a popular copyright unobtainable elsewhere. Exorbitant royalties and fees forced us to stop printing these. 1,500,000 books left; must be sold! Choose yours now! Last chance! Order today!

- 1430 Shorthand Self Taught
- 1434 How to Think Clearly
- 1436 Strange Marriage Customs
- 1437 Curiosities of the Law
- 1439 Intelligence: How to Test It
- 1440 Can Man Know God?
- 1442 Causes About Graphology
- 1445 Wild Women of Broadway
- 1448 Character Reading from Faces

- 72 Color of Life and Love
- 74 Physiology of Sex Life
- 82 Common Faults in English
- 83 Evolution of Marriage
- 87 Nature of Love
- 91 Manhood: Facts of Life
- 92 Hypnotism Explained
- 97 Self-Contradictions of Bible
- 98 How to Love
- 106 Facts You Should Know About Classics. McCabe
- 110 History of World War
- 125 Woodrow Wilson's War Speeches
- 126 History of Rome. Wood
- 133 Principles of Electricity
- 150 Queer Facts About Lost Civilizations
- 159 Story of Plato's Philosophy.
- 172 Evolution of Sex
- 175 A Hindu Book of Love.
- 176 Four Essays on Sex.
- 192 Book of Synonyms
- 217 Puzzle of Personality.
- 218 Essence of the Talmud
- 228 Plain Talks With Husbands and Wives. Ellis
- 271 Is Death Inevitable?
- 286 Prostitution in the Ancient World
- 287 Best Jokes About Doctors
- 297 Do We Need Religion? McCabe
- 326 How to Write Short Stories.
- 347 A Book of Riddle Rhymes
- 364 How to Argue Logically
- 367 How to Improve Your Conversation
- 374 Psychology of Suicide
- 375 Love Story of an Old Maid
- 377 Psychology of Joy and Sorrow
- 383 Prostitution in the U. S.
- 403 Facts You Should Know About Music
- 411 Facts About Phenology
- 414 Art of Being Happy
- 431 U. S. Commercial Geography
- 439 My 12 Years in a Monastery. McCabe
- 440 Baseball; How to Play
- 446 Psychology of Religion.
- 447 Auto-Suggestion: How It Works
- 449 Auto-Suggestion and Health
- 452 Dictionary of Scientific Terms
- 467 Evolution Made Plain
- 473 Lives of Chorus Girls
- 475 Develop Sense of Humor
- 479 How N. Y. Girls Live
- 488 How Not to be a Wall-Flower
- 491 Psychology for Beginners
- 493 Novel Discoveries in Science
- 501 How to Tie All Kinds of Knots
- 503 Short History of Civil War
- 509 Are We Machines? Clarence Darrow
- 518 How to Make Candy
- 524 Death and its Problems
- 529 Woman the Criminal.
- 536 What Women Beyond 40 Should Know
- 556 Hints on Etiquette
- 557 Is the Moon a Dead World?
- 603 The Electron Theory
- 606 How to Play Chess
- 609 Are the Planets Inhabited?
- 627 Short History of the Jews
- 629 Handbook of Legal Forms
- 637 German-English Dictionary
- 639 4,000 Most Essential English Words
- 644 Women Who Lived for Love
- 645 Confidential Chats with Wives
- 648 Sexual Rejuvenation
- 653 What Boys Should Know
- 654 What Young Men Should Know
- 655 What Young Women Should Know
- 656 What Married Men Should Know
- 657 What Married Women Should Know
- 658 Toasts for all Occasions
- 661 Neurotic America and the Sex Impulse
- 679 Chemistry for Beginners
- 681 Spelling Self Taught
- 682 Grammar Self Taught
- 683 Punctuation Self Taught
- 687 U. S. Constitution
- 688 Teeth and Mouth Hygiene
- 689 Woman's Sexual Life.
- 690 Man's Sexual Life.
- 691 Child's Sexual Life.

