

The Elks

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Magazine

DECEMBER, 1931



Albert Payson Terhune ~ Edgar Sisson ~ James Stevens

BUILDERS of HOOVER DAM Select INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"Six Companies Inc.," Builders of Greatest Engineering Project Since the Panama Canal, Place Large Order Exclusively with International Harvester



The Hoover Dam region on the Nevada-Arizona line.

HOOVER DAM is under way. The great Boulder Canyon project of the United States Government which has long made news for a nation now advances into construction stages.

And as action begins on the mighty Colorado, comes a news item of vital interest to the construction industry and to the automotive world. Six Companies Inc., of San Francisco, a combination of six leading western contractors which is to build Hoover Dam under a bid of \$48,890,999, has standardized on International Trucks as qualified above all others to bear the heavy hauling responsibilities in their contract.

The full meaning of this decision—the extent of the honor paid to International performance and service—can be appreciated only when measured against the immensity of the project itself.

The Job—

Space does not permit going into the details of the Hoover Dam project. They have long been matters of public record. Suffice it here to say that the plan encompasses flood control and general river regulation, irrigation, silt control, power development and domestic water supply affecting a large part of the Southwest. The entire enterprise involves an appropriation of \$165,000,000 and includes many auxiliary developments of great magnitude in addition to the dam itself.

The dam will fill the gigantic chasm of the Colorado River to a height of about 730 feet above the foundations. It will be one-eighth of a mile thick at the base, will contain about 3,400,000 cubic yards of concrete, and will impound 30,500,000 acre-feet of water in an area vastly greater than Gatun Lake at the Panama Canal. Millions of yards of rock and earth must be removed; millions of tons of building material must be hauled. Employment will be given to thousands of men, the work



One of the International heavy-duty trucks working at Hoover Dam. The open hood is expressive of the intense heat in the canyon, rising as high as 128 degrees. The boulder-proof armored cab is further evidence of conditions encountered. Note, at right of shovel, the entrance to an auxiliary tunnel used in construction of the great diversion tunnels that will extend three miles through solid rock.

extending over a period of six to seven years.

Today the canyon hums with intense activity. "Boulder City" is springing into being like a magic town of gold or oil. Railways and highways are being built. Modern engineering genius is mobilizing to conquer problems that stagger the imagination. Already work has begun on four great diversion tunnels each 50 feet in diameter and nearly a mile long, to be driven through the solid rock of the canyon walls. These channels alone involve the hauling of nearly a million truck loads.

— and the Trucks

In such a setting, with mountains to be moved under such conditions, trucks will have their work cut out for them. Six Companies Inc., guided by years of experience in heavy-duty



Hoover Dam as it will look on completion, towering 730 feet above foundation rock, with power houses on both banks of the river. The dam will be nearly 1200 feet long, 45 feet thick at the top, and 650 feet thick at the base. This barrier will form a reservoir 115 miles in length with a shore line of 550 miles and an area of 227 square miles, the largest artificial lake in the world.

hauling, is banking on Internationals. The fine performance of Internationals in the service of the first sub-contractors on work in the canyon only made the choice the easier. Scores of International Trucks are now in process of delivery at the site. The first fleets have long been on the job, rugged, capable, and economical—admired alike by the engineers, the drivers and the shovelmen who know full well how good each truck must be to stand the gaff.

International Harvester is proud to have Internationals selected for work on Hoover Dam. The news from Boulder Canyon is of great practical value to buyers of trucks everywhere. It provides another chapter of evidence contributing to the high reputation of International Trucks.

Front of dam will rise just beyond foot bridge shown here. Hoover Dam will be higher than any dam now existing and the construction will require 5,500,000 barrels of cement and nearly 60,000 tons of steel and other metals.



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

"I SAVED SIX ORDERS and MADE \$90 in ONE DAY . . .

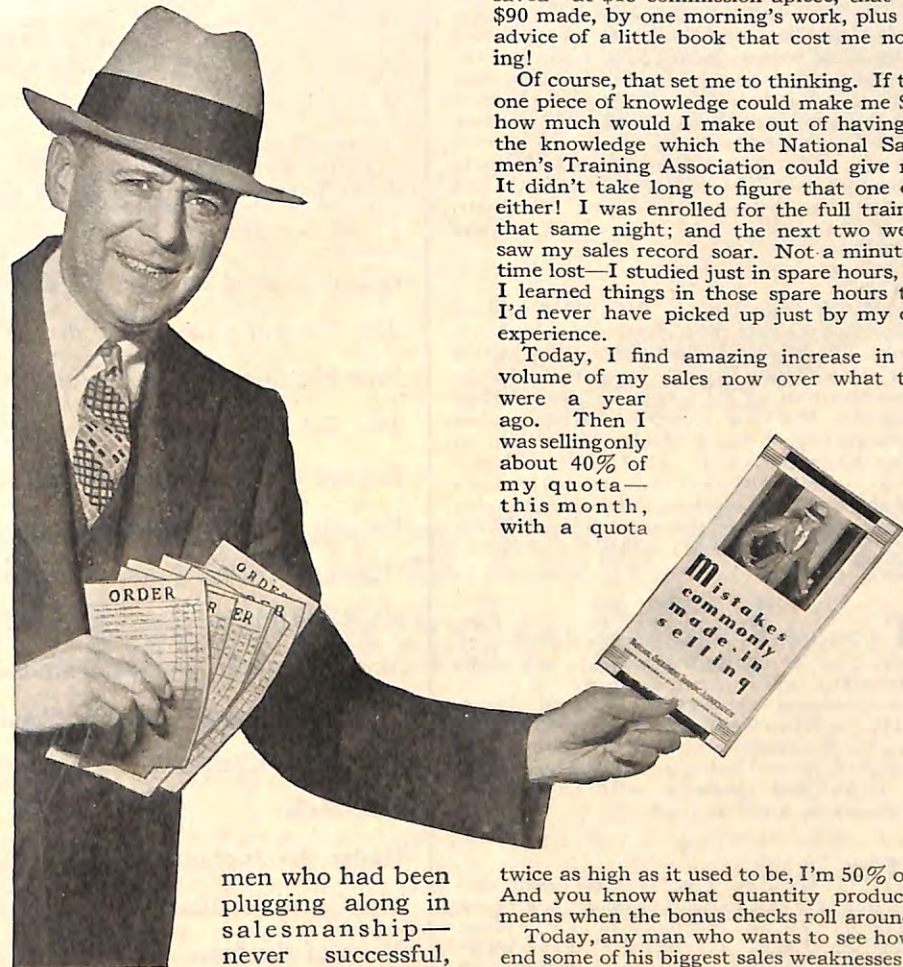
Thanks to This Pocket Volume!"

I'VE only been selling about a year. When I broke in, though I realized that trained salesmen are the highest paid men in the world, I expected the going to be hard at first. It was—a lot harder than I'd expected, even. At the end of six months I was commencing to get discouraged. I certainly hadn't made a flop of it—but I wasn't getting the results I should have had.

Naturally, seeing other fellows who started right with me go right ahead, I realized something was wrong. A particularly disheartening thing was the fact that at times I'd be right on the point of closing a good-sized order—and, all of a sudden, it would go "flop." In fact, it kept happening all the time. I was doing something, I knew, that was killing those sales.

Finally, I decided that I had to do something. I had been hearing a lot about National Salesmen's Training Association. But I'd never investigated them. Then, one day, I read one of their announcements. I was amazed to find how comprehensively they covered the training of salesmen. Furthermore, they announced that they were sending a most unusual volume, "The Key to Master Salesmanship," to ambitious men who asked for it—not only experienced salesmen, but men who had never sold, but wanted a chance in this highly paid field.

Naturally, I wrote for it—it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when there arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expecting was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—



men who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesmanship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," was the one I could first get practical use from.

Right in the first few pages I saw some examples quoted. They were things I had been doing every day. I'd never dreamed they were dangerous errors. The more I thought about them, the more clear it became though, why I was having such difficulty with my closes. I thought to myself: "By golly, that's why Barnes decided to put off buying, this very afternoon!" I kept on thinking of men whose orders I had lost through just that very mistake. There were six of them.

The next morning I sallied out bright and early to see if I couldn't save those sales, using the tips given me. Before noon I had put the practical suggestions of that little book to work—and sure enough, in

every case, I made the sale which I had thought was gone glimmering. Six sales saved—at \$15 commission apiece, that was \$90 made, by one morning's work, plus the advice of a little book that cost me nothing!

Of course, that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me \$90, how much would I make out of having all the knowledge which the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours, but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up just by my own experience.

Today, I find amazing increase in the volume of my sales now over what they were a year ago. Then I was selling only about 40% of my quota—this month, with a quota

twice as high as it used to be, I'm 50% over. And you know what quantity production means when the bonus checks roll around.

Today, any man who wants to see how to end some of his biggest sales weaknesses can learn from this book some of the most frequent mistakes which spoil sales, and get practical suggestions how to end them. Not a penny of obligation—"Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" is now FREE to any ambitious man. At the same time we will send you, also free, the new and finer edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which since its publication has been read by many men who have got into the biggest pay class of salesmanship. Write for both these valuable volumes now—the coupon will bring them by return mail.

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. W-474, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. W-474, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

Without obligation to me, please send me "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," as well as "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your various service features, including your Free Employment Service.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Age.....Occupation.....

A NEW and FINER EDITION

Thousands who read the original edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship" are men who today are among the leaders of successful selling. Today, in addition to "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," we are sending "The Key to Master Salesmanship," in its new and finer edition, the product of years of salesmanship research FREE to salesmen. Real ambition, and a desire to make the most of salesmanship, are all you need to get this volume. Simply mail the coupon and it will be sent to you with your own copy of "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling."



Something About This Number

NAPOLEON was the master of continental Europe; he yearned to be the master of the whole world. The vision of an unbounded empire obsessed him, yet, when the almost certain means of achieving it were offered him, this man, who, to satisfy his insatiable ambition had expended millions in gold and untold numbers of human lives, balked at the price. And that price was what? The risk of a laugh! Albert Payson Terhune, writing on "The Price of a Laugh," tells of one of the most peculiar quirks of that contradictory organism, human nature. Napoleon lost the world because he was afraid of being laughed at. There is hardly one among us who does not repeat his error; in return for the chance of a fortune we refuse to pay the price of a laugh. That is, we think we do; in many cases we only defer payment, for it is the last laugh that shows on the books. Read Mr. Terhune's article—and learn about laughin' from him.

AWAY, away back in July, 1930—a long time as time goes these days—we published a tale by Edgar Valentine Smith entitled "Cock-a-Doodle-Don," a story of the machinations of a colored game-chicken fancier. We refer to it now because it has brought signal honor to the author and to THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The O. Henry Memorial Committee of Award has selected it as one of the best short stories published in America during the year, and it is printed in full in the "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories of 1931," issued in October.

TO THOSE of you who like dog stories—and who doesn't?—but are repelled by the sentimentality which mars so many of them, we commend unreservedly Harold Titus' "Present When Needed," the saga of a grouchy, crusty, dour-minded pointer; a bird-dog in a hundred, a good hater, an implacable censor, a rock-ribbed character with doggy convictions, to which he stuck.

WITH the New Year we shall begin publication of a fast-moving novel of the modern West by that widely popular author, William MacLeod Raine. It is called "Under Northern Stars," and is a fine rambunctious tale centering around the activities of a very hard customer indeed, but one who is not so black as he is painted.

IT TOOK four years, more than a million dollars and amazing detective work to round up the D'Autremont brothers, but when you've read "The Siskiyou Tunnel Robbery," the second of Edgar Sisson's accounts of famous man-hunts, you'll probably agree that it was worth it.

"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 Seven

The Elks Magazine

FEATURES FOR DECEMBER, 1931

Grand Exalted Ruler, <i>Official Circular No. 3</i>	5
The Price of a Laugh, <i>an article by Albert Payson Terhune</i>	7
Pine Plunder, <i>a story by James Stevens</i>	10
The Siskiyou Tunnel Robbery, <i>an article by Edgar Sisson</i>	13
Behind the Footlights and on the Screen	16
Present When Needed, <i>a story by Harold Titus</i>	18
Hike'em Hiram's Fortress, <i>an article by Webb Waldron</i>	20
Kind of Old Fashioned, <i>a story by Charles H. Baker, Jr.</i>	22
Shear Nonsense, <i>a page of humor</i>	25
Radio Rambles, <i>by Gladys Shaw Erskine</i>	26
Pull Out a Christmas Plum, <i>Book Reviews, by Claire Wallace Flynn</i>	27
Editorials	28
Under the Spreading Antlers, <i>News of the Subordinate Lodges</i>	30
The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits	35
News of the State Associations	37
Correct Dress for Men, <i>an article by Schuyler White</i>	38
Cross-Word Puzzle	45
Answers to Your Radio Questions	50
Present-Day Business Opportunities, <i>an article by K. W. Jappe</i>	62

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Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked, it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue-tied in public.

And then, like magic, I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method, I rapidly developed this gift, until, in a ridiculously short time,

I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and

banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

No matter what work you are now doing, nor what may be your station in life, no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new home study training,

you can quickly shape yourself into an outstanding, influential speaker, able to dominate one man or five thousand.

In 20 Minutes a Day

This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that you cannot fail to progress rapidly. Right from the start you will find that it is becoming easier and easier to express yourself. Thousands have proved that by spending only 20 minutes a day in the privacy of their own

homes they can acquire the ability to speak so easily and quickly that they are amazed at the great improvement in themselves.

Send for this Amazing Booklet

This new method of training is fully described in a very interesting and informative booklet which is now being sent to everyone mailing the coupon below. This booklet is called *How To Work Wonders with Words*. In it you are told how this new, easy method will enable you to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others, have sent for this booklet and are unstinting in their praise of it. You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you—which will win for you advancement in position and salary, popularity, social standing, power and real success. You can obtain your copy absolutely free by sending the coupon.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

- How to talk before your club or lodge
- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage fright
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition
- How to become a clear accurate thinker
- How to develop your power of concentration
- How to be the master of any situation

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 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.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

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



Official Circular Number Three

November 10, 1931
Sterling, Colorado

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

MY BROTHERS:

THE year nineteen hundred and thirty-one draws to a close—but one month remains.

What have been the accomplishments of the annual period? What does the future portend?

The experiences of contact and travel enjoyed since my election at Seattle convince me that our country is grand and great beyond the power of words to describe, and that it will continue to prosper—to progress—to carry on to ever greater heights of glory and achievement. I find that our people, despite periods of doubt and uncertainty, are in every section—from day to day—becoming more certain in their conviction that America is indeed the land of liberty—the land of privilege—the land of opportunity.

SECURE in their knowledge of the permanency of American institutions, Elks—from east to west—from north to south—and in the island possessions, are preparing to assist in spreading happiness and good cheer during the Christmas season.

Optimism—Good-Will—and appreciative consideration of the advantages that are ours will insure a new year of worth while accomplishment.

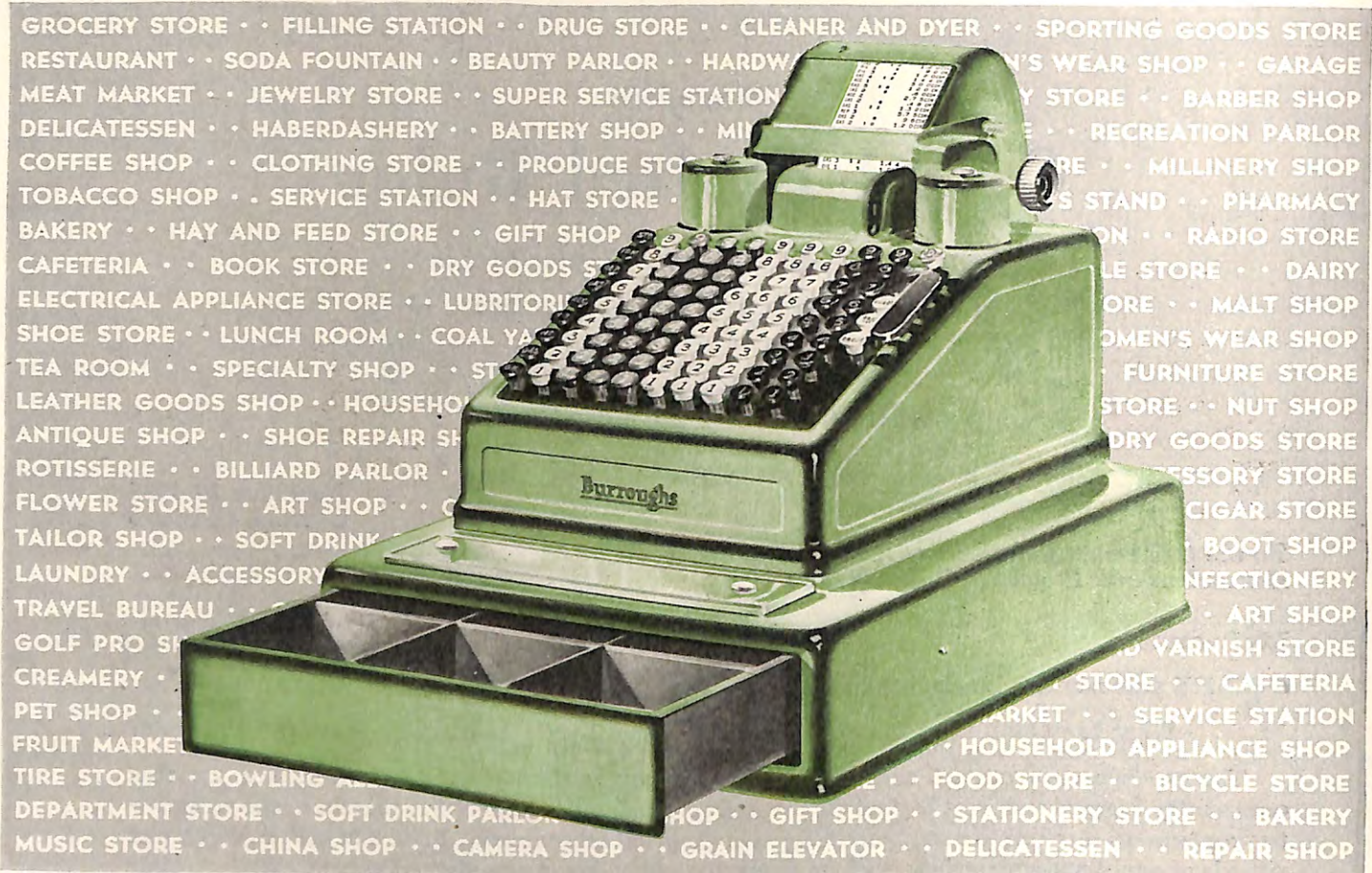
I sense a fine spirit in the minds and hearts of the membership of our fraternity—an indomitable urge to overcome every adverse condition.

May your continued effort help to insure throughout the land a merry, merry Christmas—a happy, happy New Year.

Sincerely yours,

A large, flowing cursive signature that reads "John T. Cowell".
Grand Exalted Ruler.

BURROUGHS *New* CASH MACHINE



For every line of business

ENTIRELY NEW—Burroughs operation and construction applied, for the first time, to registering cash.

DISTINCTLY MODERN—Enhances the attractiveness of a store by its smart new design. Choice of colors to harmonize with surroundings.

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DOUBLE USE—Instantly available at any time as a fast standard adding machine without disturbing registered totals already in the machine.

EXTREMELY LOW COST—The price is surprisingly low for a model exactly suited to the special requirements of any particular business.

For a demonstration or descriptive folder, call the local Burroughs office or mail the coupon to Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 6432 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Burroughs

BURROUGHS ADDING MACHINE COMPANY, 6432 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Michigan

Please send me your special folder describing the new Burroughs Cash Machine especially designed for my line of business.

Name _____ Business _____

Address _____



*Men performed prodigies of
valor, lest they be lampooned
by Chaucer*

The Price of a Laugh

By
Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Herb Roth

BACK in 1350 a wizened little clerk was a guest in the English army, which was besieging a French town. He held no military rank. He was neither a soldier nor a nobleman. He was a scribbler of rhymes.

Yet life was made easy for him at the siege; and martial leaders lavished favors on him. The king pensioned him. This in an age that gave scant reward or regard to scribblers or to clerks.

The little man was one Geoffrey Chaucer. His welcome was assured among the chiefs of the English army because he was worth more to them than ten regiments of infantry.

He did not strike a blow. He did not even wear a sword. But at his girdle he carried a set of weapons tenfold more dreaded than any armory could have produced.

These weapons were his bunch of gray goose quills, his inkhorn and a roll of parchment.

Whenever a knight or a private soldier or a body of troops flinched at charging a

perilous breach in the city wall, Geoffrey would sit down and write a scurrilous set of verses, guying the act of cowardice.

By the next day, the whole camp was singing or reciting the verses; and their victim or victims were laughed into fresh courage. Men performed prodigies of valor, lest they be lampooned by Chaucer.

In brief, they would rather be shot at than laughed at. So would you. So would I.

That is a queer phase of this queerer human nature of ours. It has cost much, in its time. It has cost much to me and to you who read this. Indeed, it has changed the history of the world.

Mankind is more afraid of being laughed at than of being shot at; infinitely more afraid of ridicule than of blame. I don't know why, but we are. And, soon or late, most of us have had to pay pretty high for this odd fear.

The price of a laugh has seemed to us so high that we have paid or lost ten times its value in our effort to avoid it.

Sometimes the price of a laugh—or of its avoidance—has meant the slamming of the

door in the face of fortune or of fame or even of immortality. Sometimes those who were willing to pay the price of a laugh have won greatness and wealth.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the master of continental Europe. He yearned to be master of the whole world.

One obstacle alone lay in his path. That obstacle was England. To win the world, he first must win England.

To win England, he first must cross the English Channel in force, combating the Channel's currents and tides and especially its uncertain heavy winds; as well as the British war-fleet.

These drawbacks stood in his way, even when the British coast lay practically defenseless to his attack. If only he had battle-craft which could ignore wind and current and tide and which could out-travel and out-maneuver the opposing British frigates, England would have been his for the taking.

Just at that juncture, there came to his court a shaggy-haired young American inventor, Robert Fulton by name.

Fulton had worked out a practical invention whereby ships could be propelled by steam, instead of by sails; and could travel independent of cross-currents and adverse winds.

Also he had worked out a serviceable submarine torpedo boat. He made successful tests of both these inventions, to the satisfaction of Napoleon's most skeptical naval experts.

THE problem was solved. A mighty fleet of warships and transports, driven by steam and protected by deadly torpedo boats, could have been built in short time and could have been sent across the Channel; dodging or out-maneuvering the guardian English fleet, ignoring gales, and landing an army of occupation at ill-defended Dover.

Seldom before, in all history, have a need and its fulfillment trodden so close on each other's heels. It was Napoleon's life-opportunity.

He dallied longingly with the project. Then he rejected it. There seemed to him an off-chance, in spite of proofs, that the invention might somehow fail.

If it should fail, Napoleon feared he would be the laughing-stock of Europe; and would lose much prestige. He could not afford to be laughed at; nor to father a fantastic failure.

So he refused to pay the price of a laugh; and incidentally he threw away world-conquest.

Back to America went Fulton. Napoleon moved gradually on toward Waterloo. The year of Napoleon's fall marked the year in which Robert Fulton launched his first steam warship. This by a queer irony of fate.

But for his terror of being laughed at, Napoleon Bonaparte might have ruled the world.

A Genoese mariner, one Christopher Columbus, worked out a logical plan whereby he might "reach the east by sailing west." No visionary idea was this, but based on solid mathematics. He carried his

project to the Portuguese court. Portugal, just then, was Spain's rival for the colonial supremacy of the known earth.

King John of Portugal had the brains to see the value of the scheme. He saw, too, that its success might make Portugal the greatest of all nations.

Tentatively, he agreed to send Columbus on the expedition. But first he asked the opinion of a group of mossbacked royal councillors.

These councillors made all manner of fun at the amazing idea. They showed King John that he would be laughed at from one end of Europe to the other if he should finance such a crazy enterprise. So Columbus was sent away.

The mariner went next to Portugal's rival nation, Spain. There, too, the wise men laughed loudly at his idea. But Queen Isabella was not afraid of being laughed at. That woman of iron was afraid of nothing. She declared she would pawn her jewels, if necessary, to back the expedition.

As a result of her contempt for laughter, America was discovered.

By reason of that discovery, Spain became the richest and strongest nation in Europe. Portugal, by contrast, dwindled presently into a third-rate power.

The price of a laugh had been paid in one country, to that country's tremendous enrichment and to a complete changing of the world's history. The nation which flinched from paying the price of a laugh, lost its last chance at supremacy.

An American portrait painter, Samuel F. B. Morse, watched an exhibition of an electrical apparatus which threw out sharp sparks. Many others watched the same performance. But to Morse alone did it carry a message.

He declared that if sparks of electricity could be made visible, "I see no reason why intelligence may not be transmitted by electricity." His claim was received with

shouts of laughter. The more carefully he worked out the idea, the louder he was laughed at.

If he had shrunk from paying the price of a laugh, the progress of the world would have been retarded by several centuries. But he cared nothing for the fun making of his friends or that they thought him a crank. Steadily he toiled on his invention, which he called "the electro-magnetic telegraph."

For a long time nobody dared risk ridicule by financing the amazing invention; even after Morse had succeeded in rigging up a practical telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. Through poverty and eternal discouragement and international guying, the man kept on.

He perfected the telegraph; and he won wealth and immortal fame. The folk who had been afraid to pay the price of a laugh by backing him, and who had had a grand time making fun of his invention, had incidentally thrown away a once-in-a-lifetime chance for piling up an enormous fortune.

AN AMERICAN scientist wrote a profound pamphlet in which he proved clearly and mockingly that no ship could possibly carry enough fuel to make the three-thousand-mile voyage to Europe, under its own steam. He laughed the whole idea out of court.

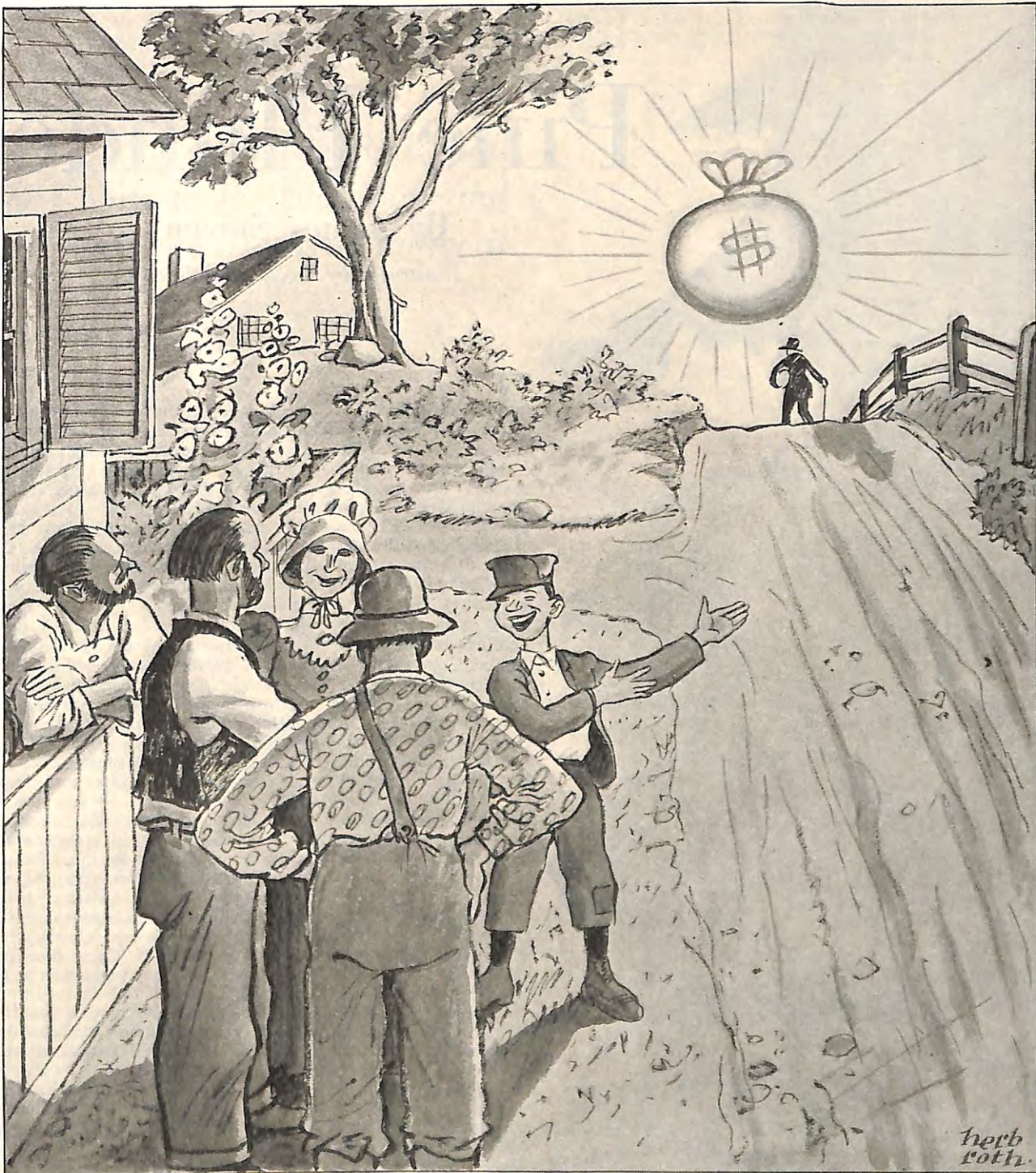
A copy of his guying pamphlet was carried to Europe aboard the first steamship which made the trip under its own steam. The scientist lived to incur the laugh which he had so vainly risked his reputation to avert.

My mother's father, back in 1820, had a theory that the West held a brilliant future for any strong and adventurous young man who would take up land there and develop it. (In those days, everything beyond Pittsburgh was "the West.")

He sold his Virginia plantation and



If the invention failed, Napoleon feared he would be the laughing-stock of Europe



raised whatever other money he could, and bought a vast tract of wilderness in Ohio.

His girl-wife and his clever friends laughed him out of the notion. They pointed out to him the fantastic absurdity of leaving civilization and burying himself in a western wilderness which never could hope to be settled to any extent. In fact, they laughed him into selling his Ohio land at a big loss, and remaining in Virginia.

The tract he had bought covered most of the site of the present city of Cleveland. If he had been willing to pay the price of a laugh and to hang onto his Ohio purchase, he would have become boundlessly rich; instead of remaining in very moderate circumstances for the rest of his long life. And I need not have had to write for a living.

A college professor worked for many years on an invention, and at last perfected it. He proved its efficiency, past all doubt. He tramped New England, trying to interest capital and political influence in this device of his for making the human voice travel

Bell tramped New England trying to interest capital in his device for making the human voice travel along a wire

for miles along a wire. He was Alexander Graham Bell. He called his invention The Telephone.

Bell knew he was right. Scientists had admitted he was right. But he was sorely in need of money to float his invention. He needed all the faith and encouragement of his fellow men. But most of the neighbors laughed at him.

Those who believed were either afraid of becoming laughing-stocks or of losing their money. So they let pass the golden opportunity.

Thousands of them pinned their whole financial faith to investment in a certain railroad—let's call it the C. G. & X. Railroad, which was not its name. New England investors had sublime faith in the rock-bottom solidity of this railroad. It had only laughter for Bell's contraption.

It was, of course, plumb idiotic to suppose the human voice could be carried along a wire and be heard for many miles or even for a single mile. Any sane man knew that. Whereas, the C. G. & X. was as safe as a church.

In brief, the neighbors laughed away their luck.

Imagine what the yearly income would be, to-day, of one of those wise laugh-dodgers if, in the 1870's, he had sold \$10,000 worth of C. G. & X. stock and had invested the proceeds in telephone stock! He would have trouble in counting all his wealth. But soon the C. G. & X. investors had no trouble at all in counting theirs. For in a few years the railroad went on the rocks, to the extent of passing its dividends for an indefinite length of time.

Other thrifty souls knew that New England farm mortgages were fool-proof safe. When the era of "abandoned farms" dawned (if an earthquake may be said to

(Continued on page 51)

Pine Plunder

By James Stevens

Illustrated by Stockton Mulford

THE HORN Creek section was the richest bit of pine plunder in the upper reaches of the Menominee River. Nate Lowden claimed the six hundred and forty acres of prime white pine, but his title was unquitted, and the land adjoined the holdings of the Sable Timber Company. On the frontier the law was feeble and slow at its honest best. In the Menominee country the Sable outfit had an iron hand in the Land Office and the courts. At last the powerful company set in motion a plan to pirate the prize section.

Nate Lowden got the news by grapevine. His first move was to fire his lawyer. His next was to hire up the rowdiest gang of hellions on the Menominee River at double wages. Then he looked about for a woods boss who could handle the bully crew. Naturally that took time.

"Not me," vowed Brig Young, one old-time man-handler. "Bossin' reg'lar jacks on the drives and in the woods is tough enough. But this mob is wolfs in human hides—and I only call their hides human because I'm a polite kinder gent. And to

Copyright, 1931, by James Stevens

"She's full of dynamite, and she's notched to fall your way"

SM

go up against that Sable outfit's jobber—say, Mr. Lowden, don't you know that's the feller known by the pleasant name of Man-Eater Kunyon? And he's jest as pleasant as that name of his'n. No, thanky, Mr. Lowden."

In terms either more profane or evasive, every other available king-jack declined. Then, on a night of early autumn, Nate Lowden encountered Jim Carmody in the Stockade Saloon.

Carmody was unknown in the Menominee country. After a summer of landlooking in the Michigamme wilderness, he had cruised southward instead of returning to Marquette. One crisp and sunny day he followed the course of a spring-fed creek and reached the noblest stand of white pine that ever brought a glitter to a woodsman's eyes.

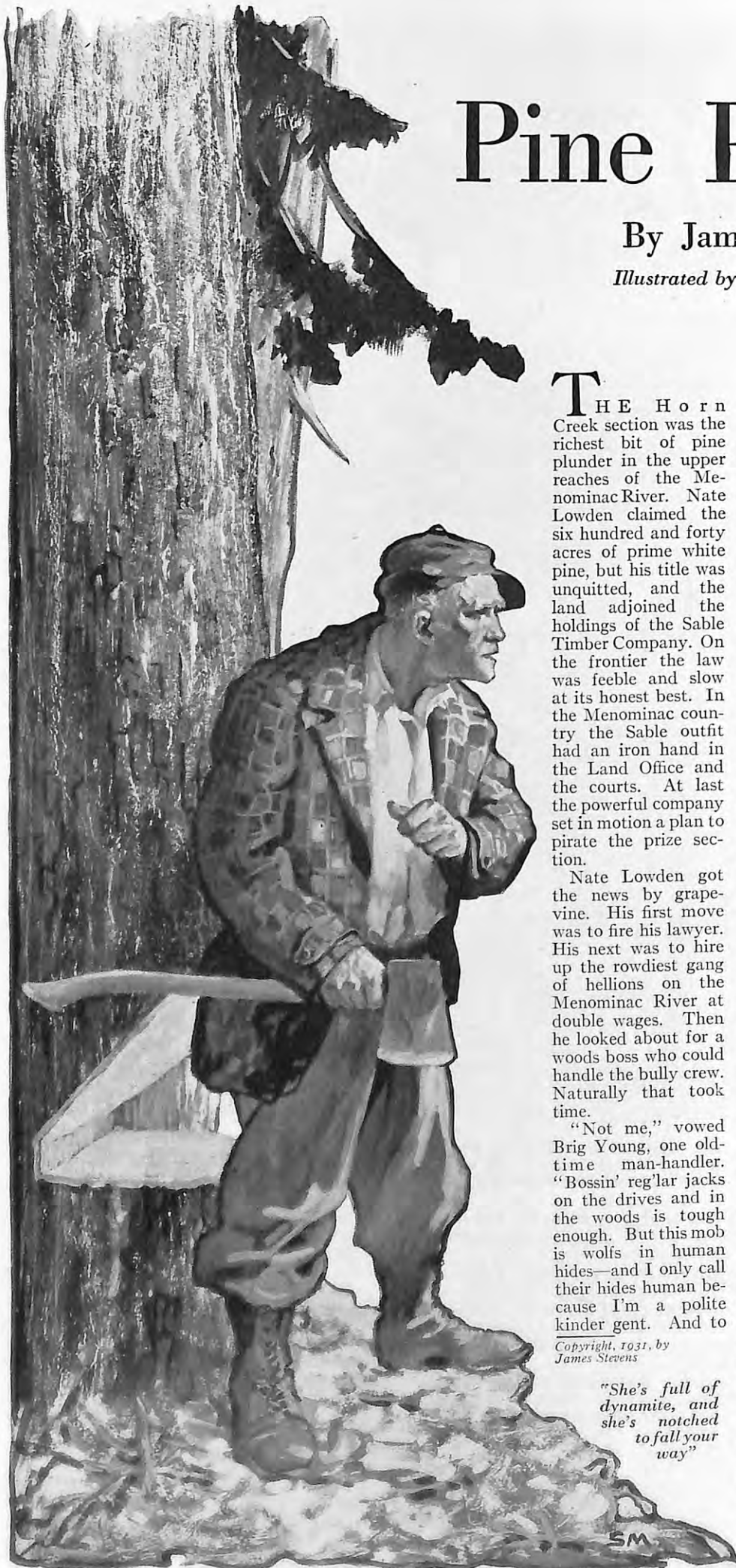
A mass of green boughs heaved in wind surges from the round crown and gentle slopes of an eighty-acre hill. Between the lower limbs and the forest carpet loomed the massive and rugged columns of trunks four feet through. At the northeastern base of the hill the creek sparkled and foamed down a gravel bed. Carmody's blue eyes flamed with a hungry passion as he gazed on the royal scene.

"King trees, every pine of 'em." Unconsciously he spoke aloud, his voice deep with feeling. "And they'll be knowin' the slash of the ax so soon—"

Then Carmody heard himself. He flushed and glanced quickly around as though someone might be listening. Mooning at these pines here like any greenhorn! But the deep stir in his heart did not subside. Carmody unfolded his maps. After studying them for a few moments he realized that this royal pine hill was the northeast corner of the section disputed by Lowden and the Sable company. Up on the Michigamme he had heard about the row from one of the company's timber estimators.

Carmody could make no claim to the eighty, but the hilltop pinery revived a dream which had been strong in his heart when he was a greenhorn kid. That was for a bit of wild woods of his own, a home somewhere amid mighty pines. But in ten years he had never found the spot. The dream had faded as he became a king-jack woodsman—a landlooker in the summer, a boss of autumn chopping and winter sleigh hauls, and a dynamiting jam-breaker on the spring log drives. He lived by compass, ax, peavey and blasting powder, only to get out the logs. That fine young ardor for the pine woods as a home had died out in the fierce drive of his life.

But now it revived to grip Carmody with irresistible power. Here the old dream



"The Little Red" had to add Cubits to his Stature—and he found his own way of doing it

lived. He had to have this pinery for his own. Force seasoned with guile, he knew, could take it. Two big rival outfits were ready to make a timber fight for the whole region. If he could horn in—

So Jim Carmody headed down the Menominac. He expressed his maps and reports to the Michigan lumber company that had employed him for the summer, with a brief word that he was staying on in the upper country. For a week he kept an eye on Nate Lowden and a constant ear to the grapevine. At last he was ready to make his first play in the perilous frontier game of timber piracy.

TO-NIGHT Nate Lowden had to decide for one of two alternatives. The frosts of early autumn were snapping down from the North. Soon the last camp crews would be leaving for the Menominac woods. The rowdy rivermen he had hired were demanding a showdown.

"Either you start us out to-morrer or we hook up with the Sable outfit," demanded Jube Tobin, the crew's spokesman. "They'll take us on then. Are you backin' up your promise of double wages? Yes or no, here and now, Mr. Lowden!"

Nate Lowden stared at the image of scowling faces in the mirror above the Stockade's back bar. He either had to give up, or lead the timber fight himself. Tobin was a brainless bully, not to be trusted. Lowden himself had five other camps in the woods. They would demand all his time through the logging season. The Sable company had him licked before he could start. Lowden made up his mind.

"All right, Tobin." The lumberman heaved his shoulders in a gesture of defeat. "To-morrow you and your gang can go to—"

He was suddenly silent, not because of the threatening movement among the mackinawed men along the bar, but from astonishment at a human spectacle looming in the mirror. The runtiest jack Lowden had ever beheld was plodding across the space of sawdust floor.