### WE WILL PAY THE POSTAGE TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE WORLD

- 696 How to Pronounce Proper Names
- 697 4,000 Words Often Mispronounced
- 703 Physiology Self Taught
- 704 Facts About Palmistry
- 705 100 Professions for Women
- 710 Botany for Beginners
- 715 Auction Bridge for Beginners
- 717 Modern Sexual Morality
- 724 Burbank Funeral Oration. Judge Lindsey
- 726 Facts About Venereal Diseases
- 727 Psychology of Affections
- 730 Mistresses of Today
- 731 Mental Differences of Men and Women
- 734 Book of Useful Phrases
- 759 How to Conquer Stupidity
- 767 Facts About Astrology
- 768 Best Jokes About Lawyers
- 773 Good Habits and How to Form Them
- 775 First Aid for Investors
- 777 Riddle of Human Behavior
- 781 Catholicism and Sex
- 782 Psycho-Analysis: Mind and Body
- 784 Association Tests in Psycho-Analysis
- 789 Digest of U. S. Marriage and Divorce Laws
- 800 Sex in Psycho-Analysis
- 801 A Rapid Calculator
- 804 Freud on Sleep and Sexual Dreams
- 810 Scandals of Paris Life
- 815 Dictionary of Familiar Quotations
- 816 Shakespearean Quotations
- 817 Her Burning Secret
- 819 Book of Strange Murders
- 820 Jokes About Married Life
- 821 Improve Your Vocabulary
- 822 Rhetoric Self Taught
- 823 English Composition Self Taught
- 835 Handbook of Useful Tables
- 841 Future of Religion
- 842 Best Jokes of 1925
- 843 Can You Control Conduct? Clarence Darrow
- 845 Facts to Know About Fortune Telling
- 846 Womanhood: Facts of Life
- 847 How to Play Card Games
- 850 Bad Habits and How to Break Them
- 851 Bible Myths and Legends
- 853 How to Know the Songbirds
- 855 How to Write Letters
- 856 Arithmetic Self Taught. 1
- 857 Arithmetic Self Taught. 2
- 858 Psychology of Leadership
- 862 German Self Taught
- 864 Chats With Husbands
- 869 Best Jokes of 1927
- 872 Manual Parliamentary Law
- 876 Curiosities of Mathematics
- 877 French Cooking for Amateurs
- 879 Best Jokes About Preachers
- 882 Psychology of Character Building
- 883 Debate on Capital Punishment. Clarence Darrow
- 884 Debate on Prohibition. Darrow
- 889 Jokes About Kissing
- 891 Your Talent and How to Develop It

- 893 500 Riddles
- 894 How to Advertise
- 895 Astronomy for Beginners
- 896 Wages of Sin
- 901 Women's Eternal Primitive
- 902 Dictionary of Foreign Words
- 903 All About Syphilis
- 904 Sex Symbolism. Fielding
- 910 Is Life Worth Living? Darrow
- 911 Is Mankind Progressing? Clarence Darrow
- 964 How to Be Happy Though Married
- 966 Rational Sex Ethics
- 972 Book of Popular Jokes
- 975 Cleopatra and Her Loves.
- 984 Harmony Self Taught
- 986 How to Talk and Debate
- 987 Art of Kissing
- 988 The Art of Courtship
- 995 How to Play the Piano
- 997 Recipes Home Cooking
- 999 Latin Self Taught
- 1000 Wonders of Radium
- 1003 How to Think Logically
- 1004 How to Save Money
- 1005 How to Enjoy Orchestra Music
- 1006 Children's Games
- 1007 Revolt Against Religion.
- 1008 Origin of Religion. McCabe
- 1009 Typewriting Self Taught
- 1010 Amateur Magic Tricks
- 1011 French-English Dictionary
- 1012 Best Negro Jokes
- 1013 Best Irish Jokes
- 1014 Best American Jokes
- 1015 Comic Dialect Poems
- 1018 Humorous Limericks
- 1020 Why I am an Infidel. Luther Burbank
- 1021 Italian Self Taught
- 1023 Popular Recitations
- 1030 World's Great Religions.
- 1049 How to Sing
- 1051 Cause and Nature of Genius
- 1052 Nature of Instinct and Emotions
- 1053 Guide to N. Y. Strange Sections
- 1056 Devil's Dictionary.
- 1061 Human Origin of Morals.
- 1062 Humoresque. Fannie Hurst
- 1064 Simplicity of Radio
- 1065 Lives of U. S. Presidents
- 1069 Conquest of Fear
- 1070 How to Fight Nervous Troubles
- 1074 Commercial Law
- 1078 Morals in Greece and Rome. McCabe
- 1079 Phallic Elements in Religion. McCabe
- 1082 Best Jewish Jokes
- 1084 Did Jesus Ever Live?
- 1088 Truth About Mussolini
- 1089 Common Sense of Sex
- 1091 Facts About Cancer
- 1092 Simple Beauty Hints
- 1093 Amusing Puns
- 1094 Insanily Explained
- 1097 Memory: How to Use It
- 1103 Puzzles and Brain Teasers
- 1105 Spanish-English Dictionary
- 1109 Spanish Self Taught
- 1111 Prostitution in the Medieval World
- 1113 Love from Many Angles
- 1122 Degradation of Woman.
- 1123 Facts About Puritan Morals
- 1124 On the Bum
- 1126 Eating for Health
- 1130 The Dark Ages. McCabe
- 1135 Prostitution in the Modern World
- 1138 What Atheism Means
- 1139 Photography Self Taught
- 1144 Truth About Jesuits. McCabe
- 1148 Sexual Crimes in U. S. Law
- 1164 Unlovely Sin. Ben Hecht
- 1167 Sinister Sex. etc. Hecht
- 1174 How to Write Business Letters
- 1176 A Mad Love. Frank Harris
- 1204 Dictionary of Musical Terms
- 1206 How to Swim
- 1207 French Self Taught
- 1208 Success Easier Than Failure
- 1209 Charming Hostess: Guide Entertainment Oidites
- 1210 Mathematical Oddities
- 1216 Italian-English Dictionary
- 1221 Facts About Will Power
- 1225 How to Avoid Marital Discord

- 1228 Jokes About Drunks
- 1231 Best Jokes of 1926
- 1233 Better Meals for Less Money
- 1238 Beginning Married Life Right
- 1239 Party Games for Grown-Ups
- 1241 Outline of U. S. History
- 1242 Care of Skin and Hair
- 1244 How to Write Love Letters
- 1246 Best Hobo Jokes
- 1247 Psychology of Love and Hate
- 1249 Best Jokes About Lovers
- 1250 Companionate Marriage
- 1251 What Do You Know?
- 1257 How to Become Citizen
- 1278 Ventriloquism Self Taught
- 1279 Side Show Tricks
- 1285 Gamblers' Crooked Tricks
- 1292 Best Short Stories of 1928
- 1311 Real Aims of Catholicism
- 1316 Revolt of Modern Youth
- 1317 Meaning of U. S. Constitution
- 1318 Case For and Against Sexual Sterilization
- 1320 How to Get a Husband
- 1321 Fasting for Health
- 1322 Confessions of a Modern Woman
- 1329 Facing Life Fearlessly. Clarence Darrow
- 1330 Facts About Digestion
- 1333 Common Sense of Health
- 1337 Breakdown of Marriage
- 1339 Crooked Financial Schemes
- 1340 How to Get a Job
- 1341 Unusual Menus
- 1342 Typical Love Problems
- 1347 Trial Marriage
- 1349 Life of Lindbergh
- 1351 How to Get Ahead
- 1354 Book of Similes
- 1356 How to Make Wills
- 1357 What You Should Know About Law
- 1358 How to Acquire Good Taste
- 1359 Is Birth Control a Sin?
- 1360 Pocket Cook Book
- 1361 Who Killed Jesus?
- 1362 Law for Women
- 1363 Law for Auto-Owners
- 1365 How to Build Vocabulary
- 1371 Sins of Good People
- 1379 President Harding's Illegitimate Daughter
- 1380 Flesh and the Devil
- 1382 Is Our Civilization Over-Sexed?
- 1385 Defense of Devil
- 1388 Are the Clergy Honest?
- 1389 Tobacco Habit
- 1392 Confessions of a Gold Digger
- 1395 Instantaneous Personal Magnetism
- 1412 Stories of Tramp Life
- 1413 My Prison Days
- 1419 Unusual Deaths
- 1420 Why Wives Leave Home
- 1421 How to Get a Divorce
- 1426 Foot Troubles Corrected
- 1428 Unusual Love Affairs

- 1450 Do We Live Forever?
- 1455 End of the World. McCabe
- 1459 Psychology of Criminal
- 1460 American Statistics
- 1471 How to Become Mentally Superior
- 1475 Best Jokes of 1928
- 1476 What You Should Know About Your Sensations
- 1477 How Glands Affect Personality
- 1480 Causes of World War
- 1481 The New Immorality
- 1484 Why Preachers Go Wrong
- 1491 Power of Women
- 1496 Wine, Women and Song
- 1496 Sexual Factor in Divorce
- 1497 Companionate Divorce
- 1498 M. U. Sex Questionnaire
- 1500 Why I am an Agnostic. Clarence Darrow
- 1501 Mussolini and the Pope.
- 1503 Effective English in Speech
- 1504 Overcome Self-Consciousness
- 1508 Facts about Poisons
- 1513 Statistics: How to Understand Them
- 1514 Edison's Inventions
- 1516 Facts about Gonorrhoea
- 1523 How to Avoid Catching Venereal Diseases
- 1531 Can We Follow Jesus Today?
- 1532 Don Quixote
- 1534 How to Test Urine
- 1535 How to Throw a Party
- 1536 Facing Death Fearlessly
- 1538 Rational Sex Code
- 1542 Who Started World War?
- 1543 Is War Inevitable?
- 1544 Against Capital Punishment
- 1548 Chinese Cook Book
- 1553 Exercises for Nervousness and Indigestion
- 1554 Exercises for the Heart
- 1555 Rules for Success in Business
- 1556 How Sun Gives Health
- 1559 Can We Change Human Nature?
- 1563 Marvels of Sunlight
- 1565 Catholicism and the Public Schools
- 1566 How to Conduct Love Affairs
- 1568 Full Text Edison's Scholarship Questionnaire
- 1569 Boccaccio—Lover of Love