Even in his boots Jim Carmody had to stretch considerably to inch over five feet. Down in his home country he was known as "the Little Red." His mackinaw was so large for him that it hung from his bony shoulders in loose folds. His staggod pants sagged as inelegantly over the tops of calked boots. The bill of a Scotch cap was cocked over the little woodsman's left ear, and from its rim red bristles stuck out seven ways.

Jube Tobin and his gang swung about, their hard faces spreading in huge grins. For the time being Lowden was forgotten. The runt coming up looked like a prime butt

for rowdy humor. Then the reflected glow of the bar lamps shone full on Carmody's face. Something in his expression gave the humorists pause. The lean cheeks were pitted with calk scars. There was a blue-steel glitter in the stare of the wiry woodsman that was hard to meet.

Nate Lowden had not moved. He still regarded the mirror as a hand like a small iron hook closed on his arm. Then a voice which knocked out words like chips from an ax hammered over his shoulder:

"I hear you want a woods boss. Right?"

Lowden swung slowly around. Already he knew his man. Nate Lowden had a sure instinct for grading and culling human qualities with a glance. This was the reason for the logging records of his five camps. A look and a word told him when to hire. So even as he turned Lowden knew that he was facing a real woodsman. But the job to be filled demanded a man-handler—

"Who are you? How many camps did you ever run?" The lumberman whipped out the questions. "Who for? How long?"



"Thunder Bay," said Carmody easily, taking the questions in order. "Ten. Mainly for the Tyler company. Never lost a season for ten years. Just come of age when I run my first gang."

"Started plenty young," commented Lowden, his gaze narrowing.

"I knew dynamite," said Carmody. "My old man was the first to use the stuff in the woods. I blasted log jams and got to be a river boss same time I sprouted fuzz on my face."

Lowden's narrowed eyes began to glow.

"We can talk turkey," he said. "Come over to a table."

Neither man gave the gang a look as they headed for a table in the corner of the bar-room. Lowden ordered drinks. The jacks gaped as the runt pushed his glass aside untasted.

"He ain't only sawed off to the roots but he's temper'nce!" sneered one of the bullies. "If Lowden figgers I'm goin' out fer a timber fight under sech a—why, he's jest a blasted infant—"

"SHET up," growled Jube Tobin. "I'm doin' the talkin'. And if a runt like that is pa'med on us fer a bull of the woods I'll do the actin'. You shet up and wait."

There was time for three rounds while Nate Lowden and Jim Carmody came to terms.

"I'm makin' no promises," stated Carmody in conclusion, "except that the pine-woods savage you call Man-Eater Kunyon is not loggin' off one stick of that there Horn Creek section. I'll get out some logs—maybe. This mob you've gathered up is all

scrappers and trouble-makers, nothin' else. They don't figger on work, and I don't promise to make 'em log like top woodsmen. But I'll boss 'em in the timber fight, Mr. Lowden!"

"All right," said Lowden grimly. "Let's see you boss 'em now."

Jim Carmody said nothing. He was already on his feet, moving with a catlike stride for the bar. Again his image loomed in the mirror. Glaring with contempt and hostility, the mackinawed men faced about.

"From now on you're takin' orders from me!" Carmody's tone was low but hard. He stood solidly before the gang, his legs braced apart, his shoulders hunched, his right hand jammed into a mackinaw pocket. "The first order is to turn in. We're loadin' the tote wagons at daybreak. Your wages start now. So head right now for your blankets. Got it?"

"We jest don't know how to go to bed," grinned Jube Tobin. "Figger you can show us how, runt?"

"Maybe." Carmody's right hand snapped from the mackinaw pocket, gripping a round yellow stick. From its top jutted something like a candle wick. A match flared. A wicked spark of red began to sputter before Tobin's widening eyes. "Dynamite," said Carmody gently. "On your way, lads. I'm lightin' you to bed."

Jube Tobin was the first to smash through the swinging doors. The others jammed after him in a frenzied panic. Carmody crowded them relentlessly, keeping an eye on the sinister yellow stick held aloft in his right hand as the red spark burned down the white bit of fuse. He followed closely on the flying heels of the last man. For a second he stood in the glare of the big lantern swinging above the saloon entrance. Then he hurled the stick in a high arc toward the river. It exploded in mid-air.

"Took a big chance, mister," boomed Lowden from the doorway.

"Yep." The little woods boss swabbed a burst of cold sweat from his brow. "But I couldn't figger any other way to add cubits to my statcher, as the preacher says. Had to somehow make myself look big to them hellions."

They're plenty tough—when they have to be lit to bed with dynamite!"

Only as a dynamiter had the Little Red fought his way to the top and held his own with the king-jacks of the North Woods. They are a special breed, these men who have the conviction of a dispensation from Providence in handling blasting powder. Like the tamers of wild animals, dynamiters are regarded with a sort of superstitious awe by their fellows. So the Little Red, Jim Carmody, had blasted his way up among the giants of the woods who ruled by fist and boot.

"Five feet of dynamite," was the way the jacks of his home country on Thunder Bay described Carmody. "He's got the stuff tamed."

But the little woodsman was by no means blind to the danger of the stuff he lived by. He never took a desperate risk with it unless there was an urgent reason. There was more to his play in the Stockade Saloon than the mere trumpetry of cowing a tough bunch of bullies. Carmody knew the story of it would grapevine swiftly to the Sable jobber, Man-Eater Kunyon. To this end he also made sure that Nate Lowden should spread the news that he was toting two tons of giant powder to the new camp.

"But don't let on why," cautioned Carmody. "The idea is just to start a big story with a mystery in it. That's all."

"Don't let on!" snorted Lowden. His eyes narrowed shrewdly. "See here, Carmody, I don't know why myself. You don't need two tons of dynamite to blast anybody's sleigh haul or rollways or to block a log drive. To be frank, I'd like to know more of your plan."

"So would I," said Carmody genially. "This here's not straight woods work, but a timber fight. I'll have to take it as it comes. All I know is that when fightin' trouble looms I want plenty of loose dynamite around. I simply never feel safe without it."

LOWDEN pressed his new woods boss no further. His lone chance to beat the Sable company was with this chip of a man. The lumberman was yet sure of Carmody, but with one definite reservation.

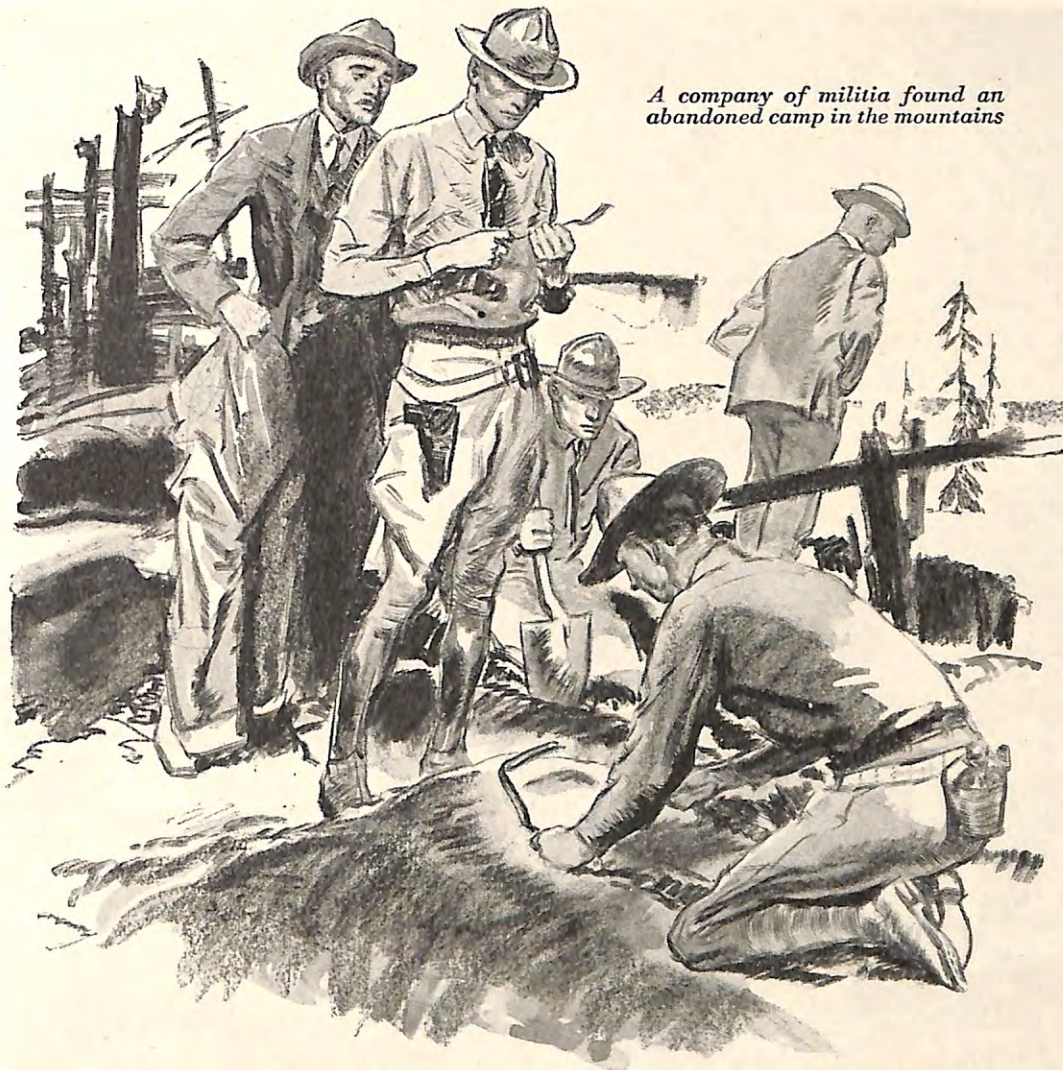
Why had Carmody quit a top job with a big Thunder Bay company simply to plunge into this hornet's nest of a timber fight? The question haunted Nate Lowden. But he let it pass. He had a good gambler's chance to get a season's cut from a section of timber with a clouded title which he had bought for next to nothing. He had to leave the job to Carmody. But Lowden resolved to take one trip up to Horn Creek before snow blockaded the river trail. He itched to know the real reason for that two tons of dynamite.

In ten days Carmody had his gang in the deeps of the Menomiac wilderness. He boldly picked a campsite in the center of the disputed section. Horn Creek coursed by the spot where trees were felled and logs hewn for the rude bunk shanty. A quarter of a mile to the northeast rose the hill on which the prize pines surged and boomed in the autumn winds. On beyond the hill was the creek down which he had first made his trail. And there, according to Lowden's claim, was

(Continued on page 46)



"I'm Kunyon." The voice from the shadowy figure rasped like a file. "Where's yer boss?"



A company of militia found an abandoned camp in the mountains

The Siskiyou Tunnel Robbery

Number Two in the Series of Famous Man-hunts

By Edgar Sisson

NOT even the gangsters of the crowded cities, "hopped up" to fiendishness by drugs, were ever guilty of murders more cruel and inhuman than those committed by the D'Autremont brothers, small-town boys without criminal background. And neither the man-hunters of Scotland Yard nor the Sherlock Holmes and Lupins of imaginative fiction, can boast any greater triumph of detection than that achieved by an unsung college professor, working with his microscope in the laboratory of the University of California.

Ray and Roy D'Autremont, twenty-three-year-old twins, and Hugh, a younger brother of nineteen! Their names will live long in American police annals, not only for the atrocity of their crime and for the miracles of science that led to their identification, but also for the fact that their pursuit has no parallel for length of time and cost. Four long years elapsed before detectives laid their hands upon the shoulders of the killers, and a sum of money well above a million was spent on the chase that led beyond the borders of the United States.

It was at noon on October 11, 1923, that

the first section of the Southern Pacific's Portland-San Francisco express pulled out of Ashland, a division point well up in the Oregon foothills. At the throttle was Sid Bates, one of the oldest engineers on the line; Marvin Seng, the fireman, had just said good-bye to a wife and baby girl; E. E. Dougherty, the young mail clerk, was also a husband and father, and others of the crew were J. O. Merritt, the conductor, and Brakeman C. O. Johnson.

Late that afternoon, when the telegraph wires sent officers of the law and railroad representatives hurrying to the little mountain town of Siskiyou, Bates was

found dead in his cab, the lifeless bodies of Seng and Johnson lay beside the tracks, and poor Dougherty had been blown to fragments by the dynamite that made a wreck of the mail car. Of all the Ashland crew that had left their homes in health and happiness, only white-faced Merritt remained alive. Four years passed before the details of the tragedy were learned

Wanted—For Murder



Hugh D'Autremont



Roy D'Autremont



Ray D'Autremont



*Illustrations by
Herbert M. Stoops*

exactly, and then the confessions of the killers laid bare a stupid butchery unrelieved by a single trace of human pity.

The three D'Autremonts, resolving upon train robbery, had picked Siskiyou for certain very good reasons. After leaving the lonely station, all Southern Pacific trains slackened speed before entering a tunnel at the top of the range, and made thorough air tests as the down grade began at the southern end. This, the bandits figured, would do away with the necessity for flagging or derailing. From a camp in the forest a mile distant the brothers watched and waited for days before deciding to strike.

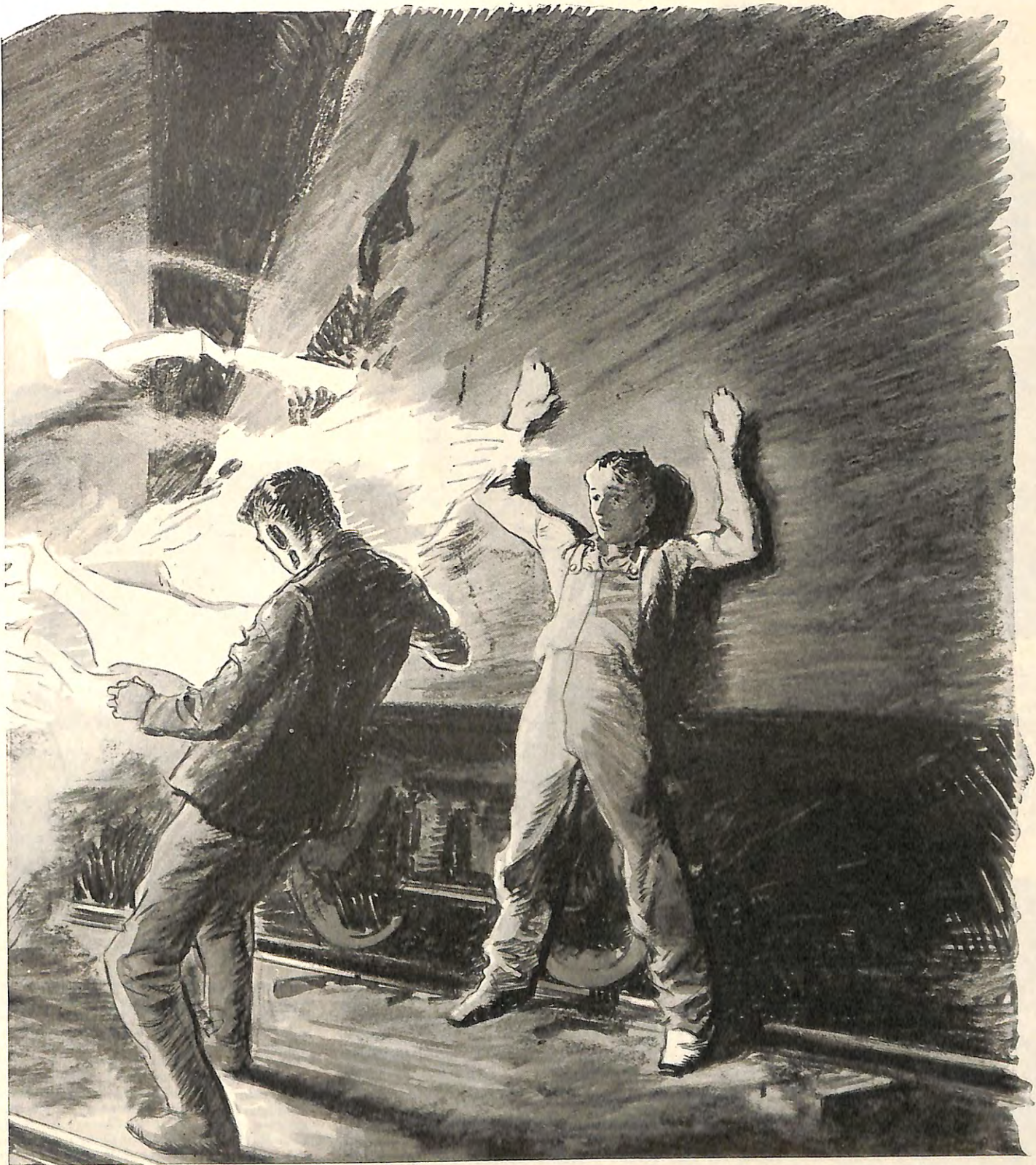
Fools that they were, no effort had been made to find out what trains carried shipments of money or valuables. To their

simple minds every mail car was a treasure vault, and all that they had to do was to blow it open, load themselves down with gold coin, and then make a getaway. From some construction camp they had stolen thirty pounds of dynamite, a blasting machine and a bunch of wire, and the twins fancied themselves as experts because they had blown up stumps.

As the train slowed down at the tunnel entrance Roy and Hugh leaped from their covert in the bushes, and were in the cab before Bates and Seng could lift a hand. Jamming guns into the faces of the helpless men, the young desperadoes ordered the

engineer to run his train through the tunnel to the south exit, and there they pushed him and the fireman out, and drove them back to the mail car. Now Ray rushed up, dragging the blasting machine after him, all set for his part of the job.

Dougherty, the mail clerk, looked out at this moment to see what had stopped the train, and Hugh fired at him with a shotgun but scored a complete miss. Straightway Dougherty slammed the door shut, whereupon dynamite was placed against the car, the wire connected and the charge exploded. Here again the brothers proved themselves clumsy fools, for the explosion wrecked the entire car, blowing Dougherty into bits and everything else as well. More than that, the bunglers had stopped the engine while the mail car was still in the



tunnel, and all were now choked by smoke and gas.

Realizing their blunder, Hugh and Ray forced the engineer back into his cab, and bawled at him to pull ahead a hundred feet. Roy, left on guard over the fireman, began to uncouple the mail car from the rest of the train. Even as he tugged away, keeping one eye on Seng, brakeman Johnson came hurrying up through the smoke and dust, yelling questions as to what had happened. He had been seated in the first of the passenger cars, and was several minutes ahead of the more cautious general advance.

Roy, gun pointed, ordered Johnson to "stick 'em up," and then told him to go forward and tell the others that he had finished uncoupling, and for them to pull ahead. Ray and Hugh, seeing Johnson,

Seeing Johnson they fell into a panic and did not wait for him to deliver his message. Ray let him have it with a revolver and Hugh with his shotgun

fell into a panic and did not wait for him to deliver his message. Ray let him have it with a revolver and Hugh with his shotgun, and then the latter, carried away by panic or bloodlust, sent another load of slugs into the body of the dying man as he lay crumpled on the ground. Now Hugh, climbing into the cab, ordered the engineer to get moving, but the airbrakes locked, and Bates could not obey.

"We're stalled," Hugh called down.

"Stay there," Ray ordered, and then ran to where Roy stood guard over the fireman. Back in the tunnel there was a noise

of shouting and tramping feet as passengers jumped down from the cars to find out the trouble. Desperate, cursing, the twins debated the best course. Even had there been time, the total wreck of the mail car made plunder an impossibility. They had failed as bandits and they had killed two men. Two remained alive to identify them. With an oath Roy made a decision for all three brothers.

Jamming his gun into the back of Seng's head, he blew out the brains of the hapless fireman, and then yelled a savage command to Hugh. "Bump off the old man," he cried, "and let's get out of here." Hugh fired into the back of the engineer as he worked over the throttle, and the body slumped and fell. Bloody work indeed;

(Continued on page 52)



Behind the Footlights



MITCHELL

Hazel Dawn (above) is the star of "Wonder Boy." In this play Edward Chodorov and Arthur Barton have written a thoroughly diverting and very acid satire on the business methods of the moving picture magnates in the home office. The casting is a triumph of shrewd selection and the acting excellent. Gregory Ratoff gives an outstanding performance as Phil Mashkin, the president of Paragon Pictures, and William Challee is delightfully convincing as the lad from the sticks, whose abiding ambition is to become a dentist but who is willy-nilly made into a "wonder boy" over night



WHITE



VANDAMM

The amazing thing about Eugene O'Neill's widely acclaimed masterpiece, "Mourning Becomes Electra," is the fact that he has fitted the plot of the old Greek legend to his New England characters so deftly and with such deep human understanding that the grim sequence of tragedy flows with convincing inevitableness from the monstrous loves and hates of their Puritanic heritage. Pictured above are Alla Nazimova, Lee Baker and Alice Brady. Mme. Nazimova's performance is both subtle and beautiful, while Alice Brady rises to truly grand heights of sustained tragedy, and their support is excellent

Not often do we get the opportunity to see a musical love story so well-rounded and beguiling as "The Cat and the Fiddle." Otto Harbach has written a pleasantly sentimental story and Jerome Kern has furnished it with as delightfully tuneful a score as ever he turned out. And there are real voices to chant this good music as well as good acting to give it zest. There's George Meader, late of the Metropolitan Opera, as Pom-pineau, a street troubadour; Bettina Hall, a fine young actress from England, very good to look upon and with a lovely lilting voice. Eddy Foy, Jr., and Doris Carson combine very happily the functions of comedians and dancers, and to round out the distinguished list there are Georges Metaxa, Odette Myrtil, Fred Walton, Lawrence Grossmith, Flora Le Breton and Jose Reuben

And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien



Friendship and rivalry between men, pride of service and conflict between the old and the new order—"Hell Divers" is a picture of red-blooded men of the navy in the aviation service. Windy (Wallace Beery), lovable, but a bully who rules with his fists, is "Old Navy" incarnate, while Steve Nelson (Clark Gable), smart, alert and good humored, is the finest type of "New Navy" personnel. Both Chief Petty Officers, they jockey for supremacy in the air and in love. The climax finds them marooned on an island, wounded and with a helpless companion (picture above) and a hundred-to-one heroic chance for rescue



The slightly scandalous and highly diverting didoes of the people who figure in Noel Coward's "Private Lives" have reached the screen in a picture bearing the same title as the play London and New York went into polite gales of laughter over last year. It is a harlequinade of two couples who, having exchanged partners, find themselves in adjoining bridal suites at a hotel on the Riviera. Elyot and Amanda (Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery, above) meet alone on the balcony and discover they are still in love with each other and, forswearing their former constant bickering, they promptly bolt together. There follow more quarrels and further elopements before the four get finally sorted out. Good acting understood, it is Mr. Coward's genius for writing sparklingly funny rapid-fire nonsense that makes this farce so entertaining



You'd hardly guess from the above pose of Joe E. Brown, Dorothy Lee and Ruth Hall that in this picture, "Local Boy Makes Good," Mr. Brown plays the part of an undergraduate book-worm who is so shy he never mails the glowing love-letters he writes to his innamorata. One does get mailed without his knowledge, however, and then his education really begins. The lady of his heart is a co-ed at a rival university and, as Joe has posed in his letter as a great athlete, she insists on attending the inter-collegiate track meet where she expects to see her hero shine.



Present When Needed

By Harold Titus

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

AFTER he became the property of Steve Stone, and until this girl Nancy appeared to mess things up, the solemn, liver-and-white pointer had lived the life of Riley. What had gone before was wholly a matter of speculation, but Steve guessed without much hazard that early puppyhood had been a bitter experience in which abuse and starvation predominated. First encounters with a superior species must have been tough indeed to take all the wiggle and waggle and obvious joy of living out of a pup that scarcely had his growth.

That was one reason why Steve came to possess him. A scrawny pup that to all appearances is sullen and without spirit commands no great price, and a young man just out of law school with his own way to make affords only bargains. But though he had few dollars, Stone had an eye for dogs; behind that dour front he discerned qualities; and so the pointer—named King—went to live in the rambling old house which hung on

a hillside at the edge of town where he had all the privileges that an easy-going, dog-loving bachelor owner will accord.

Friends were not enthusiastic over the purchase. He *might* make a dog, they admitted, but why not get one that showed some real promise?

"No, there isn't much in the show windows," Steve agreed, "but I'm betting on what's on the shelves. He won't make much of a flash, but I'm pretty sure he's the sort that'll be present when needed."

The pup appropriated a place on the hearth rug for certain hours and another on the south porch when the sun was right. He had an adjacent expanse of half-farmed country to explore while his master was away daytimes, an abundance of proper food, and mornings, evenings, and sometimes for the whole of Sundays he had the company of a man who treated him not as a possession or a plaything but as a companion. By the latter part of that summer, before he had really hunted and before this slender girl with the yellow hair came to upset

things he was, as his master declared, getting to be almost human.

Not that he ever became normal; not that he leaped and yelped and frolicked in the usual overflow of young canine spirits. He was not put up that way. But his interest in what his nose found in the woods was pronounced and his ability to learn amazing. For hours he would range ahead at his lumbering gallop, always keeping the man in sight, stopping at scents, freezing to point when he was sure, and then rolling an almost truculent eye backward for all the world as if saying, "Well, get along here now! I've found something again; that's what you seem to want me to do. I've done my part; hustle along and do yours!" And Steve would come up and, perhaps, find that his dog was standing woodchuck or rabbit or squirrel. Then he would laugh uproariously which made the pointer relax and lick his chops in chagrin and shake himself and refuse to look at his owner, as if thinking that such was a fine way for a fellow to act after a dog had done his best with a new and



Nancy stooped beside the dog on the hearth rug and stroked his head and talked to him; but he only opened one surly eye and sighed as if bored, and when she persisted, moved his head grumpily away

hither and yon to find what was to be found until weariness or evening fell upon them. Then home to a full feed and a long night of peaceful rest.

The life of Riley to be sure! And yet if the dog appreciated it he gave no indication; if he had affection for his owner it was buried deep beneath his glum front. He was loyal, yes. For instance:

An irate ruffian on the losing end of a lawsuit which Steve had won came to the house at night to rid his mind of venom, but before he spoke—in fact, while the housekeeper had gone to summon Steve—the dog rose from his rug bristling and walked stiff-legged to the door, muttering menacingly, and left off his threats only when scolded sharply by his master.

Another time when business took Steve away for a week the dog refused food and stood for hours on the front steps, ears cocked and nose working hopefully. But with the familiar car finally coming up the drive the pointer only turned back to his favorite place with a snort as if, now that concern was over, an irascible disgust at having been upset occupied him.

STEVE was, at heart, annoyed somewhat by this unresponsiveness. It supported the skepticism of those friends who had doubted the wisdom of his purchase, and he went out of his way with these men to stress the dog's promise. They would listen and nod and comment in that manner which indicates important reservations, and now and again they chided him good-naturedly about owning the sourest pointer that ever was put down in bird cover.

"Why, blast your eyes!" he once exploded, much to their delight. "I don't want a lap dog! He's a queer devil, yes; but I'll bet my shirt he'll be present when needed!"

And so far as field performance went, he had the argument all his way.

When that shooting season opened his highest hopes were fulfilled, and from the beginning they bore home heavy bags. The pointer knew what was expected of him. He ceased his false pointing, left off giving attention to any but desired species; he learned the haunts and tricks of wary ruffed grouse, became staunch as many a veteran, hunted ever to the gun, and Steve, an exuberant person, shouted and sang extravagant praise, to which the dog responded not by so much as the preoccupied waggle of the tail. He had other things to do than simply being pleased at something.

THE old house took on more life, then. Game dinners were common, with the middle-aged housekeeper more than busy through the day, and the long dining table filled with strange people at night, and such a clatter in the living room afterward that a dog, accustomed to quiet, slept fitfully.

It was at one of these times that Nancy first appeared. She was tall and slender and the black gown, contrasting with her white neck and arms, made her appear almost fragile. She stooped beside the dog on the hearth rug and stroked his head and talked to him; but he only opened one surly eye and sighed as if bored, and when she persisted, moved his head grumpily away.

"Why," she said, "he's positively rude!"

"Yes," said Steve, looking so steadily into her face. "A queer codger."

"What's his name?"

"Ginkgo."

"Ginkgo!" She laughed and Steve caught his breath and the pointer looked up sharply. That laugh was as startling as a brand-new scent, so musical. "What an odd name."

Stone grinned. "Yeah; it's a tree. But, you see, he'd been named King when I got him, and I couldn't quite stand for that. Dogs, you know, don't recognize words; just sounds. So I thought up all the words that have a phonetic kinship with King . . ." He was looking straight into her dark blue eyes, seeming to direct his voice with a most minute part of his brain. "Thing, Bing, Fling, Ding. . . . Not a fit dog name among 'em. . . . Gink came nearer but

(Continued on page 40)

puzzling job! But if Stone's approach sent a twittering woodcock spiraling above alders or a grouse from its feeding ground with a thunder of wings, he would slap the stout ribs resoundingly and tell the dog that this was what he'd been bred for and that he was learning fast and was a darned good feller! The good feller, however, would seem to resent this demonstration and twist away and be gone about his business as will an outwardly perverse but thoroughly dependable person who is dead against showing pleasure at anything.

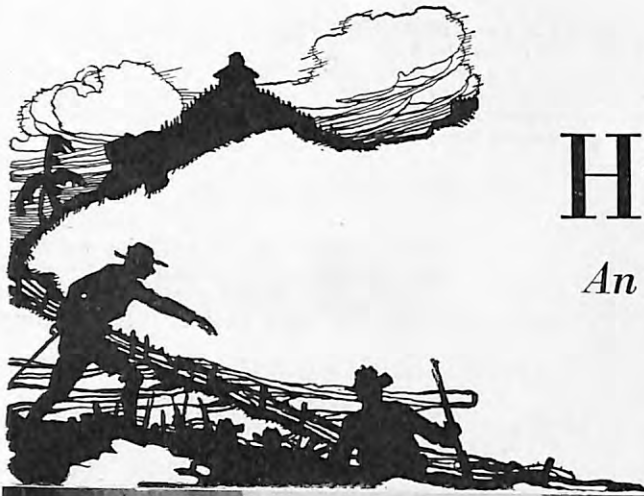
When the expedition was for a whole day, toward noon Steve would halt and take out a lunch and share it with his pointer. Were the weather hot, they both might sleep a while in friendly shade; if the day were fresh, they'd soon be on again, prowling



Hike'em Hiram's Fortress

An ex-Marine stands guard on our gold

By Webb Waldron



Colonel Hiram Bearss and the grim-ported citadel he guards

"HIKE'EM Hiram" Bearss, Colonel of Marines. Spirit of all the Marines have meant—bulldog courage, shrewdness, stamina, rollicking humor and daredeviltry. Always I had pictured Hike'em Hiram standing bolt upright in a hail of insurrectos' bullets against the background of a tropic jungle. And now, what was he doing down here in an office building in lower Manhattan?

Yet the address he had given me, Thirty-three Liberty Street, was just that. The canyons of the financial world.

I strode along, bumping against hurrying brokers, scurrying stenographers and haughty financiers.

Then I spied the number. No. 33. A grim, high portal like a fortress. On the steps stood a hard-faced bozo in a blue-black uniform with a gun at his belt. He shot me a sharp, inquiring glance.

I pushed past him into a tremendous bare stone lobby, like the entrance hall of a medieval castle. All around the lobby stood other hard-jawed gentlemen in blue-black uniforms, with guns at their belts. Fronting me was a counter. Behind it sat another of those forbidding persons in blue-black. Beside him on the desk lay a machine-gun.

This was something like! Hike'em Hiram couldn't be far away now.

"Colonel Bearss in?" I asked. My voice quavered a little, for the man behind the desk was toying with his artillery as he eyed me.

"Got business with him?"

"Yes."

"Sergeant!" he snapped.

"Take this man in to see the Colonel."

One of the men standing over against the wall approached. He nodded sourly. I followed him across the lobby to a gate of thick steel bars. The man on guard unlocked it. We passed through. Clang! went the gate behind us.

I followed down a bare passage to a door. It opened. At the far end of a room behind a

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desk sat a man. A short stocky figure of a man, with snapping gray eyes and a stiff jaw. A man with quick jerky gestures, a glance that was hard one minute and genial the next, and a laugh like the crack of a Mauser.

"Hello!" he hailed in a saw-tooth voice. "Say," I demanded, "what is this building? A fort?"

"Sure," he chuckled. "It's the Federal Reserve Bank of New York. I'm in charge of the protection here."

The Federal Reserve Bank of New York! I might have known I'd find Hike'em Hiram in some dramatic setting. Hike'em Hiram, the daredevil of the jungle, watching over the biggest pile of gold in Manhattan. I stared at him and grinned incredulously.

And suddenly my mind flashed back to the last time I had seen Hike'em. A muddy road north of Verdun, and Bearss, a French liaison officer, a sergeant and I—a war correspondent—crowded in an ancient flivver chugging through the dark toward the front line. "There's the P.C.!" Bearss crackled, pointing to the mouth of a dug-out up a dark hillside. And just then a fearful shriek. A shell burst directly in the mouth of the P.C. We floundered out of the car and crouched in an old shell-hole, for shells usually came in pairs. But it had been a gas-shell and gas was rolling down on us, choking us. "Come on!" Bearss yelled. I ran after him up the hillside. There was another shriek. The Colonel tripped on a strand of barb-wire. I fell on top of him. And that shell exploded—or so it seemed to me—in the vicinity of my left leg. I crawled forward on hands and knees and tumbled down the steep, slippery steps of the dug-out into blackness.

Afterward, hours afterward, I was crouched in the mud in a dim passageway underground and Hike'em Hiram was striding up and down in front of the telephone operator, profanely directing the attack, artillery, infantry, machine-guns, while German shells made the roof tremble over our heads. . . .

And here he was, behind a desk, down in the canyons of finance!

"When the news got around that I had taken charge of this protection," he chuckled, "and that I wanted some men, all the Marines in this neck of the woods came looking for jobs. Well, Marines were just what I wanted! I've got about a hundred men here in the bank under me and almost all of 'em are ex-Marines. Do you want to see how we handle it?"

I answered emphatically that I did. Bearss did some telephoning, and presently he and another official of the bank and I set out to explore this fortress of his. As I went along I thought: No wonder the Marines flocked to Hike'em Hiram, for who in the Marine Corps, who indeed in the whole Navy and Army, hasn't heard of the exploits of this man?

HIRAM BEARSS was, in a way of speaking, a born Marine. When he was a young chap in Indiana, just out of De Pauw,—where he'd been a nery half-back—Hi Bearss saw that famous picture of a Marine with a flashing bayonet jumping out of the bow of a boat into a tropic jungle. And he decided that there was the life for him. He got a commission and went out to the Philippines.

Down there in the jungle he won his nickname,

"Hike'em Hiram," by his relentless marches across Samar. There he and another daredevil, Captain David Porter, performed their famous ladder stunt. There was a rebel stronghold on top of a hundred-foot cliff, at the bend of a river. The only way to reach it was by the two long fragile bamboo ladders, dangling from the brink of the cliff to the water. At the top, the natives had several bamboo crates full of stones, poised to throw down on invaders. The Americans crept forward. "Will you risk it?" asked the commanding officer. "Sure!"

(Continued on page 49)

Drawings by Harvey Fisk



A sergeant of the guard





Kind of Old Fashioned

By Charles H. Baker, Jr.

Illustrated by
J. Clinton Shepherd

*W*HOP-whop! . . . Pause. . . .
Whop-whop! . . . Whop! . . . Whop!
. . . Silence.

"Humph!" Sheriff Vick frowned. Pistol—smokeless powder. In hunting country, one notes such things, second nature.

Now what young buck in all Lovells Landing would target practice six-thirty of a Monday morning? Dangerous, too. Those new fangled automatics 'd kill a man at a mile, he reckoned. Maybe some fool nigra.

He gave Snip, his small roan cow pony, a friendly touch of the spur. The wiry little horse raised the beat of his easy single-foot. His unshod hoofs scuffed puffs of warm yellow dust off the clay road. A dis-temppered setter pup held cross-saddle on his lap, sensing this new tension in its master, whined to attract attention, for the pine tar rubbed between its eyes burned on this trip to the veterinary.

"Never heard of such fool business, target practicing there right in town!" he muttered. By Jephthah if it was that fool Goggins nigra drunk again! Anyway he'd put fear of God into someone.

When the big Cadillac sedan swung onto the clay road at town line his mild blue eyes narrowed beneath their bushy white brows as he reined in. His mind began clicking things off; Jacksonville district number plates; traveling too fast—a sight too fast. He dropped the setter pup into the capacious maw of a leather saddle bag, and slid to the ground.

No getting away from it, Sheriff Earle Vick looked mildish for his job. Slightly built, not tall; with a drooping white mustache, gentle voice and kindly eyes. Suddenly his manner changed. The blue eyes were two splinters of ice. His shoulders squared as he led Snip across the road and stood calmly waiting. A narrow road

through palmetto flatwoods; deep water-filled barrow pits left and right. A gamble at that, with some fool back of the wheel.

As the screaming brakes locked the big car skidded to a halt broadside of the road-bed, scanty twenty feet away. The old man's face had not moved a muscle as he stood there with Snip rearing at the reins. A chauffeur in livery stuck his head out. "Hey, you sap—what the hell's the big idea hoggin the road?" he snarled. Odd words for a servant to use with master along.

"You gentlemen make out to be in right smart of a hurry," he opened mildly, ignoring the epithet as he studied the other two men in the rear seat. "I'm County Sheriff here. Take it kind if you'd cut down a mite. Sight o' folks still has horses what ain't car broke yet." Courteous words, but they carried the ring of authority, even though on his errand of mercy he was unarmed.

Here the car owner leaned forward to speak. He turned to the sheriff with an ingratiating smile. "I hope you will pardon my man's language," he began easily. "I'm afraid the speeding is all my fault. He was merely following orders to catch the Tampa express at Orlando. We haven't much time and he doesn't know the road. Maybe if you'd take a look at this map here you could show me how to get around that detour by what they call Big Cypress Swamp."

In spite of inner warning bred of thirty years sherifing his kindly nature swayed him. He obligingly leaned in through the door to point out a short cut. Then the butt of a heavy automatic pistol dropped on his worn grey Stetson, and the old man slid to the ground without a sound and lay face down in the sun-warmed clay road. Two of the Jackson boys found him lying there ten minutes later, as they headed out after the blue sedan. It took two hats-

full of brown pond water to bring him to.

You can imagine how a sleepy little town in the orange belt would take a machine-made gangster killing, 1931 model. Not a front-door lock in the whole place that was ever used—then to wake up one morning and find Colonel La Due, head of the Orange Grower's Trust, and young Clyde Buckner, his cashier, both sprawled dead in the cage with a quarter million cash gone.

If it hadn't been for a severe run on Lovells Landing's only other bank, the Colonel and Clyde would be alive to-day. But by the week-end, uneasiness and near-panic had spread. That quarter million in small bills was ordered from the big Jacksonville reserve bank in case Orange Grower's Trust depositors might be silly enough to start drawing cash Monday morning.

THE old sheriff must have sensed a distinct coolness in the group as he painfully dismounted beside the bank and tossed the reins over an ancient hitching post. . . . So the news of his accident had preceded him already, he thought wearily. Back of the teller's cage was the coroner, the town constable and Clem Younger—looking drawn and sickish about the gills. Clem was running Republican sheriff against the old man at to-morrow's election; more for the excitement of the thing than through any hope of winning.

Inside, the constable greeted him. "All hell's called on this town, Sheriff. Jackson boys just told me how those crooks assaulted you. It's kinda shame you didn't tote your gun along. Here all we know is there's two dead men, and a chromium trim Cadillac with a quarter million paper money gone. We spread the alarm thorough. Better let me take a look under that head bandage, Sheriff," he added with unnecessary loudness; "it looks plumb nasty."

The old sheriff's eyes were shadowed, his voice lower and more gentle than ever. If he sensed a veiled slight in the other's tone he gave no sign. Colonel La Due had been one of his oldest friends; young Buckner





had bass-fished and quail-hunted with him a hundred times.

"Don't study 'bout me, constable," he answered slowly. "This tap on the head ain't a thing. . . . Called Orlando yet?"

"What do you think, sir?" the coroner cut in testily; "of course, first off. Clem and his Dad happened by first. He holds stock in the bank, and they phoned the insurance people. Besides murder they got all the cash that came in by plane Saturday from Jax. Nothing else touched. Crooks must have known the Colonel and Clyde would be double-checking it early before opening to-day. Something funny in all this. How did that news get out to crooks like that?" The sheriff nodded agreement.

"Nobody see that car or men hangin' round here befo' the shootin'?" The constable shook his head, nettled at the old man's plumbing the weak spot in his town guardianship on his first question.

"Nobody! Two-three boys saw them come out of the bank later. But shots in town don't read murder with chicken hawks around. Boys say those cold-blooded killers never even *walked* fast. Drove off slow and easy behind a livery chauffeur. Wasn't until they rolled up the street a piece he stepped on the gas. Now

Somehow the news had spread that old man Vick had bait-set him a man trap, and now the trigger was about to be sprung

CLINT EASTWOOD

they're gone—slipped through our fingers!"

The sheriff nodded. "They was rollin' right smart when they hit town line."

"The insurance people are posting fifteen thousand reward for arrest and conviction, or for recovery," Clem Younger said in a strained voice. "They are sending down their two special Florida operatives by the mail train this evening. This case is bound to open up then without any fooling around. We're up against a mob of modern killers. They know how to go after them with modern methods—or we're whipped from the start. Dad and I had to take things in our own hands on this phoning business. Every second counted." It was all pretty jumpy business for a boy.

Once more the old man nodded without answering. He studied the little office space; eyes orienting everything slowly, methodically. The amazing thing was the utter perfection of the killer's work. Colonel La Due was slumped in a heap by his fallen chair at the center table, his back to the grill; the boy sprawled face down, half under the counter. He examined each body carefully. Both had two bullets close to the heart, and one each through the head. No amateur technique here. 1931 model—taking no chances.

"Calc'late these two head shots come after they went down—just to make sure";

old man Vick said finally. "No mo' feelin' than a man butcherin' a beeve. The Colonel was shot in the back sitting at the table, befo' he had time to raise up and see what hit him. Judge from where he lays they got to po' Clyde reachin' for his Colt there under the counter. Too bad he couldn't a wropped his hand round it. Clyde could shoot. . . . Told his Ma yet?"

"Sent Clem over," the Coroner said shortly. "I figure there isn't much we can do now until those two detectives pull in. It's death from shooting by person or persons unknown, far as I see."

Sheriff Vick called central, repeated the car number, and ordered the girl to call out a ring of vigilantes in each town around a fifty-mile radius—to close every road to everyone.

"Thanks Miss Hattie-Mae. While you do this get your helper to phone every main town—to watch every road, every landing field and port. Get the car owner's name from Tallahassee State Department. Calc'late if you ask Tampa and Jax real pretty they might put it on the air. That'd be nice. . . ."

He stood up, facing outward through the brass grill; then walked outside the cage and picked up six ejected, empty brass shells on the floor against the right hand baseboard; odd-shaped, small calibre, high powered. "Furrin automatic," he said half to himself. "Don't nowadays seem natural a man'd want a foreign gun. But this man was a killer. Used it for some good reason. Mebbe like certain

folks set out to catch fish on light tackle."

The others in the little group exchanged meaning glances. All guesswork, their eyes said. Too bad, but old man Vick certainly was slipping! Disloyal doubt eating through well seasoned layers of friendship like a canker.

"Figger they must be bullets somewhere besides in the floor," he went on absently, as he entered the cage again. "High power don't stop up much hittin' a man. Like to see one up close. Never knew but two-three men could do this brand o' fancy shootin' with a hand gun outside Annie Oakley or show folks."

After a few minutes careful search the old man found an irregular hole in the front of a cardboard filing cabinet. He rifled the pages until he found what was left of the bullet.

"All wropped up in letter copies," he said, passing it along to the Coroner. It was small, copper jacketed, cruelly mushroomed. "Gentlemen, that is a soft nosed bullet. Like you'd use on some wild animal. When a man goes down from one o' those he stays down."

HE TURNED to Clem Younger. "Son, I saw yo' Pa's Buick standin' outside. Take it kind could I borrow the loan of it for half an hour. Mine's home. Aim to take a quick run out to the road fork beyond the bridge by Big Cypress. . . . Come along?"

"Nope," the boy said shortly. His nerves were still a bit frayed. "Go ahead and take the car. I better stick around here with Dad, close to the phones. This is bad news with the other bank closed to-day from last week's run. There'll be trouble here too."

The sheriff with difficulty threaded his way through the growing crowd outside. "Goin' home now to find yo' gun?" one voice snickered sarcastically; a sallow youth with buck teeth and tobacco stains on an inbred chin. Here, at the sound of his own voice drawing public attention to himself, the taunter grew more bold, more bitter. "But of course Sheriff Vick he don't need to

tote any gun," he drawled on; "all *he* needed to do was to step in close and hogtie them killers like you cotch tame hens—only they wasn't tame!"

The laugh took hold with all the cruelty of uncertain men caught up in a web of new bewilderment; in bitterness turning against one who had been their strength and defense up to that time. But the old man never even turned his head. As his foot pressed the starter Stewart Edwards shouldered his way over.

"Say, Sheriff," he said in a low voice, "here's something you may tie up with this job. They tell at my garage Willie Auslander didn't show up for work this morning. Never late in three years. Phoned where he boards. He started walking to town at seven as usual. He

(Continued on page 42)



Two of the Jackson boys found him lying there ten minutes later, as they headed out after the blue sedan



Berry True

"If my husband is bad-tempered, I treat him with contempt," said a woman in court. The surly worm gets the bird.—*Passing Show.*

Sparkling Smile

News comes of a Broadway playboy who has diamonds set in his front teeth. He is regarded by many as just a flash in the pan.—*Life.*

Or Someone Weeping

A tourist was enjoying the wonders of California as pointed out by a native.

"What a beautiful grapefruit!" he said, as they passed through a grove of citrus trees.

"Oh, those lemons are a bit small, owing to a comparatively bad season," explained the Californian.

"And what are those enormous blossoms?" asked the tourist.

"Just a patch of dandelions," said the Californian.

Presently they reached the Sacramento River.

"Ah," said the tourist, grasping the idea, "somebody's radiator is leaking!"—*Idaho Blue Bucket.*

And Blew the Matterhorn

"Traveled all over the world, eh? Went up the Rhine, I suppose?"

"Climbed it to the top."

"Saw the Lion of St. Mark?"

"Fed it."

"And visited the Black Sea?"

"Filled my fountain pen there."

—*Stray Stories.*

Slice Work

"The barber's striped pole originally indicated that bleeding was done on the premises," says an historian. It still does.—*Passing Show.*

Locals

A Kentuckian in Connecticut was giving some illustrations of the size of his State.

"You can board a train in the State of Kentucky at dawn," he said, impressively, "and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Kentucky!"

"Yes," said one of his Yankee listeners, with feeling, "we've got trains like that here, too."—*London Tattler.*

Ah, But How Violently?

Magistrate: "Witness says you neither slowed down nor tried to avoid the pedestrian."

Motorist: "I took all precautions. I blew my horn and cursed him."—*Answers.*



The ventriloquist answers his wife back

—*Passing Show*

Not Gnu—But Good

The tourist was making his first trek through the African game country and had dropped in at dinner time at the camp of a famous hunter. An excellent steak was set before the tired traveler who smacked his lips over its goodness.

"Is this a gnu steak?" he asked his host of the verdant veldt.

"No," replied the mighty hunter, "but it's just as good as gnu."—*Life.*

Especially Such a Face

"Does your little boy always stick out his tongue at visitors that way?"

"Yes, he never forgets a face."

—*College Humor.*

Relieving the Farmer

The wife of a wealthy Canadian farmer writes that her one ambition is to see the big London shops. Apparently she does not want her husband to remain a wealthy Canadian farmer.—*Humorist.*

Counterfitting End

A gangster who controlled Brooklyn's slot machine racket was taken for a ride recently. Enemies, it seems, drove him to a lonely spot and dropped in some slugs.—*Life.*

The Same Old Basis

Landlady: "So Mr. New-board has found something fresh to complain about this morning."

Maid: "No, mum, it's the eggs."—*Boston Transcript.*

It Is, Anyway

Yes, there's a terrible surplus of wheat in this country, but it could be worse. It could be spinach.—*Life.*

Initial Disadvantage

"Speaking of signs," writes W. P., "I remember once standing in front of a grocery store and noticing the sign, 'A Swindler,' on the window. Entering I asked the proprietor if it wouldn't look better if, instead of 'A,' he printed his full Christian name.

"No," he said, "it would look worse. My first name is Adam."

—*Boston Transcript.*

Medical Necessity

"Doctor, isn't it true that we can live without the appendix?"

"Yes, the patient can—but to surgeons it is indispensable."

—*Vart Hem, Stockholm.*

A Bachelor's Only?

Then, on the other hand, a bachelor's life is just one undarned thing after another.—*Boston Transcript.*

Hound Advice

"We better get this dog out of here."

"Why?"

"Oh, that man said to stop pooching on his property."—*Penn. State Frosh.*

It's About Time

"Mary has a wonderful husband."

"Yes? Houzat?"

"Why, he helps her do all the work. Monday he washed the dishes with her. Tuesday he dusted with her. And tomorrow he is going to mop the floor with her."—*Brown Jug.*

Engaging Prospect

"When do you plan to get married?"

"Well, if all goes well we won't get hooked up for a couple of years yet."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.*

Boxing-Glove Counter

Pretty Shop Girl: "Could I interest you in a bathing costume, sir?"

Mr. Gay: "You certainly could, baby, but my wife is over there at the glove counter."—*Boston Transcript.*

Radio Rambles — Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



John Greig
(Lucifer G. Butts to you) has been big-timing for four years in one program . . . Collier's hour over WJZ. You'd never know John when he gets behind his Butt's make-up. John says Prof. Butts isn't so crazy after all, because a lot of people write in and want to back his inventions a la Rube Goldberg. Blueprints and drawings of the wildest ideas pour in for the Professor's O.K.



Captain Bang

The beloved character of the Seth Parker Program played by Raymond Hunter. This rugged sea captain with his magnificent baritone voice, has found an enduring place in the hearts of the radio listeners of America. He looks as nice as he sounds, doesn't he?



Birds of Paradise

The Beautiful Beth and Betty, whose second names are Dodge, couldn't live up to their last name with the camera man—aren't you glad they didn't? Their novel vaudeville and musical comedy presentations over C.B.S., have earned them the title of "Two Birds of Paradise." By the way, Beth (on the left) is noted for her bird whistling act—she doesn't look like a moron, does she?



PROF. LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Frank Parker

This good-looking chap with the engaging smile is the popular tenor of the A. and P. Gypsies Hour; started as a dancer—didn't even know that he could sing until a few years ago—everyone lucky enough to hear him knows it now—sang in operettas—danced in Greenwich Village Follies—is heard on A. and P. Gypsies, and Sweet-heart Soap and Linit, all over N.B.C. They say he has the highest male voice on the air—if any of you know of a higher, write in and let me know



For answers to your questions, see page 50



COURTESY OF AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION, ANDERSON GALLERIES

Illustration for Charles Dickens' "Pickwick Papers," from a painting by Charles Robert Leslie, R. A.

Pull Out a Christmas Plum

There's One for Every Taste in This Gay and Varied Assortment of Books

Newton D. Baker

America at War. By Frederick Palmer. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

NEWTON D. BAKER was Secretary of War in the second Wilson Cabinet. He was the man who, during the world's greatest conflict, was the bridge between the American "people and the army . . . the President and the army . . . the President and the people." It was a giant's job.

Two years ago he turned over to Mr. Palmer the files of his correspondence covering that grilling period, and the result is a two-volume study of the war as seen across the desk of the "slim little man" who, at the time of his appointment, was Mayor of Cleveland and a member of three pacifist societies.

No one, during those war years called forth more critical fire than Secretary Baker, yet he refused to share the indignation of his friends. "I am not so concerned," he once wrote, "as I should be, I fear, about the verdict of history." That verdict, in the light of Mr. Palmer's magnificent study, leaves little to be desired. Time has proved the genius with which Mr. Baker carried on his monumental task.

He gave only two orders to General Pershing: one was to go to France—the

Copyright, 1931, by Claire Wallace Flynn

By Claire Wallace Flynn

other was to be sure to return. Once he cried out during the pressure of those days: "I can not stand this desk job any longer . . . I want you to send me over as a second lieutenant!" But in the end he stuck to those terrific responsibilities which he so simply spoke of as a desk job.

Mr. Palmer's book is not only timely—Baker's name will in all probability loom large in 1932—but it is grand reading.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

A Career in Progressive Democracy. By Ernest K. Lindley. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis.)

IF IT is true that the governorship of New York is frequently the breeding-place for Presidential material, then this biography of Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, present Governor of New York, is politically a most important book.

Born into a prominent and cultured clan, educated at Harvard and Columbia, imbued from his earliest years with the idea of civic responsibility, it was inevitable that after a short time devoted to the practice of law young Roosevelt should drift into a more public career. He became a member of the New York Legislature (at 28) and was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in

1913. At thirty-eight he was nominated for Vice-President. Following a return to official life after an attack of infantile paralysis, which would have blighted the future of a less valiant soul, he took his place on the front pages of the press as New York's "man of destiny."

Mr. Lindley's book is a clear, quick recital of events, illumined with a remarkable sense of the value of names and situations. If, as many believe, Roosevelt has one foot in the saddle and is heading toward Washington, this, then, is also one of the books of the moment.

The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens
(Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York.)

IF NAMES make news, and news makes vital reading, then this story of his life, by one of America's best-known reporters, editors, investigators and "muckrakers," is living stuff.

All the people who have been in that much over-taxed public eye for the past forty years parade across its pages: statesmen, scholars, criminals, reformers, big business men, young geniuses. . . .

These, Mr. Steffens knew as no one but a died-in-the-wool newspaper man can ever know his fellows—instinctively, revealingly, brilliantly. He was not only reporter during

(Continued on page 59)



EDITORIAL

IN MEMORIAM

Once more the members of the several subordinate Lodges are called upon to pause before the altar of memory and pay tribute to those brothers who have gone before us into the Great Beyond. This annual memorial service is one of the oldest of the Order's ceremonies. It is one of the sweetest and most appealing. It is the one that is, perhaps, most pleasantly associated with the Elks in the public mind.

There are few Lodges from whose membership the Grim Reaper has not taken toll during the past year. Probably there is not one on the pathetically long list of decedents who did not, at some time during his Elk career, ponder on the occasion when his name would be called on the roll of Absent Brothers. Doubtless each one speculated upon those who would attend the services; and hoped there would be many who would recall him with gentle thoughts and send out to him the kindly fraternal greeting that would indicate he was not forgotten.

Those of us who are left behind realize, of course, that in due time our own names will be inscribed upon the memorial tablets in our respective Lodge rooms. It is a solemn thought, yet not necessarily a sad one. It is all as natural as it is inevitable. But it should prove an incentive to the performance of the fraternal duty of attending upon the prescribed ceremonial while we are yet able to do so.

Elks are at their best upon these occasions. Each one should contribute to its dignity and importance by his presence. He will not only thus add to its fine impressiveness, but he will derive a real spiritual benefit from his participation in the ceremonies.

It is a matter of sentiment, it is true; but it is a wholesome one, the indulgence in which has a very practical value. The Order of Elks is builded on just that sort of sentiment. Recall this on the first Sunday in this month. Be a good Elk; and attend your Lodge services.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING

Most of us will recall the old expression, oft repeated to children as December drew nigh—"Christmas is coming." It had various meanings. It was a warning against ill behavior, which Santa Claus would remember. Or it was a half promise of special reward for better conduct. Again it was simply an exclamation of happy anticipation of seasonal delights just ahead. As used in the above caption, however, a different thought is sought to be presented; a reminder that the usual benevolent activities should not be left for last-minute preparations.

Charitable work of a very definite character at Christmas has come to be regarded as a distinctive Elk community service. The need for it this year will be felt with peculiar keenness by a larger number of worthy beneficiaries than is ordinarily the case. Those Lodges which contemplate observing the custom should begin now to plan for it.

It is none too early for committees to be appointed, for surveys to be made, for lists to be perfected, for contributions to be sought, and for workers to be enlisted.

There is much of detail involved; and delay endangers the efficiency with which the work should be done.

There is something about the Christmas Festival that seems to affect all alike. Quite irrespective of its religious significance, traditions of its observance and remembered customs stir our finer impulses. Kindliness and generosity are enkindled in every heart and find expression in innumerable deeds that brighten and cheer.

But we are rather prone to defer our consideration of these things until the occasion is upon us. Then we are drawn into a feverish haste that detracts somewhat from the pleasure which should attend such activity. This should not be the case with collective enterprises. Essentially they require forethought and intelligent planning. This does not lessen the satisfaction that comes to those who participate in them; it only increases the extent and insures the effectiveness of what can be accomplished.

It is with this thought in mind that the several subordinate Lodges are now reminded that Christmas is coming.



REAL CHARITY

The community service performed by the subordinate Lodges during the year, whatever may be its specific objective, is, for statistical purposes, generally referred to as charity. In order to keep their records in the accustomed way,

whatever is done during this winter, whether it be unemployment relief or some other form of benevolent activity, will be carried on the books as charity.

This is essential to permit reports to be made in the only way in which they can be made concretely to reflect the extent of those activities; and no criticism can be directed toward this method. Indeed no objection can be made to the term thus used. In the ordinary acceptance of the word, it is charity.

But after all, what appears in the records is the least part of real charity. The mere giving of alms, the simple donation of money to funds to be expended in relief of the needy, is not all of the virtue as Elks preach it and practice it. There must be back of the gift a true generosity of spirit, a sincere sympathy with the cause, a real happiness in the act. Beyond this, there must be, wherever possible, the individual contact, the personally displayed kindness, the human fraternal touch, which constitutes the highest charity.

In the oft-quoted Epistle to the Corinthians, it is written: ". . . and though I give all my goods to feed the poor . . . and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." While the profit referred to is a purely spiritual recompense, it embraces the idea here suggested, that a mere money contribution is but the acknowledgment of an economic obligation. Of itself it is but one element of real charity.

It is not always practical for every contributor to group funds to follow up the gift by personal participation in its application or administration. But the manner in which it is made and the generosity displayed, are evidences of

the spirit which prompts it. And there are numberless ways in which that spirit may be manifested beyond the mere financial donation. True Elks will adopt them.

A personal effort to secure a job for a worthy unemployed man or woman, accompanied by a kindly interest in his or her independent well-being, is worth infinitely more to such a person than any dole could possibly be. The practical help extended to one in need, if extended with a sympathetic understanding and a sincere desire to be also humanly helpful, doubles the value of the service. These things demonstrate the possession and practise of charity in its true sense, which means sincere love of humanity.

Present conditions afford unusual opportunities for Elks to give proof of their proper conception of the fundamental tenet of our Order.

WANTED—SELF-STARTERS

■ In the early days of the automobile, one of the troublesome features of its operation was getting it started. Some one had to get out and crank the engine. However well-built, however powerful and speedy when under way, the engine had to be cranked by the awkward application of outside power. That inconvenient and inefficient method has now been discarded. The modern driver simply presses a peg or button and the engine starts itself; the car is ready to go.

Too many men are like those old-fashioned vehicles, now obsolete. They may be splendidly built physically, have energy and endurance, possess a fine mentality, and be honest and dependable; but they lack initiative. They await suggestions and directions from others as to what they should do and how they should do it. They are not self-starters.

Such men fill an important and essential place in the scheme of things, of course. They do the many jobs that

must be done, when and in the manner they are told to do them. But they do not rise above the dead level of the commonplace. They do not become leaders. They are simply followers; and there is always an abundant supply of them. But there is always a need for men who can do their own thinking, who blaze new paths, who can and do voluntarily assume re-



sponsibility and take charge in dealing with problems that must be solved. The world needs more leaders. The Order of Elks needs them.

However, capable leadership is not ordinarily a matter of sudden inspiration. It is born of self-confidence that has proved itself by experience. It is the product of capacity for initiative that has been tested. It requires independence of thought, not merely the adoption of the opinions of others. It is a growth, a development. And one of the prime essentials is a mental and physical self-starter.

One gets to be a leader by leading, by thinking out a definite course, taking the initiative and embarking upon it with confidence and courage, by using his self-starter instead of waiting to be cranked up by some one else.

If you haven't one, acquire one by practise. If you have one, step on it. Start the engine; and when it is running smoothly, throw in the clutch, take the wheel and direct its operation toward the selected goal. You will find plenty of passengers to ride with you, if your destination be a desirable one. And every trip will develop your capacity to conduct successfully others that may be more difficult.

THE DISTRICT DEPUTY CONFERENCE

■ The value of the conferences held each year, at which the District Deputies receive first hand instructions as to their duties and hear inspirational addresses as to their opportunities, has been clearly demonstrated. The one recently held was exceptionally helpful. It is to be regretted that every member of the Order could not have been present.

But they will derive a definite benefit from it through the messages to be carried to their respective Lodges by the District Deputies, if they will make a point to attend the session at which the official visit is to be paid. They owe this to themselves, as they owe it to the Order and to the Grand Exalted Ruler's representative. It is an effective way in which they may become informed of the many activities of the Order of which they should be advised and in which they will assuredly feel a deep interest and a keen pride.

AGAIN A PERTINENT INQUIRY

■ Miss Evangeline Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army in America, was hastening one day to catch a train. As she hurried through the station, accompanied by a group of friends, an over-persistent interviewer forced his way to her side and asked: "Miss Booth, is the world getting better?" She replied: "I am doing what I can to make it so; but what are you doing?"

That personal question might, very pertinently, be asked of those members of the Order who are so ready, either directly or inferentially, to criticize it. There are an unfortunate number of such members. They complain that the Order is not growing. They say their Lodge is inactive; that no one takes any interest in it; that it is losing its appeal to members and public alike. If it be granted that their statements have some basis in existing facts, then the retort is justified: What are you doing?

Indeed it is an inquiry that each Elk might well address to himself occasionally. The growth of the Order, its accomplishments, the activities of the local Lodge, its standing and prestige in its community, are all matters that depend upon the interest and personal endeavors of every individual member. Until each one of them is playing his proper part, conditions will continue to be less satisfactory than they should be. But the delinquents have no just cause to complain. If they will emulate the example of the great Salvationist, so that each may also say, "I am doing what I can," there will be no further grounds for complaint.





KAUFMAN PERRY

One of the most auspicious affairs given recently by Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, was the banquet upon "Judge's Night" at the Home

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

2,000 Elks Honor Grand Trustee James T. Hallinan at Meeting

IN CELEBRATION of the election of James T. Hallinan as Grand Trustee, two thousand Elks assembled recently at the Home of his Lodge, Queens-Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. The gathering comprised officers, both past and present, of high rank in the Grand Lodge, as well as officers and delegations of members representing virtually every subordinate Lodge in the Southeast District of New York. As a tribute to Mr. Hallinan, the guest of honor, the occasion was designated "Hallinan Night." The early events of the evening were a reception and a banquet, served in the main dining room of the Home. Thereafter the Drill Team escorted the distinguished guests and visiting delegations into the Lodge room, where they were welcomed by Exalted Ruler George A. Burden. The notable Elks in attendance included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, Mr. Hallinan's immediate predecessor in office; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frederick Hughes, Dr. Lester G. Brimmer, Peter Stephen Beck, Clayton J. Heermance, Eugene E. Navin and John E. Dearden; and James H. Mackin, of New York; and Charles Wibiralski, of New Jersey; and Joseph Brand and Philip Clancy, Past Presidents; Albert G. Schildwacher, Vice-President; Joseph E. Steinmeier and Dr. James H. Brennan, Trustees; and Thomas F. Cuite and Matthew J. Merritt, Past Vice-Presidents, of the New York State Elks Association. At the meeting, the initial address was made by Past Exalted Ruler Dr. John E. Kiffin, of Queens Borough Lodge. After this, Past District Deputy Brimmer presented to Grand Trustee Hallinan, on behalf of the Lodge, a handsome silver set and, on behalf of the Past Exalted Rulers and the nine living Charter Members of the Lodge, another token of esteem. Addresses by Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fanning and Hulbert and by Mr. Phillips, paying tribute to the high place Mr. Hallinan

has come to hold in the respect and affections of the Order, followed. To these the guest of honor responded with an uncommon grace and modesty. He received a tremendous ovation from the many hundreds present, among whom were representatives of New York Lodge, No. 1, Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22, Oswego Lodge, No. 271, Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275, White Plains Lodge, No. 535, New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, Bronx Lodge, No. 871, Freeport Lodge, No. 1253, Glen Cove Lodge, No. 1458, Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485, Lynbrook Lodge, No. 1515, Huntington Lodge, No. 1565, and Southampton Lodge, No. 1574. After the termination of the formal session, a vaudeville show was presented and a buffet supper served. The success of the evening was due in great measure to the efforts of Past Exalted Ruler Frank J. Rauch, Chairman of the Committee in charge of arrangements, and his able assistants.

Huntington, Ind., Elks Entertain Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight

Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wiecking was a guest recently at a banquet given in his honor by the officers of Huntington, Ind., Lodge, No. 805, at the Home. Following the dinner, the officers, hundreds of members and their guests attended a regular meeting in the Lodge room. Among the distinguished visitors present, besides Mr. Wiecking, were Secretary W. C. Groebl and Third Vice-President O. Ray Miner, of the Indiana State Elks Association. Delegations from Elwood, Warsaw, Bluffton, Decatur and Wabash Lodges were also present. Mr. Wiecking delivered the principal address of the evening.

Grand Exalted Ruler Appoints Eight Additional District Deputies

According to information received from Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen appointed recently eight additional District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers. They are Dr. George W. Randall, of Blocton Lodge, No. 710, for Alabama, North; C. Q. Carman, of Mobile Lodge, No. 108, for Alabama, South; E. P. Huston, of Paris Lodge, No. 812, for Illinois, Southeast; A. J. Manhein, of Shreveport Lodge, No. 122, for Louisiana,

North; W. B. Wilkes, of Greenville Lodge, No. 148, for Mississippi, North; C. A. Carrier, of Pascagoula Lodge, No. 1120, for Mississippi, South; John S. Beck, of San Juan Lodge, No. 072, for Porto Rico; and George S. Talbot, of Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1429, for Alaska, Southeast. The appointment of David L. Stine, of Ogden Lodge, No. 719, as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Utah, to occupy the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Leslie J. Mann, also has been announced.

Detroit, Mich., Elks Are Hosts to American Legion Members

During the week of the American Legion Convention, held recently in Detroit, Mich., over 15,000 Legionnaires, including many Elks from almost every State in the country, found gracious hospitality at the Home of Detroit Lodge, No. 34. The doors of the Home were opened to the visitors from morning until late at night of each day. The entertainment committee of the Lodge, assisted by Antler Post No. 344, of the American Legion, was in charge of the numerous amusement programs, dinners and other forms of entertainment.

District Deputy Savage Visits Two Montana Lodges

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Savage recently made official visits to two Lodges in the Western District of Montana. On his call at the Home of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725; Mr. Savage was entertained, after the regular meeting of the Lodge, by the Kalispell Rotary Club. A few days later District Deputy Savage made an official visit to the Home of Missoula, "Hellgate," Lodge, No. 383.

Omaha, Neb., Elks Give Benefit For Crippled Children's Fund

One of the most spectacular entertainments in the history of Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39, was presented recently by the members for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Fund of the Nebraska State Elks Association. Over 25,000 people witnessed the spectacle. Among the features of the elaborate program were an impressive address by Governor William H. Murray of Oklahoma, and a huge pyrotechnic

display. The fireworks depicted a scene in the World War. The profits derived from the entertainment will be used as a part of the Lodge's quota for the Nebraska State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Fund.

Wilkins Expedition's Diver Takes Elk Emblem Nearly to North Pole

What is believed to be the most northern point to which an Elk emblem has ever been carried was established not long ago by Frank Crilley, of Newport News, Va., Lodge, No. 315, a master diver with the submarine expedition of Sir Hubert Wilkins into the Arctic. Mr. Crilley deposited the insignia of the fraternity at the spot 290 miles south of the North Pole, where the expedition was forced to turn back. The emblem was given to Mr. Crilley by Capt. Jack Denig, of New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, with the suggestion that it be left at the Pole, or as close to it as Sir Hubert and his party should get.

Olean, N. Y., Lodge Presents Musical Show for Charity

Olean, N. Y., Lodge, No. 491, recently presented a musical comedy, enacted by members of the Lodge and the community, for the purpose of increasing its charity fund. The entertainment, entitled "Tee Up," was given upon two successive nights. It was generously patronized and enthusiastically received by its audiences. Interest in the enterprise was widespread in Olean, and it was enhanced by a street parade a few days before the first performance. Further attention was drawn to the play by a special eight-page supplement, designated as the "Elks Booster Edition," in the *Olean Evening Times* in advance of the presentation. Business men cooperated liberally to make the supplement possible by purchasing advertising space in it.

Exalted Rulers and Secretaries Of New York, Southeast, Meet

Ten of the thirteen Lodges in the Southeast District of New York were represented recently at a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of that territory, held at the Home of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878. The gathering was called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner. Notable among the Elks present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Grand Trustee James T. Hallinan and Albert G. Schildwachter, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association.

Bronx, N. Y., Elk Gives His Lodge Complete File of Elks Magazines

Maurice Segal, a member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently presented to it a complete file of numbers of *THE ELKS MAGAZINE*. The collection includes every issue published,

The most northern journey an Elk's emblem has ever made. Frank Crilley (standing at the right), of Newport News, Va., Lodge, No. 315, master diver with the Arctic submarine expedition of Sir Hubert Wilkins, leaves the insignia of New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, two hundred and ninety miles south of the North Pole. Sir Hubert is standing at the extreme left



INTERNATIONAL

from the first, the June, 1922, number to the latest. The copies will be bound and placed in the library of the Lodge's Home. Commenting upon the gift, the *Bronx Elks Bulletin* said: "The thanks of Bronx Lodge are extended to Brother Segal for his splendid donation, as well as for his care and patience in preserving the ten years' issues of the magazine."

New Home of Danbury, Conn., Lodge Is Dedicated Before One Thousand

In the presence of over a thousand members of the Order, gathered recently at one of the most impressive meetings in the history of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley delivered the dedicatory address for the opening of the Lodge's beautiful new \$200,000 Home. Preceding the ceremonies, a banquet was given at the Hotel Green to the Grand Lodge officers, followed by a parade in which approximately 600 Elks marched through the streets of the city to the new building. There

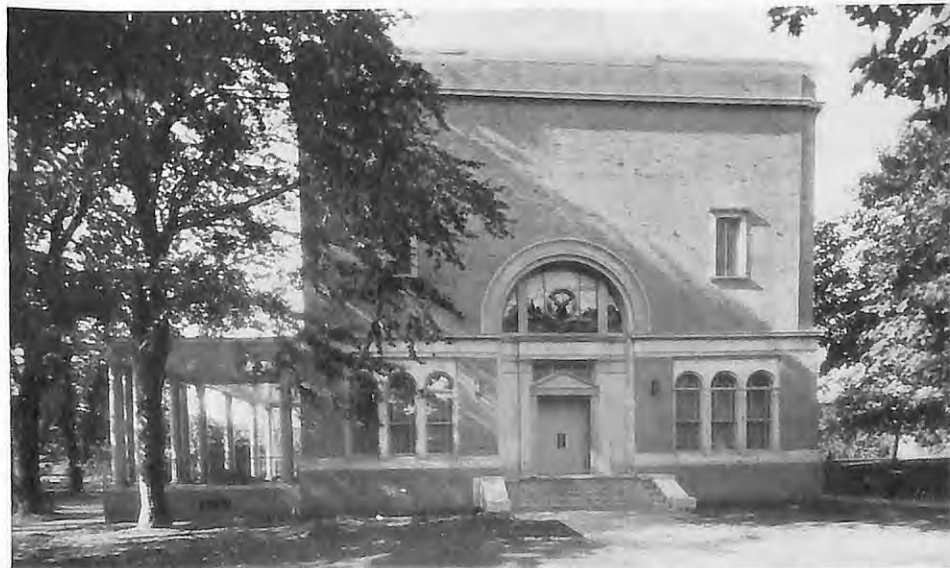
Exalted Ruler E. Paul McKenney, of No. 120, opened the meeting and introduced District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Skelly. Mr. Skelly presided at the exemplification of the ritual which followed. At the close of the service Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham was called upon to introduce the principal speaker of the occasion, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley. Mr. Malley's address was received with acclaim. After the dedicatory ceremonies had been concluded, a program of entertainment was presented. Among the features on the program were several selections by Danbury Lodge's orchestra and its double male quartet. The new Home of Danbury Lodge is said to be one of the finest in the State. An outstanding feature of the building is the large auditorium, which has a seating capacity for one thousand people, and is equipped with a stage and dressing-rooms. The Lodge room, 40 feet by 45 feet, is handsomely furnished throughout in modern style. The Home as a whole is one of commodious proportions and unerring good taste.

Bradenton, Fla., Lodge Leases Golf Course and Clubhouse

For the benefit of its members and their friends, Bradenton, Fla., Lodge, No. 1511, a short time ago leased for a long term a property embracing a clubhouse and a nine-hole golf course. These facilities for golf were formerly operated by the municipality of Bradenton. The links are now known as the Elks Community Golf Course and are under the management of a committee appointed by Exalted Ruler S. H. Klemetsrud. The course adjoins the winter training quarters of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Orphanage Thanks Annapolis, Md., Lodge for Outing to Children

In appreciation of the pleasure afforded to the inmates of the Mount Olivet Orphanage by the members of Annapolis, Md., Lodge, No. 622, at an outing and picnic at Crystal Beach during last summer, James E. Warfield, Superintendent of the Orphanage, recently wrote to the Lodge a letter of hearty thanks. In part, Mr. Warfield's letter, addressed to Secretary A. Guy Miller, said: "I am taking this opportunity to express



The splendid New Home of Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120, dedicated a short time ago



Grand Exalted Ruler Coen recently dedicated this new Home of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge No. 456

to you and the members of your Lodge our appreciation for the wonderful trip that you gave our children. . . . Of all the trips the children have ever taken, the one that they spent as a guest of your Lodge was the most enjoyable of all. If you could see the children as they tell of their experiences and the many moments of pleasure they spent on that day, and talking to each other about their trip, I know that you would be well repaid for what you have done."

Clearwater, Fla., Lodge's Degree Team Given Championship Cup

On behalf of the Florida State Elks Association, of which he is a Past President, David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, presented to the Ritualistic Team of Clearwater Lodge, No. 1525, the cup emblematic of the State championship. The presentation was made at a recent meeting at the Lodge Home.

Titusville, Pa., Lodge Is Host to Pangborn and Herndon at Dance

Upon the invitation of Exalted Ruler Theodore Bartholomew, of Titusville, Pa., Lodge, No. 264, the two famous world fliers, Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., members of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, recently attended a charity dance given by the Lodge. The fliers were formally presented to the many Elks and their guests assembled at the Home for the occasion. In answer to inquiries regarding their famous flight, Mr. Pangborn and Mr. Herndon gave a brief outline of the trip.

Grand Exalted Ruler Dedicates New Home of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge

The splendid new \$90,000 Home of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, was dedicated recently before Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, a numerous gathering of members, and many out-of-town visitors. Mr. Coen was introduced by Exalted Ruler A. A. Franzke of Lewistown Lodge. In his dedicatory address, the Grand Exalted Ruler praised the beautiful and commodious Home, as well as the spirit of the members which made possible its acquisition.

At the banquet for Mr. Coen, which followed the ceremonies, Judge Edgar J. Baker, of Lewistown, presided as toastmaster. Mayor Stewart McConochie, of Lewistown, extended to Mr. Coen the official welcome of the city. Among others to speak at the dinner were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arnold Huppert, Exalted Ruler Franzke, and Past Exalted Ruler George J. Weideman, a charter member of the Lodge. Two hundred and seventy-five members attended the banquet. The new Home is situated in the center of the business district. The building was formerly occupied by the Fergus County Bank. Especially remarkable is the fact that the indebtedness incurred by the purchase of the building was entirely eliminated in a little more than a year after its purchase, although plans had called for the retiring of the debt over a period of five years. After its purchase by the Elks, the structure was completely remodeled and adapted

to the needs of the present owners. On the second floor is the spacious and tastefully furnished Lodge room, which also provides ample accommodations for some of the social functions. On the first floor are the lounge and reading and game rooms, offices and committee rooms. A banquet hall is in the basement.

Past Exalted Rulers of Old New York, Southeast, District Assemble

At its annual meeting, held recently at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, the Past Exalted Rulers Association of the old Southeast District of the State elected Past Exalted Ruler Matthew J. Merritt, of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, President for the coming year. Additional officers chosen were Frank J. McGuire, of White Plains Lodge, No. 535, Arthur B. Kelly, of Bronx Lodge, No. 871, and Clarence J. Seaton, of Haverstraw Lodge, No. 877, Vice-Presidents; and, by re-election, Henry Kohl, of Newburgh Lodge, No. 247, Secretary-Treasurer. President James H. Brennan, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, occupied the chair during the session. Upon the same evening the Association tendered a dinner in honor of the newly appointed District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of New York. Notable among the seventy-five members of the Order present, besides those already mentioned, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Paul Van Wagner and Walter T. Hawkins.

Secretary of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge Resigns After Thirty-Eight Years

After serving thirty-eight years as Secretary of Fremont, Ohio, Lodge, No. 169, I. Ticknor Miller resigned recently from the active duties of that office. Mr. Miller was made Secretary a week after he was initiated into the Lodge in May, 1893, to fill a vacancy. He was reelected to the office at the next annual election of the Lodge, and has held it ever since, until his resignation took effect. During the entire time he was Secretary of the Lodge, Mr. Miller missed only seven meetings, three of which occurred when he was attending a Grand Lodge Convention, and the other four when death in his family kept him away. He is at present seventy years old.

Bowling Alleys, Built by Elks of Tallahassee, Fla., Are Successful

Tallahassee, Fla., Lodge, No. 937, recently installed two bowling alleys in its Home for the use of its members. These alleys were constructed entirely by the Tallahassee Elks, under the direction of a professional carpenter. In-



The Degree Team of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, with the cup emblematic of their State championship. The trophy was the donation of J. L. Reed, Sr., Past President of the Florida State Elks Association.

terest in bowling has increased so rapidly among the members that seven teams now are playing regular weekly games.

Tenth Anniversary Celebrated by Monrovia, Calif., Elks

The tenth anniversary of the founding of Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, No. 1427, was celebrated recently at the Home by the members and their guests at a meeting noteworthy for its large attendance. Among the features of entertainment on the occasion were a dinner and a vaudeville performance.

Wenatchee, Wash., Elks Induct Two Trans-Pacific Fliers

Before a large gathering, and one notable for the presence of a host of visiting delegations and distinguished members of the Order, Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, recently initiated, by special dispensation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Hugh Herndon, Jr., and Clyde Pangborn, the two aviators who not long before had made a non-stop flight of the Pacific from Tokio to Wenatchee. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the celebrated initiates spoke briefly in appreciation of their welcome into the Lodge. Their talks followed addresses by Walter F. Meier, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; J. J. Schiffner, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Washington, East; and John C. Slater, President, and Victor Zednick, Secretary, of the Washington State Elks Association. A message of congratulation to Mr. Herndon and Mr. Pangborn from Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen was conveyed to them by District Deputy Schiffner. Among the twenty Lodges represented at the meeting were those of Seattle, Spokane, Walla Walla, Everett, Ballard, Centralia, Longview, Hoquiam and Chehalis, Wash.

Alexandria, Ind., Elks Burn Mortgage on New Home

At one of the most successful meetings in the history of Alexandria, Ind., Lodge, No. 478, hundreds of members and their guests gathered at the Home recently to celebrate by burning the mortgage the paying of the final debt on the Lodge's new building. After the ceremonies a buffet supper was served in the spacious dining-room of the Home.

Los Angeles, Calif., Elks Honor Anniversary of Constitution Day

Members of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, recently celebrated the One Hundred and Forty-



A memorable occasion in the history of Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186: the initiation of Hugh Herndon, Jr., and Clyde E. Pangborn, who made a non-stop flight across the Pacific. Mr. Herndon is second from the left, and Mr. Pangborn fourth, in the front row

fourth Anniversary of Constitution Day by services held at the Home. Notable among those attending the affair was the then President, H. S. Williamson, of the California State Elks Association. The features of the program included an impressive rendering of the ritual service by the officers of Los Angeles Lodge and a number of musical selections presented by the Lodge's orchestra. Judge Lewis R. Works, of Los Angeles, a member of San Diego Lodge, No. 168, in the principal address of the evening, gave an interesting review of the history of the Constitution under the various forms of government.

Early Days Are Recalled at Nutley, N. J., Lodge's Nineteenth Anniversary

More than a hundred members of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, among whom were a number of charter members and Past Exalted Rulers, met a short time ago to celebrate the Lodge's nineteenth anniversary. Features of the event were talks by Past Exalted Rulers John M. Mackay and Joseph Blum, in which the early days of No. 1290 were vividly recalled; and an address of congratulation to Nutley Lodge by Past President Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge Gives Dutch Supper

For the benefit of the welfare fund of the Lodge, the Guard of Honor of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, recently held a Dutch supper, at which three hundred Elks, many of them representing neighboring Lodges, were present. Prominent among those who spoke during the supper were State Senator Joseph Mulhem, the officers of the Lodge, and Benny Leonard, former lightweight boxing champion of the world. A period of community singing and a program of entertainment concluded the evening's festivities.

Monroe Goldstein in Charge of 1932 Grand Lodge Convention Plans

Monroe Goldstein, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has been engaged to direct the arrangements for the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Birmingham, Ala., next July. Members of the Order will recall Mr. Goldstein for his work as Executive Secretary in charge of the Atlantic City Convention in 1930 and in previous years. In the course of a recent visit to the 1932 Convention city, Mr. Goldstein addressed the members of Lodge No. 79 there upon the work to be done for the coming gathering of the Order. At the same meeting James F. Hawkins, Joseph Zinszer and Jonas Schuchat, all members in good standing of Birmingham Lodge for twenty-five years, were presented with life membership cards in token of their distinguished services.

San Diego, Calif., Lodge Honors Admiral Nerney, Charter Member

Rear-Admiral Thomas A. Nerney, of the California Naval Militia, and recently retired, was the guest of honor not long ago at a meeting of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168. Admiral Nerney is one of the six living charter members of the Lodge. His service in his State's naval militia began in 1892 and comprised active participation in the Spanish-American War, aboard the U. S. S. *Philadelphia*. In 1931 Governor James Rolph, Jr., gave him the commission of rear-admiral, and placed him upon the retired list.

Ladies, Related to Millinocket, Me., Elks, Form Emblem Club

At the Home of Millinocket, Me., Lodge, No. 1521, ladies who are members of Elks' families recently organized an Emblem Club, as an auxiliary group to the Lodge. This, the thirtieth of such clubs to be formed in different parts of the country, is believed to be the first of its kind established in the State of Maine.



The new members of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, initiated as a class not long ago in honor of Grand Trustee John K. Burch



The first student to receive a scholarship from the Elks National Foundation: Paul Joseph Cadran, of Turners Falls, Mass. His application was sponsored by Greenfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1296; and the Massachusetts State Elks Association

Oakland, Calif., Lodge Regains 533 Delinquent Members

Through the activities of its Lapsation Committee, Oakland, Calif., Lodge, No. 171, during a period of six months recently terminated, has restored to good standing 533 delinquent members. The committee, a group of fifty-two, was headed by Past Exalted Ruler Fred B. Mellmann. In its work its members attempted to interview personally every delinquent who was a resident of Oakland and to correspond directly with any who was a non-resident. The total of back dues collected by the committee during its half-year of activity exceeded \$10,000.

Harold Colee, Prominent Florida Elk, Appointed to New Office

Harold Colee, Secretary and Treasurer and Past President of the Florida State Elks Association, was appointed a short time ago Executive Manager-Public Affairs of the Florida Motor Lines. In an announcement of Mr.

Colee's acceptance of the post, P. G. Howe, President of the company, declared that among the reasons for his choice was not only Mr. Colee's extensive experience in the business of transportation, but also his wide participation in civic and communal affairs in Florida. For twenty-one years Mr. Colee was associated with the Florida East Coast Railway. He resigned from the office of Manager of Public Relations with this organization to join his new company. His other activities include service as President of the St. Augustine Historical Society and Institute of Science; as member of the Board of Directors of the Florida State Chamber of Commerce; as member of the Historical Fact Finding Commission appointed by the St. Augustine City Commission; as General Chairman of the Florida National Advertising Council; and as President of the St. Augustine Chamber of Commerce.

Special Installation Is Held At Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge

A gathering noteworthy for the prominence of its members was held recently at the Home of Port Chester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 863, upon the occasion of a special installation of officers. The installation was made necessary by the resignation of Exalted Ruler John E. Martin, whose health required his vacation of the Lodge office. Acting District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. McCarthy presided at the exercises incident to the installation of Dr. Max M. Kaplan as the new Exalted Ruler. Present at the ceremonies were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frank J. McGuire and Arthur B. Kelly; and Past State President Joseph Brand, Secretary Philip Clancy, Vice-Presidents Albert C. Schildwachter and Peter W. Soetmon and Trustee Joseph E. Steinmeier, of the New York State Elks Association.

Columbia, Tenn., Lodge Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

Columbia, Tenn., Elks recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of the founding of their Lodge, No. 686, of the Order. Among the distinguished visitors attending the affair were Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. Z. Turpin, W. P. Boyd, Mora B. Fariss and W. E. Mullins; and Judge W. B. Turner, of Columbia. The officers of the Lodge, led by Exalted Ruler John W. Parks, conducted initiation ceremonies. In his address Judge Turner, the principal

speaker of the occasion, praised the Lodge and its members for the services they have rendered the city of Columbia during the Lodge's thirty years of activity. After the meeting the Elks and their guests enjoyed a dinner and social session.

Massachusetts Youth Awarded First Elks National Foundation Scholarship

John F. Malley, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Elks National Foundation, announced recently the award of the first Elks National Foundation Scholarship. The recipient is Paul Joseph Cadran, of Turners Falls, Mass. Mr. Cadran, graduated with the class of 1929 from the high school of his home city, is now a second-year student in chemistry at Tri-State College, Indiana. His application for a scholarship was submitted to the Foundation by the Massachusetts State Elks Association following the recommendation of Greenfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1296. A display of courage and perseverance in the face of handicaps, a high standard of personal conduct and excellence in scholarship were elements in Mr. Cadran's character and mind which prompted Greenfield Lodge to sponsor his application. Eight States, besides Massachusetts, are at present eligible to seek Elks National Foundation Scholarships for worthy students. They are Maine, Connecticut, New York, Nevada, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Arizona and Vermont. There is also a scholarship of \$300 available to a deserving resident in the combined jurisdictions of the Lodges situated outside the States of the Union. The rules and instructions governing these scholarships were published in the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Past Exalted Ruler Richardson, Of Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge, Dies

Past Exalted Ruler John Richardson, the first Exalted Ruler of Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1439, died recently. For many years Mr. Richardson had devoted much of his time to the welfare of the Lodge. He was a much beloved and admired friend of the many who knew him, and his loss will be keenly felt both by the members of the Lodge and the community in which he lived.

Many New Philadelphia, O., Elks Greet District Deputy Thomas

One of the largest gatherings of the year was present at the Home of New Philadelphia, O., Lodge, No. 510, a short time ago to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank G. Thomas upon the occasion of his official visit. Besides the large number of members of No. 510, there were in attendance delegations from Dover, Canton, Newcomersville and Steubenville Lodges. Features of the event were the District Deputy's address, the initiation of a class of candidates and a program of music by a choir. A social period followed the formal meeting.

Middletown, N. Y., Elks Darken Home in Tribute to Edison

Members of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, recently paid tribute to the memory of the late Thomas A. Edison by standing in silence for one minute in the darkened rooms of the Home, in response to the suggestion made by President Hoover. At the meeting upon the same evening Past Exalted Ruler Jesse L. Shelton read an interesting report on the Sixty-seventh Convention of the Grand Lodge, held in Seattle last July, which he, as the Grand Lodge representative of No. 1097, attended.

Warning Issued Against Man Carrying Raton, N. M., Lodge Card

Warning to Lodge Secretaries is given by W. D. Pierson, Secretary of Raton, N. M., Lodge, No. 865, against a man carrying a card with the name of C. M. Gladman and claiming to be a member of Raton Lodge. This man has defrauded York, Nebr., and several other Lodges, of money, Mr. Pierson reports. The card is dated as of 1930-1931, bearing the number 50 and stating that the owner's membership is

(Continued on page 63)



The Degree Team of Hartford City Lodge, No. 625, with the cup, donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, emblematic of their championship of Indiana



Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, with members of Santa Cruz, Calif., Lodge, visits a grove of giant redwood trees

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Coen Calls Upon Lodges of the Far West

LEAVING his home in Sterling, Colo., on October 3, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen arrived in Salt Lake City the following day. He was greeted at the station by the Past Exalted Rulers and the officers. Early in the evening he spoke over Station KDYL, and later attended a reception in his honor given by George B. Hoffman, a former schoolmate. The next afternoon, at three o'clock, Mr. Coen took part in a conference of the officers of the Utah State Elks Association, at which President Paul V. Kelly presided; and, at half-past five attended, as guest of honor, a banquet at the Hotel Utah. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the members of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, at their formal session in the evening. Seven hundred Elks were present, including a large delegation from Ogden Lodge, No. 719, headed by the then District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, Leslie J. Mann.

Early upon the morning of October 6, Mr. Coen left by plane for Las Vegas, Nevada. Events arranged in his honor by the members of Lodge No. 1468, there were a parade in the afternoon, a banquet in the early evening, and the initiation of a large class of candidates into the Lodge at its meeting thereafter. Prominent among those to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler during his stay in Las Vegas was H. J. Gazin, President of the Nevada State Elks Association. The official visit of the head of the Order to Las Vegas Lodge was attended by the presence there of large delegations from Reno Lodge, No. 597, Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072, and Ely Lodge, No. 1469.

For his call upon San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in the mid-afternoon. From that time until the meeting in the evening he was entertained with a long drive through the country near San Bernardino and at a banquet at the California Hotel. After the termination of the Lodge session, during which he witnessed the initiation of forty candidates for San Bernardino, Ontario, Redlands, Brawley and Riverside Lodges, Mr. Coen was escorted to San Diego by a group of his hosts. A special motor patrol assisted him in making a speedy journey.

The next three days, October 8, 9 and 10, the Grand Exalted Ruler spent as an honored guest of the convention of the California State Elks Association. His participation in this event and other details concerning it are reported elsewhere in this issue, in "News of the State Associations."

Sunday, the 11th, provided a needed day of rest for Mr. Coen. Upon the ensuing day, after a luncheon at the Home of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906, at which O. R. Dibblee, a member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, was also present, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited, in the evening, Glendale Lodge, No. 1289. A dinner at the Oakmont Country Club preceded the Lodge meeting, an occasion attended by more than 600 Elks. The event was one of double interest, combining as it did

the interest of the presence of the chief executive of the Order and the celebration of the nineteenth anniversary of Glendale Lodge. Notable among the gathering were Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; Michael F. Shannon, Justice of the Grand Forum; Mr. Dibblee; Albert D. Pearce, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. P. Wright; President F. E. Dayton and Past President H. S. Williamson, of the California State Elks Association. In the course of the session, Mr. Pearce received an honorary life-membership card from the Lodge, for distinguished services rendered to the Order. Delegations were present from San Fernando Lodge, No. 1539, and Pasadena Lodge, No. 672.

In company with President Dayton, on October 13, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Bakersfield for his visit to Lodge No. 266 in the evening. Forty miles south of the city a delegation composed of Elks from Bakersfield and other Lodges in the San Joaquin Valley met him and escorted him to his destination. At the meeting, Mr. Coen witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates by the officers of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, who compose the championship ritualistic team of the State. It was his pleasure, too, to present at the same session an Elk emblem to Past District Deputy Grand Exalted

Ruler Frank H. Pratt on behalf of Mr. Pratt's Lodge, No. 1342, of Porterville. Five hundred Elks were present at the meeting, among whom were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. C. Niete, and delegations from every Lodge in the San Joaquin Valley. A splendid venison supper followed the formal session.

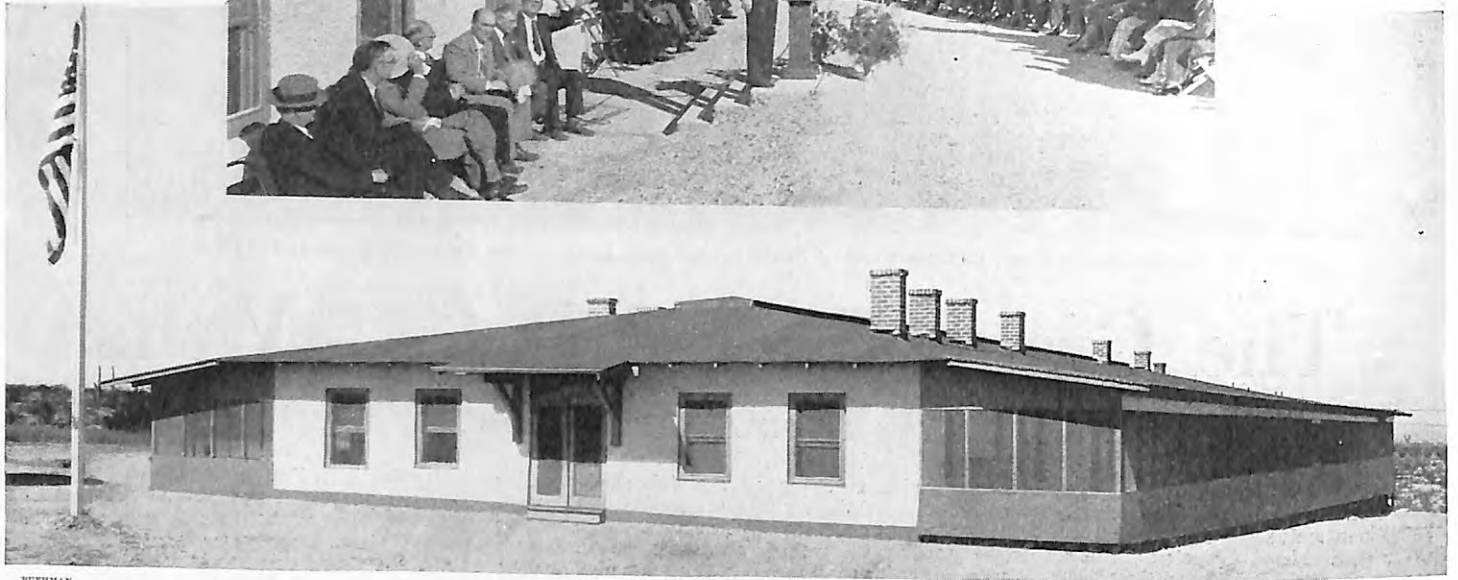
During the following two days, the Grand Exalted Ruler accomplished five visits. The first four, a noonday meeting with members of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, and an afternoon call at the Home of Hollister Lodge, No. 1436, on October 14, and a luncheon and a trip to a famous grove of redwood trees, in company with the Elks of Santa Cruz Lodge; and an afternoon sojourn at the Home of Watsonville Lodge, No. 1300, on October 15, were of an informal nature. Many of the members of these Lodges, however, had opportunity to hear Mr. Coen speak when he paid an official visit to Salinas Lodge, No. 614, the evening of the 15th. There more than 500 Elks were in attendance at the Lodge session, members of both the host Lodge and of the near-by Lodges of Palo Alto, San José, Watsonville, Gilroy, Santa Cruz, San Luis Obispo, Monterey and Hollister. Incidents of especial interest during the meeting were the initiation ceremonies, as conducted by the Ritualistic Team of Salinas Lodge, winners of the F. E. Dayton Ritualistic Cup, emblematic of the championship of the Western District of California; and the presentation to Mr. Dayton of an honorary life membership by his Lodge, for distinguished services rendered to the Order. Among the celebrities of the Order present, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were Grand Trustee Hagan, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Snyder, and George M. Smith, Trustee of the California State Elks Association. A guest of distinction from public life was Congressman Arthur M. Free.

A morning call upon Gilroy Lodge, No. 1567, a luncheon meeting with the members of San José Lodge, No. 522, and an official visit in the evening to the Home of San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, occupied Grand Exalted Ruler Coen on October 16. En route to San Francisco, in the company of Grand Trustee Hagan and President Dayton, Mr. Coen and his suite were met at the county line by Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, John J. Lermen, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Albert S. Reedy and Exalted Ruler Arthur Heinz, of No. 3, as the heads of a committee of welcome. From that point Mr. Coen was escorted into the city where Mayor Angelo J. Rossi held an impromptu reception in his offices for him. A dinner at the Lodge Home was first among the events of the evening. At this, in addition to representatives of San Francisco Lodge, there were present the Exalted Rulers and other officers of Oakland, Vallejo, Santa Rosa, Alameda, San Mateo, Eureka, Sonoma, Napa, Petaluma, Berkeley, San Rafael, Richmond, Pittsburg and Modesto

(Continued on page 57)



The Grand Exalted Ruler, after calling upon Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, leaves by airplane with Mrs. Coen for Las Vegas, Nevada



BUHRMAN

Two Notable New Elks Institutions

Hospitals in Arizona and in Florida Are Dedicated

The Tuberculosis Sanitarium for Elks, established not long ago by the Arizona State Elks Association, is situated near Tucson. It affords treatment for any member of the Order, no matter what his place of residence. Above are views of the building and of the dedicatory exercises, with Joseph Gunst, President of the Association, delivering his address of presentation. The sanitarium accommodates between forty and fifty patients



At the left, the dedication of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, presented recently to the Florida State Elks Association by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. P. Miller, of Eustis. David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, presided at the ceremonies. Besides the building, the Association received as a gift from Samuel L. Owens, of Umatilla, five adjoining blocks of property for playgrounds



W. B. POWELL



A few of the Elks (above, at the left) and Indian guests at the recent annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association; and the Home of San Diego Lodge (at the right), decorated in honor of the California State Elks Association convention, held there a short time ago

Arizona

IMPRESSIVE addresses and colorful ceremonies marked the dedication and laying of the cornerstone of the Tuberculosis Sanitarium for Elks, near Tucson, Arizona, an institution established a short while ago by the Arizona State Elks Association. Three hundred members of the Order, State and city officials and guests attended. The dedicatory address was delivered by the Most Reverend Daniel J. Gercke, Bishop of Tucson. President Jacob Gunst, of the Association, presided at the dedication ceremony, and made the official presentation of the institution to the Association. Among other distinguished speakers for the occasion were Past Exalted Ruler Peter E. Howell, of Tucson Lodge, No. 385, who conducted the exercises at the laying of the cornerstone; Past Exalted Ruler Herbert F. Brown, of Tucson Lodge; Mayor G. K. Smith, of Tucson, a Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, who offered the felicitations of the city; and Dr. I. E. Huffman, President of the Pima County Medical Association, who spoke on behalf of the medical staff which will donate its services to the sanitarium. Throughout the cornerstone laying and dedicatory ceremonies, an orchestra provided appropriate music. Both exercises were broadcast over radio station KGAR. The entire program was presented out-of-doors, on the grounds adjacent to the building. After the ceremonies, over two hundred people inspected the institution, which is furnished with the latest modern equipment. It has a capacity of between forty and fifty beds. Up to the time of the dedication thirty-three applications had been received by Mr. Gunst. Any Elk, regardless of his place of residence, is eligible for admission so long as he is a member in good standing in his Lodge. The sanitarium charges a maintenance fee, but in the event of an applicant's requiring assistance to meet this the administrators of the institution will endeavor to find a means of rendering it. All applications and requests for information should be made to Jacob Gunst, President of the Arizona State Elks Association, Post Office Box 809, Tucson, Arizona.

Florida

THOUSANDS of Florida Elks, their families and their friends, recently attended the dedication of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, at Umatilla, presented to the Florida State Elks Association by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. P. Miller, of Eustis. Prominent among those who spoke at the ceremonies were David Sholtz, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge, in charge of the dedication; J. Edwin Baker, President, Harold Colee, Secretary-Treasurer, and the Reverend P. J. Downey, Chaplain, of the Association; and Mr. Miller the donor. In presenting the \$250,000 building, Mr. Miller spoke for his wife, joint donor; and for Samuel L. Owens, of Umatilla, who gave several acres of land adjoining the grounds upon which the Home stands. The ceremonies were opened with a musical program by the Association's band, assisted by the Boys' Band of Umatilla. The Reverend D. T. Johnson, Chaplain of Eustis Lodge, No. 1578, pronounced the invoca-

News of the State Associations

tion. This was followed by Mr. Miller's presentation speech and the acceptance speech of President Baker. The Home, situated on the outskirts of Umatilla, was formerly the Rowebilt Hotel. The five blocks of lots adjoining the property of the Home and given by Mr. Owens, will be transformed into playgrounds, on which will be erected swings, slides and other devices for play.

California

WITH an attendance of more than three thousand, comprising Grand Lodge officers, both past and present, delegations representing nearly every Lodge in the State, and many visitors, the California State Elks Association recently held its seventeenth annual convention. The assembly extended over a period of three days. It convened at San Diego, under the auspices of Lodge No. 168. A notable feature of the meeting was the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, who delivered the principal address before a gathering of over five hundred delegates, at the business session on the second day. Registration of visitors commenced on Wednesday at the Lodge Home. The convention opened formally Thursday morning, when the first business session was held, with the retiring President, Horace S. Williamson, presiding. The Reverend John B. Osburn, of San Diego Lodge, delivered the eulogy for the Memorial Service. At intervals throughout this ceremony the Elks Chanters, of San Diego Lodge, provided music appropriate to the solemn occasion. In the afternoon, a committee of the officers of the Association, led by Exalted Ruler Edward F. Cooper, of San Diego Lodge, journeyed fourteen miles beyond the city limits to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler. That evening Mr. Coen gave a brief talk over the radio station KGB. At the second business session on the following day, Friday, the Grand Exalted Ruler was introduced to the many delegates gathered there for the occasion. Prominent among those to hear him were Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, Grand Trustee Ralph Hagan, Grand Esquire John J. Doyle; Michael F. Shannon, Justice of the Grand Forum; Past Grand Leading Knights Harry M. Ticknor and Miffilin G. Potts. The important feature of the last session, held on Saturday morning, was the election of officers for the new term. The delegates chose F. E. Dayton, of Salinas Lodge, No. 614, President. Other officers named were: Vice-Presidents, C. E. Wetter, Red Bluff Lodge, No. 1250; Eugene L. Webber, Napa Lodge, No. 832; Theo. M. Maino, San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322; J. Thomas Crowe, Tulare Lodge, No. 1424; C. P. Hebenstreit, Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; and E. R. Majors, Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794; Secretary (reelected), Richard C. Benbough, San Diego Lodge; Treasurer (reelected), C. W. Haub,

Sacramento Lodge, No. 6; and the following Trustees: Harry Bartell, Alameda Lodge, No. 1015; George M. Smith, San José Lodge, No. 522; Clarence A. Kaighin, Pasadena Lodge, No. 672; M. R. Standish, San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836; C. C. McDonald, Woodland Lodge, No. 1299; and George C. Cobb, Visalia Lodge, No. 1298. It was not

decided at this meeting where the convention for 1932 would be held. After the installation of the officers, the session was brought to a close. During the three days of the convention, a varied and interesting program of social activities provided the delegates, the other visiting Elks, and their families with much enjoyment. While the delegates were attending the opening session on Thursday morning, the ladies visited the Naval Training Station and, later, enjoyed a boat ride around the bay. That afternoon a card party was given for the ladies at the Home of San Diego Lodge. In a ritualistic contest held that night in the Lodge-room of the Home, the team of Fresno Lodge, No. 439, won the event with an almost perfect score. The teams of San Pedro and Stockton Lodges took second and third places respectively. A dance for Elks and their families, held in the Home, brought to a close the events of the first day. The golf, trapshooting, bowling and handball tournaments, which had their start on the preceding day, continued during the first part of Friday morning. On Friday afternoon, a band contest, held in the Organ Pavilion, at Balboa Park, was won by the musicians of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906. The Elks Band of Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, received second prize. The baseball game, originally scheduled as a championship affair between the best nines of northern and southern California, was played by the San Diego Lodge team and a nine made up of members of Long Beach Lodge, No. 888. The Long Beach Lodge team won. Not least among the entertainments of the day crowded with an assortment of pleasures were the regimental review at the Marine Base and the final dance held at the Russ Auditorium of the San Diego High School. Saturday morning, prior to the business session, the sports tournaments and a drill contest were brought to a close and the winners of the various events announced. The Santa Monica Lodge Drill Team exhibited such precision and perfect form in its work that it was awarded first place. Second place was won by Pasadena Lodge. In the golf finals, played on the Agua Caliente course, the team of Merced Lodge, No. 1240, was the victor, winning by a gross score of 604 strokes. The members of the winning team were John A. Robinson, Frank Lach, Allen Locher and L. A. Peck. For the best individual score in the golf matches, A. H. Savage, of Huntington Park Lodge, won the Donlon golf cup. Whittier Lodge, No. 1258, entered in the bowling contest a splendid team which came through the tournament with the best score. This competition was held on the alleys of San Diego Lodge. The two-man trapshooting event was won by the Huntington Park Lodge team, Long Beach Lodge's team winning the five-man trapshoot. On Saturday afternoon the three-day

(Continued on page 55)



Correct Dress for Men

Christmas Gifts That Men Like

By Schuyler White

EACH year the question of what to give a man for Christmas presents a problem which causes the ladies—God bless them—much nerve-racking worrying and anxiety, not to mention the many weary miles joyfully walked in going through various shops in order to get “something different.” It is in this quest for the unusual that, all too unwittingly, the results of their efforts do not always merit the appreciation and gratitude of the male of the species. The average man never really appreciates anything that is so unusual and different that he cannot wear or use it. In spite of the innumerable Christmas suggestions annually proffered by shops—yes, in spite of the expressed wishes of the men themselves—it is amazing what strange things are so often found wrapped in attractive Christmas packages.

In an attempt to call to the attention of men the things which they might want for Christmas and which they would actually enjoy if they received them, as well as to help those who have in mind the selection of some attractive, desirable gift for a man, this article has been written. And if any reader has any timidity about frankly expressing a wish for any particular thing, even under cross examination, it is humbly suggested that this magazine be tactfully left open at this page and put in a conspicuous place—indeed, it would not be going too far to even underscore with a pen the items suggested which have the greatest appeal. Then the only thing left is to sit back and wait for Christmas and see what happens. Who knows but that this Christmas may produce just the thing you’ve always wanted?

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In a man’s life, perhaps the most unpleasant thing is the Christmas tie. The crimes that are committed in this field are too numerous and too fantastic to be believed. But seeing is believing, and there is not one of us who has not eagerly opened a package, only to find that it contained a tie for which there is absolutely no excuse. Now, the selection of a smart, good-looking tie should be an extraordinarily simple matter. But at Christmas time it becomes a very complicated, complex matter. Even though the shops are filled with ties in the most wanted plain colors, such as navy blue, bottle green and maroon—even though a man’s taste runs to some conservative but rich effect in diagonal stripes or neat block effects or simple all-over patterns in geometric designs, almost invariably the Christmas tie represents some bizarre pattern in which can be detected all manner of cubistic designs. Why even the birds of the air and the beasts of the forests have been incorporated in some manner or another in order to create patterns for the Christmas tie. Is it any wonder then that these ties miraculously disappear—(only under strong duress could they ever be worn)—never again to be seen? Therefore, if it is a tie that a man gets for Christmas, why not let it be the type of tie that he would select for himself? When a woman selects a tie for a man, she is unconsciously influenced by certain color combinations which would be most suitable for her but which are all wrong for

her Christmas victim—the man. Therefore, let it be known that if you must have a tie for Christmas that it be a tie which you can wear at all times and really enjoy wearing—a tie that is rich and somber in color and quiet in design—a tie that will not cause you to be asked “where did you get that tie?” After all, a man has to wear the tie and why shouldn’t he be given a “break” by getting a tie which, if he wore it, would not make him think he was in a fancy dress costume for some masquerade party?

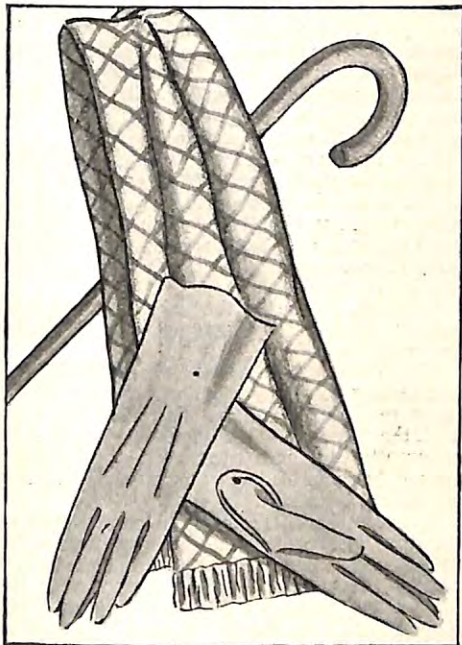
While a necktie is an easy thing to buy for a man, there are other things that a man is always glad to have and which cost no more than the average good tie. Regardless of price, there is an unusually wide assortment of things which are not only suitable as Christmas gifts but which have a definite practical use as well as a decorative one.

In the matter of wearing apparel, in addition to neckties, several other items come readily to mind. Handkerchiefs, of course. For general use a good sturdy quality of linen is recommended. For evening and dress wear, a fine, sheer linen handkerchief is sure to be a welcome addition to any collection of handkerchiefs which, no matter how large, is bound to grow smaller as time goes on. And it is a good thing to have the handkerchiefs monogrammed if only to avoid the ugly looking laundry marks which are always apparent in the corners of handkerchiefs used by bachelors. And always remember that a man can always use a plain white linen handkerchief. Colored handkerchiefs or those with colored borders are a different matter. Men usually dress in a hurry and they don’t

like the annoyance of being bothered as to whether the color of the handkerchief matches the color of the tie and suit worn.

Gloves, too, are always acceptable. Mocha, capeskin and chamois for general wear. Pigskin is another popular leather and because of its wearing qualities is especially suitable for a man who drives his own car to business every day. And speaking of gloves brings to mind another practical gift—a muffler. A nice silk muffler for evening wear is absolutely essential and it should be in plain colors such as white, gray or black, or in combinations of these colors. For general day wear, the muffler can be of silk or wool. Of the latter, the soft vicuna woolen mufflers are perhaps the best. They are soft and luxurious to touch and are not too bulky to wear under an overcoat, although they supply quite as much warmth as the heavier and bulkier mufflers.

Socks, too, are always widely distributed at Christmas time. In many instances the once-a-year shopper for socks (just as in the case of neckties) is rather inclined to go berserk, with the result that unless due restraint and caution is exercised, one is apt to find some weird and fancy effects in an accessory which should be



Mufflers and gloves are things a man can always use, and there is always a time when a man wants to carry a stick

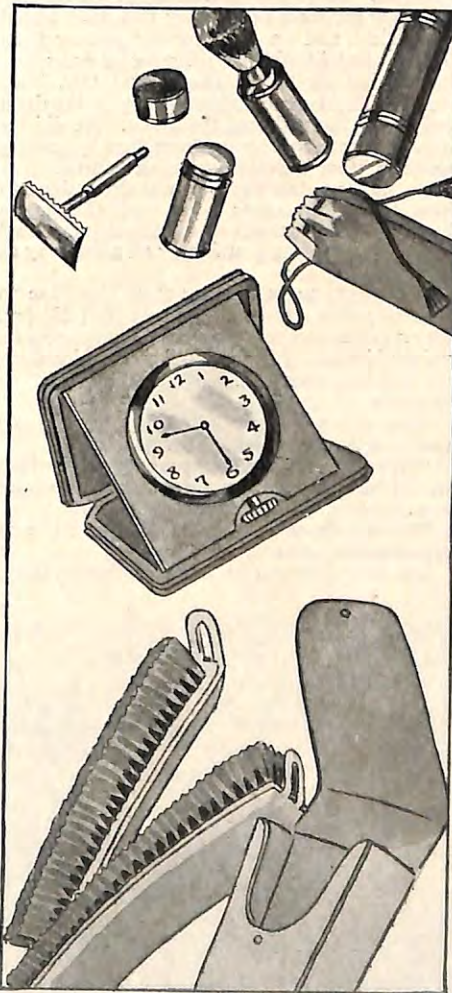
as conservative and inconspicuous as possible. It would therefore seem to be the better part of wisdom to select the darkest and least offensive looking patterns. Woolen socks are best when they have the well-known and popular three-and-six rib pattern, because they cling to the ankle and are much neater looking than the plain wool sock which is very apt to present a loose, untidy effect around the ankle. Men who like "fancy" socks well enough to wear them are perfectly capable of buying them for themselves—indeed such men should be humored to the extent of letting them make their own selection.

Nothing is more acceptable than braces, belts and garters. These frequently come in sets to match and as they are always attractively packaged at least one such set should be included in every man's Christmas packages. Such things wear out in time and, curiously enough, are among the last things to be replaced by a man when he is shopping for himself. This is especially true of garters—so if there is any doubt as to what to give "him"—why not give him three or more pairs of garters so that when one pair wears out he has another pair on hand waiting to be worn.

Evening jewelry is an excellent gift. Regardless of its cost it should always be simple. Simplicity is the keynote of good taste and anything ostentatious or bizarre should be avoided. Studs, cuff links and waistcoat buttons should never be elaborate in design. Pearl, mother-of-pearl and moonstones set in platinum or silver or white gold are always in the best of taste. Among the semi-precious stones, such as lapis-lazuli, agate, garnet and amber, all of which are appropriate for a man, will be found an idea for a pair of cuff links. Watch chains in simple links of platinum, white gold or silver are most acceptable as is a key chain in the popular snake design.

Other items in the jewelry line include cigar and cigarette cases in silver or gold or enamel or leather and it is rather nice to include also a lighter to match the cigarette case. But a good looking lighter alone and unaccompanied by anything else will always appeal to a man and be a happy reminder of Christmas long after it is over.

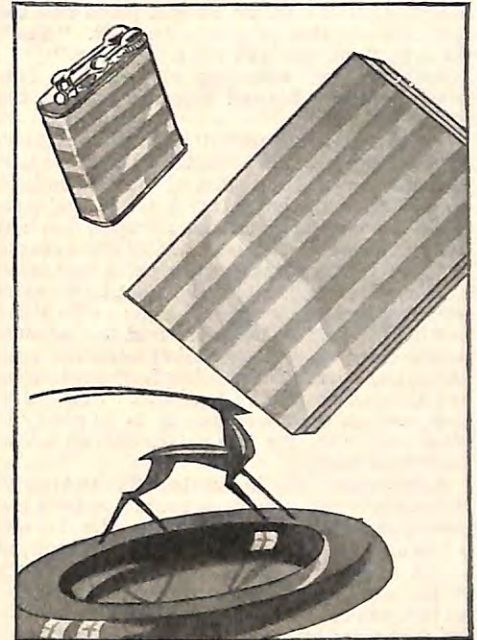
Leather wallets and bill folds are always in circulation around Christmas time—but they should be flat so as not to bulge out the pockets. And speaking of leather, those of us who have to take business or even pleasure trips always like a smart, good looking suitcase or traveling bag. Leather collar bags or boxes are practical and useful as are the leather cases lined with rubberized silk for toilet accessories. Leather



Three accessories for the traveling-bag—1. A razor and shaving brush and shaving soap which, when fitted together, fold into a small leather case enclosed in a leather bag. 2. A folding leather-bound traveling clock with luminous dial and alarm clock attachment. 3. Leather backed clothes brush and hat brush which comes in their own leather case

backed clothes and hat brushes in a leather case to match have a place in every traveling bag, to say nothing of the traveling clock which every man will use if he has one. Even more attractive than the traveling clock is the clock for a man's room—whether it rests on the mantel or upon his desk. The modern designs of these clocks are in keeping with the trend of the times—interesting and decorative.

A man's room offers excellent possibilities in



Cigarette cases and lighters to match are smart accessories for a man to carry while the deep ash tray with a modernistic animal figure will find a welcome spot on a table in his room

the way of a Christmas gift. Cigarette boxes and ash receivers—the kind that are deep enough to keep the ashes from spilling out on to the table or the floor—are usually considered a godsend. And as for the walls of his room, what could be in better taste and at the same time show finer discrimination than giving a man an old sporting or coaching print, framed in the traditional Hogarth moulding of black with a gold edging and a black glass mat. The Currier & Ives prints are all exceedingly interesting and are considered very choice by collectors. Even though it may not be possible to get an original print, there are many very good reproductions to be had—and for purposes of decoration they serve the purpose just as well as an original print would. Etchings, too, have a place in a man's room, especially the modern ones depicting prize fights. And the man doesn't live who hasn't an excellent reason for wanting a leather bound photograph frame.

When a man packs his Christmas gift—which might conceivably be a kit-bag in pigskin—there are one or two additional items which he might like to have. For instance, a foulard silk or flannel dressing gown which is an absolute essential and which does not take up too much room in a bag, together with a pair of slippers. And he can certainly use a small leather jewel box in which to keep his cuff links and studs.

In short, there are many things that men like—and most of them they really need. But many of these things they would never think of buying for themselves. So take a bachelor's advice and stay away from the necktie counter and the fancy hose department. Give the man the thing you think he'd like to have and not the thing you think he should have. It is really a very good way to help every one have a Merry Christmas.

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.

Present When Needed

(Continued from page 19)

that wouldn't quite do. Then I hit on Ginkgo, and it seemed all right. . . ."

Perhaps he had not been thinking about what he said but the girl evidently had.

"I think that's nice," she said, but here, again, her mind seemed to stray. She looked around the old room, with its honest beams and wide floor boards of oak, its ancient piano and the rows of books that grew into the walls. "Yes," she said, "you wouldn't call a dog King."

And Ginkgo, watching his master's face dourly, hitched himself morosely toward the fire.

The girl went to hunt with them on the following Sunday, and the expedition was a fizzle—that is, from a dog's point of view. She kept up well enough, though her breeches and pace made her appear even more fragile, but she couldn't shoot worth a cent. After Steve coaxed her into trying, Ginkgo gave her a wonderful chance. He found a bird right out in the open feeding on white clover, and came to his stand and held it, *held* it, h-e-l-d it until the laggards finally came up, but she didn't even fire until grouse was soaring into poplars forty yards away and then never pulled a feather. . . . And after that, though there were bound to be plenty of birds on ahead, the two sat down and talked for ever so long.

A dozen times the dog started off in an attempt to get them going but they seemed to have forgotten completely what October and a dog and a gun are for. Each time he had to go back; he would sit down and then curl up and get back to his haunches and pant and sneeze. Finally he just stayed still, watching them with nostrils wrinkling, and after a time he growled in disgust, and both of them looked quickly from what they were doing and laughed and the girl said:

"I do believe your dog dislikes having you kiss me!"

Nancy did her best to make up to Ginkgo after she came to live in the house. He would suffer her stroking and scratching, and now and again would look into her face with a perplexed stare, but he refused to heed when she called, and most of the time ignored her entirely. She was, to him, no more than the woman in the kitchen even if when the three of them were abroad that Winter she cheered and good-dogged him as much as did Steve. . . .

Oh, he got along with Nancy around well enough, but when little Steve came. . . . Well that was something else again!

For a long time, on Sundays, Steve sat in the house instead of prowling the woods; he was

home more than ever in those months, but, even so, he had less attention for the dog than he had before.

Then, all of a sudden, the placid routine of the household went to pot. There was hustling and everyone was gone and the place was oddly silent. Toward dawn Steve Stone came back, walking slowly across the rug to his chair, white and shaken, and so strange in manner that Ginkgo even got up and stared hard at him. After a while the man laughed unnaturally and took the dog's face between his palms and said in a husky voice:

"A son, Ginkgo! Shooting companion!"

The pointer did an unprecedented thing. He thrust his muzzle close and crowded against his master's legs seeming to sense that trouble had given Steve a hard ride. . . .

AFTER this, there followed a period of disrupted life and finally Nancy was home with a woman in white who never looked at a dog, and strange smells and sounds and no one in the living room for any time at all because Steve stayed upstairs with Nancy and that new bundle when he was home.

Their hunting did not amount to much that Autumn. There had been no long runs for conditioning purposes before they took their initial step afield, and on that day the pointer tired badly. But he did not whimper or quit; just kept going his best. They found that birds were in blackberry patches feeding on the dried fruit and Ginkgo hated the briars. He did his utmost to coax Steve away from them by making game in other directions with an unusual show of enthusiasm, but the man was determined to hunt the thorny canes, so in went Ginkgo, to have his belly pricked and scratched and to find birds a-plenty, but grumbling and mumbling as he worked.

"He needs more hunting than I've time to give him this year," Steve told Ted Diple, whose setter had just gone the distemper route. "Take him out. Maybe you'll get over insulting me and him after a day behind the pooch!"—grinning.

They drove up early in the day, but the dog was reluctant to enter the strange car.

"Show him the guns," Steve suggested, which was done and then, on his order, the pointer leaped inside. "Give 'em a day, Ginkgo!"

"We'll be back early," said Diple. "I've an appointment at four."

But they were not back until long after dark,

"Such a dog!" moaned Ted. "Let us quit when we wanted to? Not on his life! He simply wouldn't get into the car. Just kept right on and when we tried to get hands on him he threatened to tear us apart! Couldn't leave another man's dog to hellangone out there so we had to keep trailing him. When it got dark he quit of his own accord."

Stone's eyes twinkled.

"He gave you birds, didn't he?"

"Oh, we got birds all right! He's a finding fool and wiser and stancher than any dog of his age has a right to be. But disposition? I've never seen the like!"

"Well, he's a bird dog; that's his job. All he knows is his job, and I think you'll always find him present when needed. Want to take him again?"

The declaration was that they couldn't be hired to; that there was no guessing what the dog would do and so Ginkgo had little enough opportunity to work that season. Their few trips were hastily planned and brief; a brace of birds or so and home they'd go where Steve could walk proudly about the house and talk of his son or sit beside the small bed and poke with his fingers and talk and laugh at the baby much as he used to carry on with his dog. Ginkgo, watching, would move himself irritably and emit a whiff of breath and go back to sleep.

Next, he was chased away from his preempted place on the south porch. When any sun shone at all, it fell in that particular spot and the pointer had occupied it in Autumn ever since he came to live there. But one noon, just as he was settled for a comfortable nap, Nancy appeared shoving the cab.

"Ginkgo, you're in the very best place for baby!" she said. "Come on; get up, like a generous fellow."

He did not get up. Slowly but still insistently and talking coaxingly all the while, she shoved the perambulator toward him. He lay there until the wheels all but touched his paws; then, apparently convinced that the new plan would prevail, he scrambled up and ran from the porch and turned to watch Nancy.

When she had gone inside he went slowly up the steps and tried two more places in turn, but neither was good. He sneezed and looked, puzzled, at the cab; then he returned with dignity to the lawn and tried a sunny spot and moved from it to the rose garden and then up against the house and finally went off to hunt alone for an hour.

And as if this were not enough, he soon lost,



also, his hitherto uncontested right to the hearth rug. Nancy began shooting him goodnatureedly away from there, now, so she could put baby's pen before the fire. She did it gently enough but still she was driving him out, and none gave the dog enough attention to observe the slow but steady kindling of orange flares in his brown eyes.

Steve came in on this particular night to find his wife disturbed.

"What's up, Nancy?"

"I had a scare, Steve."

Her mouth twitched.

"Scare?"—slowly. "What frightened you?"

"It was Ginkgo. He growled at baby!"

Pause. "The dickens you say!"

He looked over her shoulder at the pointer lying on the hearth. His back was toward them but the head was half turned as if he listened.

"I was putting up little Steve's pen and Ginkgo wouldn't move at all. Just scrooched down lower when I asked him to. So I left him alone and set it up on the edge of the rug and put baby down and he gave him a look that was. . . . Why, it was terrible. . . . Oh, Steve, it scared me so!"—in a whisper.

The maid was coming down-stairs with the baby just then. At sight of his father he threw out his arms and yelped, and Steve, solemn of face, took his son and held him close. Walking to the hearth he looked down at his dog.

"What the devil's this mean, old timer?" he asked severely.

The head came up; dog gaze locked with man gaze. Such a look had never passed between them before. For a long moment it held and then hair, indeed, rose along the spine; a ragged, brown lip drew back from white teeth and from the throat came a low growl.

"Stop it!" So sharp were the man's words that the baby jumped. "There, there, son. . . . It's all right. . . . Ginkgo, you rascal! Why, Nancy, he's jealous! That's all it is."

"Ah?"

"Well. . ." He knew better than to argue with a frightened mother. "Here, you. . . . outside, now!"

And outside went the dog, down into the furnace room for the night. A lengthy telephone conversation ensued and early the next day Steve and his pointer were in the car, driving around the hill to the next farm where a chain was snapped to the collar and plans for a kennel and fenced run laid out and thus, into exile, passed Ginkgo.

"Of course, we can't let him go completely," Stone told his wife. "We can't have him around the baby, that's evident. At first I didn't take it so seriously, but it wouldn't do to have a child frightened. I want my boy to like dogs. Still, I've a responsibility to the dog; to give him a good home in return for the good times he's given me. Maybe when Stevie gets a little bigger he'll come around and be all right. The crochety old rascal!"

Ted Diple and the rest heard the story soon enough, and for once their disparagement of the pointer was downright serious.

"It's the wise thing to do, all right," Diple said. "All fooling aside, that dog's got the devil in him. He's a darned good field performer if you like a machine, but to have him around children!" He shrugged.

"You've got me down, now, so I'll have to pass up this 'machine' thing," said Steve. "I don't think he'd actually hurt the baby but. . . . a man doesn't take even the outside chance with his kids. I still believe he'll come around; I still think that, in the pinches, he'd take his place with the best of dogs."

But this faith in his pointer remained only a faith. Little Steve grew larger but Ginkgo did not change, as Stone had hoped. He took his banishment stoically, settled down to long periods of confinement. During hunting seasons he worked hard but no more was he trusted to go wearily to the hearth rug after a tough day afield; into the kennel on Dobson's farm, instead, and without a whimper. Perhaps it was Steve's imagination which made him think that at times he saw a glint of defiance in the dog's eye. Anyhow, Ginkgo took his banishment with that same callousness which marked all his reactions to life.

A boy must have a dog, yes, and a merry wire-hair came into the house and suffered mailings joyfully and did his best to be the center of little Steve's interest. But the lad was a worshiper of

his father; as soon as he could even vaguely understand he was all eyes and ears and questions about this engrossing thing called up-land shooting, and his dad would explain gravely and in detail how Ginkgo smelled the birds and got all stiff to point with his nose to their hiding place; and how dad would walk in and *b-r-r-r*, up would go the bird, making thunder with its wings, and *bang!* would go the gun and down would come the partridge, bouncing into bracken to be brought home and cooked for a big boy to eat. . . . And then he had to tell it all over again and explain further about Ginkgo and the boy begged to bring the pointer home to live. . . .

The primest thing that could happen to the child was to be taken up the hill, through the woods, across Dobson's pasture to see the old dog. Sunday morning was the established time for these excursions, and on each visit Steve would watch Ginkgo for some indication to justify the hope that his animosity would wear off. None came; he hated to abandon thinking that his pointer was all that he had so stoutly believed him to be. He wouldn't give up yet, he promised himself, but realized that this was nothing more than stubbornness. . . .

More months; more strength in the growing legs, more of the venturesome in little Steve's spirit, and Dobson found him standing alone outside the dog yard, pointer lying in the kennel glowering and growling.

"Ginkgo g'owls!" the boy shrilled. "See? Ginkgo g'owls!"

"You bet I see!" the man observed grimly. "Come on, sonny, we better 'phone your paw where you're at." And, rather hastily, he led the boy out of the dog's sight.

So over and over it was necessary to explain to little Steve that he never must be near Ginkgo without his father. When the three were together it was all right, but sometimes old dogs didn't understand small boys. . . .

The three were together often enough that summer. Up along the fringe of hardwood to Dobson's, father and son would go; they'd open the gate and call to Ginkgo and he would join them. Down across the pasture to the woods again, through the ribbon of swamp, dog ranging out ahead, discovering this and that, looking back as if he expected to find Steve watching his every move. But, alas, for such expectations, if they existed, the man had other things on which to rivet his interest now. In the hardwood they watched squirrels and song birds; in the swamp stretch they saw rabbits and flushed an occasional woodcock; and in the hay marsh—ah, that hay marsh!—were the nests of red-winged blackbirds and the abode of bittern, rail and black duck; muskrat houses were to be explored and shells picked up and turtles captured. What a place for a boy to be with an understanding dad!

HE HAD large brown eyes, this little Steve, with extraordinarily heavy lashes, and full lips with odd ways of pursing and wreathing; and a soft, tender throat. He would wade through waist deep marsh grass behind his father, growing hot and red, sweat beading his lip but pushing on, heedless of fatigue.

What was this? he'd be asked. Marsh wren's nest! he would declare, all smiles because he knew. And this? Pine trees! Yes, but which pine? . . . Then, perhaps a long look and a long wait, with lips compressed as behind his back he checked on his fingers the number of needles and a nose-crinkling laugh if his answer were wrong. . . . Or a wild guess as to something else and a grin in which mischief tried to cover chagrin. He had persistence and interest and enthusiasm and now and again when he bent over a nest or squinted against the sun to watch a bird flight or gave a soft and long Oh-h-h of wonder his father would lift and hold him close, silently, looking far off.

To the boy Ginkgo paid not the slightest attention except, at widely spaced intervals, to give him a passing glance which left in his eyes that suggestion of an orange flare. Then Steve would feel a dullish pang of disappointment and be uncomfortable when he remembered how confident of the pointer's dependability he had been in an earlier day.

Little chance, now, that his dog would ever justify his stubborn faith. His lower lids commenced to sag and a small wart appeared on one. His coat lost some of its luster; teeth were wear-

ing down and white hairs commenced to appear in what had once been solid liver markings on either side of his face. Old dogs and new tricks, Steve would think. Still, he had been so sure and he had thought he understood dogs. . . .

So little Steve was seven and the son of a bird hunter and he had a gun. It was a double-barreled twenty-gauge, out of the gun cabinet in the back room; his very-very own, never to be pointed at any one, to be kept clean and not dropped or left out of its place after he was through playing with it. When he had learned by years and years of proper handling to respect the weapon sufficiently he might have shells to go in it. In the meantime. . . .

"It doesn't fit you yet, son, but here's the way. . . . So. . . . Butt plate hard against the shoulder, left hand on the fore piece just there, with a little crook to the elbow to give your arm strength; cheek tight against the stock. . . . Tight! Eyes open, now; *both* eyes Stevie. . . . There's Jim Crow; pull on him now. . . . Swing. . . . *Swing!* That's right. . . . And just as the muzzle opens daylight ahead of him squeeze! *That's* the son!"

So the lad had long summer days "hunting" in the woods behind the house and admiring his gun and waiting for October when, his dad had promised, they'd have some hours together with Ginkgo and he would see, at last, how this greatest of outdoor sports went

ALL excitement, then, was little Steve and wishing the weeks away. But when October broke a stubborn case was holding Steve in a court room and he could not go. Aspens and birch went butter colored and maples flared crimson and sumach maroon and oaks mauve. It was dry, uncommonly warm by day for the season, and now and then the haze of distant forest fires drifted across the sun. The case refused to give Steve respite and he ran out of resources for placating his son.

"And Ginkgo wants to go too, Dobson says," he told Nancy. "Every morning he's standing by the fence, nose up, smelling and sniffing. The other day Dobson ran out with his gun to try for a hawk and the old pooch actually whined! That's the first time his shell has cracked. Age, likely."

Then he promised the boy again that at the very first chance. . . .

But promises are no good at seven, and desires are stronger than reason. So on this dry, wind-lashed Saturday forenoon little Steve broke bounds, unconsciously at first. Up across the garden he went, gun on his shoulder, into the fringe of pine and oak, on over the old rail fence, not even remembering for the moment that he was to go no further. It was just a little way to the edge of Dobson's pasture and when he reached the opening he stopped, knowing that he should certainly turn back. . . . But he wanted to go on. Up there, where the wind came from, were familiar places he had tramped with his father; they called with strong voices. He hesitated, half turned back; went on.

He stuck to the edge of the timber, pulled on a woodpecker, ignored a bounding cotton-tail as the son of a purist bird-hunter should. . . . Far off a train whistled.

He looked toward Dobson's buildings. He had no impulse to go there; he still remembered that Ginkgo growled at small boys. At that distance, of course, he could not see the dog standing rigid, ears at half cock, eyes fixed in watching. . . .

He got through a barbed wire fence, tearing his overalls and wondered what mother would say. He swung to the left and followed a long stringer of cedars where pin cherry grew with the evergreens and went most slowly because his father had said it was a surpassing bird pocket.

The gun was not so light as it had been and he said Whew! to himself and wiped his face on his sleeve. He crossed the creek on a mossy log and drank from the stream as his dad had taught him to. The barrel of the gun showed drops of water and he wiped it dry with his handkerchief, saying Whew! again.

And there, just beyond the swell, was the hay marsh. It stretched away to the spruces along the railroad track, tawny and rippling and tossing under the high wind. He had not seen a partridge in all this way and he knew there would be none out there. But he might find the

(Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41)

red-wing's nests himself. Off to the right the engine whistled again just as he started into the springy footing and then, all of a sudden, coming from nowhere, was Ginkgo!

The dog gave him one look as he raced by, ears lifted with the gale, tongue lolling; one look, and then he was on, casting to the left, swinging back, making straight for the green timber beyond, only head and tail in sight above the tossing grass tips. . . . The boy stopped, somewhat frightened. His father had said that Ginkgo never came out except when taken, and Ginkgo did not like boys unless their dads were along. . . . But the dog was far ahead, now, just a white speck beyond the cat-tail swale. He'd go on and look for the nests again and then, perhaps, he'd better go back home. He watched a long freight train go by, locomotive puffing mightily as it gathered speed for the grade ahead.

Yes, he would go on. The swale wasn't far . . . He found one nest, going to ruin, now, and searched for others. He was looking down all the time and it made his eyes smart. Something made his eyes smart, anyhow. He coughed and looked up. A cloud had come quickly over the sun, a funny, fast moving cloud, brown on the edges, white where the sun should be and the wind was hotter. He coughed again and . . .

"Ginkgo!" he screamed. . . . "Ginkgo!" The dog was on him, coming out of that cloud. His mouth was open, all red and dripping, with the white teeth agleam. He made a strange and terrible sound and was coming right toward him.

"Ginkgo!" the boy cried again as the pointer swung around him and came close, snarling, teeth clicking as they snapped.

Little Steve turned and ran, clinging to his gun. The dog chased him, close behind, making those frightening sounds. His hot, wet breath fell on a wrist and Steve dropped his gun and looked back and tripped and fell.

He was sobbing frantically by then and screamed hoarsely as he felt Ginkgo nipping at his heels. He crawled and floundered up and tried to turn. The cloud was all about him, stinging his throat, making him cough when he tried to cry and Ginkgo would not let him turn. He snarled at one side and Steve drew the nearest hand up and clutched it in the other and ran another way, calling for his mother. . . .

Then he was stumbling up a sharp ride into Dobson's field and Mr. Dobson himself was shouting at him.

He shuddered against the man's sweaty shirt and could tell nothing of what had happened.

He looked about in terror for Ginkgo and saw the dog lying in the dry grass stubble licking himself savagely and Mr. Dobson was stroking his head and trembling in a funny way and saying that they'd get the old flivver and hustle him right home.

The farmer picked him up and started through that cloud, which was not so thick, now, and stopped beside Ginkgo. . . . "And we'll take him, too," he said and clicked his tongue as if he were sorry about something. "Your pa, he'll want to see him!"

It was quite a way home by the road and Dobson had telephoned and Steve had gotten out from town and his face was as white as Nancy's eyes were red. A great deal of hugging followed and his father's and mother's voices were most queer. After a time Steve Stone turned to Dobson.

"Close shave!" the farmer said and wiped his face and motioned to Ginkgo, lying in the back seat of the car licking off the oil that had been smeared on him. "But it's all right now and . . . Dangest thing I ever seen, Steve!"

He hitched at his pants and nodded and spit. "That dangest dog, he'd been uneasy all forenoon. I took my gun out behind th' barn again to try fer that cussed hawk, 'nd he wagged his tail 'nd whined just like he done other day 'nd put his paws up on th' wire like he was beggin' to go.

"Then later, I seen him watchin' somethin' off towards th' timber. He just stood there, stiff as a ramrod, ears up, tail waggin' a little. I looked, too, but I couldn't see nothin', but it must've been th' little feller, here, with his gun.

"I was workin' in th' barn 'nd after a time somethin' caught my eye. I looked out jest in time to see him goin' across his yard hellety-larrup. He took that five-foot fence like it was nothin', ears all a-flop 'nd hind legs stretched straight out behind, 'nd he lit a-runnin'. What I mean, a-runnin'!"

"Honest, Steve, he crossed that twenty in less 'n nothin' 'nd never even looked back when I whistled 'nd yelled.

"Well, thinks I, I'd better go look for him. First time in all these years he'd ever broke out. So I went into th' house to tell th' woman 'nd come out 'nd seen th' smoke. I knowed what'd happened; up-bound freight 'd tossed out a spark 'nd it'd fired th' ripe hay. I wondered if any of th' calves was down in there 'nd hustled over fast's I could. . . ."

He drew a deep breath and looked uneasily at Nancy.

"I don't stretch it 'n inch when I say them

flames was ten feet high 'nd travelin's fast's a man could trot! 'nd then, right in front of 'em, I see th' little feller 'nd then I see Ginkgo. . . . He'd been up-wind from that fire, Steve, 'nd I'm tellin' you both he went straight through it to get to Stevie, here. I ain't stretchin' it 'n inch when I tell you that dog broke right through solid fire to find him!

"I seen when he come on him; I could even hear it. He looked 'nd acted like he was goin' to tear him to pieces but when th' boy fell he didn't offer to touch him. Just worked on him like a good cattle dog'll work on cows. 'nd then th' smoke shut down 'nd I couldn't see 'nd. . . . What I mean, I had a bad few minutes. . . ."

"I run in 'nd hollered 'nd yelled 'nd then I heard 'em comin'!" He smiled, but his voice shook. "Stevie, here, was cryin' to beat all 'nd th' dog was just ragin'. Right after him, he was, teeth clickin' within a hair of his legs but, sir, th' minute th' little feller was out of that hay 'nd up on th' pasture he quits. . . . Just run off 'nd commenced to roll 'nd bite hisself. His job was done, see? . . . What I mean, I don't want another few minutes like that. Fire come right up to th' plowed ground, 'nd if it hadn't been for that dog. . . ."

Steve ran an unsteady hand across his mouth and turned to the car. He was holding little Steve, dirty and tear-stained.

"Ginkgo!" he said. The dog left off his licking and glowered at him. "Come out here."

Slowly, stiffly, with a wince as seared skin wrinkled, the pointer got down. He came as if reluctantly to where his master knelt and Steve took the muzzle in his hand.

"Eyelashes gone; hair gone off one side of his belly. . . . Why, Ginkgo, you old tartar. . . . You old. . . ."

He swung little Steve to his knee, bringing him close to the dog and his mouth twitched.

Ginkgo lowered his head, crouching, and that warning light flared in his eyes as he stared with hostility into the lad's face. A few bristles rose between his shoulder blades; the brown, ragged lip twitched upward and from his deep chest came the mutter of a growl. . . .

Steve Stone sat very still as the dog averted his head and began licking his chops defiantly.

"It's all right," he said huskily. "I get you. . . . I understand. . . . He ran you out of your place and you'll never forgive. But me. . . . When I needed you, old timer. . . . you were present. . . . God bless you, you were present!"

The dog, as if being scolded, slunk away and clambered stiffly into the car again. He gave one disgusted, sour look at the group and then gingerly began licking his wounds. . . .

Kind of Old Fashioned

(Continued from page 24)

comes up the same road that sedan went down, Sheriff."

For a moment he rested his hand on the younger man's shoulder in genuine affection. "Make out they'd not study much about a harmless boy like Willie when they was movin' that fast. But this is right friendly of you, son. I'll call by at Willie's place." He smiled but his heart lay heavy within him.

Out where he had stopped the killer car he studied the skidding tracks in the salmon-colored, sandy clay. Tires diamond tread all around; patterns new and clear cut. So. . . . At the low trestle bridge where Big Cypress Run makes out of the swamp he stopped again. The wooden roadway had just been refloored in new yellow pine. Not a single mark on it except one splintered gouge on the right edge of the center span. Nothing of use. And at the road fork on the other side he found diamond tread tracks, both angles.

The house where Willie Auslander boarded was up a blind road two hundred yards or so beyond the bridge. Willie was not very strong physically. A spot on his lung brought him South. Three winters now he had been pumping gas for Edwards' Garage; and at noon each day he'd take his box lunch over and run the central telephone switchboard so the girls could go home to their dinner. Calls were few enough so that he could plug them all and still keep a sandwich going. A good boy; kind, willing, with a smile for everybody. It had been definitely proven

that he had been on duty at the switchboard that previous Friday when Colonel La Due put through his Jacksonville call about flying down the reserve cash. This meant Willie knew first off. With him gone, that might make it look pretty bad for him.

The woman who boarded Willie was frightened by this time. He'd left at seven and not a word since. That was all she knew. . . . As the old sheriff drove home he wondered for the briefest instant if, after all, the boy might not have been in on the bank job some way. All his money went into gaudy shirts and bright neckties; forever thumbing over a mail-order catalogue, longing for things he'd buy if only he had the money.

That same evening the two northern detectives came in on the 5:20 mail train from Jacksonville, looked matters over with a patiently bored and superior air, and promptly swore out a special warrant for Willie Auslander's arrest as accessory to the crime. "Why it's open and shut," one of them said expansively to the group which had been called together at the constable's office. "Just let that mob try and get out of Florida with every outlet watched. Yeah—find that lunger Auslander and you got the key man to where we start in on the wise guys who steered this job. Fact of his being on the switchboard Friday noon is evidence enough. These lugs knew that cash was comin' in. And that's how."

"Mebbe you're right, gentlemen," Sheriff Vick admitted seriously; "but I'd kinda like to chat private with Willie befo' we pick him up. Aim always to give any boy a chance befo' I go and slap him in jail. A lot o' things can be settled without warrants or handcuffs if a man goes at it right."

The two big-time detectives looked at this mild little white-haired figure with tolerant scorn which was barely concealed; for never was there a man who by appearance gave less indication of being an enforcer of law, a hunter of desperate men. Right then in his faded seersucker suit and white bow tie he looked more like some gentle evangelist.

"Sure—sure, Dad," one of them flung back in a more or less tolerant tone. Then he winked at his audience before firing a final shot. "Guess you must have figured handcuffs wasn't needed when you stopped that carload of gunmen this morning. I never heard of a sheriff or cop who didn't wear his rod or carry the bracelets. These days crooks don't pass out engraved invitations when they pull a job like this, Sheriff."

"Sure," the other cut in. "We'll help you, Pop. But crooks don't travel in hug-me-tight buggies any more. Stickup men used to borrow your watch and leave you carfare home. Now they leave you with three bullets in your gut, and a lily. This is 1931, not 1901," he added for no particular reason except to get a laugh. . . . It flickered around the little circle of men

like autumn grass fire. The old man flushed slightly, but his smile never changed. He merely nodded as if this last shaft were intended with the kindest spirit in the world.

"Sho! I bet you're right, sir. A man has to keep up these days. Reckon you-all can show us a heap down here. I'll move on home now. Missus wants to set a spell with Miz Buckner. She's broke up bad, folks findin' her boy like that. My woman was powerful fond o' Clyde."

With that amazing bitterness by which men sometimes turn against their own, under stress of ridiculing foreign influence, the sheriff's oldest friends joined in the round robin of sarcasm which echoed his exit—men who had shot over his dogs, fished out of his boat and on his tackle; an unaccountable wolfpack instinct to rend a failing comrade. But the climax came next day when Lovell's Landing voters were swung out into the same swift current of doubt, and helped elect a new County Sheriff for the first time in thirty-four years—while Sheriff Vick was set down in defeat before Clem Younger, a Republican!

But when the old man walked into town hall the morning after, one could never have told by the flicker of an eyelash how deeply this rejection cut. "Brought you the old star, son," he said kindly. "You're a good boy; you got nerve. Figger you'll make a good sheriff, Clem—a right good one."

"Thanks, Mister Vick," the younger man answered, absurdly conscious that he was blushing. "I'm afraid there will be plenty of times I'll need your help."

A full week dragged by on leaden feet, and it was gradually sweeping over Lovell's Landing that this whole thing might easily be headed to join the long list of unsolved crimes which were all too common. Ex-Sheriff Vick spent two days of quiet work piecing together loose ends in Jacksonville, and even that far away the papers were beginning to say pretty pointed things about local crook-catching ability, with unflattering parallel to Chicago.

What he learned there at the reserve bank gave one lead; unrelated it might be worthless, tied up with the whole picture it might close the case. On his return he gave the few facts to the two insurance detectives, who admitted their possible importance.

"May mean something, may be a wild goose chase—our goin' up there to follow it through. But one of us has to head up to Savannah anyway, the other might as well check up your lead. They've reported a blue Cadillac near Isle of Pines. Bullet riddled and no plates, but sounds like the car we want. Some other rival gang may have rubbed them out and got the cash. Worth a trip anyway. We'll be back in three days. Don't get too close to those crooks again, Mister Vick, during your detective work," he tacked on with half a wink at his partner. What chance had a poor backwoods Florida Cracker sheriff trailing a trio of smart gunmen clever enough to pull this job, and then vanish from the earth—without a trace? No chance of his beating their time!

Then at least one lighter diversion came to town; a street carnival which set up shop on a vacant lot by the old baseball grounds, and with it a madcap stunt flyer who would, if tendered five dollars, take up passengers. There was little question of his flying ability but there was grave doubt on the cohesive qualities of his ship—a vintage bi-plane with a berry crate chassis dating back to the days when flying was a mighty adventure and guyruds were more in evidence.

But what really set tongues to wagging was when old man Vick stood up first in line one day and calmly demanded a flight ahead of the town's more adventurous spirits. If everyone hadn't known that he had never set foot in a ship before it would have been bad enough, but for years he'd christened all planes as suicidal instruments of hell.

"Git me a pair o' goggles, young fella," he commanded crisply, then drew the pilot aside when they got out of ear-shot. "See Big Cypress Swamp there?"—pointing to the rusty green wave of cypress tops stretching as far as the eye followed each way; "keep traveling up the middle of that and you get a hundred instead of five. Half an hour, and take it close down and slow as you can without hangin' us up somewhere like a Christmas tree. What say?"

The pilot's face brightened. "Say?—Sure, you're on. Get in, Mister."

... Just a rusty green sea of cypress tops flowing along below them now, with rare steel flashes of open water; stagnant sloughs staring up at them with dull, evil green eyes. Here and there darker concentration of foliage marked strands of solid land. For safety's sake they had to keep a couple of hundred feet up. . . . Lucky, too, for after ten minutes or so the ship suddenly gave a sickening lurch, went into a brief slip, then pulled out just when it seemed as if they must crash into the thick tangle below. After he had banked out toward open country the pilot grinned back cheerfully and pointed to where a broken rod whipped about dangerously.

"Well I'll be a dirty name," he complained after they landed. "See where that guy snapped—up in the turnbuckle? When she let go the broken piece ripped through the wing fabric then glanced off the frame—here."

The old man looked closely, then nodded. But there was a faraway look in his eyes right

bandages anyone who knew him couldn't miss that—a frail emaciated skeleton of Willie, tossing in feverish delirium. It is not a pleasant sight to see the face and arms of someone who has really been panicky lost in thorn vines and eight foot high sawgrass.

"He may pull through at that, Mister Vick," Doc Passmore said; "but God knows how long he was wandering loose in that swamp with his bad lung. Ought to give him time before you try to draw him out. Couple of days anyway. You can see that, Sheriff."

But he sat down beside the boy to listen if his fevered mind might speak out.

Only twice did the boy's broken breathing make way for speech. His words were half sobs; the way a terrified child cries at night.

"... There are bees—bees—bees. They come in and go out. They never stop. Oh, why don't they stop—stop—stop?" . . . Then more: "All shiny—so pretty. And it fell in the water. All shiny—shiny—"

Here his voice tapered off again into silence. Disconnected words which might indicate anything—or nothing at all. The Sheriff winced when he thought of that frail boy wandering blindly for days.

You only have to go four miles southeast of Lovell's Landing to see Big Cypress; a dense, almost impenetrable expanse lying in a huge calabash-shaped depression thirty miles or so long, and ten wide at the broad southern end. The main centers of Big Cypress to this day are known to no man well. Far to the northeast in Lake County is the freak of nature which makes it possible—Blue Spring. Blue Spring is a huge boil of mild sulphur water which rises straight up out of the ground in a shaded crescent of magnolia and cabbage palm—ten thousand gallons a minute; enough to float a fifty foot river boat on the main stream. For several miles it winds along, then disappears into the mystery of Big Cypress, never reappearing in those thirty long miles until it comes out a coffee

colored stream of fresh swamp water at the broad end of the calabash.

This river is why Big Cypress differs from ordinary swamps for, dry season and wet, it is always high with water. Unaccountable sinkholes occur. Into one of these a fisherman let down a lead dipsey on 260 feet of cotton trot line before he got bottom. Tiny blind, eyeless fish sometimes are spewed up from those hellish underground phosphate caverns whose rocky floors are paved with petrified sharks' teeth from a previous era. Hyacinths knit the main stream with an impassable fabric of interlacing roots and lovely orchid-like blossom spikes. Away from the main stream stretch miles of treacherous slough—jelly-like

sludge where false islands of fragile white spider lilies decoy unwary footsteps with their exquisite beauty, only to swing coyly back into place after the clutch from desperate hands when a man sinks through them into ooze thin as soup and deep as sin. There, too, are open reaches of sawgrass. That sawgrass will cut a man's arms to the bone; leave a painful, festering wound. Many men have hunted its fringes, but few ever have penetrated inside. There, without sun, it is too easy to get benighted.

As he drove home the sheriff caught himself wishing for Rance Blocker and his dad. This would sound odd to a lot of folks in Lovell's Landing now. But the truth was that they were the only two men in the world who ever really knew Big Cypress. A man-killer, that swamp—but it brought them a living. For

(Continued on page 44)



"Ask her if she's got a sister"

then. "Sho!" he said. "Young fella. I'm plumb grateful the way you landed this egg crate without hangin' us up to sun out there. Here's the damage. Take it kind if you don't mention about the extra fare business."

When he reached home he found the second bit of real news in all those anxious days. Old Doc Passmore over near Plymouth had phoned long distance to say he'd just taken in a strange boy answering close enough to Willie Auslander to make the trip over worth while. Cattle men had picked him up wandering crazily along the dummy line to Haines' sawmill the other side of Big Cypress.

It was Willie all right. In spite of all the

(Continued from page 43)

years back they had trapped it, fished it, disappeared in it for weeks. Blocker and his boy used to bring out boatloads of wild honey and beeswax, and people even claimed they had couple of hundred home-made hives hid somewhere in there working palmetto and goldenrod bloom. But all the best of these inquisitors ever got, trying to follow their secret trail, was lost—with plenty of sawgrass slashes, and plenty wet trying to claw their way back to high land again through the sloughs and canebrakes.

But young Rance Blocker might be anywhere now. Got into trouble about some girl. He had a red-head's fiery temper. Another man got shot and Rance was sent up for a while—got pardoned later, but never came back. The old man hung on for a while after his boy did time, but died four years back. Kind of too bad at least one of them wasn't alive now, and where a man could draught him in on a case like this. The boy would be mighty useful now on a posse. Could shoot too. He'd seen him take his Winchester and break sixteen empty Budweiser bottles fast as a nagra could throw them in the air. . . . Then like a jig-saw puzzle with two key pieces missing, the whole answer came to Ex-Sheriff Vick; suddenly, like the striking of a bright, clear bell. An answer guided by the truest pilots on earth. . . .

When he reached home he looked up his long handled fish gig and laid it fore and aft across fenders; tossed in a few feet of line; then spent an hour pattering with last minute affairs of a rather odd nature. Out on the center span of Big Cypress bridge he stopped, studied the logic of the situation, chose the right side over mid-channel, where the dark water ran sullen and deep.

"So pretty. All shiny—and it fell in the water. . . ."

The road to Willie's boarding place swung out a hundred yards or so beyond. . . . On the third test strike his fish spear struck metal. On the next it fetched up with shreds of tough black fabrikoid clinging to the steel barbs. Well, down there was Exhibit A—finders keepers. . . . So far, so good—

Half an hour's run down sand roads around the broad end of Big Cypress. He left the old flivver in a bunch of scrubby blackjack oaks on a sandy rise, and walked down to the swamp edge.

By a ragged stand of late goldenrod he squatted down, drew out his odd package: a flat cigar box with a slab of honeycomb wrapped in store paper, and a hole in one end, corked up; a small medicine bottle, a wad of cotton, collodion, a pair of tweezers. A few bees were working drowsily among the bloom. The first busy fellow he came to fell for the ruse—the little glutton. The yellow head had scarcely been bent down over the open box when it caught scent of honey. While it greedily stuffed its pouches with the sweet fluid, the lid closed. With the bottle over the now uncorked hole it sought light, and was soon a safe prisoner in glass.

The old man took it deftly with the tweezers, touched its back with a dab of collodion, stuck a tuft of snow-white cotton there and let his little scout crawl experimentally out on a khaki clad knee. A moment later it took the air, circled uncertainly for a few seconds, then headed off over the swamp as true as a surveyor's tangent. He checked this bearing accurately with a big linesman's compass. Four more times before sundown he performed this odd ceremony, along a series of quarter mile stations. Next day, with more leisure, he repeated the process on the other side of Big Cypress. Later when he plotted all the results on his large scale county survey map, out of fifteen test bearings there showed eleven with concentric intersection at a point some four miles from the east side. It was electrifying. He whistled in amazement, went to the old coffee mill telephone and rang up Clem Younger.

Night mists were still curling eerily above low ground in the flatwoods when the posse gathered

next morning—fourteen of them. The two big time detectives were plainly skeptical.

"Boys—you-all know me," Ex-Sheriff Vick began. "Make out this here idea may pan out, or it may mean a wet rump and a sight o' skeeter bites. As I told Clem last night, I calc'late to know where this passel o' killers is hidin' out. Sorta pieced it together country fashion. You gentlemen will boon me if you stand ready to put in two days the way I say. I may work kinda old fashioned maybe, but you-all know I never figgered to put any white man on a deer stand except I expect meat movin' out his way."

"WELL, you guys can go if you want, but count me out. The Jacksonville lead we got don't indicate to me these gorillas would waste any time getting outa this State. And of all the gaga squirrel ideas this bee racket takes the palm. I don't know what my partner will do—but I'm washed up. Imagine draggin' two men outa bed at four A.M. for this sorta guesswork, bee business!"

"That goes double, boys. Go ahead and wear yourselves out fighting that swamp. We'll stay on dry land and try and piece out what we have to work on. No stickup men I know have a yen to wade in mud full of alligators and poison snakes. We'll tell the constable which way you were headed when seen last. How's that?"

As the red tail light of the detectives' car faded down the road toward their hotel, there was a perceptible wavering in the posse. The old sheriff glanced from one face to another in the glare of the headlights. His face wore a deprecating smile, then stiffened. "I said I never put any man on a deer stand except I expect meat travelin' his way. That still goes, boys; goes double. Now's the time to back out—not later. You ask 'em, Clem. You're head man now."



Huge moss-draped evergreen oaks, centuries old, along the beach at Biloxi, Miss.

"Well, do we back up Mr. Vick, or head home? Make it snappy!" Clem looked around the tense little ring for his answer.

John Jackson spoke for the rest. He bit off a corner of eating tobacco. "Hell, yes—let's go."

At the first compass bearing mark by the eastern swamp edge they stopped. "Two take this route into here at exactly ten sharp. Here's compass and the paper showin' the line to follow."

Ex-Sheriff Vick spread out his complete map.

"Calc'late they roost 'bout four mile straight in from here—so. I got two mo' liners this side. With three spread along the other side, it takes six pair men; all twelve of you. Startin' time is written on each man's paper. With equal goin' you'll meet up 'bout same time. Where you'll meet, figger they's a island, camp and grub for a spell. Meet quiet and surround the place." Here he straightened up, eyeing each man in turn. "Listen to me careful: one o' these men knows this swamp like his back yard; can gun like nothin' human outside a shootin' circus. He'll kill ev'ry one o' you he throws gunsight on—so travel quiet. If you don't someone'll get it in the teeth when he pokes his nose out onto that island. And if they's shootin' to be done, don't draw trigger last. Just be sho' what yo' sights is on, that's all. No sense gunnin' for friends outa season, boys. Me—I stay outside. Ain't got the guimpe to fight canebrake at my age. Aim to pick me a nice stand near the bridge in case they break cover by water. . . . They was figgerin' to lay up in there until the police slackened up in their watch—then walk outa this State like they owned it. Even bloodhounds couldn't trail in there."

A tense eagerness flashed through the little group as the import of this whole plan sank home. "One thing mo', boys; light me a good smudge smoke signal, when you cut 'em down. That's 'bout all. Now get in and fotch 'em out this side—dead or alive."

Through that mysterious grapevine telegraph which functions in all southern communities, mid-afternoon saw a ragged fringe of men squatting out of sight in silent groups. They whittled, or spat eating tobacco with meticulous accuracy; talking rarely in low tones. More than one holster; more than one pump gun loaded with oo Buck, nesting in the crook of an arm. For, somehow, the news had spread that old man Vick had bait-set him a man trap, and now the trigger was about to be sprung. . . .

But not until half an hour after daylight next morning did a pair of the sharpest eyes catch the high blue-black plume a wood fire gives off when smothered in a wet blanket of Spanish moss.

"Trap's done sprung," the old man snapped shortly. "Takin' sign from size o' that smudge, the boys put fire to a lot more'n any soda cracker box. Our stand here is cold now. We putter round the edge of the swamp. Clem should fetch out, come noon."

One of the men held open the door of the battered old Model T with a sort of reverent deference.

Six hours later there came the bark of a repeating rifle, still blanketed by thick swamp. Four times in pairs: *Whop-whop! . . . Whop-whop!*

"That'll be Clem askin for direction. Reckon I'll mail him a answer." With his own rifle at hip he replied same fashion; slipped in four fresh shells through long habit, with an ivory-dry rattle; squatted back silent again. Twenty minutes later fourteen men came out; wet, mud-splattered, clothes torn to ribbons; scratched and bleeding. One had his arm in a crude bandana sling; black splotched where the blood had crusted. The two who were handcuffed together sank to the ground in dull apathy, dog-weary.

"Drug two of them out for you, Sheriff," Clem Younger opened with a weary grin, totally forgetting that their sherifing roles had lately been reversed. "The other one stays. Underground. We found an old cabin

of split cypress shakes on a slice of island just like you figured. They had blankets and plenty grub, and the bank's money wadded in a rusty washtub like three dollars worth of cabbage. Lot of old beehives strung around too—some still working; a live bee tree by the kitchen with a stream of bees going in and out big as your leg. No wonder your bearings were straight!"

"Good job, son. Figgered it might be that way. Dave Jackson hurt bad?"

"Dave's arm is drilled clean, but aim we should get him to the doctor right now. The one we left back there got him through the arm with a pistol. Then Dave cut him down through

Cross-Word Puzzle

By E. M. Sadler, Kiona, Wash.

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

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them.

Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

THE Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Helene Anderson, San Francisco, Calif.; Ruth M. Calnon, Detroit, Mich.; Clara A. Engle, Dayton, O.; Alvar S. Noren, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Richard A. Palmer, Represa, Calif.

the cabin wall with his 30:30, not eager to take more chances. That was cue for this pair to come trotting out hands over head like two good little Boy Scouts. It's your party still, Sheriff. Where do we go from here?"

By this time a silent purse string of men had drawn shut around the two handcuffed gunmen. In a flash one of the group brought matters to a head. "Men, I don't see no gain lettin' this here case clog up court. We got plenty cattle rope. I recommend to wipe out the killin' of Colonel La Due and Clyde Buckner—over a limb. They killed together and was drug out together; they can swing together. Are you-all with me?"

A BARK of assent went up as old man Vick crossed over and stood beside the two decidedly sick looking gangsters. Once again his mild manner sloughed off. He became a Presence; tense, whip-lash keen; eyes crackling. His look traveled from face to face slowly, calmly. He knew all these boys. A little hasty, but good boys. He'd probably pointed the first gun for half of them.

"Sure we're with you," he answered for his posse, "but not this away. Boys, this has been my own little private man hunt. Figgered it out for you, and bayed 'em up. I don't want you should be too hasty with these prisoners here. They was in on the deal, but I figger the other done the shootin'. Clem, can I see all the guns you took off'n these polecats?"

Two .45 calibre automatics came from holsters under Younger's armpits; then a smaller, delicately balanced German pistol. "This last gun went with the lad they called Red Mac-Andless—the one we put under ground back there, Sheriff."

With a sidewise flick of the wrist the old man snapped out the clip. All copper jacketed bullets, shells same as those six empty ones he had found on the bank floor that fatal day.

"Thought so, Clem—calc'late this one gun done all the killin'. Figger these two skunks to get enough cell time to cool 'em from now on, without us takin' 'em to the limb to-day. No need to call down mo' trouble on Lovell's Land-ing. If you'd brought out Rance Blocker alive—or Red MacAndless, as this pair knowed him—likely I'd turn my back. We take these two to Orlando double handcuffed. Now all you boys step over to the campfire and get coffee."

He felt the tense atmosphere ease as the whispered name of Rance Blocker passed from lip to lip. Suddenly he swung on the two weary and sullen captives. "Where did you pick up the Auslander kid? It'll be better if you forget to lie." A murmur of amazement ran through the onlookers. No one had heard about Willie's rescue yet. The two mobsters exchanged glances of surprise.

"He run onto us when we was hidin' the car. Red was fer puttin' the choppers on him right then, but we called him off. We had seen enough killing. Took him along to cook for us. He disappeared one night, and next day Red tells us he kicked him out into the swamp for burnin' the biscuits. We never see him again. Red says no man alive could get out of that hell hole alone without a compass. I wouldn't of kicked a dirty dog out into that swamp at night, Mister."

The old man nodded, satisfied. "Thought so."

"And we didn't rub out them two guys. Honest, Red done it. This lad here—" indicating Clem Younger—"took the rod off him. You already see that same rod got the old man and the cashier. All we done was what we was hired to do—drive and watch for Red."

"Tell all that to yo' lawyers. Boys, guess we better run 'em over to town befo' they shut up shop for the day."

As they turned toward the cars a big sedan drove up with a flourish, and the two insurance detectives climbed out, deciding it might be amusing policy to sit in for a final good laugh when the old man's crack-brained scheme fizzled out. What they saw set them back on their heels. A meaning look flashed between them as one stepped up to the ex-sheriff with what was intended to be an ingratiating smile.

"Who is this pair of punks?" he asked sharply.

"Two o' the killers. The other—Red Mac- (Continued on page 46)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	
14			15							16			
17			18		19					20			
		21		22		23				24			
	25		26		27				28			29	
30		31		32		33		34			35	36	
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47				48					49		50		
			51					52		53			
54		55				56		57		58		59	60
61	62				63			64		65		66	
67				68					69		70		
71					72					73			

Across

- 1—Genus of wild goat.
- 5—Song of joy
- 10—Empty liquid
- 14—Loose
- 15—Small bouquet
- 16—Beverage
- 17—Send forth
- 19—Censure
- 20—Employs
- 21—Coarse cloth of jute
- 23—Part of verb to be
- 24—Skill
- 26—Nothing
- 28—Receptacle
- 30—Resting place
- 32—Ridiculous
- 35—Quick of apprehension
- 37—Measure of land
- 39—Wand
- 40—Blemish
- 41—Traveler
- 42—Bandit
- 43—Large American lake
- 44—End of timber cut to fit mor-tise in another timber
- 46—Mark of slavery
- 47—Shabby article of apparel
- 48—Unionist
- 50—Nourished

- 51—Atmosphere
- 52—Strew
- 55—Wrath
- 56—Humans
- 58—Idle talk
- 61—Assignment
- 63—Forfeits
- 65—Stab
- 67—Nocturnal bird
- 68—Interpose in behalf of peace
- 70—Brood of pheasant
- 71—Encounter
- 72—Peevish
- 73—Eighth day after the nones

- 22—Spasmodic twitching of muscles
- 24—Make ill
- 25—Propriety
- 27—Kind of Crustacean
- 28—Tropical fruits
- 29—The after sail of a barque
- 30—Suspended
- 31—A priest of ancient Britain
- 33—Matched
- 34—Hue
- 35—Apart
- 36—Wooly cloth
- 38—Before
- 40—Cook with fat
- 45—Retributive justice
- 48—For shame
- 49—Piece of undressed timber
- 51—Noah's ship
- 53—Humorist
- 54—Exceedingly small particle
- 55—Land surrounded by water
- 56—Fashion
- 57—Trim
- 59—Tie
- 60—Industrious insects
- 62—Fearful respect
- 63—Permit
- 64—Filthy habitation
- 66—Kind of grain

Down

- 1—Genus of evergreen trees
- 2—Cheat
- 3—Egress
- 5—Kind of fish
- 6—On the ocean
- 7—New soldier
- 8—Fabulous monster
- 9—Simple song
- 11—Kiln for drying hops
- 12—Mexican tree
- 13—Repose
- 18—Brownish color
- 20—Vase

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 49

Andless—stays in the swamp. Buried there. We got all the money here. They confessed. Does this repo't cover the ground?"

The detective's face flushed darkly, but thinking of the reward he choked down his jealous chagrin. "Nice work, Dad!—Now he did put it over, Mister Younger—just like we thought, didn't he?" he added over-cordially to Clem. "Guess everyone here can take it easy now. We had a lead all the time these two mugs was in the woods here. Since we're handling the case for the insurance people we might as well make the pinch and save you the trouble of running them over to Orlando."

Suddenly the cumulative effect of their patronizing manner sunk home.

"Calc'late not, gentlemen. This here little side show is Sheriff Younger's business—and my business. We don't hone for trouble down in this country, but when it shows up we don't sleep it through, like you did yesterday mo'nin' when you backed out on our posse. You just come out here in that nice new car. Better charge up this little side trip on yo' expense account and travel right on back like you come—quiet."

The two immaculately garbed ones looked around the unfriendly ring of faces. What infuriated them most was realization that they had so publicly underestimated the keenness of these country people, and were now confronted with the problem of explaining to their employers how they had been shown the way in their own game.

"But say," the other one snarled, all diplomacy forgotten. "What about our coming in on that fifteen grand reward? We had the low-down on most of this too. Don't forget that."

"Reward is already taken care of—and you had the low-down on nothin'!" Ex-Sheriff Vick answered coldly. "And now let's get down to cases if you forget who's runnin' this show—it's Sheriff Clem Younger and me. Get that! He breaks the news to the insurance people—who caught these crooks, and how. After that you can get on the wire and alibi what you want—we got all the witnesses we want. That reward splits three ways: One-third to this twelve

man posse here; one-third to Willie Auslander lyin' in fever over to Plymouth; one-third to Clyde Buckner's mother. You two and me—we rate alike. We don't claim a cent of that money. And don't neither of you forget that either!"

"BUT for Pete's sake what *do you* get out of it, Sheriff?" Clem said as they went toward the battered old flivver, the burlap sack filled with bills swung over his shoulder.

"Well, it's this way, Clem. Figger this old Lizzie's 'bout petered out." Here the blue eyes twinkled for the second time in over two weeks. "Aim to get the construction derrick up from Winter Garden and dunk me a Cadillac sedan out o' Big Cypress Run. . . . Been takin' the water cure for a few days but she's still game. Record shows it was Blocker's car, with stolen plates. And Blocker's just dead—without heirs. Reckon you better tell two o' the Jackson boys to take them crooks to town after all. Safe with them as in Sing Sing. You and Dave come with me by the bank. His arm needs doctorin', and besides all this here money you're totin' makes me plumb nervous. . . . Anyway I promised the missus I'd fetch out some new potatoes this noon." The ancient car shuddered into action, lurching up the sandy ruts of the wood road at the head of the triumphal parade.

"Father I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight," Clem murmured under his breath in silent admiration and awe, as he thought over the whole amazing chain of events. "Sheriff," he finally shouted above the metallic conflict, "you win the marbles. I quit. The only thing you don't seem to know about this case is the mileage run up on that Cadillac's speedometer so you'll know when to change the oil—or do you?"

"If he doesn't I'm a wall-eyed Indian, too." Dave Jackson called with a grin, as Clem slowly unpinched his official star and fastened it to the old man's suspender strap.

"That's where it belongs anyway—even the old holes are worn to fit," he added. "I'm through to-day. All washed up. I'm in the

lumber business, not detecting. Another case like this and I'd be sitting home cutting out paper dolls. And say—if you don't mind a young boy's questions," Clem shouted again; "how in hell did you tie up Rance Blocker as being the Red MacAndless on this job? It was ten years back he got sent up."

"On those four days in Jax. Simple. Young gal there in the big bank got loose mouth to her husband—in a roadhouse; and the waiter tipped MacAndless the news he'd overheard about all that cash comin' down here by plane Saturday. MacAndless owned that roadhouse. . . . Besides no man who didn't know Big Cypress would ever hope to last out hidin' in there. I found out through my own hunch that MacAndless was Blocker under a new name. Even then I wasn't sure until I took that ride over the swamp."

"Oh, I see," Clem went on resignedly, with a glance at the wondering face of Jackson. "Sure—sure! I suppose he wrote you an air mail note or something while you were up in that plane."

The old man chuckled. "Was shot at. Shot at with that same furrin gun what done the fancy shootin' in the bank. No man livin' could handle a pistol better'n Rance Blocker. Try and hit a plane with a hand gun, Clem."

"Yeah—but for Pete's sake *how* did you know all this?"

"Remember I told you 'bout a broke guy rod? The turn-buckle what slashed the wing and frame was galvanized—but there was *copper* trace in that groove. Like on the bank's letter file, from copper jacket bullets."

The boy relapsed into silence at this. Too much for one day!

"Clem," the older man began again diffidently, as they climbed up on the red brick paving at town line; "you'll boon me by runnin' over to tell Mis' Buckner, and to tell Willie—'bout that three-way split in the reward. I'm still kinda old fashioned when it comes to money matters. I get plumb tongue-tied talkin' personal money to a woman. Besides—I got to get those new potatoes, don't I? It was two days ago I set out to get 'em for the missus."

Pine Plunder

(Continued from page 12)

the Sable Timber Company's actual boundary.

The Sable jobber had started operations and made his camp on land to which his company held undisputed title. It was obviously Kunyon's purpose to work westward. Carmody took a cruising trip as far as the jobber's felling strips on his first night in camp. He judged that Kunyon's chopping crews would reach the eighty in two weeks.

It was plain that Kunyon had been ruled by company strategy. It demanded that he should simply work on from Sable land as though the section line was no boundary whatever. This would force the Lowden crew into attacking first, if the jobbing gang was to be driven off. It appeared that the Sable company was considering not only present possession but future court decisions.

Carmody had spoken honestly when he told Lowden that he did not know what plan he might follow. He did have an idea for using dynamite in the battle. But it materialized only after camp was made and the perilous stuff cached at a safe distance up Horn Creek.

Every night the little woods boss took a long cruise in the woods. He offered no explanation for these prowls, and the men asked for none. They were having a soft time of it. In the first week Carmody made no attempt to drive them into hard labor.

"We was hired to shed blood, not to sweat 'er," declared Jube Tobin. "When do we fight, little feller?"

Carmody ignored the question. He prowled at night, and by day he let the jacks loaf as they pleased on the first job of swamping out skid trails.

Then Man-Eater Kunyon invaded Carmody's camp.

THE little woods boss was on one of his mysterious night-time cruises when Kunyon ap-

peared alone in the bunk shanty. A Norther was rolling through the pines, bearing the first threat of snow. Jube Tobin and the others of the crew made a close circle about the roaring fire on the camboose. The flames flared angrily toward the smoke hole in the roof. Vivid red light played over faces that scowled with resentment as Tobin declared his unflattering opinion of the bull of the woods.

"We let ourselves be bulldozed by a runt who's so bats and buggy he plays with dynamite like it was candles. That's all," complained Tobin. "There ain't no real fight in him. We're jest here to git out the logs, he says. Swamp skid trails, build a sleigh haul, start choppin'. No fightin' 'less she's forced on us. Well, what'd Lowden hire us at double wages fer? To work our heads off? Hey?"

"Not much," the unanimous response rumbled around the circle.

"Jest bats and buggy," grumbled Tobin. "Lookit how he prowls out in the pines by hisself. Jest plain bats. And why'd he tote up two tons of dynamite and cache it up the crick? Jest simply buggy. Nothin' else."

"Nate Lowden give him a free hand," ventured somebody. "And Nate's no fool when it comes to pickin' men."

Jube Tobin grunted contemptuously and reached for a hantening chew of tobacco. Twisting about, his glance caught the shape of a huge shadow against the door. He started up, growling.

"Who and what th'—"

"I'm Kunyon." The voice from the shadowy figure rasped like a file grating over saw teeth. "Where's yer boss?"

The only answer was a general gasp of astonishment. Jube Tobin, staring incredulously, sagged back to his bench. Man-Eater Kunyon strode into the circle of firelight. He was a savage figure of a woodsman, black-bearded, his shoulders bulging in a hairy coat of black ox-

hide instead of a mackinaw, the blade of an ax glittering above a thick leather belt into which the handle was thrust. Kunyon's shaggy paws parted the ox-hide coat and rested on his hips. He glared down at the gaping crew.

"I've heerd all about this boss of your'n who burns dynamite in his bare hands," he rumbled. "Jest come over to see him burn some."

For another ten-count astounded silence held the circle. Then it broke. Jube Tobin slowly shoved up to his feet, battle-light flaring in his eyes. With the catlike quickness of the riverman, Kunyon leaped back. The ax blade flashed up in his hand.

"Anybody who makes a step at me get hisself split down the middle," he rasped. "You bullies stand fast. I got some turkey to talk to you."

He paused, his gaze shifting wolfishly around the circle.

"Here's what I mean." Now Kunyon sounded a friendlier note. "You fellers keep yer camp here, and plenty welcome. Likewise, swamp skid trails and build sleigh roads seven ways through these here pine woods if you wanten. But it's me and my outfit who'll use 'em! That's what I come to tell yer hideout boss! As fer you jacks, jest don't get in the way when I start choppin' this Horn Crick section, and you won't be bothered. That's straight. And in the spring—well, if Lowden won't pay you up the Sable company will. Think 'er over, men!"

As Man-Eater Kunyon ended his say he backed for the door. His ax was up, ready to chop down against an attack. The jacks watched Jube Tobin. He blinked nervously at the razor-edged blade shining from Kunyon's paws. It was fight or back down for him now—then Jim Carmody saved him from either necessity.

Again a breathless silence held the camboose circle as the door-latch clicked and moved.

Kunyon half-turned, the ax upheld, his left hand hooking out like a great claw. The door swung open. The little woods boss eased in sidewise, holding the door against the wind. He had no warning of danger until he was jerked into the iron grip of Kunyon's left arm, his own arms squeezed to his side.

"He burns dynermite fer fun," sneered the Man-Eater. "Playful little runt, ain't you, hey? Been out havin' some hide and seek with yerself? I'm afeard you'll get lost, and so I'm goin' to put a mark on you—like this!"

Carmody was helpless in the clamping grip of the timber savage. He could only stare as the sharp edge of the blade flashed down for a spot between his eyes. It descended in a killing stroke, but stopped miraculously with only a stinging touch on his forehead. Then the blade was whipped crosswise. Carmody felt that stinging flash of pain again. Blood trickled over his eyes in a red haze. Yet his stare was unflinching.

"Tough timber, right enough," muttered the Man-Eater.

The grip of his hook-like hand tightened on Carmody's arm. The little woods boss was spun like a stick in a dust whirl. He crashed down in a far corner of the shanty.

"He burns dynermite." The rasping voice jeered from the door. "Fire up, runt. I'm waitin' to see some fun."

For an instant Carmody blazed with rage. It lasted until he had lunged to his feet, his right hand whipping for his mackinaw pocket. Then he heard the wind in the roar of the boughs outside. He remembered the prize he was playing for.

So he stood stolidly, keeping a grip on his main purpose, smothering his temper down. The Little Red looked baffled and cowed to the jacks around the camboose. He had Man-Eater Kunyon's mark on him, and he was taking it with no more than that chilled steel stare.

With an inarticulate grunt of contempt, the Sable jobber backed through the open door and vanished in the shadows of the woods.

Carmody plodded over and shut the door. Then he faced his sneering crew. He said nothing. What power he'd had over these men had vanished with Kunyon. There'd be no more work until he had recovered at least a semblance

of mastery. And he had to wait—three days—a week, perhaps—to break his plan of action. Now—

"All right fer us," Jube Tobin was declaring to the gang. "Remember what Kunyon said. We can keep this camp all winter s'long as we don't start a fight. Fair enough, hey? We ain't responsible to Lowden. It's his runt of a boss there who's responsible."

Tobin had the lead again. Carmody let it go. He swabbed the blood from his face and rolled into his blankets.

For another three days Carmody made no attempt to enforce work on his hellions. Each night he prowled alone.

"Jest bats and buggy," reiterated Jube Tobin. Then, on a morning when a Norther was spitting snow from a lowering gray sky, the Little Red headed toward the Sable timber, a set of felling axes swinging from his shoulder. An unusually grim expression on his lean face stirred a sense of uneasiness in the jacks. The little boss gave the crew one silent sizing up before he started. Jube Tobin had a queer feeling that two bits of blue ice were staring at him from Carmody's head.

"Mebbe so he's up to somethin', after all," Tobin worried, after Carmody had taken a trail northeast through the pines. "No harm, anyhow, in follerin' him up."

His mates jeered and argued, but they were impressed. In a short time the crew was straggling out on Carmody's trail.

On the bank of the creek traversing the Northeastern line of the eighty a single pine stood like a sentinel tree. Carmody had picked it for his first open play against the Sable jobber. At the base of the pine a high bank nosed into the stream, forcing its course into the unquestioned property of the Sable Timber Company. Over there the last fringe of pines was thinning before the axes of Kunyon's choppers. Unless stopped they would be hewing up the slope of the prize eighty to-morrow.

The Little Red was ready to stand alone against Man-Eater Kunyon and his crew. With the Norther driving at his bowed back and the sweeping clouds shedding flecks of snow on the heaving boughs overhead, the little boss unslung an ax and sent the blade whistling into

bark and grain. He whipped the blade back over his shoulder, and struck again. A thick chip popped from the tree and sailed into the creek. The Little Red settled down to steady chopping. The ringing thuds of the ax blade in solid wood sounded as rapidly as the hammer blows of a blacksmith beating out a heat.

CARMODY knew he would soon be seen or heard by some of Kunyon's men. They could reach the creek in minutes, so he had to chop fast to be ready to meet them. The pine was some two feet through the trunk and seventy from roots to crown. Carmody was notching it on the creek side. When it fell the trunk should make a bridge sloping down from this twenty-foot bank to the low beach on the Sable side of the creek. The wiry chopper drove into a fury of labor, switching axes swiftly when half through. He did not straighten up for a look across the creek until only inches of wood and bark held the pine up against the wind.

There were flashes of red-checked mackinaws through the fringe of pines. Then the tassels of scarlet Canadian caps bobbed among the bare twigs of bush as Kunyon's jacks followed him. The Man-Eater was bellowing savage oaths and swinging an ax over his head. Carmody thought once of the crisscross scar on his forehead. Then his voice sounded with the sharp ring of steel in frosty air.

"Hold up or blow up, Kunyon!" shouted the Little Red. "I got a tree full of dynamite here, and she's notched to fall your way!"

The Man-Eater hauled up staring, the ax dropping to his side. He was still well back from the creek, some two hundred feet from where the crown of the pine should strike. But even at the distance Carmody could see the jobber's eyes bulge. His men wavered behind him, shouting excitedly. A wintry smile flickered over the Little Red's scarred face as their words drifted up in the wind. It was evident that Kunyon's men had heard a plenty about the two tons of dynamite toted up the Menominac.

Dynamite! Kunyon's jacks stared at the little woodsman by the lone pine on the creek bank as though he held a raging tiger in leash. The perilous stuff that Jim Carmody played as a

(Continued on page 48)



Troops on the march. This sunset picture was made at Camp McClellan, Biloxi, Miss.

ANTHONY V. RAQUIN

(Continued from page 47)

desperate stake to win from life was holding the game again.

But the Sable jobber was a fighter. Just for his brute savagery and strength he had been picked to carry on this timber war, with rigid orders to guide him. Kunyon had no imagination. Once his first shock of surprise was over, he saw only a notched pine looming on the far bank and beside it one little man. A runt he had held with one hand while he slashed on an ax brand with the other. The Man-Eater bellowed defiance and charged on.

The Little Red whipped back to the tree. His ax blade flashed up even as he turned. In ten seconds ten chips flew out of the notch. The pine shuddered in the booming wind. The crown swayed over toward the creek. There was a rending of wood fibers. Carmody darted for the safety of a big trunk a dozen strides back from the toppling pine. He crouched behind it, his head pressed against the bark. He listened.

The hissing roar of boughs beating down smothered the boom of the wind. Then, instead of the usual crackling crash of a felled tree striking the earth, an explosive blast resounded to the clouds and reverberated through the timberland. Splinters showered through the pines. A jagged six-foot stick whistled by the tree that shielded Carmody and half-buried itself in the forest mold.

"She blasted," said Carmody grimly, stepping out to the bank.

Kunyon had escaped damage. His shaggy black head slowly rose

from behind a rotting windfall, then he cautiously stood up. His urge to fight was unquenched. He roared at his men, forgetting the rigid orders designed to restrain him.

"Come on, you savages! Let's clean the outfit up!"

But most of his crew had run for the shelter of the pines with Carmody's shouted warning. The others had dropped flat as the pine fell and exploded the dynamite sticks lashed in its top-most boughs. Now they rose to follow their mates. The Man-Eater threatened and swore at them in vain. Finally he snarled like a trapped wolf, swung up his ax and started in a driving run for the shattered trunk of the pine. The base of it still made a bridge sloping up to the bank. Kunyon started up the trunk like a riverman charging to break a log jam.

CARMODY met him half-way. And Kunyon suddenly stopped, as though he had butted a rock. On a level with his eyes a yellow stick jutted from a knotty hand. From its top a half-inch of white fuse sputtered in a glow of red. Above it the scarred face of the Little Red was as grim as a death's head. His eyes were unblinking in a blue-steel stare. He said nothing.

Kunyon had no imagination. But he knew what happened when fire and a blasting cap united.

The Sable jobber knew when to quit. But he did not lose his fighting nerve. There was not a quiver in his rasping voice when he spoke:

"Snuff 'er, runt. You win."

"Right." Carmody poised a thumb and finger over the deadly red spark. "But I'm leavin' the stick primed with a blastin' cap. In case you don't know, Mr. Kunyon, even a easy lick, such as a swing on a hard jaw, will set a blastin' cap off instanter."

"You win, I said," growled the Man-Eater, fear distending his eyes at last as the spark burned perilously low. "Snuff 'er, fer—"

He sighed gustily with relief and shivered as Carmody spat and pinched out the spark.

"Show me your back," snapped the little boss. "March for your gang."

The jobber sullenly wheeled about and tramped down the splintered trunk. He did not look around. He spoke but once.

"Got me foul this trip," he muttered over his shoulder. "But it's a long winter yet."

"I'll do my talkin' to your men," said the Little Red.

He did. Ordering Kunyon to join the crew, Carmody stood back, the primed dynamite stick in his left hand, his right jammed into a bulging mackinaw pocket. Then he had his say.

"You've heard it straight that I toted two tons of giant powder up to the woods." He spoke evenly, without a trace of feeling in his tone. "Just now you seen a sample of how I've used 'er. If you're goin' to stick with Kunyon and risk a blast with any pine you chop in the Horn Creek section, say so now. You do, and I quit. There'll be no gang fight. On the other



"One more crack about your dull, torpid liver, and I'm through!"

hand, you quit, and you pack your turkeys and tote out of camp to-day, right now!"

"I'm not choppin' in no timber hung like Christmas-trees with sticks of blastin' powder," muttered a chopper, after a moment of uncertain silence among the crew. "I head down river and hook another job afore winter sets in. That's my answer, mister!"

"Shet up, you blasted fool!" snarled Kunyon. "We could climb the pines, find the stuff and clean 'er out—"

"Hire yerself a mob of monkeys, Kunyon," jeered the chopper who had declared himself. "Climbin' all the trees in a six-forty to pry in all the limbs fer dynemite! You're stalled proper, and it don't take much sense to see it. Me fer camp and over the hump afore we're snow-bound."

The chopper started through the slash without more ado. One by one, the others picked up their axes and trailed him. The jobber bawled after them, but not a man gave heed. Kunyon whirled on the grim little woods boss. Over the yellow stick Carmody's hard stare was still fixed on the Man-Eater. For seconds Kunyon glared wrathfully back, then his huge shoulders sagged. The shaggy head drooped. He turned heavily to follow his men. The Sable jobber was beaten. When he could not fight with peavey and ax or fist and boot the Man-Eater was baffled and helpless.

Carmody still stood like a rock, watching Kunyon slump out of sight amid the felled trees, when he heard a movement from the bush behind him. He whirled sharply, to face Carmody and his own crew.

"We saw that there play you made!" boomed Jube Tobin, fawning grin spreading from ear to ear. "And the way you herded that outfit inter camp—you want us to foller and clean 'em up—"

"You do and you keep goin' down the river," Carmody broke in harshly. "The timber fight's finished. By me. And from me you bullies are

takin' orders. Back to camp and chop timber, or over the hump to give room to jacks who know better how to make logs than trouble."

The hellions got that. All of them red around the ears, they turned for the creek, muttering that they'd show somebody how they could make logs. The corners of Carmody's mouth began to twitch into a grin. But he stood fast until the jacks were out of sight. Then he sagged down weakly on a stump. He swabbed feebly at the icy beads of moisture popping from his brow.

"IF THEY ever found out how little nerve I actually got," murmured Jim Carmody. "And I

still got a hand to play with Nate Lowden."

Then his twitching eyes caught a vision of the great surge of green on the hilltop eighty. He stiffened like a steel spring. "But I play 'er on to a blowup," he said.

Two days later the news of Kunyon's defeat reached Lowden in his Camp Five on the Upper Menomiac. In less than twenty-four hours he was spurring a jaded saddler up Horn Creek. Carmody was waiting for him at the dynamite cache. Every case was empty.

"Holy mackinaw!" was Lowden's greeting to his woods boss. "Two tons of powder—where's it gone?"

"Hangin' on Christmas-trees, accordin' to all who should know," grinned Carmody, and told his story.

"But you don't mean to say you've still got

the whole section primed with the stuff?" exclaimed Lowden incredulously. "And our men choppin' in it?"

"Not the whole section," said Carmody, gently and deliberately. "Just the hilltop eighty. And no axes, Mr. Lowden, are touchin' that." The cards were down. "No dynamite anywhere but on the eighty, Mr. Lowden. I'll swear solemn to that."

"Meanin' exactly what?" demanded Nate Lowden bluntly.

"Meanin' that you transfer whatever title you got to the eighty to me as my wages of sin," said Carmody, his tone still gentle and slow. "No jack'll ever swing an ax in it. Well—you get the logs from seven-eighths of a section which maybe ain't yours by law. You leave me this here eighty I've sinned and sweat blood for."

Nate Lowden had the answer to his one doubt about Jim Carmody. It was one that brought a brighter glint of understanding to his eyes as he silently scrutinized the little woods boss. He could vision future uses for Carmody which would far surpass the value of an eighty with a clouded title. But as to this funny business of climbing pines to plant dynamite in the top boughs—Lowden narrowed his eyes. He had pulled some magnificent bluffs in his own time.

"The eighty's yours, Carmody." The lumber man spoke slowly, paused, then hammered out the words. "But here's a bet. Point out any pine in this eighty, and I'll chop 'er down! I'll bet the rest of the section against your eighty on that!"

For an instant Carmody's steeliest stare searched Lowden's face. Then he was reassured. They were natural partners. The little woodsman's scarred face softened as he looked out again at the royal ranks of pines. He was their keeper now. The dream of his young self had come true at last. Carmody's gaze descended to the creek, and paused on a deep pool, now frozen. Under the ice—well, it had indeed been far simpler and safer to drown two tons of dynamite than to hang it in the pine tops. Lowden had guessed it. Fair enough.

"I'll log for you, Mr. Lowden," said Jim Carmody, giving his hand. "But about that bet of yours! I don't call bluffs—I make 'em!"

Hike'em Hiram's Fortress

(Continued from page 21)

declared Bearss and Porter. They made a sudden dash at the head of their men and were up the ladders so fast that they reached the top before the scared rebels had time to tip the crates of stones over the cliff!

Down there in Samar, Hike'em Hiram it was who single-handed captured the notorious bandit, Joaquin. He stole alone through the night to the house in the bush where Joaquin lay asleep with his men, climbed in through a window, collared the outlaw and held his followers at bay with a gun till help came at dawn.

And Samar, too, was the scene of another remarkable exploit, at Quinapunan. "I had twenty-five men there at the mouth of the river," he said, "and I got surrounded by 3,000 natives. There was no help anywhere near. They could have overwhelmed me if they'd rushed me, but they didn't know how many men I had. So I thought of the ruse of sending ten men at a time to crawl down the ridge in the deep grass and then to turn around and run up the hill in plain view of the enemy. So they thought I was getting constant reinforcements. I held them at bay two days till help came."

Bearss grew so shrewd in jungle warfare that word spread through the islands that he wasn't an American at all, but some strange fearsome devil brought from a distant island to fight insurrectos!

Old Marines will paint with delight the picture of Hike'em Hiram planted on top of a trench in Santo Domingo in a hail of native bullets, yelling to a private who stuck his head up: "Get down, you damn fool! You'll get shot!"

Hike'em Hiram was always an unruly cuss. Once, it is said, he narrowly missed court-martial for riding horseback into a General's dinner party in Panama. Sometimes he smashed rules to get things done. At Guantanamo Bay, sand-flies were driving his men crazy. He'd been ordered not to use the cable any more—to send all requests by letter. Besides, he knew headquarters wouldn't take sand-flies seriously. But in an English Army report Bearss ran across the Hindu word for sandfly—ankh-phora-hasharat. So he cabled for citronella to fight ankh-phora-hasharat. The stuff came at once.

AND as for France, his exploits there are typified by that one little incident at St. Mihiel when Bearss, happening alone and unarmed into a village in advance of his men, suddenly encountered a column of eighty Germans. Quick as a flash, his fist shot out, he knocked the first German down, grabbed his gun and ordered the column to hold up their hands. They did. His men came running. Took the column prisoners. Then Bearss discovered that the gun wasn't loaded.

"One day," Bearss laughed, "I went to the General and asked for three days' Paris leave. "Go out and bring me in ten prisoners," he says. He thought he had me stumped. It was a tough sector. Prisoners were just about impossible to get. But that night I took six picked men, crossed no-man's land and came back with twelve prisoners. Not one of my men had a scratch. 'All right, you win,' said the General. 'But what about these men of mine,' I said, 'don't they get leave too?' The General hesitated, then he grinned. 'All right, go on, the lot of you!'"

And how I love the story of Hike'em Hiram and the shavetail in the bar of the Grand Hotel in Paris. Hike'em tramping into the bar, fresh from the trenches, battered, weary, muddy, unshaven, with no insignia of rank in sight, collided at the door with a glittering shavetail, fresh from the States. Bearss was brushing past, but the shavetail halted him.

"Why don't you salute when you meet an officer?" the shavetail said sharply.

Bearss paused in mock confusion. "I'm sorry, sir. Didn't see you, sir."

"Why," the spick-and-span second louie stared in disgust at Bearss, "you're dirty! Your uniform is dirty! Your hands are dirty! Your face is dirty!"

"I'm sorry, sir," Hiram apologized.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"I am, sir."

A group of Hike'em's friends, standing at the bar, gazed in amazement and delight, waiting for the explosion.

"And you don't even know how to salute properly!" scowled the shavetail, who had never even seen the trenches.

"Nobody ever taught me, sir," Bearss whined.

"Please show me how, sir."

"You do it like this."

"Oh, is that the way, sir?"

"You're a disgrace to the army! I never saw such a poor specimen of a soldier! Look here, you wash up, clean up your clothes, mend those holes in your overcoat, and come around to headquarters to-morrow and I'll try to teach you something."

"Oh, will you, sir? Thank you, sir."

The shavetail was turning away, when a command burst like the detonation of a seventy-five:

"HALT!"

The shavetail turned around to face Hike'em Hiram transformed, erect, his hard eyes blazing.

"SALUTE!"

The shavetail's hand shot up automatically.

"Forward march! Halt! About face! Salute!"

So Hike'em marched the galvanized louie around the bar, each command a bang! bang! bang!!! that rattled the chandeliers. "Now you — — —, forward march to hell out of here!"

The shavetail marched to the door, bolted into the street and ran. Reaching headquarters, breathless, he asked:

"Good God, who was that?"

"Must have been Hike'em Hiram. Lucky you got off with your skin!"

I was thinking of these things as I took the elevator with Hike'em and his friend, to explore this citadel he guards.

I knew, as you know, what the Federal Reserve Bank is—a super-bank that bears the same relation to its member banks as those banks

into those paper cylinders you see on paying tellers' desks. Men operating machines that tied bills into packages with steel clips. Other men tossed these packages into wooden chests with wheels, which boys trundled off down alleyways toward loading platforms to be piled into armored trucks. In other cages men were weighing sacks of gold coin. On a shelf I saw a stack—a whole stack of \$10,000 bills, unconscious of the emotion they stirred in my breast. All this was the daily flow of millions into the bank from hundreds of commercial banks in towns and cities and back again. Money coming in for deposit. Dirty worn money coming in to be exchanged for new money. Thousand-dollar bills coming in to be changed for nickles. Billions of nickles, dimes and pennies flowing in from subways, trolley lines and slot-machines to be exchanged for credit. Money flowing out for loans to construction companies, factories and farmers' cooperatives. Money flowing out to forestall panic runs at paying tellers' windows.

"LAST winter, when the failure of the Bank of United States had made people nervous," said our guide, "we shipped out, in one week, more than \$300,000,000 emergency cash to banks here in New York."

"Not much danger of banks going under when they've got that backing!" Hike'em Hiram chuckled.

Money, money! Every money-counting man and girl in this fortress handles about a ton of coin a day. Or counts from twenty to thirty thousand bills. Every year there flows through this bank a sum that is a billion dollars more than all the money in circulation in the United States at any one time!

Then we went on to see what happens to the wornout money. We went through a steel gate. Here I saw a couple of big slicing machines with broad shiny steel tables. A man caught up an armful of packages of one-dollar bills, spread them on the table. Clank! down came the knife, slicing one thousand one-dollar bills in two lengthwise. The knife went up. Quick hands swept away the strips of sliced money and stuffed them into bags, the upper halves of the bills into one row of bags, the lower halves into another row of bags. The bags were addressed to the Redemption Division, U. S. Treasury, Washington.

"Those bandits got badly fooled down in Washington, the other day, eh?" said Bearss.

My guide smiled. "You see, we ship the upper halves of this money to Washington one day, and the lower halves a day or so later. Just as a precaution. The other day some bandits held up a mail truck in the Union Station in Washington. They grabbed a lot of these sacks. They probably thought they had a juicy haul. But later the police found the sacks chucked in an alley. The crooks discovered that they had stolen the upper halves of seventy-five thousand one-dollar bills!"

Then we went down into the heart of Hike'em Hiram's fortress. Down the elevator into the lobby. Here Bearss left us. One of his men stepped forward to tell him he was wanted in his office. I promised to rejoin him presently. With my guide, I took another elevator and went on down, five floors below street level.

"The vaults have three levels," my guide explained. "This is the deepest vault, where we keep the gold."

He pulled out of his pocket a pass, approached a steel barred gate and shoved it through the bars. A stolid gray man, who looked like a prison guard, took the pass, scrutinized it, then scrutinized my guide and me, and slowly nodded. The gate swung open. Inside the gate stood a table, on it a book. My guide stepped to the table, wrote his name and my name in the book, under the watchful eye of the guard. There was something tense and breathless in the proceedings.

Confronting me, I saw a blank wall. In it was set a polished steel slab, perhaps seven feet high and three wide. The guard nodded again. A man turned a lever like a ship's wheel.

(Continued on page 50)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 45)

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

do to their depositors—but I had never realized its tremendous power and the full drama of its place in the life of our country, and so, as we went from floor to floor of this fortress, which is by far the biggest of the twelve Federal Reserve branches of America, I was divided between lingering incredulity at the thought of Hike'em in charge, and amazement at what I saw.

Everywhere, in the corridors, at the steel doors that divided department from department, stood those Marines of Bearss's, guns on hip, watching with steely eyes all who came and went.

We passed through one of those gates into a vast room fenced off into cages, where on counters, boxes and on the floor I saw bales of money. Girls were operating batteries of money-counting machines. Men operating batteries of machines that clipped dimes, nickles, quarters,

(Continued from page 49)
protruding from the wall. Slowly, noiselessly, the steel slab slid aside, revealing a narrow passage into an inner chamber. We passed through. On the right, through a fence of thick steel bars, I saw a room full of sacks of gold coin, stacked up like cord-wood. On the left, through another steel fence, I saw the gleam of gold bars, stacked on shelves. Gold! Gold! Gold!

Completely around this double gold-vault ran a narrow alleyway, with mirrors set at the corners, so that a guard standing at any one point could see the entire circuit. The outer face of this passageway was a concrete wall, set in the rock.

"Ten feet thick," said the guide. "Eighty feet below street level, sixty feet below the level of the East River. And a whole network of electric wires set in the concrete. Not much chance to break through, is there?"

Here, quadruple-guarded by steel and concrete, and man-killing volts, and intricate time mechanisms, and the guns of Hike'em Hiram's Marines, was the gold hoard—over nine hundred millions in gold reserve, close to one-third of the total gold held by all the twelve Federal Reserve Branches combined—the gold hoard that stands here as the steady power against the clamor of the Stock Exchange and the frenzy of the ticker. But even more, the hoard that gives lending power to thousands of banks in city and town. For lending power depends in the last analysis on the reserve of gold. Here, deep

guarded in the adamantine rock beneath the roots of the metropolis, deep under the salt rivers and credit and expansion opportunity to steel mill and department store, to sugar refinery and shipyard, to candy factory and bridge builder.

Then I rejoined Hike'em Hiram. "We run this place just like a Marine Guard Post," he barked. "We have guard mount every morning, arms inspection, machine gun practice, drill in attack and defense. We have men here trained in all kinds of fighting, street fighting, trench fighting, jungle fighting. So we know how to meet anything that comes up."

And then he took me down into the most dramatic spot in all this gigantic fortress. We traversed some passageways and came to a small up in the wall. Across one side was a board covered with dials and indicators. On a rack hung an arsenal of machine-guns and gas-bomb guns. Behind a desk sat one of Hike'em Hiram's hard-eyed bozos with a telephone at his hand and a machine-gun at his elbow.

"This is the Central Guard Room," he snapped. "Every minute we know here what is going on in the bank. And everything comes in here, alarms, calls for patrol, calls for convoy of motor trucks, everything!"

Every exit to the fortress, every door of every vault, was represented by a dial on the board. When a door stood open, a light flashed red on the dial, when closed, it flashed green.

"If any door is open when it shouldn't be, these boys know and find out why. And there," he pointed to another board full of numbers, "if anybody anywhere in the building pushes an alarm button, we know instantly where it is. Every exit to the building shuts in ten seconds. A machine-gun squad shoots out of here on the double-quick to the point of alarm." Bearss laughed. "One of the deputy governors a while ago thought he'd find out if our system worked. So he pushed an alarm. My God, that man got the scare of his life! In about three seconds, he said, the door burst open and a dozen Marines charged in with machine-guns. Our men have orders to shoot on sight and they're always itching for something to happen!"

As I stood there beside Hike'em Hiram, my mind flashed back again to the dug-out on the Meuse. How like this guard room was to that message-center underground, with the Colonel striding up and down directing the attack—infantry, artillery, machine-guns. This combination of Hike'em Hiram Bearss of the roaring Marines and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York is just one more of those things that could happen only in America. How amazing and yet how natural that in the sleepless war of law against crime, of stability against rumor, of entrenched financial power against the forces of panic and disorder, we choose a Marine to guard the gold that is the foundation rock of our business world!

Answers to Your Radio Questions



Kel Keech, N.B.C. announcer-entertainer, who taught the Prince of Wales to play the uke

E. L. Realey, Elkton, Md. In answer to your question as to who takes the part of the Captain "in the Hymn Singin' daown to Seth Parker's" over WEA-F on Sunday nights . . . RAYMOND HUNTER plays the part of Captain Bang (see Radio Rambles in this issue). As a boy, his one ambition in life was to become a professional baseball player, and so outstanding was his prowess in this field that as a semi-professional catcher he was headed for the Big League. The turning point in his career was brought about by the famous Phil Cook's mother, who persuaded him to train his gorgeous baritone voice. From then on, he concentrated on catching notes with the same earnestness he had brought to the catching of balls, and the Radio world knows what a good catcher he is. He is now with his pal Seth in a sort of three-in-one break . . . not only on the road in personal appearances, and on the air, but also in the R.K.O. talkie "Way Back Home."

Miss Marguerite Sweeney, New Bedford, Mass. About Smith Ballew. He is a typical Texan, and that means he's mighty nice! He's a lean six-footer with a smile that wins confidence and friends . . . he started out with a banjo that cost him 75 cents, and found pretty hard picking at first . . . but he's been on the up and up for quite a while now. They say that his recordings alone have made him independent, and still he remains unspoiled, and that smile and those straight looking eyes haven't changed . . . a typical Texan! By the way, he's his own M. C. (and a mighty fine one too). He's been illusive lately because . . . there, there . . . I nearly let the cat out of the bag, and I'm pledged to secrecy . . . BUT . . . I'll give you a tip . . . watch the papers, he'll be back on the air again *very shortly* . . . over N.B.C. . . . and it will be worth watching for too. Say, that tall Texan couldn't do anything that wouldn't be worth watching for! Thanks for your praises of the column . . . they are as manna in the desert.

Helen Jeanette Benning, Lyons, N. Y. Glad

you are so interested in Radio, and happy that you like Radio Rambles and the Questionnaire so much. Ho May Bailey is the soloist with Ted Weem's Orchestra, and also is heard on the Lee Sims Piano Moods . . . both from N.B.C. Chicago studios. A picture of Wallace Butterworth smiles up at me from my desk as I write . . . but lack of space forbids it appearing in this issue. He announces from Chicago. They say children should be seen and not heard . . . but the response I have had to the published photos of the Ether Stars, seems to prove that Radio Stars should be both HEARD and SEEN.

Mrs. M. Moellering, Mystic, Conn. Your letter gives me real pleasure. What more could anyone wish for than to be able to bring happiness into the life of another? You are wrong about Cheerio announcing the Dramatic Musicale Hour over WEA-F. Cheerio does not act as an announcer at all . . . he only works on his own programs. Kel Keech is the man you thought was Cheerio . . . and no wonder . . . a very cheerful little somebody is Kel. What a background he has to be sure! He speaks fluently, goodness knows how many European languages, and he was so loved in England with his Uke, that the Prince of Wales asked Kel to teach him. Did Kel do it? Kel did! Don't ask me how well the Prince plucks the Uke . . . for I don't know, but I imagine pretty darn well at that! Picture of that cheerful earful, Kel, heads this column.

Jane La Londe, Watertown, Minn. You would like to know about "Rolland and his Father." I have a sneaking feeling that Minn. on your address ought to be Mass. . . . why? . . . because you ask about "Rolland and his Father," which is very Bostonese, but in this man's town, where they talk New Yorkese, they call the same program "Daddy and Rollo," . . . THEY WOULD! I am sorry to say that this program is now off the air. It was very popular, and deservedly so, for it was well written, and exceedingly well played. The youngster who played the part of Rollo is a precocious kid, and the part of Daddy was taken by none other than Nick Dawson . . . and that says *plenty* . . . for he's a clever guy, that Nick fellow . . . yessum! I have a picture of The Three Doctors looking goofier than goofy, in front of me . . . will have to check up on how much longer they are to hand out their prescriptions, before I dare make a statement anent same medico maniacs.

Mrs. Edith A. Fowler, Newburyport, Mass. You'll have to wait for television for a good picture of Mary and Bob, as the photos sent

to me by the station don't do them justice, nohow . . . and I don't want to be sued for libel! They are awfully nice folks, really, and this photo looked like the just-after-the-wedding type . . . heads held in a vise, waiting for the dentist expression . . . you know!

Guilbert Gibbons, Staff Artist, WTAM, Cleveland, Ohio. Thanks for your note regarding the duplicity of Gene and Glen (Jake and Lena to you) . . . it was mighty nice of you to furnish me with the information, and still nicer the way in which you did it. Thanks again . . . lots . . . the error was mine. But, even though I am greatly against the favorite indoor sport of "passing the buck," I must in justice to myself and the colyum, tell you that the wrong information passed on by me, was given to me by none less than the Press Relations Department of the station concerned . . . I assumed that they knew . . . and I was the innocent bystander that got shot! Anyhow, thanks heaps for the kind words and for the information.

Frances Weaver, Huron, Ohio. I'm going to put all the Gene and Glen ones along together! Your note was awfully nice, too . . . and thanks for the clipping. I love it when you folks join in and co-operate this way. If you will read the answer above this, you will see why I made the misstatement that has caused Uncle Sam's Marathon walkers so much extra work. Oh, well! that's one way to relieve the depression . . . make mistakes, so that the eraser business can pick up! I am interested in those notes of yours telling Who's Who . . . tell me more about them. The singer who does the signature on the B. A. Rolfe Lucky Strike Hour is Theo Alban. He is known as the "Heartbreaker of the Air" . . . owing to the enormous amount of feminine fan mail he gets. He has a lovely dark-eyed wife, who was a Baroness . . . but was also a fan, and wrote to him (as a voice) . . . and that was the way they met, and their Romance started. He is exclusive to Lucky Strike . . . and, by the way, he was born in Oakhill, Ohio.

Kathryn L. Schott, Massillon, Ohio. And now, to cap the climax, I have to be Schott at by you! Read all the answers above, and you will see the why and the wherefore of my horrific error. You wish to inform me that I am "all wet" in my answer anent Gene and Glen . . . and you say "you thought you were very brave to publish their real names." No, no, my dear . . . that was just a figure of speech . . . an attempt at humor, as it were . . . sorry it didn't meet with your approval! And now you

demand that I "be brave enough to publish the truth" . . . Oh! my dear, have a heart . . . not all of it? . . . surely not all of it? And you finish with "I know what I'm talking about." Well, that's just great . . . congratulations!

So,
TO ALL OF YOU DISTURBED
by the
QUAKER EARLY BIRDS!
Be it hereby known
that
Gene plays both Jake and Lena
but
Glen plays the piano,
and
is best known for his contagious
LAUGH
and
that's
THAT!

Myrtle M. Bahm, Cohoes, N. Y. And still they come about those pesky people Gene and Glen! Yes, yes . . . I know that Gene is both Jake and Lena . . . and Glen is at the piano, and is chiefly noted for his infectious chuckle. Gene ought to have an easier time now with his personal appearances—you know with all those hats he uses to denote his change of character, the new Eu-GENE-ie models should be helpful . . . ouch! Anyhow, thanks for your info, and come again!

Winkie Griffith, Port Washington, L. I. Your letter received . . . your request noted . . . and herewith the answer! See how prompt I am? Thank you very much for wanting me as an Honorary Member of the Frank Parker Club. I shall be most happy to accept . . . here comes your notice.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!
ALL YE GOODE PEOPLE INTERESTED IN
THE NEW FRANK PARKER FAN CLUB,

ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED TO GET IN TOUCH WITH WINKIE GRIFFITH, 28 AVE. B., PORT WASHINGTON, L. I.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

Jno. H. Mock, Sec., Albany Lodge, No. 713, Albany, Georgia. Your letter was a thing of beauty and joy for ever! If you don't make good at the next Grand Lodge Session in Birmingham, and get me made an honorary member, or as you put it "Daughter of the Regiment" . . . or . . . som'thin' . . . why, Brother Mock, my faith in human nature will just all be shot to . . . to . . . pieces! Professor Butts is peering out at you from the Rambles page . . . see him? Am impatiently awaiting the Georgia Pecans . . . Merry Xmas to you . . . and

To all who see these pages and to all who don't

MERRY XMAS!

G. S. E.

The Price of a Laugh

(Continued from page 9)

"dawn"), their incomes dwindled with hideous speed.

One visionary Massachusetts village youth, in the late 1870's, is said to have turned his back on the safety of farm mortgages and of C. G. & X. stock, and to have invested all of a small legacy in Bell's scheme. Amid inextinguishable laughter, townfolk called him a fool and prophesied he would be a charge on the town. He was the joke of the region. Somehow, his faith in Bell was stronger than his fear of ridicule. He hung onto his stock.

A few decades afterward, he was dazed by the avalanche of cash that cascaded into his bank account. His thrifty townfolk, who had eluded derision so zealously, were stone-broke.

THE instances could be piled up, to more pages than the Oxford Dictionary's, of persons and nations which have laughed away the chance for wealth and for greatness, and for other forms of success; and who have slammed the door in the face of Good Luck, lest they be made fun of for admitting the golden Visitor.

Understand, I am not speaking of visionary schemes, bred in the brains of cranks or of charlatans; but of things whose foursquare values had been established past all doubt.

Bell had proven to skeptics and to the wisest scientists, the value and practicality of the telephone, and that he had actually perfected it. Yet the folk who knew him feared to be laughed at for backing such a startling innovation.

Fulton proved, in the presence of thousands of people, and to a group of scientists and naval experts, by actual demonstration, that his steamboat would travel without sail, and that his torpedo boat could and would sink other craft. But the terror of having his imperial dignity smeared by a possible laugh kept Napoleon from availing himself of the godsend.

Morse's electro-magnetic telegraph transmitted messages clearly between Baltimore and Washington. Yet the laugh-fearers shied grinningly from the invention.

They seemed to ignore the fact that the same principle which made the telegraph practical between those two cities could make it practical from one end of the world to the other.

No visionary cranks or fakers were these inventors and a host of other geniuses. They proved their claims to the satisfaction of the Wise. But the world at large stood aloof, shunning what Solomon called "the laughter of fools." Sooner than endure the laughter of fools, they turned their backs on Fortune.

Sometimes I have tried to analyze what it is which makes us so afraid of being laughed at. Ten million people could be ranged up in front of us and could be hired to laugh derisively at us for twenty-four hours at a stretch. At the end of the time not one of us would be a penny the worse for their mirth.

But we stand in mortal terror of it. There is a mystery to it all; something I can't fathom, though its existence can no more be denied than can the sun's. Men and women, who can prove themselves heroes in great crises, tremble before derision. Why?

In a newspaper office where once I worked, there were two men. One of them had a blazing hot temper and a razor-edge on his tongue. But in other ways he was a good chap. And we all liked him, more or less.

The other man had not a fault, that I know of; except that he used to take delight in holding us all up to ridicule, one after another. Few of us there were who, soon or late, were not the butt of his laugh-evoking witticisms.

The two men resigned from the staff at about the same time. To the hot-tempered office-mate we gave a testimonial dinner. To the laugh evoker we gave not even a civil good-bye. Not a man in the office was on terms of decent politeness with him. We loathed and avoided him.

This though he had only called forth laughs,

while the razor-tongued fellow had made us all furiously angry in his time.

People are deathly afraid of laughs. And they hate anyone who makes fun of them. Also, to steer clear of laughter, we will walk far around the most tempting opportunities.

In the great and the petty things of life, isn't that true with all of us? No? You aren't afraid to pay the price of a laugh? Think it over, a minute. How about this:

If you are a man, why do you stop wearing your pretty and becoming and comfortable straw hat, just because the calendar happens to register September fifteenth? You put that straw hat away. (So do I.) And you go through the rest of a piping hot September and the hot spell of early October, sweating under the weight of heavy felt headgear.

Why do you do such a senseless thing? You do it because you're afraid of being laughed at. To avert a laugh you sacrifice comfort and becomingness. You would rather perspire under an unnecessary weight on your head than to cringe at the grin on the face of someone who may happen to see you wearing a tabooed hat.

If you are a woman— Well, Mrs. John Smith was adorably attractive, in the styles of three years ago. For some occult reason, those styles brought out all her innate beauty and grace and charm. In to-day's radically different styles of dress and of hair-arrangement, she looks like a Minor Misfortune. And she knows it.

Did she risk being laughed at as a frump or as dead broke, by sticking to the style of costume which beautified her? Not she. Eagerly she has made herself ugly. Why? To keep up to date, of course, and thus to avert a laugh.

Her husband, John Smith, is even less courageous and sane than his wife. For instance, no longer dare he wear the long and clean-lined frock coat which, years ago, made him look tall and distinguished. Instead, he conforms to fashion by wearing a cut-away "morning coat" which is hideous and which intensifies his bulging waistline or his bow-legs.

Once he wore, in mild weather, a white waistcoat, with business clothes. It was cool. It was becoming. It added to his looks. Does he dare to wear it, this season—so long after white vests have gone out of vogue for business wear? If he does, I haven't happened to meet him in one. No, somebody might grin at the antique bit of raiment and might think Smith is out of date. So he will endure the heat and thickness of the woolen waistcoat which is part of his ordained three-piece suit.

Last year's car runs better and more smoothly than does a brand new one, but it must be turned in for a new model. We can't afford to be laughed at for not keeping up to date.

Or there is the good little car, three years old. It suffices all our motoring needs. But the neighbors would grin and whisper. We spend money we can't afford to sidestep that multiple grin of theirs. And we buy a costly new machine we don't need.

(Continued on page 52)



"I told you, Maime, we should have got a Louis sixteen instead of fourteen"

(Continued from page 51)

Peter Whoozis's chin recedes. His mouth is a foolish gash. A beard and a full mustache would give him a look of dignity and of firm comeliness. Does he blossom forth in a facial fur? He does not. Why? Because some boy in the street would shout gigglingly: "Whiskers!" and because his friends would smile at his eccentricity. So he remains inane-looking, rather than pay the price of a laugh.

Dare you stride into the new Waldorf, some day when you aren't hungry and when indigestion gnaws at your inner man, and order nothing but a bowl of crackers and milk? More especially, dare you do that if you are with a group of acquaintances? That is an ideal diet for you, at such a time. Besides, it is comfortably cheap.

You flinch from the possible grins of your table-mates and from those of people at other tables. Above all, you dread the waiters' derision. So you order something expensive

and indigestible; torturing your stomach rather than to pay the absurdly low price of a laugh.

What harm can a laugh do us? Can it make us lose our jobs or our self-respect? Can it land us in jail? Never that I have heard of. Yet we shun it, as something poisonous. We pay exorbitant prices in cash and in comfort to avoid it.

We know that those who have braved the world's laughter have sometimes risen to dizzy heights. Yet we are afraid to try to climb, because of that same fear of ridicule.

It runs all through life. We make our costliest sacrifices to keep from being laughed at.

The ever-mounting price of the World War is a child's bank account compared to the money we shell out to prevent laughter at our expense. Almost none of us is immune from the laughter-tax, in one form or another. We laugh-dodgers have spent (or missed!) uncounted billions of dollars, all told, to keep from ourselves the non-injurious chuckles of our fellow humans.

The hardships and griefs entailed by the World

War were laughably small compared to the vast sum of hurt and self-denial and actual harm done by laugh-dodgers and by those who laughed at them.

From overtight shoes to acute indigestion, we pay our bill of suffering in a million cruel ways. Our only reward is our privilege of laughing at the few rare souls who give no thought to the world's jeers, and who travel shinningly their own wise road.

Do we profit by the examples of the minority who won happiness or wealth or greatness or lasting peace, by ignoring the laughers?

Not we! Merrily—or tragically—we plod along; discarding myriads of pleasant or profitable or inspiring things which are offered to us by Fate or by Man; all in the wincing terror of being laughed at.

Is it worth the price? I think nearly everyone will say "No!"

But I think nearly everyone—including myself, perhaps—will keep on doing it.

The Siskiyou Tunnel Robbery

(Continued from page 15)

and every hand was red. Roy and Hugh each had shot the brakeman, Roy had killed the fireman, and Hugh the engineer. The dynamite they had exploded had killed the mail clerk. Equally they were pitiless murderers, and as stupid as cruel, for they fled into the wilderness without a cent to show for their savagery.

There, then, we have the true story of the Siskiyou hold-up as it was told by the murderers themselves four years later. At the time, however, the crime stood as a mystery, and one that had small chance of being solved, for the killers seemed to have made a clean get-away, leaving no helpful clues behind them. They were gone when Conductor Marrett and the remainder of the train crew reached the victims. Brakeman Johnson, although yet alive, was unconscious and breathed his last as the conductor bent over him. The mail car was flaming. In the débris, after the fire was put out, the scattered parts of Dougherty's body was found. The wreckage was left as it was until experts could arrive.

The marvel of the quest for the identity of the perpetrators, and then the man-hunt, was its patient thoroughness from the very beginning, its impersonal massing of myriad forces. Within a few hours two post-office inspectors and the chief special agent of the Southern Pacific Railway Company were on the scene, making a minute survey of the débris. They found the blasting machine and the wiring, and near the dynamiting device a pair of overalls and six foot-pads made out of gunnysack soaked in creosote. Near the north tunnel entrance where the engine had first been boarded a .45 caliber Colt's revolver was found.

A company of Oregon State militia, called to scour the surrounding country, soon discovered an abandoned camp in the mountains. An attempt had been made to burn the equipment, but in the ashes were the steel of knives and forks, sheet-iron straps which from their shape seemed to have bound a wooden box, and the charred remnant of an express tag.

Three bunks were in the half-burned cabin, and this fact, taken in conjunction with the six foot-pads, proved conclusively that the bandits were three in number. But what three? The unmarked overalls, the undecipherable express tag, and a standard pattern revolver seemed to offer little hope of identification.

Science, however, read in one exhibit a clue that would have led to the D'Autremonts had it been alone. The overalls were sent for analysis to Professor E. C. Heinrich, criminologist of the University of California at Berkeley. His microscope disclosed that there was resin in spots where the owner had wiped his hands, and that inbedded in the sticky substance was the sawdust of the Douglas fir, along with a few light brown hairs. From measurements of girth and of trouser leg Professor Heinrich built up a further picture until he was able to declare positively that the wearer was a five-foot, six-inch lumberman who had worked in a northwest camp, had light brown hair, and weighed about 140 pounds.

Still not content, Professor Heinrich ripped

out all the seams of the overalls. On the bib was a narrow pencil pocket which had seemed to contain nothing. Taken off, a tiny wad of half disintegrated thin paper was at the bottom, pressed down by the frequent return of pencil to pocket. Treated, mounted and photographically enlarged the scrap showed a numbered receipt for a registered letter, and that the receiving post office was Eugene, Oregon. The number, when compared with the records at Eugene, was that of a letter receipted for by one Roy D'Autremont.

Thus did a college professor, working in a laboratory hundreds of miles from the crime, uncover the identity of one of the murderers, and point a sure way for officers of the law. Picking up the scent with the speed of hounds railroad detectives and government inspectors swarmed to Eugene, followed a back trail from there, and in a comparatively short time had the whole life history of the D'Autremonts before them.

A simple, everyday history but for its terrible ending. First in line came Paul D'Autremont, the father, a light-hearted singing man of French-Canadian descent, whose whole life showed not a trace of criminal instinct. A nomadic barber, moving from town to town, Roy and Ray, the twins, had been born in Williamsburg, Iowa, in 1900, and Hugh came into the world in 1905, in Mena, Arkansas. Now with a shop of his own, and now a humble journeyman, Paul D'Autremont traveled with his family from state to state, and finally came to a stop in Salem, Oregon. Roy and Ray were with him, while Hugh remained with his mother in New Mexico.

WHEN America entered the World War, the seventeen-year-old twins were too young for military service, but all on fire with patriotic ardor, they went to work in the Oregon lumber camps, hewing pine and fir for the shipyards. Decent enough lads at the time, and the chances are they might have remained so but for the evil associations of their new job. In the logging camps of the West were many of those malcontents and troublemakers who called themselves Syndicalists or I. W. W.'s, preaching revolution and class war.

Roy D'Autremont fell an easy convert to the mouthers, and Ray followed him, first as a mat of course, and then came under the sway of the wily leaders so completely that he outstripped Roy, and was made an organizer. Two years of this tutelage did for the brothers. Some agitator spouted about Nietzsche in their hearing, so they added "Pity is an infection" and "Living consists in living at the cost of others" to their list of slogans. They looked upon themselves, contradictorily but satisfyingly, both as Nietzschean supermen and as Bolshevik "enemies of capitalistic society."

Robert Service, poet of Alaska and Paris, was their last hold on any rugged or healthy life. They clung to him as they did to their hymns, and more honestly. Had they ever known that Service, who once may have thought

of himself as a rebel poet, laid down his pen to drive the wounded of France from battlefield to hospital, was himself wounded at Verdun and later as an American soldier left an arm in the Argonne, the epic might have affected them enough emotionally to have given them a new ideal.

In 1920 a job of wanton destruction was traced to Ray, and he was arrested on a charge of criminal syndicalism, convicted and sentenced to a year in the Washington State Reformatory. After his release he joined Roy in Salem, and when the father moved his barber shop to Eugene, the twins went with him. The jolt of Ray's imprisonment seemed to have brought both boys up short, but in reality they had only become more sullen and secretive.

IN THE spring of 1923, Hugh came on from New Mexico, a rather handsome lad of nineteen, brighter and much better educated than the twins, for he had gone through high school, attaining some local distinction as an athlete and debater. Although the youngest, he soon proved the boldest, and his was the idea that the "D'Autremont boys" should win to equal fame with the "James boys," and by the same methods. A bandit trio, if you please, holding up trains, looting banks and spreading terror by the very mention of their name. It was not long after Hugh's arrival that Ray and Roy put aside their razors and strops, and announced that the three were going to work as loggers in some lumber camp.

All this the detectives and government inspectors learned by patient investigation, and at the end they were convinced that the D'Autremont brothers were the men they wanted. Much, however, remained to be done before the chain of evidence was complete to the last link, and again the manhunters took to the trail. They followed the tracks of the three from Eugene to a lumber camp near Silverton where the brothers lived in a cabin by themselves, spending all their spare time practicing marksmanship with rifles, revolvers and shotguns. They learned that the weapons were kept in a wooden chest, bound with strap iron, and descriptions of this chest made them sure it was the same one found half-burned in the Siskiyou cabin.

From Silverton they traced the D'Autremonts to Portland, where they bought a motor car with a \$200 down payment in Roy's name, also a camp outfit. The merchant, shown the knives and forks taken from the Siskiyou cabin, identified them as the ones he had sold to the twins. In the little town of Albany they found the store where Ray had bought a .45 caliber Colt's revolver, the same gun that had been left beside the ruined mail car. The signature was in the name of William Elliot, but the handwriting was Ray D'Autremont's. By this time they were ready to attack directly, and from the barber father additional details were secured.

In the third week in September, he said, the boys had told him they were going on a long camping trip up Puget Sound way. Three

(Continued on page 54)

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What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 64)



(Continued from page 52)

weeks later Hugh came driving into Eugene telling a long, glib story about how the camp had been burned. He was leaving the car at home, he explained, and meant to take the train to Silverton where Roy and Ray were waiting for him. The next morning he went away, and from that time Paul D'Autremont swore tearfully, he had never seen nor heard from any of them.

Now began the chase. The government, the Southern Pacific, and Oregon offered rewards totalling \$15,000, and an advertising campaign was launched that covered the western hemisphere. Not only did the circulars contain full physical descriptions of the brothers, but even their photographs. Ray's prison picture was secured, together with his finger-prints; there was also a good snapshot of Roy, and from New Mexico came pictures of Hugh. These circulars were printed in hundreds of thousands in English, Spanish and French. Canada, Mexico and the Central Americas were completely circularized.

The measurements of the eyes of both Roy and Ray were listed, secured from the optician who fitted them with glasses. The dental work of all three was set forth minutely. The final form of the printed tocsins was a spectacular summons to universal attention. The story of the murders was given, the life history of the brothers, their habits, their likely haunts. The talk was to the public as to a person, concluding:

"Help the government catch the vicious criminals who committed this terrible crime. Some day they will be apprehended. Criminals often are found where least expected. *They may be in your vicinity now.*

To the Barbers—

Have either of these two men been employed in your shop since the hold-up? Are they there now? It is probable they may be following some other employment and working as barbers in their spare time. Retain this folder for future reference.

To the Logging Camps—

All three of these men have worked as loggers. They lived by themselves and did not associate with other employees.

To the Large Industrial Establishments—

Are any of these men in your employ? Do not pass this up. If you are satisfied they are not there now, retain this folder for future reference.

To the Libraries—

Ray and Roy D'Autremont have been in the habit of borrowing books from public libraries. They usually obtained books on sociology and poetical works. Study their description and characteristics and you will know them when you see them. Please check your records for handwriting of these men."

And so on to jewelers, with description of the D'Autremont watches, and to opticians and dentists, with technical detail for each. Every post-office was placarded also. At the Philadelphia Sesquicentennial as late as 1926, 85,000 circulars were distributed. It would seem as if the brothers could not go anywhere on any day without betraying themselves in some small, sure way. They avoided snares, however, for

Roy and Ray never worked again as barbers, or any of them as loggers. The twins went without glasses, all kept away from dentists or public libraries and they destroyed their watches.

Two years passed, then three, and nearly four. Not a track of any of the brothers had been found, but the hunt never lessened. Inspectors had gone to England, Mexico and South America, eliminating one suspect after another. The case was the glory of imaginative amateur trailers and identifiers, and the bane of the government men, who were obliged to consider the possibility of truth in every lead. Hardly an inspector in all the main offices of the country who did not work on the case at one time or another, and "tips" ran into thousands. Honest folks were sure they had worked with one of the D'Autremonts. Their victims, equally honest, had to be examined and then soothed.

By this time the D'Autremonts had cost the government a great sum, far above an approximation of visible expense, which would not include the salaries of those who gave their time to the chase. Outsiders have made an estimate of \$3,000,000, but to this the government does not agree. A minimum estimate has been half a million dollars, which one must regard as much too low. In the summer of 1926 there had not been the least tangible return.

YET the geared system of power was about to begin to win. Thomas Reynolds, a soldier in the United States army in the Philippines, ended his period of enlistment and returned in July to San Francisco. He reported to the post-office inspector there that he believed Hugh D'Autremont was a private in his company, serving under the name James Price. The circulars had been sent to all foreign military posts of the United States, and Reynolds, seeing one of them, had been attracted by the resemblance of Price to the picture of Hugh, and had studied his mannerisms.

A joint army and post-office inquiry was set afoot at once. In his enlistment papers (he had joined up in Chicago on April 22, 1924) Price gave Houston, Texas, as his birthplace, and William Adams of Emmett, Arkansas, as his next friend. There was no record of birth at Houston and no William Adams at Emmett. Further inquiry confirmed suspicion and in early 1927 an inspector was sent to the Philippines. Convinced that the man he faced was Hugh D'Autremont, though he denied the identity, the inspector made the arrest on February 11. Before the transport delivered him at San Francisco, the prisoner owned up that he was Hugh D'Autremont, although he would not admit either guilt or any knowledge of the whereabouts of his brothers.

Of his own movements, he said that in the autumn and winter of 1923 and '24 he worked with a construction outfit in California, had been a laborer in Arizona and Texas, and finally had drifted to Chicago. He was a tramp, cold and hungry, and frightened, as he admitted, by the

size and look of the city. One night a policeman warned off a rough pair he had seen watching the boy and told Hugh in friendly fashion that the district was too rough for a lad like him, advising him to go home. The next day Hugh saw a picture of the tropics on an army recruiting poster, visioned enlistment both as a pleasant way of escape from his physical hardships and as a route to safety. He straightway applied, was accepted, sent to Fort Sheridan, and in a few weeks was outside the country. He was a colorless, quiet soldier.

The trial of the single captive was held in June, in Jacksonville, Oregon. He pleaded not guilty, and the fact that the evidence against him, while conclusive, was entirely circumstantial, no one being able to testify to having seen the murders, kept the jury from voting the death penalty. The first ballot, however, decided his guilt. He was sentenced by the jury to life imprisonment. The verdict had the effect, also, of saving Roy and Ray from the hangman. For they had been taken and were on their way to Oregon as Hugh's trial was ending. The machine got them, almost in the manner it had enmeshed Hugh, and in consequence, too, of his arrest.

Taking advantage of the new public interest in the D'Autremonts caused by Hugh's capture, the chief post-office inspector at Washington gave out a syndicated interview in which he charted the entire case and included pictures of the twins. Albert Collingsworth of Portsmouth, Ohio, was recovering from a nearly fatal accident in which he had lost both legs and one eye. Reading with his single eye was about the only way he had of passing his time. He came across the illustrated D'Autremont article in the Portsmouth *Times* of April 10, and Ray and Roy looked like persons he had seen somewhere. He studied the likenesses. Then he asked his wife if the Goodwin boys resembled the D'Autremonts. She thought they did.

Neither of them had seen the Goodwin boys for three years nor knew where they were. They had been living then in Hanging Rock, Ohio. The Goodwin boys, Clarence and Edwin, known locally as the "Arkansas Twins," were working in a lumber mill there, and one of them had married a town girl. They were ordinary workmen, hadn't acted as if they were running away from trouble, and Collingsworth thought his one eye probably had tricked him. Still, there was that big reward, and if the Goodwins were all right, an investigation wouldn't hurt them.

Too crippled to travel, he sent a friend to the postal inspector at Columbus. As a part of the order of the day, the official sent a deputy to Hanging Rock. The Goodwins had moved to Steubenville and were working in the steel mills. Not hard to trace. The inspector scanned their faces from a point of vantage and felt convinced that they were Roy and Ray D'Autremont. That evening, at Ray's cottage, police and postal men, in force, arrested them. They did not fight.

Ray was the one who had married. As a family man he thought he was established in the community, safe from pursuit. Ohio had seemed far away from Oregon. He would have been

safe a longer time, at least, except for the tie that bound him fast to his twin. The two had shaken off Hugh without compunction, but never had considered separation for themselves. Chicago had sheltered them for a time, though they never knew that Hugh had been there, and from Chicago they had gone to Detroit and then straight to Hanging Rock.

They put on a bravado air after arrest, made no trouble for the officers, and admitted that they were the D'Autremont twins. They reached Jacksonville, Oregon, on the last day of Hugh's trial, and when they learned the verdict against him they offered a full confession. They entered pleas of guilty on June 23, 1927, and were sentenced to life imprisonment in Salem penitentiary. The D'Autremont brothers entered the prison gate together, and its clang shut them away from the world of free men.

What had they cost the nation? It is doubtful if three more expensive youths were ever raised within its borders. Added to the outlay for their pursuit and capture were the irreparable loss of human life and the wreckage of the families of the dead.

How had they come? By the road of undisciplined emotions, from a family broken by divorce, through towns and States that had felt no responsibility for them, into the hands of those who were willing enough to teach them to be enemies of society, and so onward to murder and to penalty.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

convention was brought to a dramatic close with the colorful parade of thousands of Elks, comprising marchers of almost every Lodge in the State, their bands and drum and fife corps. Led by a squad of motorcycle officers, followed in turn by the officers of the Association, who were accompanied by Exalted Ruler Edward F. Cooper, of the host Lodge, the line of march wound its way through the business and a part of the residential district of the city. Huntington Park Lodge's patrol won first prize in the parade.

Iowa

AN ATTENDANCE of members almost as numerous as that which customarily is found at the business sessions of an annual convention gathered recently at the Home of Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 251, for the conference of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, the officers and committeemen of the Iowa State Elks Association and the officers of the subordinate Lodges of the State. The conference took place upon two successive days. Among the business to receive especial attention at the Association meeting, held the first day, was that relating to its major benevolent enterprise. This hitherto has been the Scholarship Foundation Fund, for the assistance of senior students in the several State schools and colleges. During the session, at which President S. H. Longstreet presided, it was brought to the notice of the officers and committee members that this enterprise has failed to evoke the response expected from among all the Iowan Lodges. It was suggested, as a consequence of this fact, that the Association inquire into the subject to transferring its main interest to the rehabilitation of crippled children, as it is done by the State Elks Associations of New Jersey and Illinois. President Longstreet thereupon appointed a committee to make an investigation of the nature of this work and to report its findings to the Association at its annual convention next June. The conference of the District Deputies and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the subordinate Lodges took place upon the day following. After an address of welcome, Exalted Ruler V. C. Shuttleworth, of No. 251, resigned the conduct of the session to District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Leo J. Duster, Harry C. Phillips and A. R. Perasso, who heard reports of the conditions of the Lodges represented. A round-table discussion at luncheon followed the adjournment of the formal gathering.

Indiana

RECORD attendance and the manifestation of marked enthusiasm were features of the thirteenth annual conference of the Exalted
(Continued on page 56)

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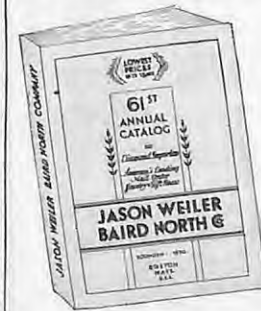
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these questions can you answer off-hand?

1. Do oysters lay eggs?
2. How old was Edison at the time of his death?
3. To travel from Los Angeles to Reno, what direction must you take?
4. At what number of degrees (Fahrenheit) does water boil?
5. Who is Premier of France?
6. What is the derivation of the name "Santa Claus"?
7. Where is Gretna Green, the town famous as a destination of elopers?
8. Who is Jim Londos?
9. What is the highest mountain peak within the United States proper?
10. What was the nationality of Prince Albert, Queen Victoria's consort?
11. What is a Percheron?
12. Who said, "I would rather be right than be President"?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 63)

(Continued from page 55)

Rulers and Secretaries of Indiana Lodges, held recently at the Hotel Antlers in Indianapolis. At this event, sponsored by the Indiana State Elks Association, and with Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13, acting as host, there were this year 173 Elks present, representing fifty-five Lodges. This was the largest gathering in the history of such affairs. In addition to the principal session of the conference, two others took place, the first, the evening before, among the officers and committee members of the State Elks Association; and the second, the following morning, among the officers of Lodges in each of the five districts of the State. Between this and the larger assembly of officers, luncheon was served. The meeting was called to order by Frank E. Coughlin, President of the State Elks Association. Speeches were made by Exalted Ruler G. Donley Sullivan, of Huntington Lodge, No. 805, in whose city the Association's convention will be held next June; by Robert A. Scott, Superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and the guest of honor at the meeting; and by James J. Patchell, Past Exalted Ruler of Union City Lodge, No. 1534. In the course of the session President Coughlin led an informal discussion of the problems confronting the several Lodges of the State. The principal address was that of Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wiecking, whose appeal to those present for concerted effort among the Elks of Indiana met with an enthusiastic response. Others to give talks were W. C. Groehl, Secretary of the Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John VanDelester, Lee M. Bowers, William H. Gardiner, A. E. Schumaker and J. C. Heidenreich; Past Exalted Rulers Frank M. McHale, of Logansport Lodge, No. 66, and C. E. Thompson, of Frankfort Lodge, No. 560; and by Joseph E. Barron, of Indianapolis Lodge. A subject of discussion which received much attention during the meeting was a project to form five district associations within the State. Two such associations, one in northern Indiana and the other in southern, already are in existence; and it was reported during the session that their organization had proven more than well worth while.

New York

THE annual convention of the New York State Elks Association in 1932 will be held at Schenectady and not, as had been previously decided, at Alexandria Bay. Determination of this change was made by the Trustees of the Association and confirmed later by the delegates at the organization's annual fall conference, held not long ago at the Home of Elmira Lodge, No. 62. This alteration of the plans for next summer's convention was occasioned by the withdrawal of the invitation to the Association of Watertown Lodge, No. 406, which, upon investigation, had found hotel facilities at Alexandria Bay inadequate to the needs of the convention. Following this withdrawal, Schenectady Lodge, No 480, renewed an invitation it

had made before, and the invitation was accepted. A second decision made at the conference at Elmira was to appropriate the two thousand dollars given the Association by the Elks National Foundation, to the Reconstruction Home, an institution at Ithaca, N. Y., maintained by the Association for the rehabilitation of crippled children. Further business accomplished at the conference included the appointment by President Howard A. Swartwood of a committee to consider the adoption of a major activity for the Association to undertake, and to submit its recommendations at the annual convention. Those chosen to serve upon the committee were Past Presidents William T. Phillips, John E. Dearden, George J. Winslow, J. Victor Schad, and J. Edward Gallico. The conference was notable for the attendance of the largest number of members in the history of such gatherings. The assemblage included seven District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, twenty-four Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, every Vice-President and Trustee of the Association, thirteen of the eighteen members of its Advisory Committee, and many Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of subordinate Lodges. Most prominent among the Elks gathered at the Elmira Lodge Home was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert who, in the course of the conference, made a highly stimulating address.

Massachusetts

FURTHERANCE of plans for the improvement of the grounds surrounding the Elk on the Trail, a memorial to members of the Order who lost their lives in the World War, was a prominent topic of discussion among the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held not long ago at the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10. Attendance of the meeting was marked by the presence of all but five of the officers and trustees of the Association and by that of a number of distinguished members of the Order. Among these were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo F. Donovan, and Past President Thomas J. Brady, of the Association. President Charles S. Riley occupied the chair at the session. Other affairs which received the attention of the assemblage were the re-districting of the hospitalization assignments of the several Lodges of the State, and the work of the Massachusetts Elks Scholarships, Inc.

Ohio

AT THE annual meeting of the Ohio Scholarship Foundation Trustees of the Ohio State Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, the following officers were elected for the new term: W. H. Reinhart, President; Dr. E. J. McCormick, Vice-President; and Blake C. Cook, Secretary-Treasurer. It was reported at the meeting that two more students had been added to the list of those already attending educational institutions through the

aid of the Foundation Trustees fund. President Reinhart, a few days before his election to that office, was appointed, by Governor George White of Ohio, Conservation Commissioner of the State.

New Jersey

AT THE instance of the New Jersey State Board of Health, Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Committee, sent out not long ago to the corresponding committees of the subordinate Lodges of the State a request for volunteers among former victims of infantile paralysis to give blood for the making of serum. Within two weeks 400 offers were received from among the New Jersey Lodges, a number far exceeding the necessities of the Board of Health. The readiness of this response by the Lodges, and the energy and efficiency of Mr. Buch and the members of his committee subsequently won high praise from the officials of the Board.

Colorado

FOUR HUNDRED Elks, representing every Lodge in the State, met recently at the annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association. They assembled at Ouray, Colorado, as the guests of Lodge No. 492. Two important resolutions passed at the convention were one to purchase a \$1,000 Founder's Certificate in the Elks National Foundation; and one to conduct a State caravan, in the course of the coming year, to visit as many Lodges as possible and at each to hold an initiation. The convention will be held next year at Aspen. Officers chosen at the recent assembly were George L. Hamlik, Central City Lodge, No.

557, President; T. J. Morrissey, Denver Lodge, No. 17, J. H. Doran, Ouray Lodge, Hugh Mark, Boulder Lodge, No. 566, and J. E. Harron, Alamosa Lodge, No. 1297, Vice-Presidents; B. T. Poxson, Alamosa Lodge, Secretary; W. R. Patterson, Greeley Lodge, No. 809, Treasurer; the Reverend Val Higgins, Denver Lodge, Chaplain; and E. E. Brook, Pueblo Lodge, No. 99, and L. J. Rachofsky, Loveland Lodge, No. 1051, Trustees.

Utah

AT a recent meeting of the officers and executive committee of the Utah State Elks Association, President Paul V. Kelly appointed a lapsation committee, whose duties will be to give aid to subordinate Lodge officers in the problems that present themselves during the Lodge year, and especially to devise ways and means of preventing lapsations. The committee consists of one member of each Lodge in the State.

Georgia

AT a recent meeting of the Executive Committee of the Georgia State Elks Association at the Home of Macon Lodge, No. 230, Exalted Ruler Benjamin J. Fowler received, for the Lodge, the silver loving cup donated by Past President Gilbert Phillip Maggioni for the best exemplification of the Elks ritual by Lodges in the State. A second presentation made at the meeting was that of a token of esteem to the immediately retired Past President of the Association, I. G. Ehrlich. Among the notables in attendance at the gathering were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum John S. McClelland, Pardon Commissioner William H. Beck, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers B. B. Heery and Robert E. Lee Reynolds.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)



Grand Exalted Ruler Coen at the Home of Salem, Ore., Lodge. From left to right: Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; former Mayor T. A. Livesly, Chairman of the Lodge's Reception Committee; Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Exalted Ruler Harold Eakin and Past Exalted Ruler O. L. McDonald

Lodges. The Lodge meeting which followed gave the Grand Exalted Ruler opportunity to witness the induction of seventy-five new members into No. 3. In making his address, the principal one of the occasion, Mr. Coen was introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott to the 700 Elks present.

Nineteen Past Exalted Rulers of Salem, Oregon, Lodge, No. 336, were among the many of its members who greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the evening of October 19, at a banquet and at the Lodge session thereafter. Noteworthy also was the attendance of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. C. Van Nuys and W. A. Eckwall, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. M. Page, P. H. D'Arcy, F. T. Wrightman, J. R. McKy, W. S. Levans and Frank J. Lonergan; President E. H. Jones, of the Oregon State Elks Association; and a large delegation from Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, who presented to Mr. Coen a beautiful picture of the lake region near their city.

In the course of his stay in Portland for his

visit to Lodge No. 142, the Grand Exalted Ruler conferred with the officers of the Oregon State Elks Association and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges of the State; was guest of honor at a dinner thereafter, and later addressed a gathering at the Home. Prominent among those to hear him were Dr. Hagan, Walter F. Meier, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum, District Deputy Stewart E. Perry, of Washington; and Emmett T. Anderson, Past President of the Washington State Elks Association.

As he traveled from Portland to Tacoma, Wash., on October 21, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon several Lodges along his route. These were Vancouver Lodge, No. 823, Longview Lodge, No. 1514, Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, whose members, together with those of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, entertained Mr. Coen at luncheon; Centralia Lodge, No. 1083, Olympia Lodge, No. 186, and Puyallup Lodge, No. 1450. Past Chief Justice Meier, District Deputy Perry, Past

(Continued on page 58)



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Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen (seated, in the center) at the Oakmont Country Club, where, before his official call later in the evening upon Glendale, Calif., Lodge, No. 1289, he was the guest of a number of members of the Lodge at a dinner

(Continued from page 57)
President Anderson and Exalted Ruler Bertil E. Johnson, of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, were part of the Grand Exalted Ruler's suite upon this journey. Arriving in Tacoma late in the afternoon, Mr. Coen was guest at a banquet in the early evening, at which all the Past Exalted Rulers of Tacoma Lodge and Elks representing every Lodge in the Southwest District of Washington were present. At the Lodge session at the Home later, the Grand Exalted Ruler assisted in the ceremony of initiating forty-seven candidates. Present among the more than seven hundred members of the Order to take part in this meeting were, in addition to Mr. Coen and his escort, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. H. Johnson and John C. Slater, President, and A. W. Teuney, First Vice-President, of the Washington State Elks Association.

The early part of the following day, October 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler made informal calls upon the membership of four Lodges: Seattle Lodge, No. 92, Ballard Lodge, No. 827, Everett Lodge, No. 479, where he was a luncheon guest; and Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204. Night-fall found him at the Home of Bellingham Lodge, No. 194, where he was guest of honor at a banquet tendered by the Past Exalted Rulers and officers of the Lodge. At the meeting which followed, thirteen Past Exalted Rulers of No. 194 were present. The initiation ceremonies were unusual in that one of the candidates was inducted into the Order for New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. Two hundred members in all were in attendance. Notable guests, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James E. Masterson and President Slater.

A little after noon on the ensuing day, October 23, Mr. Coen addressed a meeting at Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186, at which 225 members were present. Later in the day he paid a brief visit to the Home of Ellensburg Lodge, No. 1102, and in the evening he was the guest at dinner of Yakima Lodge, No. 318. Present also upon this occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. J. Schiffner and President Slater. The attendance comprised 150 members of the Order, and included delegations from Wenatchee, Ellensburg and Walla Walla Lodges.

After a luncheon tendered him the following day, October 24, by Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, accompanied by District Deputy Schiffner, President Slater and C. O. Armstrong, Vice-President of the Idaho State Elks Association, was the guest of honor at a banquet in the evening given by the officers of Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge, No. 806, at the Lewis-Clark Hotel in Lewiston. The Grand Exalted Ruler later addressed 200 Elks at the meeting of the Lodge.

Three calls were made by Mr. Coen upon October 25. In the morning he paid a brief visit to Spokane Lodge, No. 228, at noon he attended a luncheon given for him at the Home of Coeur d'Alene Lodge, No. 1254, and in the

evening he was the guest of Wallace Lodge, No. 331. At this last affair, at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William C. Rullman presided, 175 Elks were present. This number included delegations from Spokane, Wash., Missoula, Mont., and Sandpoint and Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Lodges. At the meeting which followed, there were represented, in addition to these Lodges, those of St. Maries, Idaho, Butte, Mont., and Salt Lake City, Utah. Guests of note among the assembly included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Savage, of Montana; and J. H. Christ, Vice-President of the Idaho State Elks Association. A buffet supper followed the conclusion of the formal session.

Missoula, Mont., Lodge, No. 383, was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the following evening, October 26. Among the more than 300 Elks present upon this occasion were fifteen Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge. In honor of Mr. Coen's presence, a class of twelve candidates was initiated.

THE visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Kalispell Lodge, No. 725, upon the evening immediately consequent to his Missoula call was coincident with the Lodge's thirtieth anniversary. En route to Kalispell, he had opportunity to inspect the camp maintained by the Montana State Elks Association at Flathead Lake. Mr. Coen was entertained at luncheon there; and at Kalispell, before the meeting of the Lodge in the evening, he was the guest of honor at a dinner. At this affair he was presented to his 200 hosts by H. G. Karow, Past President of the Montana State Elks Association. The senior Past Exalted Ruler of Kalispell Lodge, J. W. Walker, introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler before his address at the Lodge session later.

Three hundred members of the Order greeted Mr. Coen at Great Falls upon the following evening, upon the event of his visit to Lodge No. 214 there. A banquet at the Great Falls Hotel preceded the meeting. Among those present to welcome the distinguished guest were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Almon C. LeFebre and R. M. Leslie, and Congressman Scott Leavitt. Past Exalted Ruler Sam Stephenson presided as toastmaster at the dinner. The group in attendance included a large delegation from Lewistown Lodge.

The dedication of its new Home was an important part of the activities in which the Grand Exalted Ruler took part in the course of his visit, on October 29, to Lewistown Lodge, No. 456. Particulars of these exercises, together with a description of the beautiful building, are given elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers." Mr. Coen was met in Great Falls early in the afternoon by a delegation of welcome which comprised District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arnold Huppert, the officers and the band of Lewistown Lodge, and escorted from Great Falls to No. 456's new

Home. There, at three o'clock, he delivered the dedicatory address. He was introduced by Exalted Ruler A. A. Franzke. Early in the evening Mr. Coen was guest of honor at a banquet, at the beginning of which Mayor Stewart McConochie greeted him in behalf of the city. Judge Edgar J. Baker presided as toastmaster. Those who spoke, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, were District Deputy Huppert and Exalted Ruler Franzke. The

singing of songs of Colorado, Mr. Coen's State, and of Montana enhanced the pleasure of the occasion. At the subsequent Lodge meeting Past Exalted Ruler George J. Weideman presided. Besides the members of Lewistown Lodge, there were present at the session delegations from Great Falls, Livingston, Billings and Miles City Lodges. Mr. Coen was later driven to Moccasin, where he entrained for his home in Sterling.

Pull Out a Christmas Plum

(Continued from page 27)

most of that long period, but participator—he not only watched a fire, so to speak, but hurled himself into it and practically burned up along the edges. It all made splashing copy in the papers and the magazines for which he wrote.

As always, in a book of such intense personal reminiscences, the early chapters dealing with his own childhood have a particular charm. A man always loves, with a sort of tender jealousy, the funny little chap that he was. No matter how he may scoff at the idea, he is almost always old Narcissus searching with kind eyes the pool of his vanished years.

In these chapters of Steffens' early days in Sacramento the story of how he got his first pony is little short of a masterpiece. Or am I just being sentimental? Well, anyway, you will find very thrilling such pages as those devoted to the signing of the peace treaty at Versailles, the McNamara dynamiters' case, and other things of as sensational interest and historic value.

American Beauty

By Edna Ferber. (Doubleday, Doran & Co. New York.)

LACKING something of the bravura quality that lurks in both *Show Boat* and *Cimarron*, Miss Ferber's latest novel, *American Beauty*, depends on a far deeper, richer premise than is contained in either of these popular examples or her great talent.

American Beauty is, to crib from the book's jacket, the cycle of a certain phase of American life, New England life, which begins in the time of the Indian Wars and ends to-day. The story is, to concentrate the plot, the story of one particular piece of Connecticut land, its decline from its aristocratic first owner, down through succeeding generations of rather run-out Yankees. Land-poor—these later Oakes. Then come the Polish immigrants, eagerly bringing their love of the soil to a new country. One of them works in the Oakes's tobacco field—marries the last of the family—begets a son who adds to the Oakes's blue blood a peasant's passion for his own land. At the moment when this boy, grown to manhood, is threatened with the loss of his inheritance, another son of Connecticut, old True Baldwin, returns home after a life spent elsewhere. The circles meet—and join.

The construction of Miss Ferber's novel is superb. All the usual ripe humanity found in her writing is again present. To our way of thinking, *American Beauty* places Miss Ferber in a far more important literary light than any other of her long list of books. And if, looking the present troubled world in the eye, she thought she should send out a cry of "Back to the land!" she could not have found a finer, more convincing instrument than her splendid new book.

Big-Enough

By Will James. (Scribner's, New York.)

WILL JAMES possesses an irresistible formula. He takes a boy and a pony, puts them in the always glamorous (at least to Eastern readers) cow country, makes them love each other through thick and thin, and then tells the story to go ahead and write itself.

Here we have Billy, son of Lem the rancher, who was held on a horse by his father before he was a year old; and Big-Enough, the colt that was born the same night as Billy. Ambition surges in the breast of Lem, whose son must have something better than the hard-riding life he himself has led. Book learning! But schooling doesn't "take hold" on Billy, who, fed up with education at an early, almost wobbly date, saddles his boon companion, Big-Enough, and

so off into the wide, rolling, familiar country he was born to. He returns after he is a rancher himself—which happens much more quickly than anyone could suppose.

We have met Mr. James's heroes, man and horse, many times, and always with pleasure. This latest book is steeped in the atmosphere of the cattle country that is his own. His rangy English makes for a certain picturesqueness of style, and his pen-and-ink drawings enhance the unique personality of the book. Recommended for all men, from ten to a hundred.

Mexico

A Study in Two Americas. By Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

STUART CHASE went to Mexico partly to escape skyscrapers for a while and to get the whirl of Northern energy out of his senses. He found Mexico a brilliant and fascinating adventure. He liked the color and violence of its scenery; the gentleness and courtesy of its people (though he admits that the politicians are a race apart); and above all he was deeply struck by its "magnificent inertia."

"Men in Mexico are governed not by clocks but by the sun and the seasons. . . ."

Taking the village of Tepoztlan, with its 4,000 inhabitants, as a sort of laboratory for his studies, he discovered to his joy that the place was practically self-contained. It was the complete antithesis of, for instance, Muncie, Indiana. It was handicraft as against the machine.

"The individual, to survive, must learn many useful arts; he does not atrophy his personality by specializing on one."

Mr. Chase became more and more enthralled with his research; and on realizing what was happening (bread lines and innumerable other evils) in his own United States, and realizing also that here in a "benighted" Mexican village no one was starving "spiritually or physically," he began even more serious delving into the existing social systems that function below the Rio Grande, and comparing them with ours.

His book, growing out of one startling magazine article, is written in a sort of white heat of discovery—the discovery that Mexico in many respects has found a culture, a happiness and a philosophy that we, with all our cleverness, have not had the wits to gain for ourselves. The volume is the work of an enthusiastic economist. What it may lack in scientific value it makes up for emotionally. It does not, indeed, cause us all to yearn to live charming, lazy, open-air, lyric and rather unwashed lives à la Mexico, but it, by sheer contrast, calls startling attention to the slavery, the crashing loneliness, that civilization—poor old thing!—has laid upon our bodies and souls.

Mexico's outstanding artist, Diego Rivera, has contributed the illustrations.

Tales of Tahitian Waters

By Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

SOME of us may admire Zane Grey more as a sportsman than as a novelist, yet it is precisely because he looks back upon his sporting adventures with the trained eye of the storyteller that his books about big-game fishing make such good reading.

Mr. Grey tells us that the idea of a white man going all the way from the States to answer the call of any lure except that of French liquors, native beauties or tropic scenery is just something that the Gallic authorities down in those distant parts of the globe never get in their heads. Mr. Grey, however, passing up the softer en-

(Continued on page 60)

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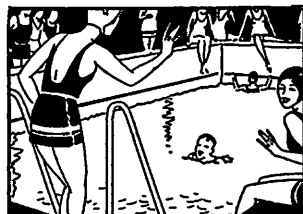
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For Free List clip this ad, fill in above and mail to: J. DeRoy & Sons, Opp. P.O. 7321 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Just Turn Handle

Just out—new kind of juicer! Entirely different. Hangs on the wall. Just turn crank—oranges, lemons, small grapefruits juice themselves like magic. No work, waste, mess, worry or bother. Patented strainer holds back seeds, pulp, pith. Easy to clean. Can't rust. Guaranteed 5 years, yet priced amazingly low. Big commissions. AGENTS making up to \$4 and 12 in an hour, full or spare time. Get FREE TEST OFFER NOW! Territory going fast. CENTRAL STATES MFG. CO., Dept. W5295 4500 Mary Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

FREE TEST OFFER. WRITE TODAY

CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR EVERY ELK

Mammoth Elk's tooth and head of composition 8" high, luster finish, rhinestone eyes, hand-somely decorated. For radiator ornament, den or room, etc. Sent prepaid. Guaranteed.

\$1

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 782 Mission St., San Francisco

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.
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BECOME A FOOT CORRECTIONIST

A new profession not medical 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.

Make Money at Home!

Earn up to \$25 a week or more, growing Mushroom in your cellar or shed. Big demand. Very interesting—we tell you how. Illustrated book and details free.

American Mushroom Industries, Dept. 733, Toronto, Ont.

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

(Continued from page 59)
 chantments of Polynesian life, actually succeeded in convincing them of his pure salt-water passion. He lands his giant fish, and they marvel. For instance, there was that 1,040 pound marlin—believe it or not—which he finally hooked. An army of six-foot sharks argued the catch with him, wanting it as their own. They had to be beaten off with cleavers, and stabbed with lances—what a tale! When he finally got his "bird" inside the reef, it took a dozen men, all wading, to haul him onto the beach. His tail-spread was five feet, two inches; and he was over fourteen feet long.

Aside from such thrilling achievements, the islands, as islands, of course do something with Mr. Grey's novelist heart; the mystery of the coral reefs, the luscious green of the foliage, the intense blue of the lagoons, the sense of floating in peace and beauty—these seem, he acknowledges, the realization of a dream. The book is generously illustrated with fine photographs.

Told at the Explorer's Club

True Tales of Modern Exploration. (Albert and Charles Boni, New York.)

THIRTY-THREE world-known adventurers (members of the Explorers' Club) talk some of their exploits over with us in this good, fat volume. This is all first-hand stuff, informally handled, flung off in moments of fraternal reminiscence, like sparks from a flying wheel.

We hear, for example, Roy Chapman Andrews who, being given up for lost so often during his distant explorations, declares that dying "seems the best little thing that I can do."

Anthony Fiala, arguing loudly, rudely but successfully with a huge polar bear when his gun refuses to go off, gives us a neat little picture of Arctic days. . . .

Carvath Wells, the Prince Charming of lecturers, shooting a tiny Malay deer, seven inches long—perfect, exquisite. They call this elfin thing a "mouse deer." When chased by a tiger or a leopard it springs up into a tree and hangs to a branch, pretending it is a fruit.

Colonel Lindbergh is in these tales, making a parachute jump in a foggy night—practically racing with his abandoned plane to see which will strike the earth first.

John Henry

By Roark Bradford. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

SAID John Henry, ". . . I'm big and bad and I'm six-foot tall and I makes my woman love me."

Down along the levees John Henry was a mythical sort of creature. He's dead now—died of overwork trying to beat a steam-winch at rolling cotton—but while he was stepping along Mr. Bradford, his creator, gave him a glorious time driving hooks into great bales, shoveling coal and skinning mules. He reigned in glory.

Mr. Bradford has evidently gone to Rabelais for the inspiration of his huge Mississippi roustabout, who began to argue and demand immediately he was born and who walked off about his own important business half an hour later. His prowess was tremendous—his victories complete—his belief in himself at once touching and humorous, yet we finally see him with tears draining from his eyes when he discovers the perfidy of his Julie Anne. While John Henry is away working, a track is made to Julie Anne's back door. John Henry discovers it. Something breaks within him. He can not even choke her as she deserves. Here Mr. Bradford is no Rabelais, but the kindly, imaginative author whose "Ol Man Adam and His Chillun," was the inspiration of Mark Connolly's famous play, *The Green Pastures*. Mr. Bradford may indeed create a giant, but before long he turns into a mere suffering man.

The Epic of America

By James Truslow Adams. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

FROM Columbus to Hoover! How impossible to distill into a few words the spirit and beauty of this history—no, this romance—which reviews our whole national and human

story! But the thing is not to be missed, believe us. Under Mr. Adams' brilliant guidance we can see clearly how inextricably we are part of all that has made us a nation. Even the worry on the faces one passes in the streets these days was bred back in another century. The Epilogue to his work is a remarkable piece of writing. He has little faith in the paternalism of politicians or the infinite wisdom of the business man, but he does claim that something real and lasting could be made to come out of the present devastating muddle if we, as thinking human beings, could only sift down and find the true standards of a satisfying, a "good life."

Man's Own Show

By George A. Dorsey, author of *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

WITH all our "heavy thinkers," assuring us that the old order of society is about to fold up, we search this volume for some answer to the terrific questions of the moment. And, it would seem, that there is an answer for every seeker.

Dr. Dorsey, anthropologist and scientist, has in this, his last book (he died in March an hour after reading and correcting the final typed page of this stupendous work), gathered material enough to provide an enormous panorama of man's struggle to live and advance upon the earth. There is, in truth, little in human history or human motive that the author does not touch upon, and he presents it here that men and women may more fully understand themselves. "To think straight about life," says Dr. Dorsey, "is conceivably the most important thing a human being can think about." Many will be helped by this burning work, but others will recoil from the shock of some of Dr. Dorsey's thunder and lightning. His facts are, of course, authenticated, but his conclusions will challenge the reader a hundred times. The very fact, however, that we are impelled to argue madly, reveals the stimulating nature of this truly important publication.

The Fiery Epoch

By Charles Willis Thompson. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis.)

MR. THOMPSON'S epoch stretches from 1830 to 1877, enclosing the Civil War with all that led up to it and away from it. Here are facts that have never before crept into any sort of historical print. They have come out of a lifetime of study by this veteran political writer. This book, together with the romantic and able biography of SHERIDAN, by Joseph Hergesheimer, capture, as perhaps never before, the "fiery" mood of that most significant and long-past era. Fiction leaves one mentally hungry and barren, in comparison with the overflowing mass of thrilling truth presented to us in such scholarly volumes as these.

PRICE LIST

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- THE EPIC OF AMERICA, by James Truslow Adams. (Little, Brown. \$3.00.)
- THE FIERY EPOCH, by Charles Willis Thompson. (Bobbs-Merrill. \$3.00.)
- SHERIDAN, by Joseph Hergesheimer. (Houghton, Mifflin. \$4.00.)
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- AMERICAN BEAUTY, by Edna Ferber. (Doubleday, Doran. \$2.50.)
- LINCOLN STEFFENS. (Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.75.)
- MAN'S OWN SHOW, by George A. Dorsey. (Harper & Brothers. \$5.00.)
- TALES OF TAHITIAN WATERS, by Zane Grey. (Harper & Brothers. \$7.50.)
- TOLD AT THE EXPLORERS' CLUB. (Albert & Charles Boni. \$3.50.)

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Send YOUR Favorite Girl's Name Today

WHAT name would YOU suggest for the "CO-ED GIRL"? We'll pay \$1,500.00 just to find the ideal name for a typical college girl who will sponsor our contemplated radio program to advertise CO-ED Beauty Preparations. Will you suggest a girl's name? That's all we ask! The name selected by CO-ED, Incorporated, will win \$1,000.00 cash and a beautiful new Ford Tudor Sedan or \$500.00 extra if sent within three days after this announcement is read.

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If you have not already sent a name, **DO IT TODAY!** It's so easy — so simple — I'll wager you could think of half a dozen beautiful girls' names right now. How about the girls you know? — sister, mother, daughter, wife, sweetheart, or the girl next door. Why not send in one of their names? You can't tell, it may be just the one to win this \$1,500.00 cash. Remember, it doesn't need to be fancy or high toned — just a plain ordinary name may be the winner.

\$500.00 EXTRA FOR SENDING IT QUICK

Send your name suggestion within three days from the time you read this announcement and you will receive \$500.00 cash or a beautiful new Ford Tudor Sedan **IN ADDITION** to that big \$1,000.00 prize if your name is selected as winner. So, act today! — **BE QUICK** — so you'll get \$500.00 extra in addition to the \$1,000.00 first prize if you send the right name.

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Surely nothing could be easier — just write your name suggestion on the coupon below and send it in. There is nothing to buy but a 2c stamp, and there is nothing to sell, either. This \$1,500.00 will be given just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. Isn't that easy? Just send your name today — surely you can think of a girl's name, and the very one you are thinking of now may be the right one. CO-ED, INC., will write you at once, acknowledging your name suggestion, and at the same time, they will have a **BIG SURPRISE FOR YOU** in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as \$4,000.00 more. So, **DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY . . .** mail this coupon today.

FREE SAMPLE Co-Ed Face Powder De Luxe

Send your name suggestion within three days and we will send you a Free Sample of lovely CO-ED face Powder De Luxe with our reply.



RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of CO-ED, Incorporated, and their families and closes at midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. \$1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by CO-ED, Incorporated. An additional \$500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

NOTE: IF YOU HAVE ALREADY SENT ONE NAME, DON'T SEND ANOTHER BECAUSE SENDING MORE THAN ONE NAME WILL DISQUALIFY ALL ENTRIES FOR YOU.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY,
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The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

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Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

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Don't buy ROOFING material solely on the basis of price... make quality the important consideration... slate will save you money in the long run.

Guaranteed Quality

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ESTAB. 1892

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Loads of FUN for
BANQUETS - DANCES - PARTIES

250 big 10-inch, beautifully colored balloons, printed to order, 24-hour service, for only \$4.50—less than 2¢ each. Quotations on larger quantities.

Ask your dealer or send us 25¢ in stamps for SPECIAL FAMILY SIZE SAMPLE PACKAGE of one dozen balloons with suggested games and decorative use. Balloons will make great fun for the youngsters at home on Christmas.

THE PIONEER RUBBER CO.

BALLOON MANUFACTURERS

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WANTED: COUNTY MANAGERS

Reliable men to look after our repeat business and also demonstrate new fast-selling popular priced device. Opportunity for right man to earn \$350 to \$500 monthly. No investment in stock required. Opportunity to become associated with one of the largest and fastest growing concerns of its kind in America. Write for full particulars and records of what others are earning.

THE FYR FYTER CO., 7-48 "F. F." Building, Dayton, Ohio

MAKE \$10,000

A year raising rabbits for us. We pay up to \$12.00 each for all you raise. Send 25¢ for full information and contract, everything explained. Send at once and find out about this big proposition we have to offer you.

THE EASTERN RABBITRY
Route 1, Box 186 New Freedom, Pa.

LET US HELP YOU

CANCER in its early stages is usually curable when properly treated. If you have the slightest suspicion that you have cancer, consult a physician at once. The odds are against your having cancer, but why take a chance? Why wait until it may be too late?

Follow the advice of your own doctor, or of your local Cancer Committee.

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New York, N. Y.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE



KADEN-KEYSTONE

Present-Day Business Opportunities

By K. W. Jappe

President, Brookmire Economic Service, Inc.

BUSINESS is at a low ebb once more in a major depression such as occurs in this country at intervals of from seven to ten years. Such a period is generally thought of as something constituting only an unmixing calamity, and for the majority of our population no doubt it is; but, as is said to be the case with every cloud, there is also a silver lining to this one and at a time like this, we can profitably give this phase earnest consideration.

A good deal depends, of course, upon how long business is apt to stay at the bottom before a sustained upward turn sets in. This, unfortunately, is something that cannot be accurately determined. Business forecasting has not yet been reduced to a precise mathematical basis, and perhaps it never will be. There are, however, some rules which have been pretty well established by past experience. One of them is that business moves in cycles, averaging perhaps three and a half years from one low point to another, with every second or third one of unusual depth, such as the present.

Another rule that is thoroughly established is the principle of growth which has been so ably demonstrated by Carl Snyder, General Statistician of the New York Federal Reserve Bank. If we will examine any of the representative statistical series for business activity in this country, we will find that while at times there are very important setbacks, a pronounced upward trend is nevertheless indicated through the years. If a composite graph is constructed, representing the progress of trade and production for this country as a whole, and if we also draw through this curve a smooth line representing this general trend, it will be found that it advances at the average rate of some 3½ per cent to 4 per cent per annum. It will be found further, that while at times we have important depressions like the present, it is only a matter of a few years before we again rise to new heights and establish new records for business activity. The first principle in business forecasting, therefore, is that "business always comes back."

Such a revival carries with it opportunities that are obvious. What should the period of depression be? It also provides opportunities peculiar to itself, and to these I propose to draw your attention.

It is notorious that expansion in this country generally takes place at the top. At such times material costs are high, deliveries delayed, and labor costly and not too efficient. This is bad enough, but what makes the matter worse is that

people undertaking expansion at such a time lose sight of the fact that it takes a year or two to plan, build, equip and organize a new plant, and that by that time the boom is generally over, and they are then usually in debt and saddled with two plants, but work enough for only half a one. This often leads to failure or costly reorganization.

It would be better to wait for a time like the present when all costs are much lower or, what is perhaps even more advantageous, they can take over a competitor at thirty cents on the dollar, take advantage of the dull times and low costs to thoroughly modernize the new plant and be in position to profit by rising business when it comes along. This is something like the policy pursued by Andrew Carnegie with marked success, and he did not have the advantage of a mass of statistical material concerning business activity such as is now available. Many business men are, of course, in no shape whatever to undertake such a program, but there is always a certain amount of such far-sighted planning undertaken in a time like the present, and a good many more are possessed of the means, and would do it if the opportunity is properly brought to their attention.

AN OUTSTANDING illustration of the sort of thing we have in mind on a large scale is had in the electrification program of the Pennsylvania Railroad between New York and Washington. What better time could be selected than the present for such an undertaking? Basic raw materials are admittedly over-depressed and selling below cost of production, a condition which in the past has always been corrected by rising prices. Labor is plentiful all along the way, eager to work and anxious to please, so as to give no cause for dismissal. Deliveries are prompt and contractors more concerned about keeping organization intact and possibly recovering a portion of overhead costs rather than large profits. There is another factor which should not be lost sight of which is perhaps as important as any of the foregoing, and that is that the traffic is light so that there is a minimum of interruption both to the traffic and to the new construction in hand so that what might perhaps be called "interruptive costs" are at a minimum.

It is true that many utilities have expanded beyond immediate needs, but the Kilo-watt Hour curve rises at an even more rapid rate than the curve for general business, so that in any

case it will not be long before we will reach the limit of recent extensions. Many new installations could therefore be advantageously planned and gotten under way at this time. It is also true that falling prices of stocks and bonds have, to a certain extent, undermined confidence in investments of all kinds. Much of this lack of confidence, however, has been due to the low yield caused by prices to which many stocks had risen rather than an enduring lack of faith in the future progress and prosperity of this country and, now that securities have returned to prices which do afford attractive yields, financing will become easier.

We have seen that business will not indefinitely stay at these levels. This brings up a common fallacy—the tendency of human nature to assume that conditions existing today will continue indefinitely. Change is the normal condition—not stability at some given level. A little over two years ago, we were still being assured that we were on a new plateau and that there would not again be any serious depressions. Now we are beginning to hear predictions of three or more years of depression.

It is quite likely that the next rise in business will be of a milder order than the last one but all the experience of the past shows that

there will be such a rise. When recovery may be expected to set in and how far it is apt to go is harder to answer, but a consideration of the fundamentals which determine the course of general business leads to the conclusion that the coming year as a whole will be one of improvement.

Now is the time therefore for those with capital to initiate far-sighted improvements in growing industries—to replace obsolete equipment, to electrify, to rearrange, to eliminate “bottle-necks”; in short, to get in shape to be able to obtain and handle a larger share of business when the tide comes in again. Traffic is light, the tracks are clear, materials and services are cheap—many cheaper than in a generation. Such conditions do not last.

The same thing holds good of investment. Many have now reached attractive levels. One student of these matters puts it like this (“The Economic Causes of Great Fortunes”—Anna Youngman): “One of the facts that stands out most prominently to a person who is making a developmental study of large fortunes is the increase in the amount and extent of investments, which takes place just at those times when the community at large is suffering from acute financial depression.”

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 56)

1. Yes; an average of from 10 to 60 million.
2. Eighty-four.
3. North by west.
4. 212.
5. Pierre Laval.
6. It comes from the mispronunciation in English of the Dutch “San Nicolaas,” meaning St. Nicholas.
7. In Scotland, just over the English border.
8. World’s champion wrestler.
9. Mt. Whitney, in California.
10. German.
11. A breed of large draft horse.
12. Henry Clay.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

number 116. According to Mr. Pierson the man is not a member of Raton Lodge.

Grand Tiler Daniel R. Nihion Is Honored by Washington, D. C., Elks

Six hundred and fifty members of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, attended a reception and a banquet given recently in the Home in honor of Grand Tiler Daniel R. Nihion upon an evening designated, as an expression of the esteem and affection in which he is held, “Daniel R. Nihion Night.” The guest of honor made the principal speech of the occasion, and dwelt for the most part upon the plans of the Lodge for the forthcoming celebration of its fiftieth anniversary. He was later presented with two handsome gifts from the officers and members of the Lodge. The enjoyment of the evening was enhanced by the rendition of several selections by the Elks Boys Band, smartly and newly uniformed in costumes of purple and gold. At the Lodge meeting which followed the banquet a large group of initiates, known as the “Daniel R. Nihion Class,” was inducted into the Order. A notable visitor to witness the ceremony was Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee.

New Jersey Elks Invite Others To Join West Indian Cruise

A group of New Jersey Elks, sponsoring a winter cruise to the West Indies and Central and South America, have issued an invitation to other members of the Order to join them. The tour will extend from February 20, 1932, until March 9. Sailing from New York upon a Hamburg-American Line steamer, the first port of call will be San Juan, Porto Rico, where a visit will be paid to Lodge, No. 972. Thereafter the Elks will stop at La Guayra, Venezuela; Curacao, Dutch West Indies; and Colon, Panama, with a call, during the stay upon the Isthmus, upon Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542. Upon the return voyage to New York, the cruise will afford visits to Kingston, Jamaica; and Havana. Further information concerning the trip may be obtained by communicating with Frank P. McCarthy,

Secretary of the Elks Tour Committee, Jersey City Lodge, No. 211, 2855 Hudson Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

G. W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, Dies

George W. Hasselman, Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Association, died recently in Chicago. For eleven years Mr. Hasselman had served the Association as its Secretary, giving greatly of his time and money in the furtherance of its interest. The high standard of efficiency which is now characteristic of the Association was due in a great measure to the faithful service which he had rendered. Among his numerous activities in welfare work were his services to the Illinois Welfare Commission and his untiring efforts in helping the crippled children of his community to receive treatment at the Research Hospital. In his business life, Mr. Hasselman was associated with the advertising firm of Williams and Cunyngham. The large gathering of men prominent in all lines of activities throughout the State at his funeral, held in La Salle, was an indication of the high esteem with which he was regarded. The Reverend George S. McCleary, of La Salle, delivered the sermon, and Past President Henry C. Warner, of the Association, conducted the Elks Service at the grave. To his family, to the members of the Illinois State Elks Association and his Lodge, La Salle, No. 584, and to his many friends outside the Order, THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to extend its condolence. As it was necessary immediately to fill the office of Secretary, a meeting of the Past Presidents was called by President J. C. Dallenbach. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Savage was appointed successor to Mr. Hasselman.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Elks Vote to Help Crippled Children

Decision to undertake welfare work in behalf of the crippled children of its community, the enterprise to be patterned upon the method employed by the Lodges of New Jersey, was

(Continued on page 64)



WHAT a CHRISTMAS Present!

and only \$6.50 complete with all playing equipment

A Brunswick Junior Playmate Pocket Billiard Table is the best Christmas investment you can make. . . Sturdily constructed of quality materials, built to endure, beautifully finished in mahogany, and priced at \$6.50, \$12.50, \$17.50, \$25.00, \$60.00 and \$100, complete with all playing equipment. For sale at leading department, hardware and sporting goods stores everywhere. Mail the coupon below for illustrated catalog and complete information.

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623-633 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me without obligation your free booklet, the “Home Magnet”, also your easy payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables, and name of nearest dealer.

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Many well-paid hotel, club and institutional positions. Luxurious surroundings, salaries of \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year, living often included. Previous experience proved unnecessary. National Employment Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin and mail today for FREE Book, “Your Big Opportunity.”

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TYPEWRITER 1/2 Price

Save over 50% 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. Sent at once!



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\$158 to \$225 month. Railway Mail Clerks. Many other Government Jobs. Write IMMEDIATELY for free 32-page book with list of U. S. Gov't. positions open to men and women 18 to 50. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. K-223, Rochester, N. Y.

When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By C. Philip Stephenson

This may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality, and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is an Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or, by a stretch of imagination, a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bonafide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water purified by a marvelous tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges, of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus U. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the ENTIRE LENGTH—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take an Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls. These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic cause of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure, and many serious maladies. Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And a sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone—but those of 800,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness. Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious, vibrant health! To toss off the mantle of age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two-cent stamp to better advantage. There's a chapter in "Why We Should Bathe Internally" by Dr. Turner that is a revelation. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two-cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Dept. E 121, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

Tear Off and Mail at Once

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New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from page 63)

reached at a recent meeting of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842. The resolution to add efforts for the relief of disabled boys and girls to the charitable activities already practised by the Lodge was made at a session during which notable members of the Order made addresses upon the subject. The speakers, introduced by Charles S. Hart, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 842, and a member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, included Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Crippled Children's Committee of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther. In addition to adopting this resolution, the Lodge voted to request the assistance of Mr. Buch and of Dr. Frank W. Shipman, City Health Commissioner, in the formulation of plans for the work.

Berkeley, Calif., Elks Sponsor Fire Prevention Essay Contest

Among the many worthy activities undertaken regularly by Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, is the sponsorship of an essay contest for the pupils of the elementary schools of its city upon the subject of fire prevention. This contest has been arranged annually through the cooperation of Fire-Chief George Haggerty and Mayor Thomas E. Caldecott, who also is Chairman of the Board of Education. Both are members of No. 1002. The essay competition, according to a report by Past Exalted Ruler Louis B. Browne, Chairman of the Fire Prevention Committee, has resulted in an appreciable diminution of injury to human life and other loss by fire in Berkeley.

Iowa City, Ia., Lodge Assists Students When Banks Close

When, not long ago, two banks in which students at the Iowa State University were depositors, closed their doors and so temporarily deprived the students of their funds, Iowa City Lodge, No. 590, offered to advance to them any amount of money up to one-half of their deposits. No interest or any other charge was made for this generous service to the young men and women at the university. They had only to show to any member of the committee appointed by Exalted Ruler W. P. Russell a certificate of deposit in the bank and a check for the stipulated sum was given them. The only condition was that they assign to the Lodge, payable when the bank should reopen, the amount received.

Three New York Supreme Court Judges Members of Queens Borough Lodge

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, has the distinction of including in its membership all three Judges of the Supreme Court of New York chosen at the recent elections. They are Grand Trustee James T. Hallinan, Past Exalted Ruler Frank F. Adel and Esteemed Loyal Knight Henry G. Wenzel, Jr. The justices, as candidates, received the nomination and endorsement of both of the leading political parties.

Redecorated Home of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge is Dedicated

At an enthusiastic gathering recently of the members of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, and delegations of Elks of many nearby Lodges, its newly remodeled and redecorated Home was dedicated with impressive ceremonies. Among

those prominent in the affairs of the Order attending the exercises were David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leslie L. Anderson; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Harold Colee, J. Edwin Baker and L. F. Chapman. The festivities started with a parade of the members and their guests through the streets of the city, terminating at the Home. There District Deputy Anderson, assisted by Past District Deputies Colee, Chapman and Baker, conducted the dedicatory ceremonies. A Lodge meeting followed, during the course of which the officers of the Lodge initiated a class of seven candidates. After the session a delicious supper was served in the beautifully redecorated dining-room of the Home.

Alameda, Calif., Elks Sponsor Annual Charity Baseball Game

Alameda, Calif., Lodge, No. 1015, recently sponsored its annual charity baseball game between teams picked from major and minor leagues, at the Oakland Coast League grounds, at Oakland. The profits derived from the gate receipts will be used for the Lodge's charitable enterprises. For ten exciting innings the game held the attention of the thousands of spectators. The final score was 7 to 6 in favor of the minor league team. Through the generosity of the manager of the Oakland Coast League grounds, the ball park was donated to the Elks. All those taking part in the game gave their services without charge and willingly to the cause. This number included baseball players, managers, umpires, gatemen and ticket sellers.

Petoskey, Mich., Elks Are Hosts to District Deputy Wykkel

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo J. Wykkel, Michigan West, recently made his first official visit to the Home of Petoskey Lodge, No. 629. Over eighty members were in attendance for the occasion. At the meeting, which followed a dinner given by the Lodge for the District Deputy, a class of seven candidates was initiated into the Order.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Construction on the new Home of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge was started a short time ago. The Building Committee of the Lodge reports that \$63,000 worth of insurance has already been subscribed by 170 members.

The officers and several other members of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, recently made a fraternal visit to the Home of Oxnard Lodge. There the visiting officers initiated a class of candidates.

Over a hundred members and guests of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge recently celebrated the ninth anniversary of the founding of the Lodge. Every Past Exalted Ruler was in attendance. Mayor James E. Burns, of Glen Cove, a member of the Lodge, delivered the principal address.

Approximately 200 members of Clinton, Mo., Lodge and their families, recently enjoyed a day's outing and a barbecue in the country.

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano, of New Jersey, Northwest, recently gave a dinner at the Home of Newark Lodge for the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges in his district. Notable among those present was Past President Thomas F. Macksey, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Answers to "What Thirteen Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 54)

1. The wagon wheels are different.
2. The rooster has webbed feet.
3. The artist holds the palette wrong.
4. The paint box lid won't fit the box.
5. The artist paints with the wrong kind of brush.
6. Artists' stools are not piano stools.
7. The painting has no relation to the model.
8. The artist has no left leg.
9. The artist faces directly into the sunlight.
10. The shadow falls on wrong side of house.
11. The tree casts no shadow.
12. Flowers don't grow out of rocks.
13. There is nothing holding the canvas to the easel.

Famous Episodes
in History



Find 5 Hidden Spies

— and Qualify for the
Opportunity to Win

\$2600⁰⁰

In our amazing new advertising prize distribution, we are giving thousands of dollars' worth of prizes. In this "Famous Episodes in History Advertisement" is the illustration of a not uncommon occurrence during the Civil War, that of soldiers from the advancing army searching for hidden spies in newly conquered territory. Spies were frequently left behind by the retreating army to spy out the new positions of the advancing army and report them to their own forces. In the great Civil War, which brought out the most remarkable courage and self-sacrifice on the part of the American people, the finest manhood of both the North and South volunteered for this hazardous duty.

At first glance there is no one visible in the picture except the two officers

on horseback, the girl and her servant on the veranda and another servant in the background, yet in addition to the presence of these people there are the faces of six hidden spies cleverly concealed by the artist. How sharp is your eye? Can you find them?

60 Grand Prizes, including prizes of \$2600.00, \$1300.00, \$850.00, \$700.00 and \$600.00 in value, will be given in our newest advertising offer. First prize will be \$1600.00 or a Chrysler De Luxe eight-cylinder Sedan and \$1000.00 will be added to the first prize on the proof of promptness, making a total of \$2600.00. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes. Remember, a \$2600.00 prize to you if you are prompt and win first prize in my offer, so be careful in preparing your answer for this opportunity.

Look carefully. If you can find at least five of the faces of the hidden spies, lose no time but mark them with a cross and send your answer to me. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties and the prizes will all be given free of all charge and prepaid. Answers will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago or outside U. S. A. Send no money. There is no obligation. BUT IF YOU CAN FIND AT LEAST 5 OF THE HIDDEN FACES RUSH YOUR SOLUTION TODAY TO



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Edmund Lowe

Who can forget **Edmund Lowe** as "Sergeant Quirt" in "**What Price Glory?**" That mighty role made Eddie famous in filmland—and he's more than held his own in a long line of talkie triumphs. We hope you saw him in the "**Spider.**" And be sure to see him in the **Fox** thriller, "**The Cisco Kid.**"

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