### How to Order:

Just list titles desired by number. Order at least 20 books and enclose money order, check or currency at rate of 20 books for \$1—minimum order \$1. We prepay postage and ship at once. Prepaid offer applies only when remittance accompanies order. Save real money by sending cash with order. (No C. O. D. orders can be sent to Canada or foreign countries; these must remit by international postal money order.)

### Use This Simple Order Form for Popular Copyrights

**HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS.**  
 Dept. X-205, Girard, Kansas.

Enclosed please find \$..... which is payment at the rate of 20 books for \$1 for the following popular copyrights which I have listed by number on the lines below.

.....

.....

.....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

State .....

If you want every book listed on this page (364 books) remit only \$16.75 and make an X mark here .....

**Haldeman-Julius Publications, Dept. X-205, Girard, Kansas**

When writing to HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS, please mention The Elks Magazine—It's your magazine



LET THE THERMOMETER DECIDE THE OIL  
BUT GET THAT EXTRA QUART!

COLDER THAN  
15° ABOVE USE  
QUAKER STATE  
COLD TEST!

WARMER THAN  
15° ABOVE USE  
QUAKER STATE  
MEDIUM OR  
MEDIUM HEAVY

● Quaker State Cold Test is the finest winter oil you can put into your motor. Cold cannot make it sluggish. Engine heat cannot thin it out. It starts lubricating with the first turn of your motor. Use it if your winter weather averages 15° above or colder.

● But if your winter is usually warmer than 15° above, then the oil to use is Quaker State Medium or Medium Heavy. Whatever Quaker State Motor Oil you use, you'll get an *extra* quart of lubrication in every gallon!

● An extra quart? Right! And here's why . . . Ordinary refining leaves in every gallon of motor oil a quart or more of thin, waste oil that is utterly useless in an automobile motor. This

stuff is so light-bodied, so quick to vaporize under heat, that Quaker State engineers have dubbed it "water-thin".

● And they've found the way to throw it out! They've developed special equipment that removes this waste. And they've installed that equipment in every one of Quaker State's refineries—*the most modern refineries the industry knows!*

● By removing "water-thin", Quaker State can and does replace it with rich, full-bodied lubricant. Quaker State gives you four full quarts of lubricant to the gallon—not three quarts and one of waste. So you really get an extra quart of lubrication! *And there you have the reason why Quaker State*

*is the largest-selling Pennsylvania Oil in the world!*

● Every gallon of Quaker State is refined entirely from 100% pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. Quaker State is so free from impurities that it does not require acid treatment in refining. That's important! For acids tend to destroy some of an oil's oiliness.

● One dealer in every four sells Quaker State—and displays the green and white service station sign. Quaker State costs 35c per quart (a bit more in Canada and at some points in the West) and it will save you money every mile you drive. The extra quart in every gallon of Quaker State makes it the greatest bargain in oil!

© 1931, QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO.

THERE'S AN EXTRA QUART OF LUBRICATION IN EVERY GALLON



# Something worth cheering about

If you really want to know how hugely enjoyable a fine cigarette can be, just try Camels in the Humidor Pack!

It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness— seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

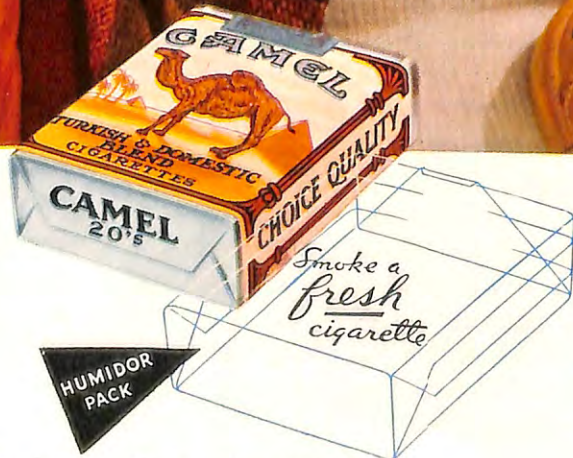
So just try Camels— fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday



Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette



Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked

# CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE