

# The Elks

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Magazine

JANUARY, 1932



*Beginning* —

*"Under Northern Stars" by William MacLeod Raine*



## Have you smoked a CAMEL lately?

**I**F YOU want to enjoy cool, smooth mildness in a cigarette — *real* mildness — just try Camels in the Camel Humidor Pack.

It's like giving your throat a vacation—so free are Camels from the slightest trace of bite or burn or sting.

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Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard—Columbia System — every night except Sunday

# CAMELS

Mild . . . NO CIGARETTE AFTER-TASTE



# "Unaccustomed as I am—

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

"I wasn't ex-  
pecting to be  
called on to  
speak," on to

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He did. And a few minutes' reading of

this amazing book changed the entire course of John Harkness' business career. It showed him how a simple and easy method, in 20 minutes a day, would train him to dominate one man or thousands—convince one man or many—how to talk at business meetings, lodges, banquets and social affairs.

It banished all the mystery and magic of effective speaking and revealed the natural laws of Conversation that distinguish the powerful speaker from the man who never knows what to say.

Four weeks sped by quickly. His associates were mystified by the change in his attitude. He began for the first time to voice his opinion at business conferences. Fortunately, the opportunity to resubmit his plan occurred a few weeks later. But this time he was ready. "Go ahead with the plan," said the president, when Harkness had finished his talk. "I get your idea much more clearly now. And I'm creating a new place for you—there's room at the top in our organization for men who know how to talk!"

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

For fifteen years the North American Institute has been proving to men that ability to express one's self is the result of training, rather than a natural gift of a chosen few. Any man with a grammar school education can absorb and apply quickly the

natural Laws of Conversation. With these laws in mind, the faults of timidity, self-consciousness, stage-fright and lack of poise disappear; repressed ideas and thoughts come forth in words of fire.

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



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3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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

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

## Something About This Number

**WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE**, author of "Under Northern Stars," the serial which begins this month, is an Englishman by birth, an American by choice, and a Westerner by sympathy and residence. For years he has been a part of the colorful country which forms the background for so many of his stories. He lives now in Denver, Colo., where he writes the glamorous and fast-moving books which have made him one of the most popular writers in America among those readers who rejoice in outdoor adventure and romance.

To those of you who know Mr. Raine's work, no more need be said than that "Under Northern Stars" is as good as anything he has ever done. To those who will first make his acquaintance in these pages we are happy to be able to present a writer whose vigorous style and exciting narratives make particular appeal to the American reader.

**AS INGENIOUS** a piece of mystery-story writing as we have seen for a long time is Ferdinand Reyher's "The Fourth Bullet." To say much more than this would be to give away the plot, which is far too good for such a fate. We leave it to you.

**ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE** whose article last month, "The Price of a Laugh" brought home to many of us the folly of at least one of our ways, has written another salutary and even more timely one for this issue. One does not have to go the whole way and admit that "sweet are the uses of adversity" to acknowledge that it is possible, given the determination, to garner from apparently unrelieved misfortune, certain lasting benefits. In "When Thrift Was King" Mr. Terhune traces the development among our citizens of those habits of personal and corporate extravagance which have added so greatly to the miseries of the present business depression. But as an antidote to our gloom he points out how successful were thrift and hard work in building the nation and how equally successful they may be in restoring a sound economy, if we but have the ability to learn our lesson.

"OUR shores never bred a more gorgeous knave than Austin Bidwell," says Edgar Sisson of "The Silver King," the man who robbed the ancient and supposedly impregnable bank of England of \$5,000,000. The story of his feat and of his eventual capture make up as fantastic a true story as you will find. It is the third of Mr. Sisson's recountings of famous man-hunts.

"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.



Volume Ten  
Number Eight

## The Elks Magazine

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

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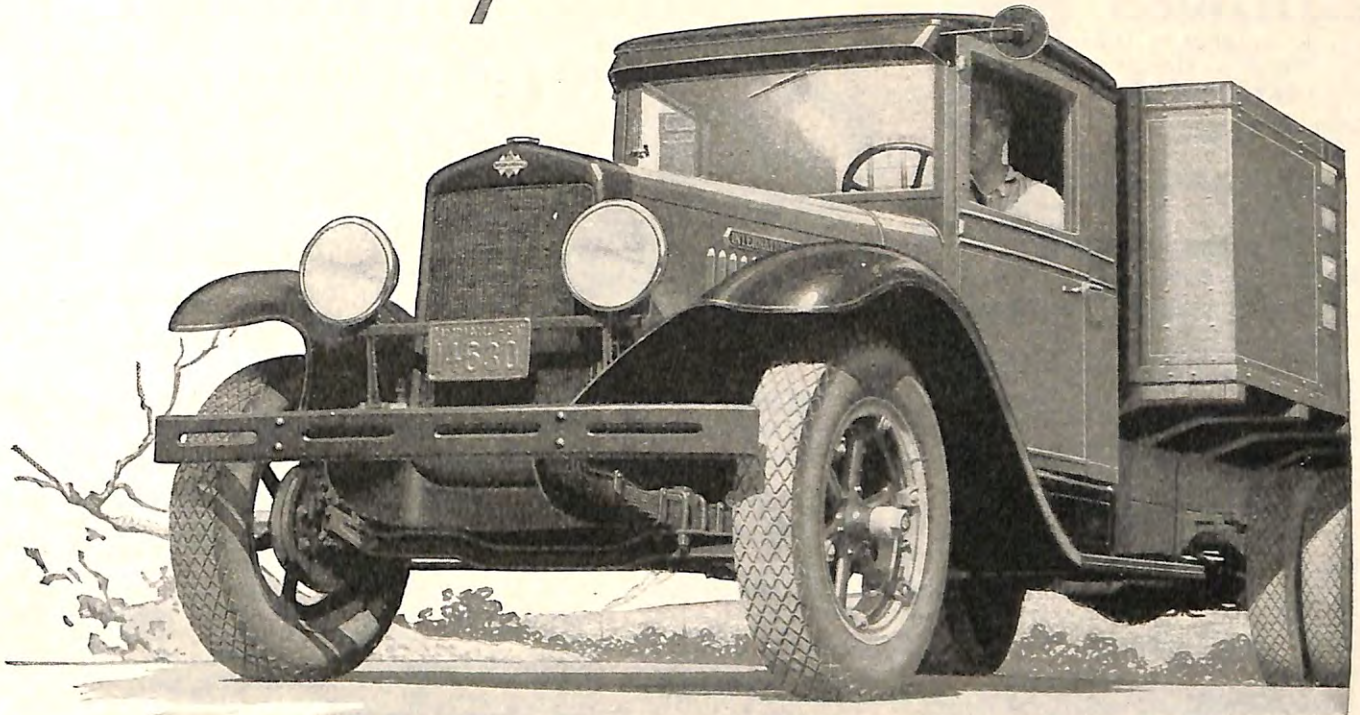
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THE Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand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

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

For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 60a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address A. Charles Stewart, Home Member Board of Grand Trustees, Frostburg, Md., No. 470, 7 West Union Street.

# The New FLEXBOAT Rowing Machine

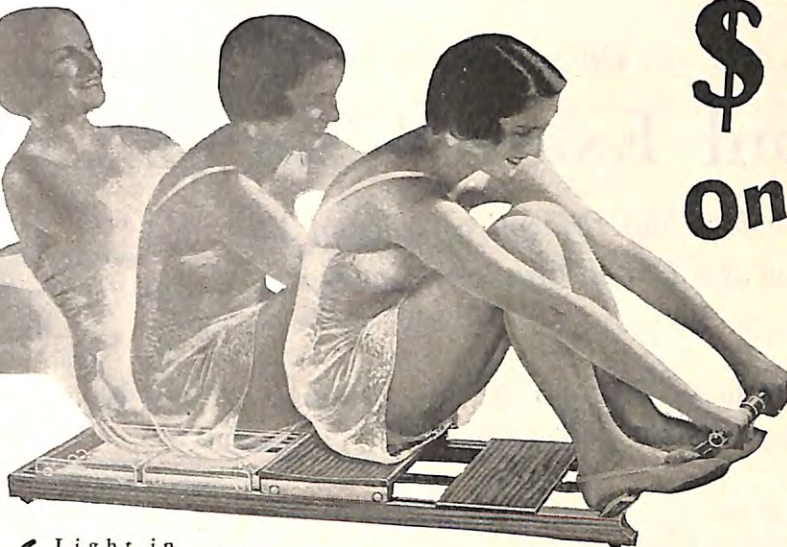
**1** Strongly constructed of wood, securely braced throughout, finished in walnut.

**2** Rolling seat, with silent wheels running in groove. Seat cannot tip, tilt, or come off.

**3** Platform for standing exercises, especially valuable for abdominal and back muscles.

**4** Double steel springs, nickel plated, tested to withstand hard usage.

**5** Rubber feet to keep from marring floors or rugs.



**6** Light in weight. Easily portable. Size 46 x 13 inches.

**7** Equipped with toe straps.

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Office of the  
**Grand Exalted Ruler**

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



Official Circular Number Four

*December 10, 1931  
Sterling, Colorado*

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

MY BROTHERS:

The closing year has in some sections of our country taken heavy toll of material property valuations, and has, as well, dulled the spirit of optimism in many of our citizens.

Yet I repeat the sentiment expressed in my November 10th circular.

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

From Montana in the great Northwest, afflicted by the devastations of drought, but where Elk population was increased last year, to Alabama in the southland, where low-priced cotton and lessened demand for iron-ore products have left their mark; from California on the west coast to New York on the east, I have traveled and visited as your representative.

In every section, undoubtedly inspired by these times of trial, I find a keener appreciation of the value of fraternal membership, an admitted recognition of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks as an agency for service; an organization, if you will, that at least in part assisted its membership in discharging their obligation as an integral part of the universal Brotherhood of Man.

Under the leadership of devoted Elks who recognized the competitive factor of the age as a challenge to their ingenuity and resourcefulness, I find subordinate Lodge units increasing in numerical strength, gaining in spiritual value and broadening in influence.

Rededicating themselves to one of the cardinal principles of our Order—true Americanism—the rank and file of our membership are reassured of the fundamental soundness and greatness of our country, are proudly reviewing from time to time our sixty-three years of glorious fraternal achievement and are militantly determined that depression has no place in Elkdom.

The months just before us present an unparalleled opportunity for achievement. February brings the birth anniversary of George Washington—truly the greatest of the founders—and also of the martyred Lincoln. Surely the merest suggestion of the courage and fortitude displayed by Washington and the troops who so devotedly followed him through defeat, retreat and the hardships of Valley Forge, and the recalling of the patient, patriotic devotion of Lincoln—that led to death as its reward—will inspire our membership to sacrificial service on behalf of the Order in 1932.

*The Washington Bi-centennial*

By recommendation of the Grand Lodge made at Seattle every subordinate Lodge is requested to actively and fully participate in celebrations held incident to the 200th anniversary of the birth of the first President.



Appropriate recognition of the birthday should be made in all Lodge meetings held nearest thereto.

On June 14th each subordinate Lodge is enjoined to devote a part of each statutory flag-day program to the bi-centennial celebration in conformity with suggestions to be hereafter received from the Good of the Order Committee.

*"Pull for Prosperity in Elkdom"*

Keenly impressed by the results now being attained in all sections, fortified by the certain knowledge that determination and sacrificial service will overcome every adverse condition, I hereby authorize every Exalted Ruler to forthwith appoint a "Pull for Prosperity in Elkdom" Committee to serve during the remainder of his term of office.

The duties of the Committee shall be threefold.

One—Initiate and inaugurate an immediate program of special activity for January, February, and March.

Two—Secure new applications for membership.

Three—To undertake an effective lapsation and reinstatement campaign.

The workings of this Committee will be immediately followed up by my office—by the Good of the Order Committee—by every agency of the Order.

I hereby appeal

To all Past Grand Exalted Rulers.

To all present and Past Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen.

To all present and Past District Deputies.

To every member of the Order.

To "Pull for Prosperity in Elkdom."

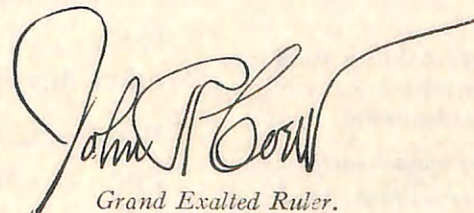
Pull means to struggle—to contest—to fight.

I ask of, and appeal to every Elk who reads or hears read this circular, to join with me in the effort to set every subordinate Lodge afire with energy and enthusiasm that we may by our example help rout the forces of fear and panic now abroad in the land.

*A Fighting Elk*

On November 25, 1931, the hand of death tapped the shoulder of Daniel R. Nihion, Grand Tiler. As he completed the delivery of the Eleven O'clock Toast at a function of his Lodge, Washington, D. C., No. 15, he passed to his reward. I have appointed John E. Lynch, Past Exalted Ruler of Washington, D. C., Lodge, as his successor.

Sincerely yours,



John E. Lynch  
Grand Exalted Ruler.

# THIS NEW, FAST, ELECTRIC BURROUGHS TAKES THE DRUDGERY AND ERROR OUT OF FIGURE-WORK

*The*  
NEW BURROUGHS  
ADDING-SUBTRACTING  
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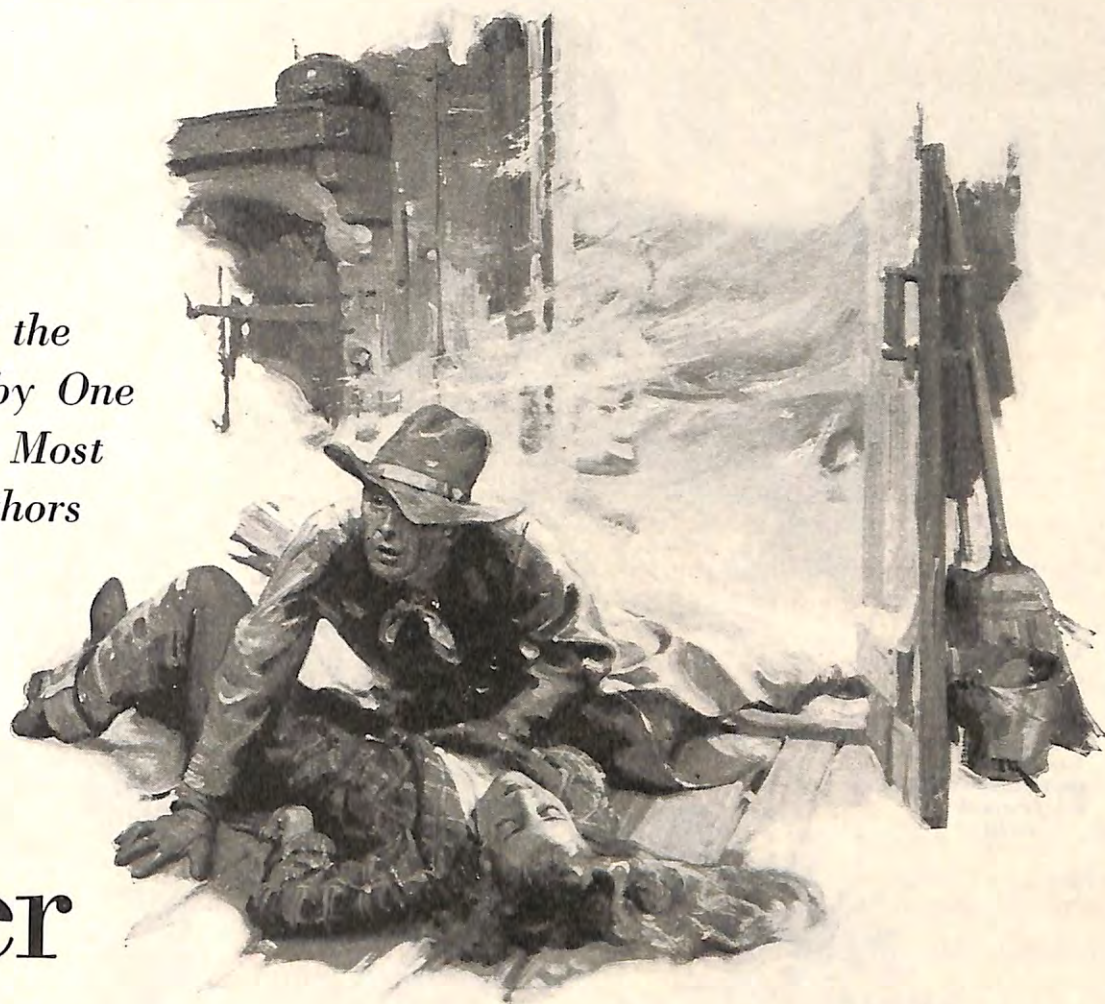
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# Burroughs

*A Novel of the  
Modern West by One  
Of America's Most  
Popular Authors*



# Under Northern Stars

By William  
MacLeod Raine

## Part I

**T**HE first hours of swift desperate racing to escape had lengthened into dragging days, the days into racking weeks. Hard and tough though he was, inured to the saddle from childhood, he felt wearily that he had been traveling half a lifetime. Only his iron will had kept him going.

From the moment when he had plunged into the desert with the man-hunters behind him the flight had been a nightmare. Fever had burned him up, and chills had sapped the strength from his supple body. Worn and sick, he had clung to the horn because of the indomitable doggedness in him that made quitting impossible. Delirium and pain and exhaustion, and after the wound began to heal, hunger . . . silent eons of loneliness . . . the spur of fear pricking him . . . and, in this northland, vast white stretches desolate and bleak . . . snow blanketing the hills to the end of the world.

At least he had reached a far country where he ought to be safe—if that was a

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word to use in connection with one who had a reward on his head, dead or alive. By dodging towns and circling ranch districts he had avoided capture. He believed his pursuers had lost track of him.

The thought gave him a grim smile. He did not know himself where he was.

A chill wind was blowing down from the Arctic. The day was cold, and would be colder, he guessed. There was a taste of more snow in the air. Already a flake or two had melted on his cheek. He yearned for a roaring fire under a roof, for warm blankets, for the savor of hot coffee, and bacon in the fry-pan. Instead he would have to put up with a windy camp in a draw and rabbit stew cooked in a skillet while the storm swirled about him.

**H**E WAS an outdoor man, used to his own company, but there had been times during the journey when he would have mortgaged his future for the sight of a kindly human face, for the sound of a friendly voice. It was so now. The solitude was oppressive. It carried a threat with it. In such a waste of bleak

space a lone man was a helpless atom.

The sounds that notified him of the presence of another were sinister—the whining of a bullet, the crack of a rifle. Instantly he slid from the saddle and dived through a tangle of plum-trees to the bed of a creek. He listened. The slap of running feet came to him. Someone was flying along the ridge back of him, intent on swift escape.

The traveler changed his rôle from hunted to hunter. He plunged into the thicket of wild plums, burst into the open, and ran obliquely up the slope toward the ridge. If possible, he intended to find out who had shot at him and why.

Dusk had fallen, but he made out a figure scudding along the rock rim. Fifty yards in front of it was a horse. As the pursuer cut across to head off the fugitive he saw with surprise that the other convergent runner was not a man but a boy.

The lad caught his foot in running cedar, stumbled and went down. He was up again in an instant, but that lost second decided the race against him. Unable to reach the horse, he turned to defend himself.

Too late to check his rush, the traveler



*The fingers of his left hand closed on a small forearm, those of his right on the handle of a quirt suspended from his wrist*

*Illustrations by  
Jerome Rozen*

caught the gleam of a knife. The blade ripped into his shoulder and sent a flame of fire scorching through him.

The fingers of his left hand closed on a small forearm, those of his right on the handle of a quirt suspended from his wrist. Savagely he swung the lash. Like a furious snake it wound around the slender limbs clad in blue Levis. The victim fought to break away, and in retaliation kicked at the other's shins. The torturing quirt fell with implacable rhythmic regularity and half circled the writhing legs. There was not strength enough in the struggling figure to free itself from the grip of steel binding the arm.

The man with the whip heard with no pity the gasp of the tortured youth and was not moved by the agony of shivering flesh. But the wailing cry which broke from the lips when pride and courage collapsed stayed his hand.

Startled at it, he loosened his hold and stepped back. For that scream of pain had come from a girl. He stared at her, astounded. Her breath came in ragged sobs. But she was still in spirit a young Amazon. In spite of the physical torment it mirrored, her look flamed hatred and defiance. The eyes in the small contorted

face were like live coals.

"Hell's bells!" the man exclaimed.

She took advantage of his amazement to turn and bolt for the horse. But he was too quick for her. As she was pulling herself into the saddle he dragged her down. She flung her slim body against his and tried to trip him.

His spur became entangled in running cedar. Fast in each other's arms, they plunged to the ground. Before he pinioned it, her hard little fist beat again and again in wild fury against his twice wounded shoulder.

Suddenly she gave up struggling. "Let me go," she demanded urgently.

"Not till I know why you shot at me and knifed me," he told her harshly.

"Let me go," she repeated, and though

it was still imperative, he sensed terror rising in her voice. "You'd better let me go, or . . ."

The threat died away unspoken. Perhaps in the words she had not uttered there might be an explanation of her attempt to kill him.

"Go on," he jeered. "If I don't turn you loose—what then?"

Her body twisted beneath him and her white teeth snapped at his hand.

"Better stop that," he said grimly, "unless you want me to wear you out with my quirt."



## CHAPTER II

AFTER she had swung from the saddle the girl moved forward warily. Through the snow pall it was impossible to see for any distance, and she did not want to fall into a trap.

The man was still there—and alive. For his drawling voice flung a jeer at her. “So you came back, to make sure you’d killed me.”

“Can you travel?” she asked.

“It’s the one thing I do.”

He was sitting up, his right hand resting on the hip close to the butt of a Colt’s .38. Even then, with diverse currents dragging at her mind, she had an impression that his sunken eyes mocked her.

“I’ll get your horse,” she said.

“You’re full of Christian kindness.”

She remounted and vanished into the whirling white of the storm. It was a long time before she returned leading his sorrel. Even in those minutes the temperature had fallen noticeably.

“I thought I’d never find your horse,” she explained, bringing it close for him to mount.

He pulled himself to the saddle, his body and limbs dragging as though they were weighted.

Abruptly she turned away. He caught at the bridle rein of her pony.

“You wouldn’t leave, would you, without giving me a chance to thank you for all your friendliness? Don’t you reckon you ought to tell me the name of my good Samaritan so I can remember it in my prayers?”

SHE thought she knew a way to get rid of him. “I’m Molly Prescott,” she said, flinging the information at him against the storm.

“Pleased to meet you,” he said derisively. “After a fellow has been shot at and gouged by a young lady and after he has skinned her with a quirt they’re well enough acquainted to swap names. Mine is Jeb Taylor.”

“That’s a lie,” she called to him scornfully. “I’m headed for home. Unless you want to meet my people you’d better light out.”

He laughed, hardily. “That’s right. It is a lie, though I don’t know how you knew it. As for meeting your folks, I’m real anxious to see them so I can con-

gratulate them on having such a nice gentle young lady in the family.”

She said no more. Her mind became preoccupied with another problem. They were lost. All sense of direction had been wiped out by the dense stinging walls of white which pressed upon them.

“I don’t know the way,” she said at last, screaming the words.

“I’ve been guessing that for quite some time,” he cried back. “How far is it to your place?”

“Four or five miles.”

“Could your bronc find it if you gave him his head?”

“Don’t think so. He never had any sense.”

“How about the creek? It we worked back to it would we run into any ranches along it?”

“There’s a deserted cabin about half a mile from where we were.”

“We’d better try for it.”

“Can we find the creek?” she asked.

“By following the dip of the ground. I’ll lead. Stick close to me.”

THE intense cold of the air, thick with gray sifted ice particles, searched the warmth of their bodies and sapped vitality from them. They came to a little draw, went down it to the creek, and turned to the left.

It was a log cabin with a dirt floor. The latest occupant had left a rough homemade table, two stools, and a wooden bedstead mortised into the wall.

“We won’t freeze for a while anyhow,” the man said.

He built a fire with the slats of the bed as fuel. As the leaping flames in the open fireplace lit his face when he leaned forward to arrange the wood, Molly watched him curiously, not untouched by surprise.

The gaunt bearded face gave her an impression of a harried man, one driven by desperate circumstance. He seemed haggard and worn. She had not expected Clem Oakland to look like this. He had been described as vain-glorious and smug in his effrontery. The insolence of the man who had called himself Jeb Taylor was sardonic rather than arrogant.

“I’ll look after the fire. You’d better ’tend to your hurts,” she told him.

“So I had,” he agreed, and added a rider impudently. “But ladies first. You have a

“Let me up, you coward,” she cried desperately.

“We’ll see about that.”

Already he had been swept by a wave that seemed to lift all the weight from his body. He had set his teeth and fought it back. Now it poured over him again, took him from his feet, and seemed to toss him high above a tiptilted world. His head sagged, and he slid down into the brush cedar.

She pushed him aside, rose, and ran to the horse. What had occurred to save her she did not quite know. It did not matter. She was free. Not until she had swung to the saddle did she look back at him. Then it was to make sure that he had not followed.

He still lay where he had fallen, face down, his head in the brush. Was he dead? Had that bullet fired from ambush reached a fatal spot? Or the knife blade which she had thrust in terror? So much the better. Other men could live in peace if Clem Oakland had been blotted out. They need not walk in danger of their lives.

But even as she dug her heel into Gypsy’s ribs and put the pony to a lope fear knocked at her heart. She had never before seen a man pass from violent lusty life to utter stillness.

Even in the few minutes since the shot had been fired the storm had increased to screaming fury. Clearly a blizzard had brewed in the mountains and was sweeping the hills. It was going to be a wild night. One caught without shelter . . .

If there was still life in that prone figure the searching cold would obliterate it. Well, was she to blame because at last he had met the fate long due? His record of persistent outrage against those she loved condemned him. Why think of him now? Judged by what men said of him, he had never known pity for others.

But to ride away and leave him there wounded, too broken to crawl to shelter, she could not do that.

She turned Gypsy and rode back, all her judgment in hot rebellion against the weakness of such a return.

few welts as souvenirs to remember our happy meeting."

Angrily she flushed. Pains from the stinging quirt still ran across her thighs. "I suppose you're awfully proud of having whipped a girl," she said scathingly.

HE had untied a frying-pan from his saddle and was rummaging in a gunny-sack, but he turned round to meet without apology the blaze in her eyes.

"I'm pleased I didn't know she was a girl till she'd eaten quirt a while," he said coolly.

"Probably that's the way they treat women where you come from."

"When they forget they're women," he amended.

He stepped to the door and scooped up a pan full of snow. This he held over the fire until it melted. Slicker, coat, and vest he discarded, after which he opened the shirt and very carefully began to work it free from his shoulder.

Her fascinated eyes were fixed on the red stain that had spread over the shirt, a stain still wet and soggy. Chill dismay pressed upon her heart. Had the thrust of her knife been responsible for this? She had only flung out her hand in self-defense.

"Won't you let me help you, please?" she begged.

His hard gaze swept over her. "If you'll promise not to be—impulsive," he mocked.

Molly disregarded his gibes. "Hadn't I better cut away the shirt?" she asked.

"No. It's the only shirt I have. Soak it loose."

He had drawn a piece of clean linen from the gunny sack. This she used as a sponge. The muscles of his lean jaw stood out like ropes, but he did not once wince while her fingers were very gently peeling the shirt from the shoulder.

"Wash it," he ordered curtly after she had done this.

In washing the wound Molly made a discovery. The slash of her knife had been imposed upon a half-healed scar.

"There's an old wound here," she cried. "I don't mean old, but one not made to-day."

"Correct," he admitted grimly. That was all. He offered no explanation of how he had received it.

Impassively his gaze took her in while she worked. She was young and vivid. Her movements had the swift grace of one whose muscles coordinate perfectly with a quick mind. He guessed in her the buoyancy of health. Her hair, abundant and wavy, was a shade deeper than coppery gold. The eyes, set not too close, were blue as a mountain lake. Tiny freckles were sprinkled lightly across the bridge of a piquant nose. In spite of her Levis, her high-heeled boots, her boyish shirt and Mackinaw, she bloomed eternally feminine in the shadowy half lights of the grimy cabin.

"That will have to do," she said at last, frowning at the makeshift job.

Carefully she slipped the shirt over the wound and buttoned it, then held vest and coat while he put them on.

"First time I ever had a valet," he said with a grin.

He broke the rest of the bed-slats and renewed the fire. The wind tore furiously at the cabin and howled down the chimney. From the two-pane window he looked out on the swirling wilderness.

"I wouldn't wish this blizzard on my worst enemy," he said evenly. "Kicking up its heels for a stemwinder, looks like."

"Wouldn't you wish it even on a Prescott?" she asked with a flash of bitterness.

He turned to look at the girl. It was dark in the hut except where the fire flung shafts of fantastic light. He could not see the expression of her shadowed face. What did she mean by that?

There were some things he meant to know. On what provocation had such a girl fired from ambush to kill another human being? Had she mistaken him for someone else? Or had she been urged by the desire of collecting the reward? Three thousand dollars, dead or alive! That was a tidy sum. He knew a dozen men who would kill without ruth for it.



During the break in the storm they gathered more fuel

She was a wild young cub, untamed, unlicked until to-day. And yet there was something in her clean courage that he could not reconcile with the callousness of an assassin. Besides, it was not possible that from the ridge she could have recognized his face as the one on the posters.

She had taken him for another man. What man? An enemy to her people. That much she had as good as told him. He did not ask pointblank for information. The life he had passed through had given him a capacity for patience.

"How long is a blizzard likely to last at this time of year?" he asked.

"You know as well as I do. Maybe a day, maybe a week."

"We can't stay here long without food and with very little fuel. How far are we from a ranch?"

"About five miles from our place. That's the nearest, except for a cabin our riders use. It's two miles farther up the creek."

"Stocked with food and fuel?"

"Yes. One of the boys is likely there now."

"We'll have to break through to it as soon as there's a let down in the storm," he said. "That won't be to-night. We'll have to make the best of this now. You hungry?"

"Yes."

He skinned the rabbit he had killed earlier in the day, prepared it for stewing, and found some salt and a couple of onions in his saddle-bags. Molly watched the stew while he produced from the gunny sack two tin plates, a knife, and some tin spoons. Although she hated the man, with a youthful feminine ferocity untempered by tolerance, she could not withhold reluctant admiration. He was cold and hard, but he was strong and competent. There would be heard no whine from him if the cards turned against him in the game of life he was playing.

### CHAPTER III

OUTSIDE in the gray darkness raged the blizzard from which they had found temporary refuge by no great margin of safety. It separated them from others as effectively as a thousand miles of stormy sea. For the time they were as much cut off from the busy world as though they had been Adam and Eve in the garden.

It was a strange, exciting companionship, and it carried with it a reluctant camaraderie.

Before the open fire they ate the rabbit stew and found it savory.

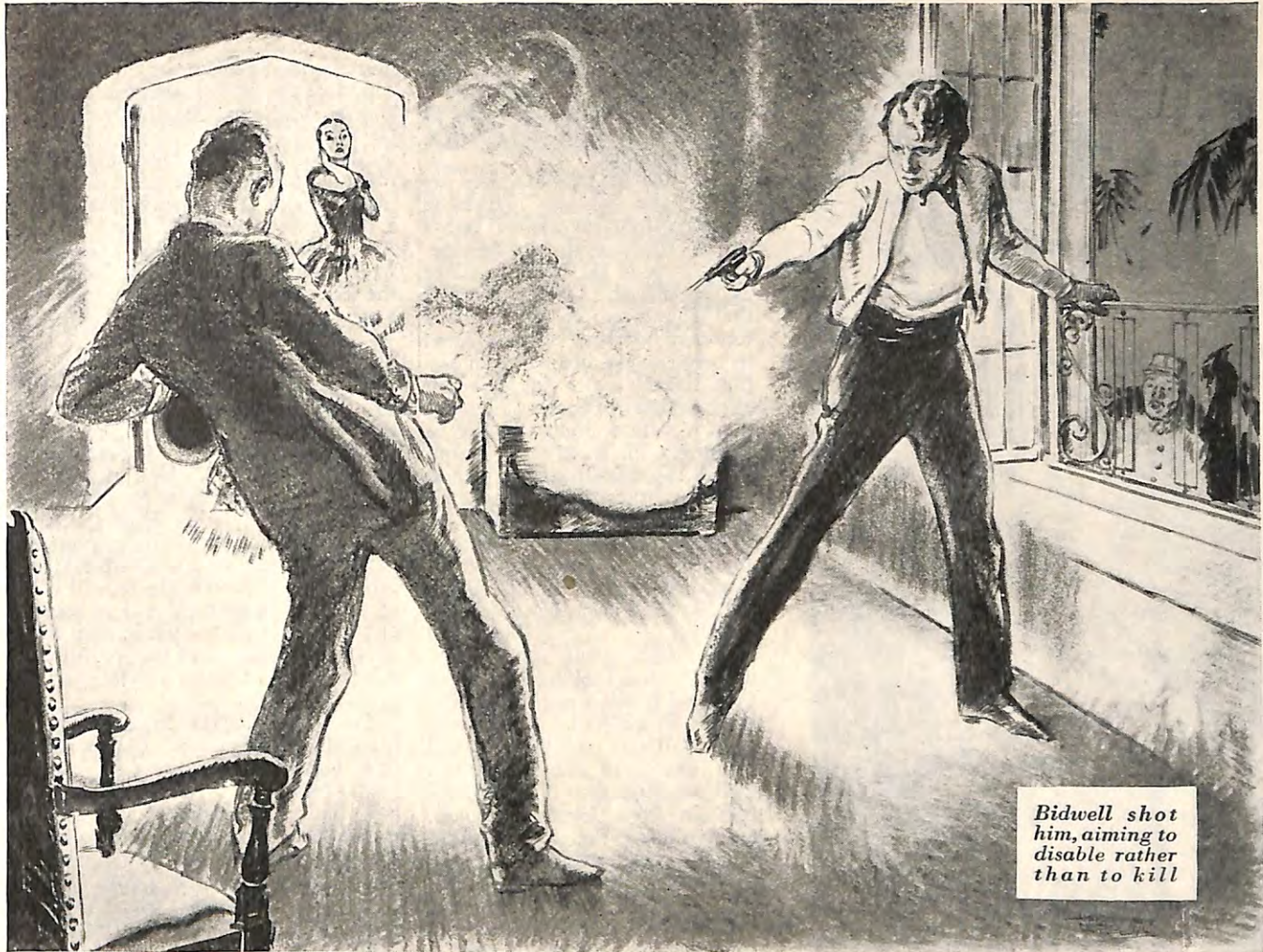
"Arctic travelers always name their camps," she said. "Shall we call this Fort Safety?"

"It may be Fort Starvation before we're through," he said grimly.

"With a stocked cabin only two miles from here?" she asked, a note of derision in her voice.

"Two miles are as far as two hundred on a night like this."

(Continued on page 41)



*Bidwell shot him, aiming to disable rather than to kill*

*Number Three in the Series of Famous Man-hunts*

# The Silver King

By Edgar Sisson

*Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops*

AUSTIN BIDWELL of Brooklyn and New York never had been west of the Hudson River. He knew only a story-book frontier picturesquely populated with lucky miners and gentlemanly gamblers. To him their symbol was the wide-brimmed felt hat. He took the hat to London and gestured with it so well that English financiers accepted him as the beau ideal of The Silver King. He was the Bret Harte sort of American they expected to see!

The Bank of England also welcomed him at his face value. Bidwell robbed that ancient, self-satisfied institution of \$5,000,000. If Yankee detectives had not been set to match their wits against those of their rascally countryman, there is large probability that he would have lived in freedom to enjoy his plunder. He was run to earth, too, in the western hemisphere. The crime and the capture were both all-American.

Our shores never bred a more gorgeous knave than Austin Bidwell. In the wake of his piracy the banking practices of two continents underwent quick reform. Except for him guaranty insurance against forgery might not have been recognized so early as a prime necessity.

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The sunset years of the Tweed era of New York schooled him as the complete swindler. The system of crooked policemen in cahoots with criminals got him young, though old enough to know better. It cannot be said that he was an innocent trapped into crime. He had an excellent upbringing, and parents he loved and respected. They long thought of him as an upright and successful stock

broker. He protected them from other knowledge.

A smiling, handsome young man of attractive manners, Bidwell had the faculty of developing acquaintance into friendship. To the last day of his liberty he was a figure of spectacular romance, favored by women and liked by men. He was a rogue, but not graceless.

A wealthy boyhood companion, Ed Weed, admired him so much that he invited him into a stock-broking partnership. Up till then he had been a clerk in a Wall Street office. The venture was not prosperous, the partners being more interested in display than in business, passing too much of their time at the St. Nicholas Hotel, then the high-rolling hub of the town. Once the firm was near failure. Weed's indulgent father put it on its feet again.

Bidwell had the physique for the pace the young men went. Weed did not. In two years he was an invalid and his family took him abroad. Bidwell waved him farewell at the pier, sadly aware that he never would see his friend again. He had the office of the firm, a few dollars in his pocket and no prospects. That night he was drinking moodily in a little room off the St. Nicholas bar.

To him there, he related long afterwards,



came an officer high in the New York detective force, to invite him to sell stolen bonds. This sounds too dramatically pat to be accepted as a sudden lure. Previous actions must have shown the tempter that he had not mistaken his man.

The upshot was that he accepted the job of marketing \$100,000 U. S. Government bonds for a commission of \$10,000. The source of the bonds was not exactly placed. One version was that they were from the Lord robbery, in which sneak thieves removed a tin box in open day from the office of a rich man and were amazed to find inside more than a million dollars in bonds. Naturally the small-fry lost control of the treasure to the higher-ups. Another version was that the police, in cooperation with an embezzling bank official, had engineered the robbery of an institution for a bonus above the amount necessary to cover the theft.

In either event the method used for the cashing of one of the Lord bonds was the one suggested to Bidwell. A quota of the Lord loot had been turned into money by sale in Europe. Unfortunately for the conspirators in New York, the agent sent to make the sale lost himself on the continent. So the "honesty" of an agent, the pivot man, if big-scale thievery was to be a success, was of chief consequence. The police official picked Bidwell. The fact was eloquent of a bond of confidence between the two. The alliance was to last for years.

This was the period of increasing European investment in the United States. Government bonds were gilt edged, as bearer securities practically untraceable in that day, and in the foreign view whoever offered them for sale was the owner. Yet foreign buyers were not such naive traders as to offer full value for consignments that showed up in the possession of unknown persons.

Bidwell, sailing soon for Europe, had no difficulty in selling the \$100,000 lot in Germany for \$80,000. This figure, he knew, would be satisfactory to his employers. He traveled around the continent and England for a fortnight, enjoying every hour, beginning to feel that here was a proper arena for him. Then he returned to New York. The money had to be cut three ways, and each of the delighted principals gave Bidwell an extra thousand dollars.

For a brief while he held to the purpose of returning to legitimate business. In his own words, however, "the primrose-path was too pleasant." He was

already back of the scenes in crookdom. His knowledge of banking and commercial routine made him too valuable. He was invited soon to make the third in a forgery combination, where the other two were expert pen-men, familiarly known as George and Mac.

Almost from the first he became the planning leader of the trinity. A forgery on Jay Cooke & Company, just a matter of a few tense minutes, brought in \$20,000. An ambitious project for \$240,000 went wrong, with consequences that increased the danger of continued operation in New York.

**A** NEW field was desirable. Europe beckoned. Bidwell's companions had been there before, and without police record, which was important. Bidwell advanced an idea which the others thought practicable. It was to forge New York letters of introduction to an English bank, go to London, make a sizable deposit at the bank, get real letters of credit from it, forge larger ones with the benefit of study of the true signatures, and in rapid tour of continental cities cash in with the false letters of credit. Just one venture of this scheme, to provide capital for larger matters.

The three left New York with a pooled fund of about \$11,000. George and Mac took on the preparations for the continental foray. Bidwell was to keep out of any chance of trouble, so that no shadow would be cast upon his respectability. Nothing went amiss. Mac tapped Bordeaux, Marseilles and Lyons banks for a total of nearly \$37,000. George did even better, netting \$43,000 from Cologne, Munich and Leipsic. Reunited in London, they allotted \$50,000 to a company fund, sent \$10,000 to their police friends in New York, and divided the balance for personal use. The London bank victimized was the Union.

Now they scouted around for a use to which to put the \$50,000. Strolling down Lombard Street one day they halted in the vicinity of the Bank of England. As they looked over the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, Bidwell got the first flash of an idea.

"Boys," he said to his companions, "you may depend upon it, there is the softest spot in the world, and we could hit that bank for a million as easy as rolling off a log."

They laughed and told him to put on his thinking cap. He had no intention of trying to work out a detailed plan until he could make some normal business approach to the bank. The rôle of the Silver King was conceived in the hours of early pondering. He was in London under his own name. This would not do for the Silver King. To enable him to establish a new identity, he decreed that the others should leave England. Even at this time they had lodgings in different parts of town. At no time in England were the three known as a group. Bidwell was allotted \$20,000. George and Mac went to Spain.

Bidwell took daily walks on the streets near the bank. He was watching to learn what solid business men of the neighborhood were depositors at the bank. He identified several. Some he thought were too cold. His choice for a foil fell on the

*In the rôle of the Silver King*



master of the tailoring firm of Green & Son. He seemed a more human, trustful type.

Unpacking the wide-brimmed felt hat from his baggage, Bidwell donned it and became the Silver King. Alighting from a hansom he sauntered expansively into Green's, called for the proprietor and explained that he was an American fresh in London, in need of complete outfitting. The clerks were whispering soon that an American millionaire was in the place. He ordered eight suits of clothes, several top coats, and numerous dressing-gowns, and odds and ends to match.

The outfits when finished, he said, were to be sent to F. A. Warren at the Golden Cross Hotel. As soon as he was away from the shop he wrote the name and initials on a card for fear he would forget them. He had no room at the Golden Cross, having been living at the Grosvenor. He went forthwith to the Golden Cross and registered as Frederic Albert Warren. He kept the room for a year and never slept in it, using it only as a station for the receipt of Warren merchandise and mail.

"The Golden Cross," he related, "was the only address the Bank of England ever had for its distinguished customer, Frederic Albert Warren."

Ten days later he added riding, hunting and shooting clothes to the original order and sent expensive new bags to Green's with instructions that the sports garments be packed in them. He waited another week. Then one morning he drove up to the shop at the head of a caravan of cabs, all piled high with baggage except one which was to take on the new load for which he had come. He was starting for Ireland, he told the smiling tradesman, to shoot with Lord Clancarty. As the bags were being stowed, Bidwell threw back his head as if struck by a surprising and unpleasant thought.

He exclaimed to Green that he had carelessly brought with him more money than a traveler ought to carry. Might he ask the favor of having it cared for until his return? On receiving Green's assent, Bidwell pulled out a package of English bank-notes, 4,000 pounds, approximately \$10,500. Green was aghast. Responsibility for such a sum, he protested, was too great to take. After a moment, however, he solved the problem easily, to the relief of both men.

The Bank of England, he said, was near, and he was a customer. He would introduce Mr. Warren there, and an account could be opened at once. The two walked down the street to the bank. So Frederic Albert Warren was sponsored to the Bank of England.

THE new client of the bank went to Ireland briefly and returned to London to telegraph his companions to join him. But the move against the bank was still a long ways off. Depositor Warren played patiently with his bank account, withdrawing large sums, replacing them with larger, getting the institution accustomed to the sight of his name. Nearly six months of such toying. Still he could not contrive all the details of a big killing.

The last part of the interlude was filled with a trip to South America to let George and Mac use the forged letter-of-credit racket again. The piratical cruise

of the southern seas, however, was nearly a disaster. The penman made a slip in forging a letter of credit, and a bank at Rio Janeiro refused payment until it could communicate with London. Round-trip time for mail was forty days. The delay gave the other two a chance to smuggle the suspected one out of the country. They succeeded narrowly. By separate routes and with weary travel, Bidwell himself embarking from Montevideo, the trio was reunited in Paris.

During the lonely weeks at sea, Bidwell ripened his plan of campaign. He was ready with it at the Paris meeting. As Warren, he then had on deposit at the Bank of England upwards of \$60,000. From Paris he wrote to Manager Francis of the Bank of England asking for advice on investments for a part of his balance. The manager replied with suggestions that Warren followed, buying securities to the amount of 10,000 pounds. He sold them presently at some market profit and redeposited the proceeds. Operations of buying and selling were repeated several times so that, in Bidwell's words, "the banks would recognize the name of F. A. Warren as that of a multi-millionaire who had been sending 10,000 pound checks from Paris."

IN LONDON in June, 1872, customer Warren made his first personal call on the Bank Manager. He was still the Silver King, a financial monarch by the bounty of an ore-laden mountain, but he confessed now to the purpose of a more active business life in England. Large-scale steel-rail contracting would be his field, he said. He understood the buying of raw materials and was learning about manufacturing. Birmingham would be the working scene. Financing, however, he preferred to do from London, naturally.

The Bank Manager agreed enthusiastically. No inquiry ever was made into the business antecedents of the American or into his British "enterprises." Warren said he was just making a preliminary call and that he was much pleased with his reception. He would want, of course, large accommodation of discount on bills of acceptance before the year was out; and he added casually as he was leaving that he did not intend to burden himself with work at the expense of play. He would be in Paris much of the time. He had an able staff.

This bit of comedy was certain—  
(Continued on page 50)

Austin Bidwell as himself



# Behind the Footlights



VANDAMM

The unwieldy looking gentleman on the sofa in the circle at the right is none other than Alexander Woollcott, the erstwhile well-known dramatic critic, who appears in S. N. Behrman's comedy, "Brief Moment." Rarely does the theatre-goer have the privilege of watching an actor who is so patently having the time of his life as in the case of Mr. Woollcott, who is shown here flanked by Francine Larrimore and Robert Douglas. The play is well acted, bright and entertaining, with the lion's share of its cleverest lines falling to Mr. Woollcott



LAZARNICK



WHITE

"Reunion in Vienna," Robert E. Sherwood's current contribution to the stage, is a delightfully frothy comedy so plausibly written that even its least inspired lines sound witty and scintillating when delivered by its superbly competent cast. At the left are grouped Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Henry Travers. Mr. Travers, as always, gives a fine and intelligent character interpretation, while the famous team of Lunt-Fontanne quite outdoes itself. To them, chiefly, the play owes its ranking as most engaging of the season's comedies. Never has Miss Fontanne looked more glamorously alluring, nor Mr. Lunt been more satisfyingly cast than in the bombastic rôle of the exiled Hapsburg prince

Elmer Rice is one of the playwrights who can be relied upon to have something to say and to say it interestingly. In "Counsellor-at-Law" he is concerned with the career of a man who rose from genuine poverty in one of New York's ghettos to a place of great eminence and wealth at the bar. This rôle is entrusted to the capable hands of Paul Muni (left) who gives a fine interpretation of the many-sided character. Anna Kostant (extreme right) plays his devoted secretary and Constance McKay (reclining) gives one of the most thorough and amusing expositions of a switchboard operator in a busy office that has been offered on the stage

# And On the Screen



Reviews by Esther R. Bien

One of the pleasant things the New Year will bring is a screen version of "Mata Hari," with the lovely Greta Garbo (right) as the exotic siren of the title. You may remember the story of the beautiful German spy who lured Shubin, the Russian attaché in Paris, to disloyalty and herself fell victim to a genuine love for his handsome young lieutenant. Swift plot and counterplot build up to the play's movingly dramatic dénouement, giving Miss Garbo ample dramatic and emotional scope. She is supported by such reliables as Lionel Barrymore, Lewis Stone and Ramon Novarro

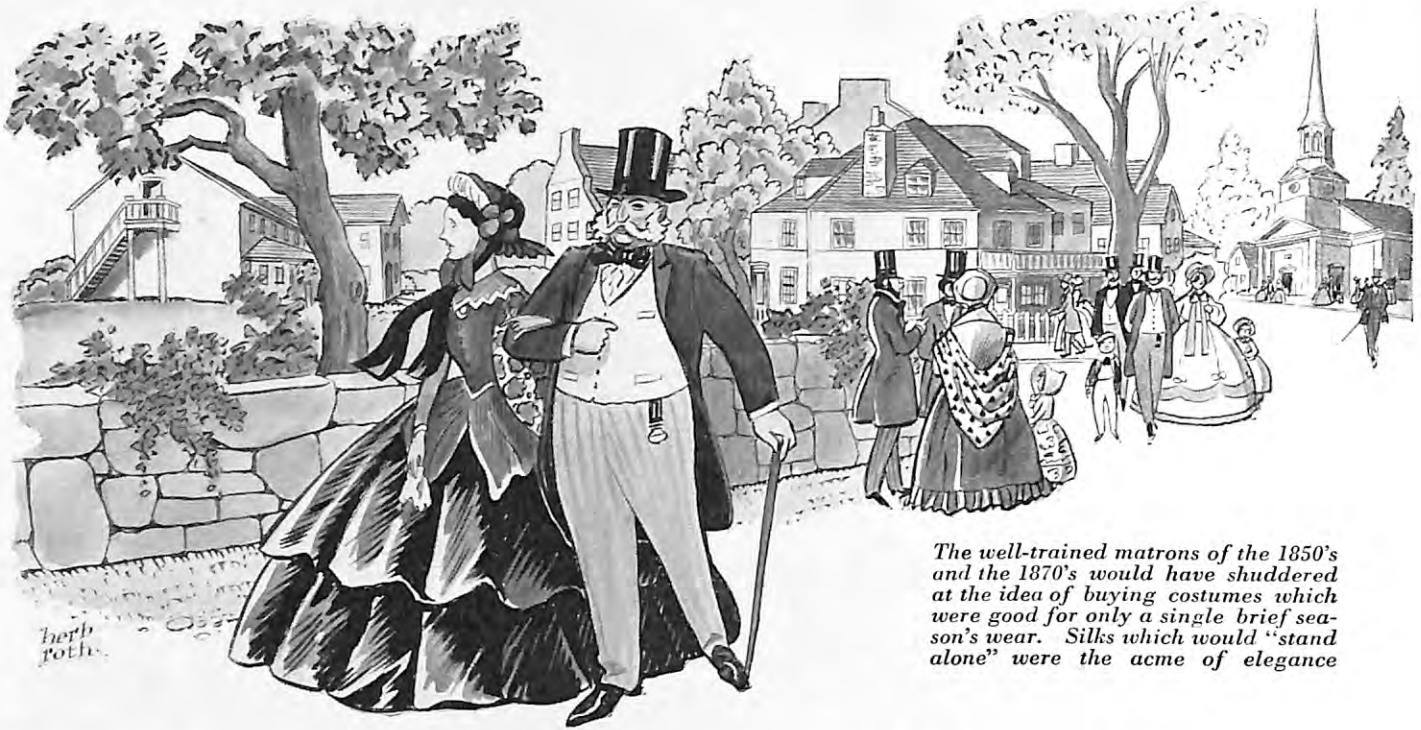


A cruel fate puts Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond (left) behind prison bars in their new picture, "Ladies of the Big House." The love that is born in a tawdry dance hall between a little taxi-dancer and a bronzed young adventurer battles against the evil machinations of a political machine that railroads them to prison on their wedding day on a murder charge. There are breathless suspense, heart throbs aplenty and swift exciting action in the valiant fight this boy and girl put up to win their freedom



A picturization of Harry Hervey's story "Shanghai Express" will be the next starring vehicle for Marlene Dietrich, who is pictured at the right with Warner Oland. In the heterogeneous crowd aboard the Chinese train which is making a hazardous dash through rebel territory two lovers, long separated by a quarrel, meet again. Since leaving Clive Brook, a young British army officer, Marlene has become notorious along the Chinese coast as "Shanghai Lily." There are adventures both humorous and harrowing aboard the train as it hurtles through the night, and in these Marlene plays a vivid and heroic rôle while Brook battles with himself, torn between his love for her and his jealous distrust of her lurid reputation





*The well-trained matrons of the 1850's and the 1870's would have shuddered at the idea of buying costumes which were good for only a single brief season's wear. Silks which would "stand alone" were the acme of elegance*

# When Thrift Was King

By

Albert Payson Terhune

Illustrated by Herb Roth

THE hero of a Jack London story was lost for weeks in the Labrador wilds. He tried to live on the barren country's herbs; but he was on the ragged edge of starvation when a ship rescued him.

For months thereafter he used to stuff his pockets and his shirt with every scrap of bread-crust or of meat that he could steal. This with a distorted notion of preparedness, in case starvation should assail him again.

In time, of course, the obsession wore off. But, while it lasted, it was acute. A habit, bred of stark necessity, is slow to slacken its grip.

We Americans, for instance, formed a like habit from a like cause—a habit which ruled our lives long after the first need for it was banished. Then, bit by bit, and at last with drunken abandonment, we went to the other extreme.

Now, perhaps, the habit is forming itself again; beneficially and, as before, through grim need. Here is the idea:

For the past four centuries, and more, immigrants have been flocking to America. Until recent decades, they came almost without restriction. The big majority of them were poor and hard-working folk who emigrated from their homelands in the hope of bettering themselves in this land of greater opportunity.

They were willing to toil early and late and to live frugally. It was lucky they were willing to do this; for they had to do it. Such prosperity as they were to gain here was to be won only by unceasing thriftiness and labor. Nearly all of them had served hard apprenticeship at Thrift and Work, in their homelands. Already,

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Thrift and Work were lifelong habits with them.

It was so with the immigrant of 1610 A.D. It was so with the immigrant of 1910 A.D.

In the early Colonial days—and in the West much later—if men wanted food and clothes and shelter they had to supply those commodities for themselves; or go without. Often women were obliged to weave the cloth and spin the flax for their own garments and for those of their men and children; and to shape and sew those clothes as best they could. Even in more settled regions eternal Work and eternal Thrift were the price of headway; and often of staying alive at all.

THERE was livelihood to be wrested from the stern New England soil and from other newly-opened regions. Idle or feeble hands could not wrest that livelihood; still less build up prosperity. There were wild beasts, hostile Indians, dearth of comforts and of supplies, throughout the untamed continent.

These things were to be grappled and overcome. Work and Thrift alone could achieve the victory. Work and Thrift thus were ingrained into the very cosmos of the settlers and of their children. The two traits became national habits; not through choice, but because people who did not possess them could not buck against the flinty conditions. Those who did not

save and labor had an unfortunate way of going hungry.

Work and Thrift—and of these two Thrift was infinitely the more important. The squirrel which merely works hard to find edible nuts, and then eats them as fast as he finds them, is going to die of hunger when winter comes. Among us earlier Americans it was not enough to work long and industriously. Thrift was all-needful. If starvation was to be averted, folk must save shrewdly the money or the crops or the livestock they acquired; must save and scrimp and stow away for the black hour when illness or accident or hard times might make Work impossible.

"Save for a rainy day!" was an almost sacred slogan, dinned into the ears of the young and practised perforce by the whole country. From generation to generation it was inherited. From generation to generation it built and upheld America.

Throughout the world we Americans became known for our Thriftiness. We were famed as the thriftiest people on the face of the globe. "Thrift" grew to be a synonym for "Americanism." Europe joked about it. But Europe envied—and still envies—the wealth and the comforts it brought us.

Thrift was King!

Then, by the 1850's and much more by the 1870's, a goodly sprinkling of us had clambered to that first vague section of Easy Street wherein we might carefully allow ourselves a few of the luxuries of life—on condition, of course, that we should still save much more than we spent.

This was true, and is yet true, of latter-day immigrants who are just beginning to

gain a tenuous toe-hold on prosperity. But I am speaking chiefly of the Americans who had learned Thrift here and who had begun slowly to grow beyond the claw-reach of Need.

So, cautiously, we began to spend some of our hoarded money. Not in lavish degree or without due heed to getting extra full value for every spent dollar. We could afford it. We had earned the right; we and our ancestors.

**A**MONG other things, we bought high-priced furniture. Some of it was rather hideous, perhaps; but it was Gibraltar-strong and massive and good for a century of reasonable wear. Not frivolous nor daintily filmy; but heavy rosewood and black walnut. Its stuffily rich upholstery had the lasting quality of sheet metal. Because of its novelty and price, this furniture took immediate rank as a household treasure. It was foursquare mid-Victorian; and it might well have posed as that era's symbol.

No longer did well-to-do women need to slave at wheel or loom, to turn out cloth. No longer need they send to the city for bolts of cheap fabric, to be made up into clothes by their own overworked fingers. After long years of suppression, feminine love of adornment burst forth; now that it could be gratified without shameful extravagance.

Naturally, there was no question of obedience to the mandates of oft-changing styles nor any talk of fluffily lovely materials which wear badly. Here, if ever, Thrift shone. The well-trained matrons of the 1850's and the 1870's would have shuddered at the idea of buying costumes which were good for only a single brief season's wear. Value must justify expense. It did.

Silks which would "stand alone" were the acme of elegance. Thick, durable silks; preferably black. A "dress pattern," of enough material for a full-flounced

heavy silk dress, often cost as much as \$50 or even a trifle more. Yes, this was a staggering price. But were not these women's husbands and sires beginning to wax rich? And the dress was worn with meticulous care and was kept inviolate from moth or other evil.

With such care it lasted for several years before it began to lose a tittle of its splendor. Then it was cleverly "turned." Thus renovated, it carried on for another two years as Second Best Dress. By that time, surely, the family's prospering breadwinner would be willing to invest another \$50 toward the bedecking of his womenkind.

I have seen more than one such glorious silken gown, in my boyhood; resurrected from its shrine in an attic trunk; still resplendent, if faintly tarnished; and its billowy skirt still sturdily able to "stand alone" like a truncated volcano. If we smile at these attic treasures, let the smile be kindly; not derisive. In their long-dead day they were regal.

Satins followed fast in the wake of silks; as gems of fashionable adornment. Hard, tough, uninspired satin; as durable and as unyielding as the silk itself. With it came the dazzling era of velvet as gala dress material. Not such soft extravagant stuff as chiffon velvet or panne velvet. Our grandmothers would have wept at the wastefulness of these wearless materials. No, it was velvet as thick and as invulnerable as a canvas sack (and with lines just about as gracile). A bit of honestly built ruching at throat and wrist added a supposed touch of femininity.

By the way, don't fool yourself with the idea that the wearers of these clothes went to a shop and bought them ready made. No, they picked out the material with an inherent and inherited judgment of wearability; and then either took it to the neighborhood dressmaker or else had it made up by the sempstress who came to the house for two weeks a year to do the accumulated family sewing. Some gifted

matrons did their own dressmaking. But as leisure increased, and money along with it, most of them had the work done by hire.

Hats and shoes and stockings and underwear were bought with the same eye to blended elegance and durability. What good woman, in my own childhood or in my mother's youth, wore silk underclothes? Not one, in any of the middle or upper-middle walks of life. To cite a single reason out of many why it was not done, silk is expensive and it wears out fast when it is worn next to the flesh.

Staunch woolen undershirts and (usually untrimmed) cotton or linen drawers did yeoman service in their stead. Why waste good money in beautifying garments which were supposed to remain invisible? King Thrift would have banned such a madly extravagant idea.

As for silk stockings—up to forty years ago, not one middle-class woman in ten thousand would have dreamed of wearing them, except perhaps with complete evening dress. Cotton hose, lisle hose—for icy weather, woolen hose—were invariable. For daytime wear, and often on home evenings, high buttoned shoes of serviceable kid were just as universal.

**M**ATERIAL, not changeable fashion, was the keynote of prosperous women's outer garments. The cost increased, as wealth increased. But ultra-modernness of cut did not rank, by any means, with value of fabric. When the bulk of the American world was gloriously thrifty, nobody was sneered at for continuing to wear the same dress or coat or furs while they were still in first-class condition.

It would have seemed the height of criminal folly to discard a handsome garment merely because it had been seen by everybody for the past two years. New clothes were an Event; not a Common-place. There had to be a tolerably good reason for buying them.



Women were obliged to weave the cloth and spin the flax for their own garments and for those of their men and children

With men, it was the same. Expert knowledge of cloth, and of its qualities of wear, was prerequisite for the buyer of a suit; whether that suit was bought ready-made or was fashioned by the immortal Gersh Lockwood of New York. Lockwood was the Henry Poole of America. He costumed the richest men in the community; though the less opulent could not afford to pay the awesome price of \$45 which he charged for a broadcloth dress suit. (By the way, Gersh Lockwood is welcome to this free ad, if it can benefit him in his present dwelling place. My father bought his last Lockwood suit in 1887.)

Broadcloth was the supreme masculine raiment. At its best and thickest it wore like Bessemer steel. It carried with it a cachet of style and prosperity. Moreover—unlike many feminine habiliments of its period—it was by no means ill-looking.

Boots for men were costly. So were the very best grades of high hat. Sometimes the price of hats scaled to \$20; and the best boots did not lag very far behind. But both were made to endure for years. They were handwork. Their makers were true craftsmen.

Mind you, in what I have been saying of the clothes worn from 1850 on, I have been referring to the costumes of the average American woman and man in moderately comfortable circumstances; and with a moderate middle-class social position to live up to. In short, nineteen fairly well-to-do Americans out of twenty. This does not include the intensely poor—there were more of them then than now—nor the ultra-rich.

The latter were the merest half-handful of the populace—these wealthy fashionable who went to Saratoga or to Elberon or to Long Branch for two whole months every summer, with their own horses and carriages and coachmen; and who used to change their clothes as often as three times a day at these resorts and who had perhaps a whole dozen such sartorial

changes packed away in their quarter-ton Saratoga trunks and cowhide valises.

These social butterflies were the rare—the *Very* rare—exception to the great American rule. As justly describe a pie by speaking of the tablespoonful of sugar sifted over its top crust as to include this tiny percentage in any general description of the Americans of that bygone age.

**B**UT even then things were changing. More people began to make money. Machinery every day replaced more and more of the gruelingly hard hand-labor; and it quadrupled profits. Manual labor lessened, in a class to which it had been an age-old need. With money and machinery, came more leisure. People not only had more wealth and more forms of amusement, but more leisure to enjoy both.

Why labor all day and every day—why scrimp and save odd pennies—when there was plenty of spare time and spare cash? Very gradually indeed, people began to ask themselves this question and to profit by the only answer they found.

There came, too, a far closer touch with Europe and with its customs. In earlier and poorer and busier days, not one American in ten thousand had crossed the Atlantic. (In my own boyhood my playfellows used to stare incredulously at me when I said I had spent two entire years in Europe. None of them had been there. Many boys of that same class would know Europe, to-day, as well as do I.)

No longer were we isolated. We had much to absorb from the older countries. And we absorbed it. In gulps. Much of it we devoured too rapidly for it to digest. Among other things, we learned something of leisure, something of styles, something of non-utilitarian ways of spending our time and our money.

Under this triple shove of new cash, with new time on our hands, with new touch with the outer world, the mighty twin oaks,

Thrift and Work, began imperceptibly to totter. Then, as if with no warning at all, they crashed. King Thrift was very definitely dethroned. Indeed, he became something to sneer at.

Yes, I grant he had ruled us Americans somewhat tyrannically, during his long reign. He had been a Spartan parent. He had denied us many pleasures. He had forced us to labor and to hoard, overmuch. But, under his iron rule, we had become the strongest and richest and shrewdest and happiest and most independent nation on the face of the earth. And, after his crashing downfall, what happened to us?

Well, we took to loafing and to spending, in a way that should have made our thrift-ridden ancestors turn in their graves as wildly as a squirrel in his cage. No longer were we afraid to risk business prestige by taking a day or so off from the office every now and then; and by getting to our desks in the morning at an hour our parents would have deemed shamefully late; and of stealing a month or two in the erstwhile busiest season of the year, for a trip to Florida or across the ocean. We were learning to play.

The country club was born. Gold became a cross between a creed and a disease. Motoring set in. Amusements bred amusements as fast as germs breed germs in a culture. Waltz music shifted to jazz music—involving a change infinitely greater than the simple statement seems to justify.

**E**VERYTHING cost money—more and more money. What did we care for that? We had the money, didn't we? And we had the time. We weren't going to hoard time and money, as our silly fossil forefathers had done. Those ancient days were ended—ended for good and all. We were learning how at last to live!

Poor old King Thrift not only was dethroned. He was used as a doormat. Was  
(Continued on page 47)



No longer were we afraid to risk business prestige by stealing time in the erstwhile busiest season of the year for a trip to Florida

# Shear Nonsense

## Extra Resources

A Hollywood story bobs up in a London publication that sounds exactly like Hollywood. It appears that a talkie was being made out there and the director wanted to get the effect of water being poured out of a barrel onto some boards. The sound technician, who gets a heavy salary, was consulted.

They tried dried peas on oiled paper and that wasn't it. They tried dropping dressmakers' pins on a taut square of silk and that wasn't it.

Finally an extra, who gets \$7.50 a day (when he works), suggested that they try pouring water out of a barrel onto some boards.

That was it!  
—Walter Winchell in the *Daily Mirror*.

## Except Boxing

Señor Raoul de Zetares, the South American Beef Baron, whose two divorced wives were, respectively, the holders of the Argentinian Ladies' Tennis and Golf Championships, is now embarking upon a third matrimonial venture, this time with the champion swimmer of his native land.

A wife in every sport!  
—*Dublin Opinion*.

## For Healthy Reasons, Anyhow

"Has the doctor whom you're engaged to get any money?"

"What do you think I'm marrying him for, my health?"

—*London Opinion*.

## Plumbers Are Born

"Got any references?" asked the plumber.

"Yes," replied the applicant for the assistant's position, "but I've left 'em at home—I'll go and get them."

"Never mind, you'll do."

—*New York Watchman Examiner*.

## But Not a Precocious One

A Los Angeles baby only two years old can ask for something in nine languages. It is a girl.  
—*Life*.

## From a Coin of Vantage

The teacher was testing the knowledge of the kindergarten class. Slapping a half-dollar on the desk, she said sharply: "What is that?" Instantly, a voice from the back row said, "Tails."

—*The Mutual Magazine*.

## Beating His Wife

Mrs. Brown: "Yes, I heard a noise and got up, and there, under the bed, I saw a man's leg."

Mrs. Smith: "Good heavens! The burglar's?"

Mrs. Brown: "No; my husband's. He'd heard the noise, too."  
—*Cornell Widow*.

## Marked Antipathy

On one of the billboards featuring an advertisement for those famous brothers' cough drops, a slogan reads: "Take one to bed with you."

Under which some clown has added: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em!"

—*Walter Winchell in the Daily Mirror*.

## At Least Relaxed

After a vacation of five years, Mr. F. E. Barr is again on the mechanical staff of the News, says the Zephyrhills (Fla.) *News*.

Thoroughly rested, we hope.  
—*New Yorker*.

## After All

Prosperous Citizen: "You want a dollar? Wouldn't a dime help you?"

Panhandler: "Did I ask you *your* business?"  
—*R.-K.-O. Vaudeville*.

## Or What Use the Cans?

And what's the use of women wearing these 1800 capes if there are no beer cans to hide under them?  
—*Judge*.

## He Was, Too!

During a history lesson a teacher asked his class: "What happened in 1483?"

"Luther was born," answered a pupil promptly.

"Quite right. And what happened in 1487?"

After a long pause the pupil ventured, "Luther was four years old."

—*Tid-Bits*.

## Does This Answer Your Question?

Professor Shaw recently asked: "Can you imagine President Hoover whistling?" We can't imagine his even feeling like whistling.  
—*Judge*.

## Or Deaf

Stockett: "He who laughs last laughs best."

Sellers: "Yeah, but he soon gets a reputation for being dumb."  
—*Pathfinder*.

## Necessity Again a Mother

Wife: "You talked in your sleep, John."

John: "Well, I've got to talk some time, haven't I?"  
—*Talking Picture*.

## Always Two Sides

Diner: "I know of nothing more exasperating than to find a hair in my soup."

Waiter: "Well, it would be worse, wouldn't it, to have the soup in your hair?"  
—*Pathfinder*.



Feeble Passenger: "I didn't say 'Bo's'n'—I said 'basin'."  
—*Humorist*

## Or Two

"What does a woman do when she wants to buy a new evening dress and her husband says he can't afford it?" asked a correspondent. She usually just buys a new evening dress.  
—*Humorist*.

## Dog Eat Hen

Jones: "Sorry, old man, that my hen got loose and scratched up your garden."

Smith: "That's all right, my dog ate your hen."

Jones: "Fine! I just ran over your dog and killed him."  
—*Boston Transcript*.

## His Stepchildish Whims

A correspondent claims that, by means of a form of hypnotism, he has always been able to make his stepmother give him what he wanted. The power of mind over mater.  
—*The Humorist*.

# Radio Rambles —Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



### The Street Singer

Arthur Tracy to his friends. One of the featured and very popular entertainers of the Columbia Broadcasting System. This shows him as he looks in the recorded Paramount screen song entitled "Russian Lullaby." Five years in musical comedy, among other things, served as training for his radio debut



Answers to your radio questions will be found on page 48



### Ljubljana and Schubelj

In native Slovenian bridal costume. . . . This young man, Anton Schubelj, is in the position of making history. . . . he sang over a television broadcast of W2XAB (Columbia Broadcasting System), and I have had letters from Cleveland and points west stating that they picked up both the image and the voice perfectly. He is the Chaliapin of the air. . . . Ljubljana plays the piano. . . . most perfectly

### The Southernaires Quartet

One of the most popular and talented quartets on the air today. . . . they do, exquisitely, their own arrangements of Negro folk-songs. . . . anything they do is great. . . . they are directed by W. E. Edmonson, the big chap just back of the mike. . . . the beaming announcer is George Hicks, and the rakish fellow with the hat and the banjo is none other than the famous Fred Van Epps, who sure can make a banjo talk



### Jane Froman

Ellen Jane to her family. . . . "The woman who cares" on the Florsheim Shoe Frolic. . . . Charming, cultured, a newspaper woman before the radio got her. Born in St. Louis, loves dogs and cats, and movies. . . . was a protégée of Paul Whiteman. . . . isn't afraid of television. . . . Why should she be?



# The Fourth Bullet

SIX men were in the old tap-room of Magan's Inn, which was about a mile outside of Nevinstown, on Thursday evening, April 26th. They were George Bailey, who owned the local grain and feed shop and lumber-yard. He was playing casino with Ed Corbin, the hardware merchant. Fred Crowley, the assistant cashier of the bank, was sitting in a corner reading his newspaper. Arthur Wynne, the baker, and Steve Gamble were sharing a quart bottle of beer at the round table in the center of the room.

Steve ran the garage. He was still under thirty, an expert mechanic, a likeable man, but he was not doing well. He was inclined to be a little fast, and no matter what he made, he lived above it. He was always in financial difficulties, and three of the men in the room held his notes. On this evening he seemed to be nervous, pulling out his watch from time to time. To all remarks addressed to him he gave terse abstracted answers. It was obvious something was on his mind.

The sixth person in the room was sitting on a chair tilted against a wall, apart from the others, fiddling aimlessly with a piece of string. He was a lean, leathery man, between fifty-five and sixty-five. He wore an old black cap, from under which some sparse and unkempt gray hair drifted. His clothes were untidy and poor. This was Lige Nevins. He lived in a shack back in the woods, and fished and hunted by preference. When forced to, for want of a little ready money, he did odd jobs of whitewashing, haying, well-digging. Yet he had some property. His great great grandfather had been the first settler in the region, and once owned all the land thereabouts, and the town was named after him. Lige was looked upon as a little simple by the rest of his townspeople. Simple he may have been, but few cared to rile him. He had a sharp tongue and a gift of drawing, cutting phrase.

With the exception of Steve Gamble and Lige Nevins the men were waiting for Ott Oliver, the sheriff, to start their poker game. They played poker here every Thursday night. Usually Magan played with them, but tonight he and his whole family were in Phillippsport at the wedding of his niece.

From time to time the rumble of thunder entered the room. Presently a flash of lightning flickered in their eyes, followed shortly by a sharper peal.

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"Looks like we're in for it," said Bailey, pausing in counting his cards.

"Big casino, three aces, cards and spades," counted Corbin. "That's another game. That makes seventy-five cents you owe me."

For several minutes there was silence without and within the room, save for the shuffle and slap of cards on the table.

"Nat Hillis was in the bank late this afternoon," said Crowley suddenly. Steve started, and threw a glance at him. "He drew fifteen hundred dollars. Ott Oliver was there just then and asked him to get into the game tonight. He said we would raise the limit to honor a draw like that. Nat said he couldn't, because he had to meet somebody later."

"Did he say who?" asked Steve.

"No. I only talked to him for a minute." He chuckled. "Imagine old Nat Hillis in a poker game."

"That's the only way of making money

By Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by  
John Biddle Whitelaw

*The sixth person in the room was sitting on a chair tilted against a wall, apart from the others, fiddling aimlessly with a piece of string*



he ever passed up," said Bailey. "Gosh, I certainly would like to get him into a game some night."

"Don't you fool yourself, George," said the cashier drily. "His instincts would more than make up for all your practice."

Steve rose abruptly and went to the window. Two long blasts of a locomotive whistle screamed onrushing.

"There's the flyer," said Corbin, pulling out his watch. He waited a moment. "Eight-ten on the dot."

The other men looked at their watches also. The flyer lunged past the little station at 8:10 nightly, and half the town corrected its timepieces by it. They had more confidence in it than in the time given out over the radio.

Steve Gamble left the window and moved nervously about the room. He stood and watched the two men playing casino. He stared at some old prints on the walls. He even stopped and watched Lige's gnarled brown fingers play with the string. Thunder rolled nearer. Brighter lightning and a crackling clap entered the room.

"It's heading this way, all right," said Crowley. "If Ott don't hurry he's going to be a drenched duck when he does get here."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when a blinding flash made them all blink. A detonating crash shook the house.

"Wow!" cried Bailey. "That struck over behind Glen Peterson's." He went to the window and looked out.

"Get away from that window!" said Crowley nervously.

A gust and a thud slammed against the house.

"Here it comes," said Bailey.

A DOOR banged in the rear of the house above the loud splatter of rain. Footsteps sounded, and the door of the hall which ran to the kitchen opened, and Ott Oliver came in breathing heavily.

"Well, I just made it," he puffed, taking off his hat and wiping his brow, which was running with perspiration. "I had to run for it, I tell you."

"What kept you?" asked Crowley.

"Hattie was ailing," the sheriff replied briefly.

Hattie Oliver, his wife, was one of those eternally ailing women kept alive by an obstinacy which could wear down a regiment of athletes.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" the sheriff boomed. "Let's have some action. Likewise some beer."

Despite his wife, he was a big jovial man with little sharp eyes almost lost in the capacious folds of his face. Bailey went out to bring in some bottles of beer that Magan had left for them, and Crowley, taking a box of chips out of the drawer of the sideboard, brought them to the center table and started assorting them into five piles. Steve jerked nervously upright, and pulled his watch out for the twentieth time. He put it back, buttoned his coat, raised his collar, and tugged his hat down.

"You are not going out in this?" asked Corbin.

"I got to," replied the other.

"Don't be a fool. Wait a couple of minutes until the worst blows over."

"No, I got to meet somebody. S'long!"

He stepped into the entry, and the next

moment they heard the front door slam behind him.

"What's eating him, I wonder?" the hardware man asked.

"It can't be one of his usual dates," the baker laughed. "I don't see Steve getting a soaking for any woman. He knows they'll still be waiting for him after it's over."

"He seemed right fidgety about something," observed the cashier.

"Reckon he's in one of his usual scrapes, that's all," said the sheriff amiably.

## II

IT WAS a little after two o'clock in the morning. The five men in the inn were playing one last round for the tenth time. The sheriff was the big winner, after having lost consistently for weeks. It was a twenty-five and fifty-cent game, and he was a little over thirty dollars ahead. A car turned out of the high road into Magan's drive, and stopped in front of the door. The players raised their heads and listened. The outer door opened, and a moment later Harry Ruff, a young man who worked on Glen Peterson's farm, burst in.

"Nat Hillis has been murdered!" he exclaimed. "He was shot and dumped out of a car into the sumac clump at the corner of our south field. Our dog found him!"

## III

AT SIX o'clock in the morning of April 27th Steve Gamble was arrested and charged with the murder of Nat Hillis. The tracks of the automobile out of which Hillis had been flung were plainly visible in the muddy road. They led around a circle and came to Steve's garage. The car itself was in the garage, a light Ford truck owned by Steve. He had taken a fast roadster belonging to Doctor Linscombe and driven away. As a formality the sheriff set Will Keynes on guard over the garage, in case Steve should return, although no one expected him to. He did return at six o'clock, and Will took him over to the jail.

In the meantime, Walt Arber, Steve's assistant in the garage, had been rounded up. He was a badly frightened man, and told a story which did not leave a loophole for Steve. A little after nine the preceding evening, Steve had come to his house and called him out into the woodshed. He acted wild, Walt said.

"Something terrible has happened, Walt," he said.

He would not tell him what it was, made him go in and put on a slicker, and go out with him. He had his truck. They drove to Steve's garage. It was locked, and Walt said it took Steve a couple minutes to open it, his hand shook so. When they came in he fumbled around and dragged out a trouble light, on the end of a long line

protected with a wire basket. The light shone on something lying in a big puddle of water, directly under the window at the side, and covered with the oily piece of canvas which they used to lie upon underneath cars. It wasn't quite big enough, and one hand and a pair of feet, twisted gruesomely, stuck out from under the edges. Walt said he was petrified. He said he just couldn't think at all.

"I am going to be in an awful jam about this if you don't help me," Steve said. "I didn't do it, but I can't let this be found here."

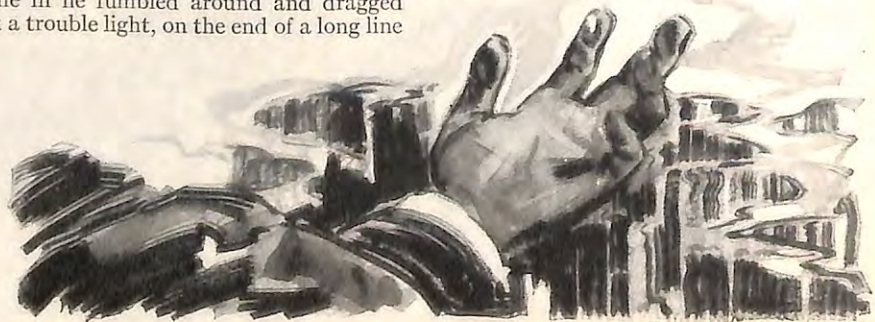
Walt made the statement that he did not know how he did it, or even why or exactly when, but he gave Steve a hand and put the body in the truck. He said he did not recognize who it was, but Steve told him.

"It is Nat Hillis. He had a lot of money on him, but he has been robbed and they are going to lay it to me," he said.

He said the car began to sputter as they came near the Peterson place. He thought he remembered that Steve had said he was going to take the body down to Davis River. He had the impression that Steve was going to sink it there. He had put an old cylinder-head and some rope in the truck, but when the engine began to sputter Steve said, "God, we are running out of gas!"

They had not dumped the body into the sumacs, but lifted it out of the truck and carefully laid it down where Peterson and Ruff had found it. Steve had got within a half mile of his garage before the truck stopped. He would not go back to it, and for a couple of minutes did not seem to know what to do, just sat there in the stalled truck, muttering to himself. Then he ordered Walt to run to the garage and bring back some gas in Doctor Linscombe's car. He yelled after Walt to fill up the doctor's car with gas. Walt got back very soon, and Steve left him the can of gas, and told him to put it in the truck and drive it back to the garage. He himself jumped into the doctor's car and drove off. That was the last he saw of him.

Steve came back like a man moving in his sleep. He was pale and washed out, but more composed than could have been expected. He made a statement in which he said that Nat Hillis had visited him the evening before, shortly after six o'clock, to borrow some money, in order to make up a sum which he was to let some people have in Phillipsport, to buy a gravel quarry. That he could not let him have it then but said he would have it for him at nine o'clock that evening. When he left Magan's Inn he was going to keep that appointment. When he got to the garage he found Hillis lying dead on the floor.



It was true that Hillis had been at Steve's garage earlier in the evening on which he was murdered. The sheriff himself was standing beside Walt Arber at the pump, around six-thirty, while Walt put some gasoline into Ott's car. Both of them saw Nat walk out of the garage, and heard him call back, "All right, then. Nine o'clock, right here." Steve had replied, "Yes, nine o'clock."

But it was brought out that instead of there being any probability of truth in Steve's crazy statement that he intended to loan Hillis money, all his actions for the previous few weeks had indicated a pressing need of money. He had appealed to several of the men in town with fantastic offers of interest in order to raise money, offering as much as two hundred dollars for

the use of a thousand dollars for one month, besides trying to negotiate a loan of fifteen hundred dollars from the bank.

The bank, on its part, testified that Nat Hillis had drawn fifteen hundred dollars shortly before six o'clock on the evening on which he was murdered, although when his body was discovered he had not a cent on him. He had eaten his dinner that night at Cushman's Restaurant, and Cushman testified that when he paid his check he pulled out his pocketbook, and it was stuffed with money. He had been in Edelson's Cigar Store a little later, and bought some tobacco. This was about seven-thirty. No one had seen him after that until his body was discovered.

Steve was searched and two fifty-dollar bills were found on him. Fifty-dollar bills

were not in common circulation in Nevinstown, and Crowley testified that these were bills given to Nat Hillis by the bank on the afternoon of the murder. A letter was also found in Steve's possession from Nat Hillis. In this letter, dated a week previously from Phillipsport, he said he would be over to see Steve on the 26th.

In the meantime, Ott Oliver and Will Keynes searched the garage, and the sheriff found a revolver with four discharged cartridges hidden under the seat of Doctor Linscombe's car. It was brought out that on the afternoon of the 26th, or just after Steve had received Nat's letter, Steve had bought two boxes of .32's. The coroner reported that one of these bullets had killed Hillis. One bullet was found imbedded in the wall beside the window. Another in the window trim. The third had drilled Hillis squarely between the eyes and dropped him dead as lead. The fourth bullet was not found.

Steve was taken to Phillipsport and all the above-mentioned circumstances were proved, with numerous additional details showing that Steve Gamble not only had the motive, means and opportunity for committing the murder, but that in all probability the act was deliberately planned. It was shown that he had brought his revolver from the house in the afternoon, cleaned and loaded it, but had not fired it. That he had inquired of several men in the afternoon after the three o'clock train from Phillipsport came in whether they had seen Nat Hillis. His efforts to conceal his guilt only served to strengthen the evidence against him. He first denied he wanted money, or had tried to obtain it from Hillis himself and others.

On the contrary, he still declared that he wished to lend a thousand dollars in Liberty bonds to Hillis, and had received a hundred dollars from him, in the two fifty-dollar notes, in order to repay a loan he had raised on them. But he could name no one who had ever seen or heard of these Liberty bonds, or loaned him money on them. Furthermore, three notes of Steve's came to light among Nat's papers, totaling over eight thousand dollars. Two of them were due on the 26th.

Steve was defended by Abe Holzman, a good lawyer in Phillipsport, but

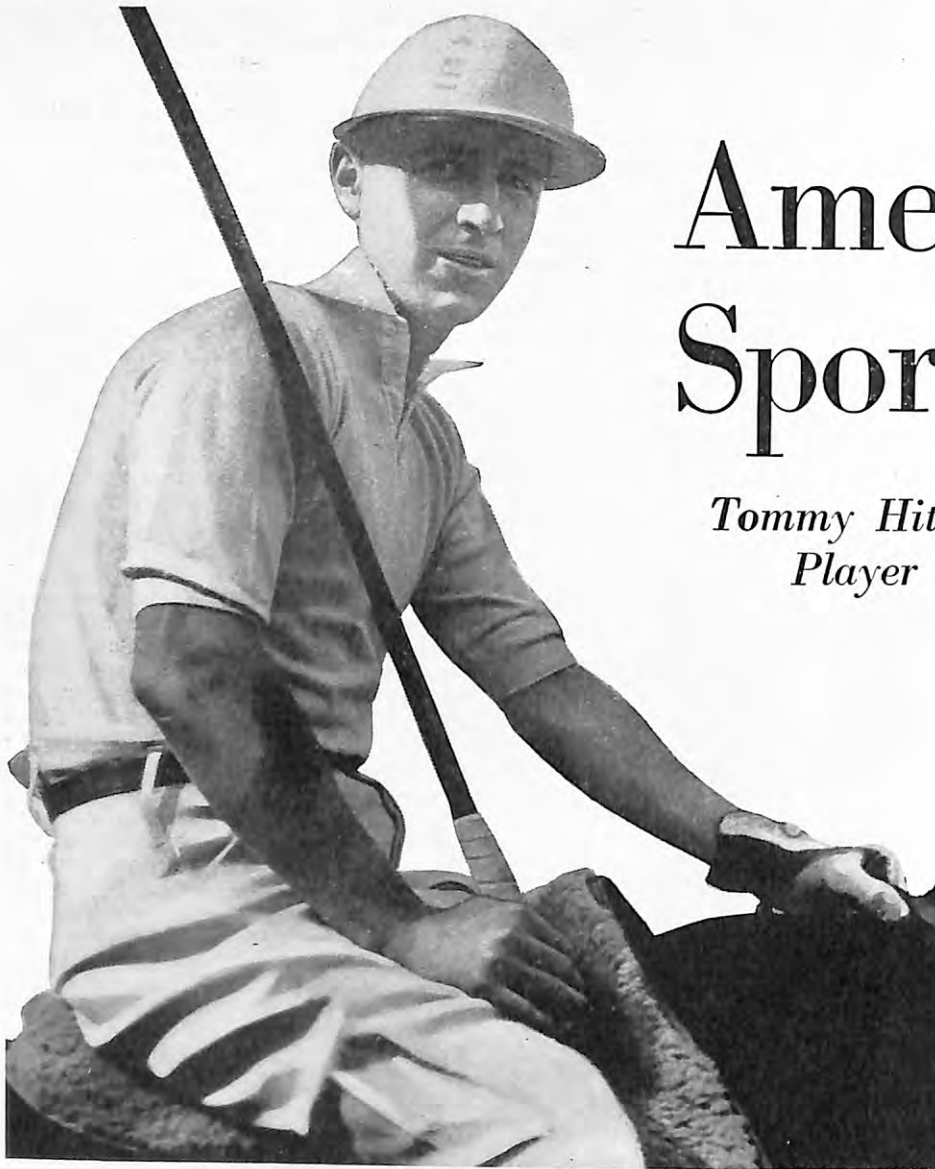
Holzman had nothing to work with, not even Steve's cooperation. Steve's whole defence seemed to consist of gritting his teeth and saying, "I'll take it. I didn't do it, but I'll take it. It was coming to me, I guess."

Once, goaded by the prosecution, he blurted out, "Yes, I did bring down that revolver to shoot Nat Hillis. But I didn't do it. Somebody did it before me." When the prosecution sarcastically asked him if

(Continued on page 49)



He dragged out a trouble light on the end of a long line and protected with a wire basket. The light shone on something lying in a big puddle of water



# American Sportsman

*Tommy Hitchcock, Aviator, Polo Player and Businessman*

By  
Jack Kofoed

*Mr. Hitchcock has succeeded to Devereux Milburn's place as the leader of polo in America*

FOTOGRAMS

THE train thundered across the German countryside.

A boy of eighteen, in the torn and dirty uniform of a sergeant-pilot in the Lafayette Escadrille, stared out into the rain. The guard beside him—a bearded soldier of the Landsturm—slept noisily.

The boy was Tommy Hitchcock. At an age when most youngsters are hardly out of prep school he had brought down two enemy planes . . . and crashed himself as a dramatic finale of his last combat. . . . The war was over for him. . . . The flame of his burning crate had written *finis* to his fighting career.

But eighteen accepts nothing as final. Hitchcock was not willing to concede defeat. The train was going forty miles an hour . . . but Tommy meant to go away from there. He opened the door of the third-class carriage . . . and jumped!

He rolled over and over in the mud. The train disappeared into the fog. . . . There was a shot. . . . The screech of a whistle. The American boy ran as fast as he could . . . ran until his straining lungs forced a halt.

The Swiss border was two hundred miles away. Tom had a compass and courage. With these assets he reached sanctuary in

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eight days . . . filching food at night and sleep in the daytime. When he appeared at the wire-guarded frontier he was a six-foot blond scarecrow, his cheeks stubbled with beard, and so weak that he could hardly drag one tired foot after the other.

Thirteen years have passed since then.

In his business office on Madison Avenue, New York, this freebooter of the polo field and the air-lanes becomes a shrewd executive, a quiet young fellow with a mass of curly hair. . . . To him the city is an incident. His life is shaped and moulded to the countryside. He loves the bridle-paths of Westbury better than the swanky dust of Park Avenue.

No man ever crowded into a comparatively short existence more excitement than Tommy Hitchcock. He has money, social prestige, fame . . . the sort of life he cares most to live.

Yet, all these things have failed to spoil Tom. He is just as modest as when he pulled back the joy-stick of his plane to go seeking his first combat with German airmen.

He sees nothing strange in the fact that he is at his desk five days a week. So are Milburn, Harriman, Marshall Field, Webb and Pedley. Two games of polo a week are all any enthusiast can ask, and since the



PHOTO D'ART, PARIS

*An aviator's uniform  
but a horseman's pose*

The American team which defeated the English players last summer in the historic Westchester Cup matches. Left to right they are Eric Pedley, Earle A. S. Hopping, Tommy Hitchcock and Winston Guest



In the circle below is shown an incident of the 1931 international matches with Hitchcock and Captain Roark of the English team, one of the greatest players in the world, playing along the boards.



should enter into the business of building a winning polo four to represent America.

He possesses, too, the knack of inspiring his followers. There is something instinctively dramatic in his play. Reckless to the point of foolhardiness, he has sound method behind that recklessness. He never plays to the gallery. He plays to his men—tuning their nerves and effort to the ultimate aim of victory.

Tommy Hitchcock has succeeded Devereux Milburn as the leader of polo in America. Milburn was long recognized as the greatest player in the history of the game. Hitchcock matches him in sheer skill—but surpasses his former captain in a democratic broadness of vision. Milburn was, perhaps, a shade too deeply tinted with the Meadow Brook tradition. Like the Britons, who feel that Hurlingham alone can produce the proper players to represent England, Milburn was loath to look beyond the confines of Long Island for candidates.

On the contrary, Tom urged the trial of a pair of Texas cowboys, who had never seen Meadow Brook before they mounted their ponies on that historic field.

The atmosphere of the Hitchcock home was such that no boy could fail to live up to the traditions that had been built for him. Honor and honest effort were the first considerations; success secondary. But success comes easily under such conditions.

Major Thomas Hitchcock, senior, was—and is—a hard-riding, hard-hitting man. Polo was more than a game to him. It represented something big and fine in life—struggle, the hand-to-hand battle with men of his own kind. He loved horses

(Continued on page 59)

contests start at five-thirty in the afternoon, it is possible for Tom to spend a day at work, and play the game he loves best, too.

Hitchcock is a natural leader of men. He has the rare quality of being able to submerge his likes and dislikes in a calm plan

of action. When the trials for the international four were being made, several years ago, he benched his chum, W. Averill Harriman, to make way for Laddie Sanford—with whom he was at dagger-points. It never occurred to him that personalities



## EDITORIAL

### FOUNDATION SCHOLARSHIPS

■ The Trustees of the Elks National Foundation have announced the award of scholarships to those State Associations 50 per cent of whose member Lodges have been enrolled, or during 1932 shall become enrolled, as subscribers for Honorary Founders Certificates. In the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE the rules governing the awards were published. Several of the Associations have already qualified for this special distinction. Others are so near the mark that it is to be anticipated they will reach it during the coming year, during which the offer is open. It is to be hoped that others still will avail themselves of the opportunity thus presented.

The value of the scholarships lies not only in the sums of money that will enable worthy and promising students to secure further educational training which would not otherwise be available to them. That, of course, is one of the chief purposes in view, and it makes its own special appeal. But there is another element of value which should be recognized and appreciated. That is the opportunity which is afforded the local groups, in their selections of the individual recipients, to establish themselves more firmly in public esteem as agencies actually performing noteworthy public service.

It is perhaps true that they are so recognized now. But it is highly desirable that fresh proof be repeatedly afforded, to justify and sustain that recognition. This does not suggest inappropriate advertisement; but only very proper activities whose incidental publicity will be of value to the whole Order.

### ELKS READ THE MAGAZINE

■ The June issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE carried the announcement of its first contest: "How Will They Finish?" It was open to all Elks and their families. Prizes were offered to those submitting the correct forecasts of the order in which the baseball teams of the National League and the American League, respectively, would finish the 1931 season, accompanied by the best letters stating the reasons for the respective predictions.

When it is realized that there are 40,320 different combinations in which eight teams may possibly be arranged, it will be seen that the percentage of chance against a correct prediction is enormous. It is rather surprising, therefore, that even among the great number who participated in the contest, twenty-five were declared winners. Twenty-four predicted the result in the National League. Only one correctly placed the teams in the American League. The awards were published in the November issue.

In conducting this contest the sole purpose in view, as set forth in its announcement, was to present a feature that would create "interest and amusement among the thousands of baseball fans who are readers of THE ELKS MAGAZINE." Incidentally it was confidently anticipated by the management that it would demon-

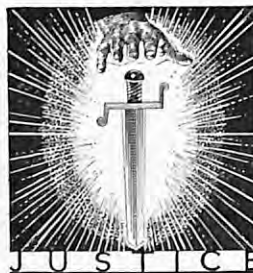
strate by conclusive evidence that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is not merely received by the members of the Order, but is actually read with interest by them and their families.

The result has been most gratifying, exceeding every expectation. Over eleven thousand Elks submitted predictions, thus proving that the feature was of very general interest.

It was likewise peculiarly gratifying because of the indisputable evidence thus furnished that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is observantly read by the hundreds of thousands of our fraternity into whose hands it is delivered every month. No better proof could be given of the value of the journal as a medium for securing the interested attention of the imposing membership of the Order, in every section of the United States.

And here is an incident of the contest which is so typically Elklike that it is a pleasure to record it. One of the prize winners, who would naturally prefer to remain unnamed, added a "five spot" to his check and sent five tons of coal to a worthy family in need of fuel.

In acknowledging receipt of the award, this brother related the disposition he had made of it; and added:



"I only did this to add a drop into the big flood of charity that will flow unheralded from all Elks, everywhere. I am mighty glad to rest in the knowledge that, through you, some one is going to keep warm this bleak winter, with its unusual suffering among the unemployed."

Many thousands who read this will surely catch from it something of the true fraternal spirit thus displayed. May it prompt them to like acts of benevolence.

### FIGHTING ELKS

■ Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, in his fraternal addresses has repeatedly employed a phrase which is packed full of suggestive significance. In dealing with the present period of shift and readjustment, he states that members of the Order, to meet the situation successfully, must be "fighting Elks." Properly understood, that is just what every Elk should be.

If the principles upon which our fraternity is founded are worthy of acceptance as controlling influences in life, their preservation and maintenance are worth a fight. If the virtues which have been declared to be cardinal by the Order are believed to be essential to the highest citizenship, their adoption and practice by the largest possible number are worth fighting for. If the growth of the Order is believed to be in the interest of humanity, that growth is worth fighting for.

Happily, perhaps, physical aggressiveness is not involved in the suggestions. No one would advocate the use of fists as instrumentalities of fraternal propaganda, however properly they may sometimes be

employed defensively. But the militant spirit which carries the soldier courageously and dauntlessly forward in battle is the same fighting spirit which the Grand Exalted Ruler invokes. It is the spirit which fires the heart with true zeal; which prompts one to reasonable sacrifice; which makes him keenly alive to his obligations; and which keeps him cheerfully ready to answer every call to fraternal service. It is the spirit which makes him eager to assume his allotted place and to perform his assigned task.

Elks with that spirit are "fighting Elks," within the meaning of that phrase as used by the Grand Exalted Ruler. And it is that spirit which he is so eloquently and forcefully seeking to inspire throughout the Order.

It is not for the Order itself, in any aspect of self-interest, that he strives to do this; but rather that in its aroused enthusiasm it may become more effective in its chosen field of altruistic endeavor. He realizes that our Country has a more definite need of the Order of Elks today, perhaps, than ever before.

It may be confidently asserted that the Order will not fail in its response. There are too many fighting Elks who will heed the call of their courageous leader.

### WANTED: MORE OR LESS

■ Under the above caption, Dr. U. B. Short, a witty columnist on the *War Cry* staff, recently stated the needs of the world as follows:

"Fewer programs and more performances.  
Fewer tinkers and more thinkers.  
Fewer shirkers and more workers.  
Less bunk and more spunk."

This snappy, epigrammatic paragraph is as full of wisdom as it is of alliteration. It may well be accepted as our own fraternal *Want Ad*.



Too many of the subordinate Lodges need fewer programs that have no serious purpose; and more actual performances of deeds of service to their communities and to humanity. They need to intersperse in their play a larger percentage of activities in furtherance of the real business of the Order, which is the translation of emotional benevolence into practical beneficence.

They need fewer tinkers, who seek changes of this or that law, house rule, or condition, simply because they do not chance to be personally pleased with it; and more thinkers, who will earnestly consider the causes of undesirable conditions, the purposes behind existing rules and regulations, and who will evolve intelligent, well considered suggestions for the betterment of whatever may require improvement.

They need fewer shirkers who decline to undertake the fraternal tasks assigned to them; who are all too ready with excuses for their failure to give their financial support or their time and personal attention to the worth-while undertakings of the Lodge; and who are

even more ready with their criticism of those who are thus engaged. They need more workers, who cheerfully respond to the calls upon them; who give their best endeavors to make that response most effective; and who loyally sustain their chosen leaders, cooperating according to their ability in the accomplishment of every worthy objective.

They need less bunk, less hot air, less of high sounding platitudes loudly mouthed for the mere sake of Lodge room applause; and more spunk to face practical facts, and to deal with them as such. They need less of timidity, giving expression to baseless fears and doubts and qualms; and more of courage, breathing high hope and noble purpose, and bravely tackling the problems that should be solved. They need fewer critics in the stands, and more men in uniform on the field valiantly striving for a merited varsity letter.

If this be thought merely critical, it will have failed of its purpose and will have misinterpreted the fine text adopted. It is intended rather to be constructively helpful, by paraphrasing what has so often been forcefully stated in every Lodge room. It must be admitted that such suggestions are worth frequent repetition. To account them valueless is to assume a condition of perfection which no one would dare to proclaim.

### AROUND THE CORNER

■ So many predictions have been made, ill-advised as they were ill-founded, that returning prosperity was "just around the corner," that it requires some temerity, in one who makes no claim to economic wisdom, to discuss the subject at all. But there is one phase of the situation which seems obvious and may well be stressed at this time and in these pages.

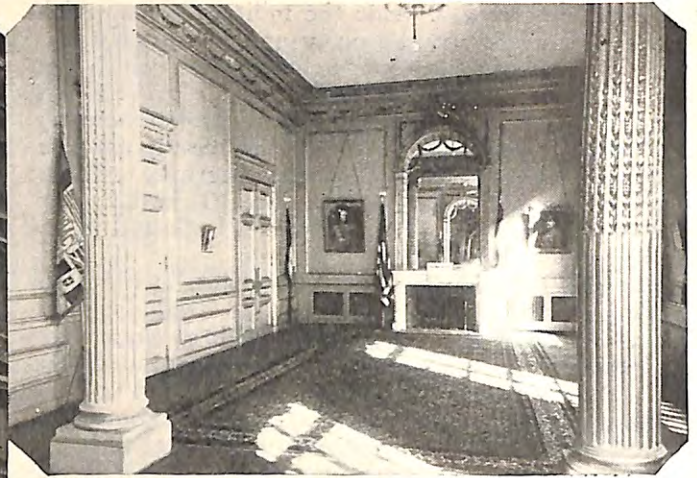
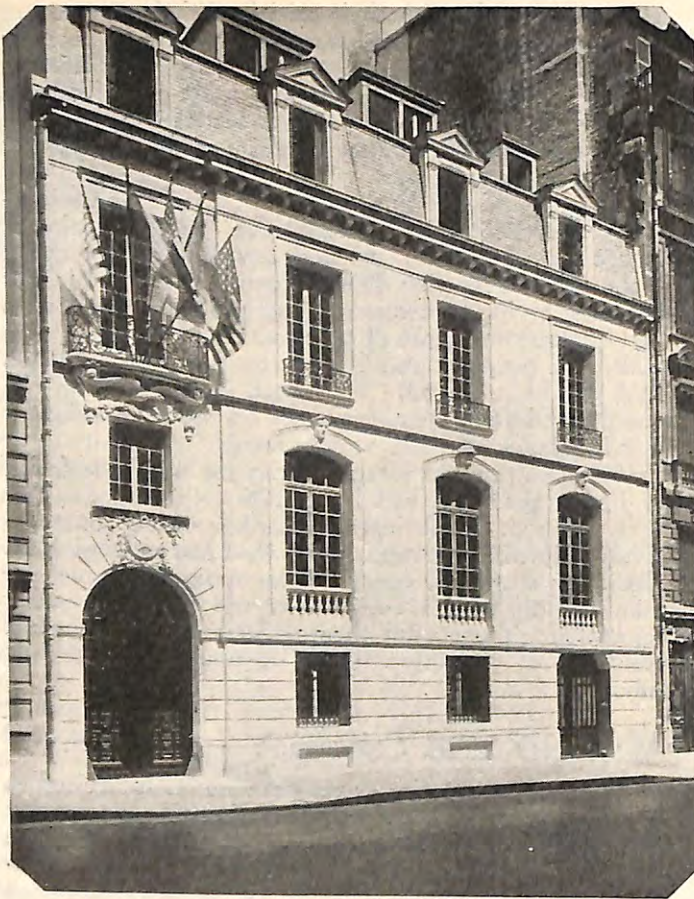
The commercial depression from which the country, and the world generally, has been suffering is the result of economic laws, not legislative enactments. The return of normal business conditions, with attendant prosperity, will likewise be the result of economic laws. So much is a concession.

But the operation of those laws may be aided or retarded by the mental attitude of the people concerned. Psychology does not absolutely control the law of supply and demand; but it does materially affect its operation; and it would seem the time has come to bring to bear the influence that psychology can exert.

Our banking conditions have been strengthened and stabilized. The unemployed have been protected against any direful want during the trying winter. In every section of the country there has been a gradual increase in industrial pay rolls. Conditions are improving.

Now that the New Year has arrived, an accepted starting point for good resolves, why not make one that will tend to speed up the return of normal times, which are good times in America? If we would stop croaking and would recognize the favorable signs which may be discerned, it would not only change our own outlook but would essentially improve the whole commercial aspect.





*The Army Room, with portraits of General Pershing and Marshal Foch*

# The Spirit of

By Charles

*The façade of Pershing Hall, fronting on the Rue Pierre-Charron, in Paris*

“HOW young they were, those soldiers.” This remark of an ex-service man kept coming back to me as I wandered through Pershing Hall in Paris, just thirteen years after the guns had ceased their fire and the last great sacrifice had been made by the legions of our fighting men who went to France.

To appreciate Pershing Hall and what it stands for, one must sense the spirit of it and the spirit of the men behind it. To do this, you should go to Paris and if, perchance, you should be there on Armistice Day, so much the better.

I had just paid a reverential visit to the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, under the Arc de Triomphe, where but the day before the Ritual of Remembrance had been held.

A cold and hazy afternoon; a fitful sunlight softened the outlines of the great arch and the buildings bordering the magnificent vista of the Champs Elysées as you looked toward the Place de la Concorde, a mile away. A beautiful scene—the old Republican Guard in shining helmets and breast plates—like knights of old—the waving battle flags—the minute of silent tribute, as President Doumer, who had given four sons to France, and all the leaders of the nation stood with bowed heads before the flower strewn tomb of him who personified the patriots of the Republic.

Then came the Legionnaires, a mere handful of men. But in their khaki uniforms and service caps, most of them with medals on their breasts, they were fitting representatives of America as they stood and paid our country's tribute to the dead.

And then the bugle call, and all was life

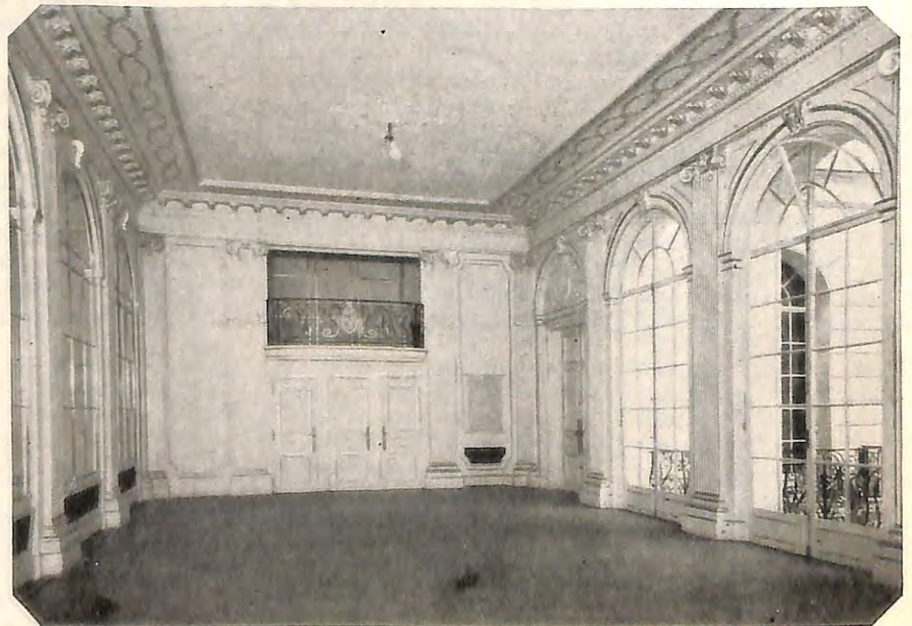
again. How young those soldiers were as with banners flying and drums and trumpets playing, they marched away.

So with just a little of this spirit in my soul, I strolled down the Champs Elysées until I came to Rue Pierre-Charron. Turning right, I walked toward the Seine, crossed Avenue François Premier and then a few steps more found me facing Pershing Hall. Four stories in height and abutting directly on the street like most fine houses in Paris, it gives little indication of its spaciousness. Over the main windows are

the carved heads of a sailor, a doughboy and an aviator. The beautiful grilled gateway of wrought iron and bronze has twin designs of a bronze helmet resting on the hilt of a long sword—the middle of the blade passing through the Legion seal surrounded by the gold stars, indicative of General Pershing's rank.

Directly above the gateway leading into Château-Thierry Courtyard is an American Eagle carved from native stone, its wide spread wings supporting a balcony from which extend two flagstaves, one carrying the Stars and Stripes and the other, the red, white and blue bars of France.

Entering the door on the right which leads through a passageway to the office of the building, I found two fine looking Americans discussing prices with a French tradesman. A typical argument—one which started, I believe, when the first



*The beautiful Elks Memorial Hall, built with funds donated by the Order*





American Legion representatives at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier



AM ME

# Pershing Hall

S. Hart

*Mayor Latour of Paris; President Doumer of France; U. S. Ambassador Edge and Colonel Drake on the Château-Thierry balcony at the dedication ceremonies*

doughboy landed on the dock at Brest, and has continued ever since. After some amicable arrangement had been reached and the Frenchman had departed with the usual air of having been "done in," I introduced myself to the two moving spirits of Pershing Hall—Colonel Francis Drake and Don MacAfee.

Colonel Drake, a tall and distinguished looking gentleman, has lived in Paris for many years. He was Chief of Staff for General Charles G. Dawes during the war and prior to that he was head of the Westinghouse interests in Europe. Colonel Drake is a Commander of the Legion of Honor and holds a Distinguished Service Medal from the United States Government. He is also First Commander of the Department of France of the American Legion.

Colonel Drake told me of the problems

that had confronted them and still confront them in their splendid enterprise.

Of the founding of Post Number One of the American Legion under difficulties; of Mr. Harjes of J. P. Morgan, Harjes & Company its first commander; of their desire to make it representative of the finest spirit and character of the entire Legion for France and all the world to see.

He counted his proudest moments when the Legion had come to Paris and by its conduct solidified our friendship with the French people. He spoke of the splendid help, encouragement and inspiration that had been given him to "carry on" by such

men as Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Ray Benjamin and Murray Hulbert, when they visited Paris during the inception and early stages of Pershing Hall, and of how the decision on the part of the Order of Elks to give \$30,000 toward the cause had been influential in helping them secure the cooperation of other affiliated war organizations.

He spoke of the constant encouragement of General Pershing, of former Ambassador Herrick, who named the building the "American Embassy of Good Will," and of Lawrence Benet, one of the best organized brains in Europe, the inventor of the Hotchkiss machine gun, who has given of his brilliant talents and of his valuable time from many enterprises to make Pershing Hall the American social center of Paris for every real American who comes to France.

He spoke of Sedley Peck, the leading Elk in Paris, who has just been made a member of the Legion of Honor, the man who took the "Marne Taxi" to Washington and, incidentally, drove it himself. Quite a character, this man Peck; I'm sorry I missed him. He wears a French beret and his long black whiskers out-French the most Mont Martrian Frenchman. Colonel Drake paid a fine tribute to the group of prominent men and women in America who have sponsored the movement and to Captain Philip B. Stapp, the representative in America who has done such splendid work in interesting American organizations in the project.

Don MacAfee, the manager of Pershing Hall, is a decided asset to the institution. A personality that makes you feel at ease the minute you enter the place.

When I had concluded my visit with Colonel Drake, Don took me on a thorough tour of Pershing Hall.

On the lower floor on the part facing Rue Pierre-Charron, is the War Museum. They have already made a splendid beginning

(Continued on page 54)



The Château-Thierry Courtyard and the arched windows of the Elks Memorial Hall



Members of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut, at its recent meeting at the Home of Norwich Lodge, No. 430

## Under the Spreading Antlers

### News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

#### Portrait of the Late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Pickett Unveiled

WITH appropriate and dignified ceremony a portrait in oils of the late Charles E. Pickett, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was unveiled recently before a numerous gathering of prominent members of the Order, assembled at the Home of Mr. Pickett's Lodge, Waterloo, Iowa, No. 290. This portrait constitutes the memorial to Mr. Pickett provided for by resolution of the Grand Lodge. Among the distinguished guests present at its unveiling were Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain. The services took place in the lobby of the Lodge Home, where the picture will hang permanently. Mrs. Pickett and her children occupied the seats of honor in the front row directly below the portrait. The services were opened by Exalted Ruler Saner C. Bell, of Waterloo Lodge, who introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rain. Following Mr. Rain's speech, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen delivered the presentation address. A telegram was read from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, who, with Mr. Rain and Past Exalted Ruler John T. Sullivan, is a member of the Charles E. Pickett Memorial Committee. Secretary Frank Jackson, of Waterloo Lodge, then unveiled the portrait. Speeches by Mr. Sullivan and by Mr. Albert Salzbrener, the artist who painted the portrait, followed. Mr. Salzbrener, who has done portraits of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, Peter Stuyvesant, James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fanning, and other distinguished figures, achieved a composition in the portrait of Mr. Pickett that is pleasing and natural. The figure, seated in a comfortable chair, expresses relaxation and ease, while the likeness is excellent. This is the more remarkable for the artist, who had never met his subject, executed the work entirely from photographs and from verbal descriptions by friends of Mr. Pickett.

#### Portland, Me., Elks Honor Bishop Murray of Their City

Over three hundred Elks, representing many Lodges of Maine, gathered recently at the Home of Portland Lodge, No. 188, to honor the Rt. Rev. John Gregory Murray, Bishop of Portland, at a banquet commemorating his elevation to the archbishopric of St. Paul,

Minn. Prominent among those active in the affairs of the Lodge and the State present upon the occasion were Exalted Ruler Neils C. Neilson; Ralph W. E. Hunt, General Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare and Entertainment Committee, who was

toastmaster at the dinner; The Rt. Rev. Benjamin Brewster, Episcopal Bishop of Maine, and a life member of Colorado Springs, Colo., Lodge, No. 309; the Rev. Morris H. Turk, pastor of the Williston Congregational Church; the Rev. William Dawes Veazie,

#### My Membership Card in the Elks

By Robert S. Barrett

Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge

**I** HOLD in my hand a little scrap of paper, two by three inches in size.

It is of no intrinsic worth, not a bond, check, or receipt for values, yet it is my most priceless possession. It is my membership card in the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

It tells me that I am an American citizen—the proudest title in all the world that can be conferred upon a man. It tells me that I am the peer of emperors and kings, the ruler of my own destiny, the maker of my own fortune. It tells me that I am a citizen of a land where democracy rules, where brotherhood prevails, where tolerance holds sway, where justice is enthroned.

It tells me that I have joined with 300,000 other Americans in the pledging of allegiance to our country and its laws; in placing the American flag first in our hearts as loyal Americans and first upon our altars as loyal Elks.

**I**T TELLS me that I have entered into a spiritual and material kinship with my fellow Elks to practise charity in word and deed; to forgive and forget the faults of my brothers, to hush the tongue of scandal and innuendo; to care for the crippled, the hungry and the sick; and to be just to all mankind.

It tells me that in 1,500 cities under the American flag, I have a home where

good fellowship prevails—a home among brothers and friends; a home dedicated not only to the high principles for which the Order of Elks stands, but to the need of play, which is inherent in the heart of every man.

It tells me that my loved ones, my home, my fireside, and my household, are under the protection of every member of this great Order, who has sworn to protect and defend mine, as I have sworn to protect his.

**I**T TELLS me that should I ever be overcome by adversity, the hand of every Elk in all the world will be stretched forth to assist me in my necessities.

It tells me that if old age should find me alone and homeless, that, as an honored guest of our Order, surrounded by my old comrades, and with every comfort and luxury, I may sit upon the veranda at Bedford in Virginia, and watch the evening sun sink behind the Peaks of Otter for the last time before my fading eyes.

And, finally, it tells me, Brothers, that when my final exit from the stage of life has been made, there will be gathered in my Lodge Room friends and brothers, who, when the Eleventh hour has been struck, will recall to mind my virtues, though they be few, and will write my faults, though they be many, upon the sands.

Since the first appearance of the article printed above, Mr. Barrett has had numerous requests from Lodge bulletin editors for copies. While his supply of copies is exhausted, Mr. Barrett has extended permission to any Lodge editor who so desires, to reprint the article

pastor of the Church of the Messiah; the Rev. G. J. Burke, of Portland; Mayor Harold N. Skelton, of Lewiston, and Josiah F. Cobb, of South Portland. At an appropriate moment during the ceremonies at the dinner, Mr. Hunt, the toastmaster, on behalf of his Lodge, presented to Bishop Murray two volumes of "Maine Beautiful." After the dinner, entertainment was provided by the Chopin Trio of Westbrook.

### **Memphis, Tenn., Lodge Mourns Death of Past Exalted Ruler DeVoy**

The entire membership of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27, is mourning the loss of Clarence DeVoy, for five successive terms Exalted Ruler, who fell dead last summer while playing a round of golf. Mr. DeVoy's association with the Lodge was characterized by an exceptional degree of devotion to its interests, and particularly those relating to the idea and the construction of the magnificent new Home which No. 27 now occupies. He was elected to the chief office of his Lodge in 1924 and served thereafter for five consecutive terms, a period terminated only by the uncertainty of his health. It is noteworthy, however, that even with his relinquishment of the post of Exalted Ruler, Mr. DeVoy did not resign from activities for the furtherance of the Lodge's advancement, but consented thereafter to accept the chairmanship of its Board of Trustees. The duties of this office he fulfilled conscientiously and zealously until death removed him from it. The funeral services for Past Exalted Ruler DeVoy were held in the Lodge room where for a day before his body had lain in state. In the absence of Exalted Ruler Frank Hoyt Gailor, confined to his home by illness, Past Exalted Ruler Clarence Friedman, a friend of Mr. DeVoy's for a quarter of a century, conducted the Elks ritual appropriate to the occasion. The Rt. Rev. Thomas F. Gailor, Bishop of Tennessee, acted as Chaplain; and Capt. G. T. Fitzhugh, a prominent Memphis attorney, delivered an address of eulogy. Attendance at the funeral, notable for its numbers and for the distinction of so many among them, attested to the esteem and affection in which Past Exalted Ruler DeVoy was held, not only among the membership of his Lodge but also among the other residents of his city and his State.

### **Fourteenth Anniversary Celebrated By Blackwell, Okla., Lodge**

Blackwell, Okla., Lodge, No. 1347, recently celebrated its fourteenth anniversary at a special open meeting attended by many members and their guests. Prominent among the visitors were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. P. Battenberg, and President E. R. Walcher, of the Oklahoma State Elks Association. Both the Past District Deputy and the President, in their addresses, commended Blackwell Lodge for the fact that it now owns its own building, and upon the exceptionally fine caliber of its membership. Following the meeting, musical and dramatic presentations, given by the Blackwell High School students, provided entertainment. The entire evening was one of unusual inspiration and enjoyment.

### **Orange, N. J., Elks Are Active in Fraternal Affairs; Receive Plaque**

Considerable activity in fraternal affairs recently marked the opening of the winter sessions for Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. An unusually interesting event occurred at the Home when a bronze plaque, emblematic of the New Jersey State Ritualistic Championship, was formally presented to Orange Lodge by Past President Albert E. Dearden, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. At this meeting there was present the Ritualistic Team of Somerville Lodge, which finished second to that of Orange Lodge in the recent contest. Among the other events participated

*The memorial portrait of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett, provided for by Grand Lodge resolution and unveiled recently at the Home of Waterloo, Iowa, Lodge*



EDEN D. MATTHEWS

in by the officers and a number of the members were two visits to the Homes of nearby Lodges. On the first visit, to Kearny Lodge, No. 1050, the officers conducted the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for their hosts. The second visitation, occurring a few days later, took place at the Home of Newton Lodge, No. 1512. There again the Orange officers initiated a class of candidates. Notable among those present was Vice-President James H. Driscoll, of the Association. A numerous gathering of members of nearby Lodges was also in attendance. This number included Elks from Port Jervis, East Orange, Somerville, Dover and Boonton, N. J., and Middletown, N. Y., Lodges.

### **Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge's "Boys Of Auld Lang Syne" Hold Reunion**

Anna Hart, who was one of the volunteer performers at the first Charity Benefit of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, in 1881, recently was a member of the cast of a playlet entitled "The Youth of Yesterday" and given in the course of the meeting of "The Boys of Auld Lang Syne" of No. 13 in celebration of the granting of its charter, more than fifty years ago. The affair took place upon Armistice Night. The events of reunion of the evening comprised a dinner and a social session at the Hotel Antlers, and the performance of the short dramatic piece.

### **400 Attend Stockton, Calif., Lodge's 40th Anniversary**

Four hundred Elks, including visitors from six neighboring Lodges, were present recently at the Home of Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, upon the occasion of the celebration of the Lodge's fortieth anniversary. The event coincident as it was with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred H. Heiken, was one of the most pleasurable and auspicious in the twoscore years of No. 218's existence. In attendance were three of

the five surviving charter members of the Lodge, Gordon A. Murphy, Frank Madden and W. T. Shepherd; Richard J. Perrin, of Oakland Lodge, No. 171, who had instituted No. 218 forty years before; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. C. Niete, in an unofficial capacity. Among those who thronged the Lodge room there were also officers and members of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6; Fresno Lodge, No. 439; Modesto Lodge, No. 1282; Pittsburg Lodge, No. 1474; and Sonora Lodge, No. 1587. A notable incident of the meeting was the presentation of a gavel to Stockton Lodge by Fresno Lodge. Exalted Ruler Phillip C. Kramm, of No. 218, accepted it for his Lodge. The address of presentation was made by M. K. Griffin. An unusually elaborate banquet preceded and a vaudeville entertainment of an exceptionally high degree of excellence followed the Lodge session.

### **Hunters of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Provide Wild Game for Banquet**

At the Home of Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 880, a large group of its members attended recently a banquet of wild game provided by hunters who are members of the Lodge. So enjoyable did the affair prove to be that thereafter the neighboring Lodge, No. 1248, of Three Rivers, challenged the Dowagiac Elks to a competitive hunt, with the understanding that the winners in the contest were to be the guests of the losers.

### **District Deputy Lawler Calls on Home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lawler recently made an official call at the Home of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902. The proficiency of the officers in conducting the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates, during the Lodge session, brought high praise from the District Deputy. Following the meeting a luncheon and minstrel

show, arranged by Past Exalted Ruler John F. Sheehan, provided entertainment for the large gathering of members in attendance. At the luncheon, Past Exalted Ruler Thomas Murray presented the Lodge with an elk skin, which will be used as a tapestry in the Home.

### **Anderson, Ind., Elks Active in Charity Work, Report Shows**

At a recent meeting of the Charity Committee of Anderson, Ind., Lodge, No. 209, E. M. Vogel, the Chairman, submitted a report on the activities of the committee during the past year. The report showed, among the several beneficent enterprises undertaken by the Elks, that a hundred and thirty-five needy families of Anderson had been supplied with groceries, fuel and clothing during the winter of 1930-31, and that assistance was rendered to four members of the Lodge who were ill and unemployed. Other work done by the committee has been the maintenance of a summer camp for the Boy Scout Troop of the Orphans' Home, and a before-Christmas party this year for over a hundred orphans at the County Home.

### **Pottsville, Pa., Elks Receive Visit From District Deputy Davies**

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert W. Davies, recently, to the Home of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, he was greeted by over three hundred members of the Lodge and their guests. Shortly after the opening exercises at the meeting, the officers of the Lodge conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates. In his address which followed, the District Deputy complimented the officers for the remarkable proficiency of their ritualistic performance. Among the many visitors present were representatives of Mahanoy City, Frackville, Shenandoah, Ashland, Hazleton, Tamaqua, and Bangor Lodges. After the meeting the Pottsville Elks provided their guests with an excellent supper and entertainment in the fine grill room of the Home.

### **Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge Gives Benefit Dance for the Unemployed**

For the benefit of the unemployed of the City of Clarksburg, W. Va., Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482, recently gave a reception and a dance at the Home. In addition to their paying of admission fees, the guests were asked to bring articles of food to the Lodge. Over one thousand packages, valued at about two hundred dollars, were thus collected for distribution among the needy. Cash donations, made at the time of the dance, swelled the Lodge's charity fund to a total of over two thousand dollars.

### **Enid, Okla., Elks Induct Class Honoring O. L. Hayden**

The officers of Enid, Okla., Lodge, No. 870, recently initiated a class of candidates designated the "O. L. Hayden Class," in honor of O. L. Hayden, member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge. After the meeting, entertainment and refreshments were enjoyed by those in attendance.

### **Secretary of La Crosse, Wis., Lodge Warns Against Woman Defrauder**

Further warning is given to Lodge Secretaries by Anthony Fay, Secretary of La Crosse, Wis., Lodge, No. 300, against a woman representing herself as Mrs. G. L. Kingsley, and claiming to be the wife of a former member of La Crosse Lodge. This woman has defrauded many Lodges in Wisconsin by declaring that she has lost her pocketbook containing cash and identification cards, that she is in need, and that her husband will reimburse the Lodge immediately for any money advanced to her. She has thus obtained amounts of



*The efficient Degree Team of Clifton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1569*

from \$1.50 to \$25.00. A warning against this woman was published in the November issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, when she was reported to be operating in Wisconsin. Since then Mr. Fay has received letters from Lodges in Colorado, Washington, Oregon and, even more recently, a telegram from Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge, No. 613, telling of her activities. Her method is almost always the same. She sometimes uses the name of Karney. Secretary Fay reports that a G. L. Kingsley was dropped from La Crosse Lodge twenty-two years ago for non-payment of dues and has never been reinstated.

### **Member of Toledo, O., Lodge Gives Dinner to Boy Scout Troop**

Fifty Boy Scouts were guests recently at a dinner given by Mr. C. B. Wirls, of Monticello, Ind., a member of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, upon his return from a hunting expedition. The chief dish on the menu was a moose which Mr. Wirls had shot. During the course of the dinner Mr. Wirls entertained the members of the troop with a series of tales of the hunting country in which he had killed the moose.

### **Freeport, N. Y., Elks Charity Bazaar Is a Big Success**

More than \$15,000 was earned by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253, from its Twentieth Anniversary Frolic and Bazaar, held recently at the Home. The sum will be used to dispense relief among the needy and unemployed families this winter in the territory under the Lodge's jurisdiction. The affair was one of the most successful, both from a financial and a social standpoint, ever given by the Lodge.

### **District Deputy Vinson Calls on Sweetwater, Texas, Lodge**

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Garland Vinson recently made an official call at the Home of Sweetwater, Texas, Lodge, No. 1257. The numerous gathering of members assembled in the Lodge room for the occasion responded enthusiastically to the splendid address delivered by the District Deputy.

### **"David Sholtz Night" at Daytona, Fla., Lodge of Triple Importance**

Of threefold significance was a meeting of Daytona, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141, held a short time ago and designated as "David Sholtz Night" in honor of the Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. Besides its tribute to the esteem in which the Lodge holds Mr. Sholtz, one of its Past Exalted Rulers, the gathering marked also the occasion of the

official visit to No. 1141 of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leslie L. Anderson; and the observance of Roll Call Night. The principal speakers were Mr. Sholtz and Mr. Anderson. One hundred visiting members of the Order, representing, among other Lodges, those of Cocoa, New Smyrna, DeLand and Eustis, were present.

### **Dance and Vaudeville Show Are Given by New Orleans, La., Elks**

One of the most entertaining and successful affairs of the year given by New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, was a late fall dance held a short time ago at the Home. Over three hundred couples enjoyed the excellent dance music and vaudeville show. A supper in the Lodge's dining-room brought the festivities to a close.

### **Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge Leases Space to Radio Company**

Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge, No. 266, recently leased a part of its Home to a local broadcasting company. The new station, known throughout that district as KERN, will be on the ground floor of the building and will consist of the latest studio equipment and transmitting apparatus. It is reported that reception from KERN will be free from all fading and muddling, and that the station will rank with the best in the State.

### **Salt Lake City, Utah, Elks Give Barbecue for 2,000 Children**

Over two thousand boys and girls were the guests recently of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, at a late fall party held at the Neighborhood House. The children, ranging in age from twelve years down to three or four, were entertained by the Elks at a supper and a huge bonfire in the building's courtyard. All the food was donated by local merchants.

### **Alfred E. Smith Sees Son Inducted Into Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge**

Former Governor Alfred E. Smith, of New York, a member of New York Lodge, No. 1, witnessed the induction of his son, Arthur, and a class of nineteen other candidates into Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878, at a recent meeting at the Home. Over 2,000 members, constituting one of the largest attendances at an initiation ceremony in the history of the Lodge, were present. The former Governor delivered the principal address of the occasion. Prominent among other speakers were James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Dr. George Ryan, President of the

Board of Education and a charter member of Queens Borough Lodge; and Mr. Smith's two sons, Alfred E., Jr., and Arthur. After the initiation, Mr. Hallinan moved that the Lodge appropriate the sum of \$1,000 to the General Emergency Unemployment Relief Committee of the City of New York; \$2,000 to the charity fund of the Lodge for the relief of the deserving of the community; and the sum of \$5,000 to pay the dues of members of Queens Borough Lodge out of employment; and that each member out of employment and in need of relief receive, in addition to the payment of his dues, the sum of \$50. This motion was enthusiastically adopted.

### **Providence, R. I., Lodge Observes Its Fiftieth Anniversary**

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, recently observed its fiftieth anniversary by a two day celebration held at the Narragansett Hotel and at the Home. Prominent among those attending the ceremonies were Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John L. Kane; Governor Norman S. Case, of Rhode Island; United States Senator Jesse Metcalf; Mayor James E. Dunne, of Providence, and Congressman Frank Condon. The first day's festivities were held in the room of the Narragansett Hotel where the Lodge's charter members first met fifty years ago. More than five hundred Elks and their guests attended the banquet and the subsequent program of dancing and vaudeville. The next evening a birthday party, comprising a dinner and entertainment, was given at the Home.

### **Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Honors Members Who Died in World War**

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, recently observed a memorial service for the members of the Order who died during the World War. Tribute was also paid to the memory of Mayor Fred J. Strack, of Goshen, who was killed a short time ago in a hunting accident. Notable among those in attendance was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clarence J. Seaton.

### **Past Exalted Ruler Louis Volk, Of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, Is Killed**

Members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, and of many other Lodges in the State are mourning the loss of Louis Volk, Past Exalted Ruler, and for the last twelve years the Secretary of the Lodge. Mr. Volk died in Mercy Hospital of injuries received when, in an effort to board a street car, he was struck by an automobile. Death was not immediate. He



*Crowds of unemployed waiting to register at the Home of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, during its campaign to find work for 1,500 jobless men in its city*

lived for a day, and it was characteristic of him that, despite the pain of his injuries and the imminence of his end, he was insistent upon knowing whether the minutes of the meeting of the evening before had been properly transcribed and whether the issue of *Elkgrams*, the Toledo Lodge bulletin, had been put in the mails. For an entire day after his passing, the body of Mr. Volk lay in state in the Lodge room of the Home. There later funeral services according to the Elks ritual were held, with J. C. A. Leppelman, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 53, and Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, presiding. The Rev. Cedric C. Bentley, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, took part in the exercises. Tributary musical selections were rendered by the mixed quartette of No. 53. Hundreds of Elks from Toledo and other Ohio Lodges attended the ceremonies. Of distinction among the members of the Order present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler W. W. Mountain, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. M. Mariner. Mr. McCormick delivered a memorable address of eulogy. Messages of sorrow were received at the time of the funeral from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, President Ernst Von Bargaen, of the Ohio State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Ruler Frank E. Wright, a charter member of Toledo Lodge. Burial was made in Memorial Park

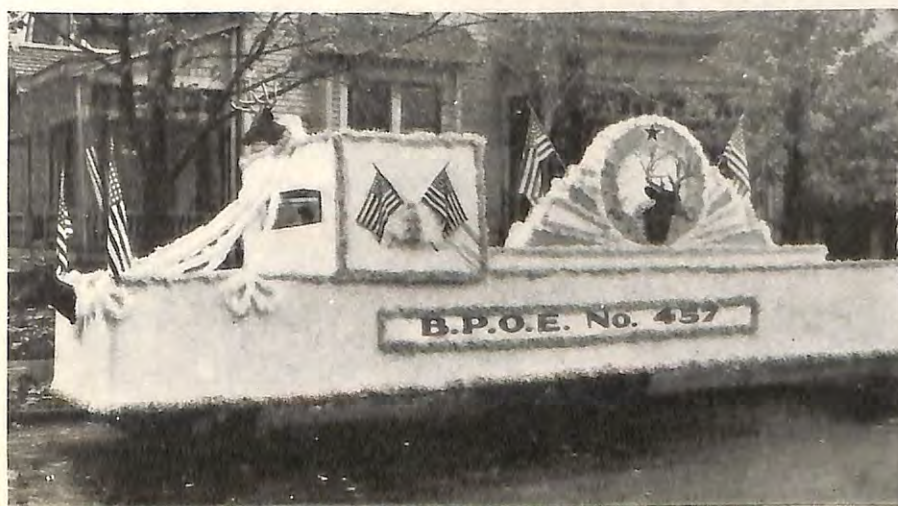
Cemetery. Mr. Volk was a native of Germany, born at Darmstadt in 1856. He came to this country when he was ten years old. In 1902 he was initiated into Toledo Lodge and ten years later was elected its Exalted Ruler. Not long ago, in recognition of his distinguished services to the Order, he was made an honorary life member of No. 53. He is survived by his widow, a son and a brother. To these, to the members of Toledo Lodge and of other Lodges in the Order who knew and esteemed Mr. Volk to an unusual degree, and to his host of friends outside the fraternity, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to express its condolence.

### **Rochester, N. Y., Elks Launch Man-a-Block Drive for Jobless**

Under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Frank T. Joyce, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, recently launched, and with sound success, a man-a-block campaign to obtain work for 1,500 unemployed men in its city. The enterprise was heralded with a series of spectacular parades and rousing mass meetings. Concurrently a bureau for the registration of the unemployed was established at the Lodge Home and volunteers were recruited to canvass Rochester block by block to ascertain where work, either full- or part-time, might be had. The object of the Elks' drive was to find jobs for 1,500 by the first of the year. According to reports available a short time after the beginning of the campaign, one-third of the quota already had been attained.

### **Grand Exalted Ruler at Dedication Of Auburn, N. Y., Elks New Home**

With impressive ceremonies and an elaborate program of music and entertainment, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert took leading parts in the dedication of the beautiful new Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474. The long list of distinguished guests attending the exercises included, besides Mr. Coen and Mr. Hulbert, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Grover C. Ingersoll, Clinton H. Hulett and George A. Swalbach; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph F. Ibbotson, George W. Benham, Chauncey G. Hickok, John T. Osowski, James H. Mackin and Charles M. Bedell; President Howard A. Swartwood, Vice-President Harvey N. Smith and Past Presidents Miles S. Hende and George J. Winslow, of the New York State Elks Association; and Justice of the Supreme Court of New York, Benn Kenyon, Past Exalted Ruler of Auburn Lodge. Prior to the cere-



*The float entered by Shelbyville, Ind., Lodge, in a recent patriotic parade and pageant. It was awarded third prize by the judges who reviewed the procession*



The more than 1,200 articles of food collected by Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, at a charity dance a short time ago. They were turned over later to the Salvation Army

monies, a delegation of members of Auburn Lodge motored to Ithaca to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite. There a reception and lunch were held. Immediately after that, accompanied by a platoon of State police, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the escort motored to Auburn where they were received in the spacious rooms of the new Home. Mr. Coen, assisted by Chaplain Charles Goodelle, of Syracuse Lodge, formally opened the dedicatory ceremonies. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert presided as master of ceremonies. The principal addresses were delivered by Mr. Coen, Mr. Hulbert, Justice Kenyon and Exalted Ruler Charles Goldman, of Auburn Lodge. Many laudatory remarks were made on the beauty and simplicity of the architecture of the new building. All the visiting speakers complimented Auburn Elks on their thirty-three years of service to the community and to fraternal prosperity. The presentation of the keys to the Home was made by H. T. Sherman, on behalf of his Lodge. Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, with Past District Deputy Mackin assisting as Grand Esquire, accepted the keys. At intervals throughout the impressive service musical selections were rendered by an orchestra. Following the dedication a dinner was served in the grill room of the new Home for the Grand Lodge and State Association officers and Exalted Rulers. At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. Coen and Mr. Hulbert made a special trip to the City Hospital to visit four members of Auburn Lodge who were recuperating from injuries suffered in an automobile accident. The four members were Charles F. Dowd, Louis H. Schmitz, Clarence M. McGirr and Herman Cohen.

### Gary, Ind., Lodge Member Urges All Elks to Wear Insignia

An exhortation to Elks to wear the insignia of their Order, no matter where they may be, was made in a letter written to Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152, recently by Father John B. de Ville, one of its members, who for the last three years has been living in Dolomites in Italy. Despite his residence abroad Father de Ville has maintained his membership in No. 1152. His communication said, in part: "I have just received the receipted dues bill and the Magazine is being sent to me regularly. I think constantly of you all and I feel that, in the midst of so much misery, confusion and unemployment, every member of our Lodge is an active, unselfish worker, doing his utmost to relieve distress. I know I am not mistaken and what I said about Gary may be applied to every Lodge in the country. I carry its emblem always and with genuine

pride. I often wonder why so many Elks who travel in Europe and elsewhere don't do the same. I have met quite a few, at various times, who had no outward sign of their association with Elkdom. I don't believe in futile and childish display of insignia, but a modest *auto da fé* in such a worthy society as that of the Benevolent Order of Elks is a positive duty to, and an expression of faith in, an aggregation of men that has so well deserved of the country and humanity at large."

### Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge Gives Dinner to 345 Poor Children

To 345 children, representing a majority of the neediest in their city, the members of Muscatine, Iowa, Lodge, No. 304, gave a bountiful chicken dinner on Thanksgiving Day. Both for the little guests and their hosts, the affair proved highly enjoyable. Before they departed from the Home, where the banquet was held, the children each received a large bag of candy.

### Glee Club of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge Begins Its Second Year

The Glee Club of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, organized last year by Past Exalted Ruler Jack N. Cooper, recently began its second series of winter concerts. Among the

charity institutions in the Lodge's community that the Glee Club visited this year was the Providence Rest, a home for the aged, at Throggs Neck. There an interesting and varied program brought a pleasure to the inmates confined to their beds. The Glee Club also performed, a short time ago, at the Home of Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, before a numerous gathering of its members.

### Connecticut Past Exalted Rulers Association Elects Officers

One hundred members attended the winter session of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut, held a short time ago at the Home of Norwich Lodge, No. 430. The business session, during which President Arthur B. MacDowell occupied the chair, had as two of its important objects the election of officers for the coming year and the choice of the place of the next meeting. The following were named to direct the affairs of the Association for the ensuing twelve months: President, John G. Prendergast, Ansonia Lodge, No. 1209; Vice-President, Stanley J. Traceski, New Britain Lodge, No. 957; Secretary, Harry C. Brown, New Britain Lodge; and Treasurer, Louis Brock, Bridgeport Lodge, No. 36. It was decided to hold the next meeting of the Association at New Britain Lodge. A buffet luncheon preceded, and a banquet and a splendid program of entertainment followed, the session.

### West Haven, Conn., Elks Floor Hockey Team Is Undeclared

The floor hockey team of West Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 1537, recently brought to a close their first season of its sport without a single defeat. The game, new to the Lodge, was organized by the West Haven Fire Department, most of whose members are Elks. It is played indoors on an ordinary wood floor, with dimensions and boundaries similar to those in ice hockey. The puck, however, is made of soft sponge rubber, instead of hard rubber. West Haven Elks are anxious to interest other near-by Lodges in organizing teams to form a league.

### District Deputy Visits Concord, Mass., Lodge on "Military Night"

Coincident with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Earle, Concord, Mass., Lodge, No. 1470, celebrated an occasion designated as "Military Night." This denomination derived from the fact that there were present for the event a number of Army officers and members of the



The Floor Hockey Team of West Haven, Conn., Lodge, which has the distinction of having completed an entire season without sustaining a single defeat

American Legion. The appearance of many of these in uniform lent especial color to the assembly. District Deputy Earle was accompanied to Concord Lodge by a suite of one hundred.

**Newport, Ky., Lodge, Celebrates Its Thirty-Eighth Anniversary**

Men of prominence in the Order and in public life were among the 300 Elks who attended recently the celebration of the thirty-eighth anniversary of the institution of Newport, Ky., Lodge, No. 273. Observance of the anniversary was made at both the business session of the Lodge and a subsequent banquet. One of the features of the entertainment was the presence of Louis C. Widrig, a charter member of Newport Lodge. Speakers at the dinner comprised State Representative Charles B. Truesdell, who made the anniversary address; Exalted Ruler James A. Diskin, who delivered a speech of welcome; Congressman Brent Spence, County Judge Conrad Matz, and Roger L. Neff, Jr., President of the Kentucky State Elks Association.

**San Juan, P. R., Lodge, Will Build New \$25,000 Home**

San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, announced recently its plans to construct a Home at a cost of approximately \$25,000. Meetings of the Lodge hitherto have been held in a rented hall. News of this was forthcoming immediately upon the report that the Board of Grand Trustees, at its meeting a short time ago at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., had approved the application of San Juan Lodge for permission to proceed with its building project.

**Gold-Star Mothers Are Honored By Minneapolis, Minn., Elks**

Fifty-four gold-star mothers were the guests of honor recently of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, upon an occasion designated as "Remembrance Day," and set aside for the purpose of the re-dedication of allegiance to the Flag and to the principles of American patriotism. Other guests were a number of Army officers of high rank. These included Gen. George E. Leach, Brig.-Gen. John H. Hughes and Colonels David L. Stone, William



A group of Gold-Star Mothers, the guests of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, upon the occasion of its observance of "Remembrance Day" at the Lodge Home

T. Mollison and Fred W. Ames, Chaplain of the Lodge. Following an address of welcome by Exalted Ruler William G. Compton and a stirring speech by Colonel Ames in tribute to the gold-star mothers, there came a program of entertainment, comprising vocal and instrumental music, and dancing. A buffet supper, served in a replica of an Army canteen, with the hostesses dressed in Salvation Army overseas uniforms, concluded the evening's festivities. Music during the supper was provided by the band of the Salvation Army Citadel in Minneapolis.

**Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Invite Others To Join Cruise to Bermuda**

Members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, who are making a four-day week-end cruise to Bermuda late in January, have issued an invitation to Elks from other Lodges to join them. The Brooklyn Elks will sail from New York at noon on Thursday, January 21, aboard the Red Star liner *Belgenland*, reaching Bermuda early on the morning of the 23rd. After the major part of a day ashore, they will re-embark for New York and land there on the morning of Monday, January 25. The expense of the tour is moderate. For more

detailed information, Elks are urged to communicate with James M. Golding, Chairman of the Elks Week-end Cruise Committee, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, 110 Livingston Street.

**Middletown, N. Y., Elks Active in Charity and Social Enterprises**

Plans have been made among the members of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, for an exceptionally active season, both as concerns welfare and social enterprises. The charity program includes extensive preparation to relieve distress among the destitute of the city. Among the affairs of an entertaining nature arranged for the coming months is a series of matinee bridge parties for the ladies associated with the Lodge.

**Brighton, Colo., Elks and Band Help Greet Grand Exalted Ruler**

Enthusiastic cooperation on the part of Brighton, Colo., Lodge, No. 1586, was a major factor in the success of the reception to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen not long ago at the Home of Central City Lodge, No. 557. When the chief executive of the Order

(Continued on page 60)

**Grand Tiler Daniel R. Nihion**

WHILE 2,000 men and women at the Charity Ball of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, held recently in the ballroom of the Hotel Willard, ceased dancing for a brief interval, Grand Tiler Daniel R. Nihion gave the Eleven o'Clock Toast and, upon pronouncing the last words, "To our absent brothers," he fell dead. Thus, with stunning abruptness, ended the life of one of the best known and best beloved members of Washington Lodge. According to all who had met him upon the evening of his death, the Grand Tiler had seemed in good health and spirits up to the moment of his collapse. His death was virtually instantaneous. He fell back into a chair and, upon being removed to another room of the hotel, was pronounced dead by a physician. The cause was said to be a sudden attack of heart disease. None of those at the dance, except the group which carried Mr. Nihion from the ballroom, knew until much later that he was seriously afflicted; and the festivities continued as arranged. Mr. Nihion was sixty-eight years old when he died. He was born at Georgetown, D. C., August 22, 1863. When he was six years old his family removed to Martinsburg, W. Va., but he later returned to the District of Columbia where, in 1895, he entered the Government service in the Treasury Department. Subsequently he became a member of the staff of the United



States Marshal's office. At the time of his death he was a Court Bailiff. On August 9, 1911, he was initiated into Washington Lodge. He held the office of Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1919, and later that of Exalted Ruler, retiring in April, 1923. In June of the same year he was chosen as Representative to the Grand Lodge Convention and several times thereafter was named as alternate Representative. Last July, at Seattle, the Grand Lodge elected him Grand Tiler.

AN INDICATION of the exceptional affection and esteem in which Mr. Nihion was held by his fellow Lodge members came only a short time before his death when 650 of them gathered at the Home upon an occasion designated as "Daniel R. Nihion Night," which THE ELKS MAGAZINE reported in December. The Magazine wishes to take this opportunity to express its condolence to the surviving members of Mr. Nihion's family, his two sisters; to his fellow members in his own and other Lodges of the Order; and to his host of other staunch friends, for the severe loss they have suffered in his passing.

Word has just been received that Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen has appointed John E. Lynch, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, to succeed Mr. Nihion as Grand Tiler.



Birmingham from the air. At the extreme left of the photo is Jefferson County's new \$3,000,000 court-house

106TH PHOTO SECTION, A. C., A. N. G.

# 1932 Grand Lodge Convention At Birmingham, Ala.

## Bulletin No. 1

### To All Elks, Everywhere, Greetings:

THOSE who know Birmingham best through the activities of Florian Slap-py and Lawyer Chew, the dusky and ingenious characters of Octavus Roy Cohen's fiction, may be surprised to learn that, even down in the heart of Dixie, pigs is pigs, and Birmingham, the scene of the 1932 Elks Convention, goes to market with them in a big way.

To Birmingham people, "pigs" are two things: Pig iron and pork barbecue. Pig iron plays the most important rôle in Birmingham's interesting industrial drama, and pork barbecue—always a favorite to the Southern palate—is one method they have of giving expression to the creed of Southern hospitality.

Birmingham, although she has sprung from an undeveloped wilderness to a metropolitan business center of 382,000 in sixty years, has lost little of the rich flavor and fine tradition of the Old South. To visitors from everywhere, Birmingham opens her doors in welcome and extends a hearty greeting. But back of this greeting to-day echoes the throbbing tune of machinery, which is Birmingham's claim to a place of importance in the nation's industrial sun.

The mint-julep romance of the Old South and the industrial romance of the New South

have been merged in Birmingham and a delightful setting for business and adventure has thus been produced. The stately-pillared Colonial homes deeply set in spacious green lawns are still very much in evidence, and while the frock-tailed Southern colonel has for the most part relinquished his place to the energetic business man, the flavor of Dixie and the scent of cape jasmine permeate the atmosphere. The Southern gentleman of today delights to take you into his home and give you fried chicken, corn pone, barbecue and the other delectables that only his old Southern mammy can do to a colonel's taste. And in Birmingham, a city built within the lifetime of many of her residents, these courtesies take an even more alluring background, for the natural setting is one of entrancing beauty and charm.

Birmingham spreads itself over Jones Valley, climbs the breezy heights of twin ranges, Red and Shades Mountains. In the soil beneath the city are immense stores of coal, iron ore and limestone, the three essentials for the making of steel. Downtown Birmingham, with its restless skyline, is laid off in exactly square blocks, a great advantage to the stranger. Into the residential districts wind her wide streets, smooth thoroughfares shaded by immense trees. High up on the mountain-

side and commanding a striking view of the city below, Birmingham people have built magnificent homes, architectural masterpieces that radiate hospitality and friendliness.

From the many vantage points on the mountainside, an inspiring view of the city unfolds at night. Dante must have had Birmingham in mind when he wrote the *Inferno*, for here one sees the great furnaces pouring out their streams of molten red iron which wind their way into the "pigs" and tint the sky a flaming red for miles around. Soon it fades and then another furnace, then another, in widely separated sections of the city, belch forth this white-hot iron river of flowing "pigs."

When the Elks of the nation assemble in Birmingham next July, they'll see these iron pigs and they'll taste the colonel's crisp-brown, warmly flavored barbecued pork. They will be guests in the Colonial mansions of antebellum Dixie and be introduced to the widely-famed Southern hospitality.

Dixie. . . . Southern hospitality. . . . Industry. . . . Beauty. . . . that's Birmingham!

BIRMINGHAM ELKS' CONVENTION  
COMMITTEE,

DARIUS A. THOMAS, *General Chairman.*  
MONROE GOLDSTEIN, *Executive Director.*





INTERNATIONAL  
Grand Exalted Ruler Coen (fifth from the right in the front row) at the Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge. At his left, in the picture, is Exalted Ruler George A. Burden. Behind Mr. Coen is Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. At the Grand Exalted Ruler's right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning and James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

THE Grand Exalted Ruler's initial visit during November was to Waterloo, Ia., Lodge, No. 290, where, upon the afternoon of the fourth, he attended the exercises incident to the unveiling of a portrait of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Pickett. The details of this occasion are reported in "Under the Spreading Antlers," elsewhere in this issue. Subsequent to the unveiling ceremonies, Mr. Coen was the guest of honor at a banquet, attended by 200 members of the Order. The gathering included, besides the representatives of Waterloo Lodge, delegations from Marshalltown, Oelwein and Charles City Lodges. Notable among those who attended were Clyde E. Jones, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo J. Duster; and L. D. Ross, Secretary of the Iowa State Elks Association.

A double interest attached to the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit the following day, November 5, to Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347, for besides the moment of his call upon the membership of No. 347 there was for him the pleasure of being once more in the city where, twenty-three years before, he had been graduated from high school. Mr. Coen, arriving in Ottumwa, was welcomed by Mayor Edwin C. Manning. Early in the evening he was the principal guest at a banquet at the Hotel Ottumwa and later, at the Lodge session, he witnessed the induction of a class of twenty-five candidates.

At noon upon the following day, Mr. Coen motored to Burlington where he was entertained at luncheon by the officers of Burlington Lodge No. 84.

When, upon the evening of the same day, November 6, Mr. Coen visited Keokuk, Ia., Lodge, No. 106, the occasion represented the first reception that the Lodge had had in its history to extend to a Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. The events of the evening included a banquet, attended by 164 Elks from Keokuk and neighboring Lodges; and, subsequently, a formal session of the Lodge. During this, with Exalted Ruler John E. Harrington presiding, a class of twenty-five was initiated. Of prominence in the assemblage were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Leo J. Duster

### *Elks of the Mid-West, South and East Greet Mr. Coen*

and Harry C. Phillips; and officers of the Iowa State Elks Association. Mr. Coen was greeted upon his arrival by a committee of charter members of No. 106. Represented at the meeting were groups of Elks from Fort Madison, Muscatine, Burlington and Ottumwa, Ia.; Quincy, Ill.; and Hannibal, Mo., Lodges. A social period followed the adjournment of the Lodge session.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell were among the many who entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Coen at a dinner-dance upon the evening of November 7 at the Home of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, No. 9. Others among the hosts who made the occasion memorably enjoyable were M. E. Gouge, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, and Mrs. Gouge; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. B. Shea, and Mrs. Shea.

The following day, November 8, was a Sunday; and over the week-end of which this was a part the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Coen were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell at their home. Mr. Coen, while in the vicinity of St. Louis, found opportunity to have luncheon at the Home of East St. Louis, Ill., Lodge, No. 664, although he made no official call there. Upon his brief stay at No. 664, he was accompanied by Mr. Campbell and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters.

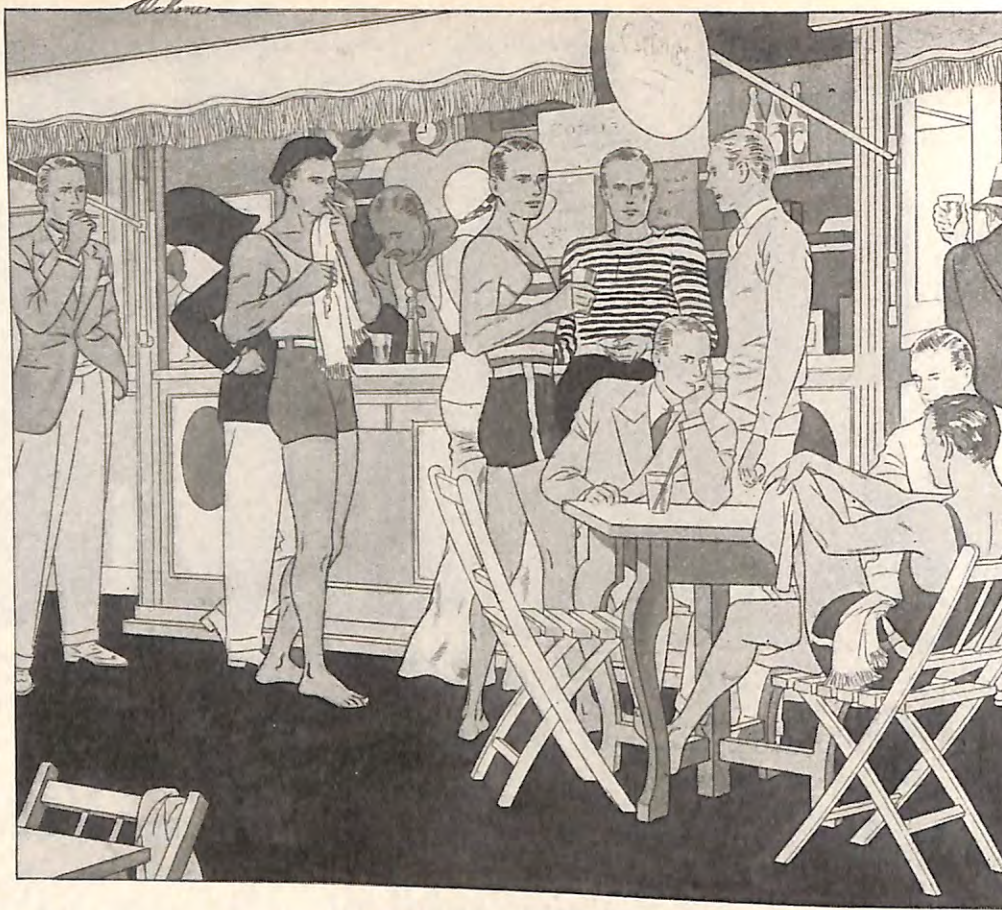
When the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of Murphysboro, Ill., Lodge, No. 572, on the evening of November 9, he was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Miles S. Gilbert, President J. C. Dallenbach, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Association's Crippled Children's Commission. Two events were arranged in honor of Mr. Coen's visit. The first of these was a

banquet at the Centenary Methodist Episcopal Church. Besides the members of the host Lodge, there were among the two hundred and twenty-five Elks present for this occasion, representatives of Herrin, West Frankfort, Christopher, Harrisburg, Carbondale, Du Quoin, Metropolis, Cairo, Marion and Benton Lodges. Exalted Ruler L. A. Calcaterra of West Frankfort Lodge officiated as toastmaster. A session of the Lodge followed the dinner. During the meeting a group of candidates was inducted by a ritualistic team chosen from among officers of the several Lodges of the Southern District of the State.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of Belleville Lodge, No. 481, on November 10. In the afternoon he took part in a general discussion at a meeting of Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Southwest District of Illinois called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler B. L. Compton. At six o'clock Mr. Coen and his party were the guests of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Belleville Lodge at an informal dinner. The evening was devoted to a meeting of the Lodges of the Southwest District, held in the Lodge room. During the session a class of ten candidates was initiated. The degree team of Granite City Lodge, No. 1063, conducted the initiatory ceremonies. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the meeting and was followed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, District Deputy B. L. Compton, President J. C. Dallenbach, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Executive Secretary Frank P. White of the Illinois Crippled Children's Commission. There were visiting representatives at the meeting from East St. Louis, Jerseyville, Granite City, Centralia, Litchfield, Mt. Vernon and Alton Lodges. Approximately 200 were in attendance.

At noon upon the following day, Mr. Coen called upon the membership of Jacksonville Lodge, No. 682. There were present for the occasion visiting Elks from many of the Lodges in the West Central District of Illinois.

En route by automobile on the afternoon of the same day to Pekin, Ill., one of the cars of  
(Continued on page 56)



## Correct Dress for Men

By Schuyler White

THERE was a time—and not so many years ago—when the very thought of taking a holiday at any time except during the summer would not even be considered. Summer time was vacation time and only the so-called idle rich were ever supposed to leave their business cares behind them during the winter for a few weeks of winter sports or golf under sunny southern skies. Time, which brings about so many changes, has done much gradually to change this fallacy and to-day it is considered a very sensible thing for a man to take a holiday in the winter if he is fortunate enough to arrange to do so. Indeed, it is becoming more and more the thing to do and, consequently, we find the shops at this time of year showing apparel which ordinarily would only be expected to be shown during the summer.

There are three types of winter holiday. A few weeks of winter sports—skating, skiing and tobogganing—in some cold, bracing climate will do much to restore vigor and pep to a man who thrives best when he is active. For the man who wants less strenuous exercise and who needs the relaxation which comes from warm, sunny climates, nothing could be better than a few weeks of golf or fishing in the south. The third type of holiday is the winter cruise in southern waters—a holiday which is becoming more and more popular each year. Certainly the picture of complete rest and freedom from all cares which comes with this type of holiday is one which has great appeal, since the cruise is broken from time to time by short calls in foreign ports to permit of sight-seeing and a glimpse of people and customs foreign to us.

But whatever type of holiday one takes, complete enjoyment is only possible if one has the right clothes. Nothing looks more absurd than golf knickers on a tennis court or on a boat

and, so, in planning a holiday one should take only such clothes as are practical and appropriate.

The man who takes a holiday devoted to winter sports requires an outfit that is quite different from any other clothes in his wardrobe. The ideal skiing outfit consists of a special suit, the collar of which fastens closely around the neck. The jacket is lined either with wool or fur. The sleeves fasten closely around the wrist just as the bottom of the trousers fasten tightly around the ankle. With this skiing suit a flannel or woolen shirt is worn and, for additional warmth, a woolen muffler is a necessity. The cap for skiing and all other winter sports should have a visor to protect the eyes from the glare of the snow, and a flap which can be turned down to protect the ears and head. With special ski boots, two pairs of woolen socks are worn—a light-weight inner pair and a heavy-weight outer pair—the inner pair inside the trousers and the outer pair rolled over the boot tops.

THE above outfit is perfect for skiing and tobogganing. For skating the same outfit may be worn, although many skaters prefer to have as much freedom for the legs as possible. Therefore, the man who skates a lot should wear either knickers or breeches with heavy-weight golf stockings. Gloves, sweaters and mufflers should all be of wool and of sufficient weight to give the utmost warmth and protection. The kit for winter sports is not an elaborate one but it should be intensely practical, owing to the very nature of the sports.

For the southern trip or the cruise, a larger and more elaborate outfit is needed, because

one needs a greater variety of clothes on account of the more varied activities. The typical daytime outfit in the south usually consists of a double-breasted jacket worn with flannel trousers. White flannel trousers can be worn with any jacket, whether it be of blue, gray or brown. If colored flannel trousers are worn with coats of contrasting color the colors of each should be harmonious one with the other. For instance, gray or the new steel blue-gray flannel trousers may be worn equally well with either dark blue or gray flannel jackets. But with a brown jacket, beige or very light gray flannel trousers only should be worn, since the darker shades of gray rarely combine well with brown. In this connection it is interesting to note that a material which was familiar to us all when we were boys in school has recently come into vogue for resort wear—corduroy. At first thought it would seem that this is too heavy and coarse a material for men's suits, but the new corduroy is much lighter in weight and much more pliable than the corduroy used for shooting jackets and boys' shorts. It is a marvelous fabric, however, for an odd jacket, and smart men the world over will be seen wearing corduroy jackets with flannel trousers during the coming season.

Another old-fashioned material has recently sprung into great popularity for suits for warm climates. Seersucker is the name of this latest vagary of fashion and, together with linen, cotton drill and tropical worsted, will be much worn. In the south, seersucker and linen have long been used for men's suits but the new linens and seersuckers are quite different from the fabrics which we have known. The most interesting patterns and designs have been evolved for seersucker—the material itself has been treated in such a way as to tailor better than heretofore, and this winter in the south, as well as next summer throughout the country, there will be a wide-

spread vogue for it. After all, in warm weather, nothing is cooler than cotton or linen. Suits of these materials are very moderate in price and a man can have several of these for what he ordinarily would pay for one of some other fabric. They require greater care, however, than serge or flannel, because they wrinkle more easily and show soil more quickly because they are, almost invariably, light in color. On the other hand, however, it is a simple matter to have them laundered, and it is strongly urged that at least one of these suits be included in one's outfit—not only for its actual comfort, but because it is just another way to bring back to prosperity a great industry which has of late been lacking in public support.

For sports wear, a man should have the type of clothes which is suitable to whatever game he plays. Golf clothes belong on a golf course and not on a tennis court—and vice versa. Fashions in sports clothes change but rarely, and then only in some minor detail in the field of accessories. So, whatever game one goes in for, see to it that every detail of the turnout is correct. At the time of making a purchase, don't buy something at random simply because it appeals to you, as it may have no relation to the rest of the things with which it will be worn. Keep in mind the color of the suit with which it will be worn and let the choice of color depend on whether it will blend or harmonize with the other colors worn.

The clothes worn on a cruise are much the same as those worn at a resort. Southern cruises, especially, require the coolest kind of clothes. One or two dark suits are all that is necessary, together with linen or seersucker suits and flannel trousers, and a dinner jacket. Rubber-soled shoes are especially recommended on a boat, as they are comfortable and, at the same time, protect the feet from the water which so frequently finds its way to the deck of a boat. A light-weight top-coat, such as a polo coat, is also recommended for a cruise, for very often the nights are chilly. And men do not wear knickers on board ship. As comfortable and as practical as knickers are, they are, nevertheless, the outward and visible sign of the inexperienced traveler.

And while we are on the subject of traveling, a word or two should be said on the subject of luggage. The experienced traveler never makes the mistake of tak-

ing things he will not require but, on the other hand, he never makes the fatal error of traveling "light"—in other words, trying to get along with as few things as possible. This always necessitates makeshifts of some sort or another and the result is a lot of needless worry and embarrassment.

In planning a trip of any kind, it is not a bad idea to write on a slip of paper the things one might require. Naturally, the amount of clothing taken on a trip depends entirely on the sort of life one expects to lead and the length of the trip. We are all only too familiar with the rather sketchy packing of a bag for a short business trip. Even if we do forget one or two smaller items, it is always a comparatively easy matter to replace them. But on a holiday jaunt, it is not always so easy to fill in the gaps in our wardrobe and so, obviously, the only thing to do is to make a list of the things we need and then see how we can travel with our clothes in the most practical way.

Many men have an aversion to taking a trunk on any sort of a trip, regardless of its duration. As a matter of fact, the wardrobe trunk is perhaps the greatest boon to the traveler, because in it he has sufficient space to hang his clothes on hangers in such a manner as to keep them from wrinkling, while the various drawers and compartments on the other side of the trunk will take care of his shirts, underwear, et cetera. With a traveling bag to hold the things he needs on the first steps of his journey, one can easily manage with only two pieces of luggage—a trunk and a bag. But

because of this aversion to trunks, a new type of suitcase is now available. In reality it is nothing more than a small hand trunk, because these new cases hold several suits as well as other articles of apparel much in the manner of a wardrobe trunk but on a miniature scale—while its chief value is the fact that the case itself can be carried by any porter and tucked away under one's seat in the Pullman car. The golfer, naturally, is as interested in having his clubs safely transported as he is in his clothes, and the most practical golf bag is the one with a hood which is closed up by means of a zipper fastening. Not only are the clubs protected, but these bags are so spacious that in them can be carried sweaters and golf shoes. The latter is a difficult accessory to pack, especially if one takes only hand luggage, which is true in the

case of all shoes. They are bulky and cumbersome, and for any one on holiday it is always necessary to have at least three pairs of shoes, in addition to the pair being worn. These will include evening shoes, sports shoes and an extra pair of shoes for general wear. To keep the shoes from soiling fresh clothes in a bag, a shoe bag is recommended for each shoe. Such a bag also protects the shoes from becoming scratched, and bachelors can

*Collars with rounded points are suggested for men with thin, narrow faces, while men with round or full faces will find the collar with pointed ends more becoming*



*The pearl scarf pin is a smart accessory with the striped short-sleeved shirt and white collar. A practical golf bag for traveling and three different types of sweaters for the golfer*

**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.

## Under Northern Stars

(Continued from page 12)

"The blizzard won't last forever."  
 "It may last longer than our firewood."  
 "By morning it will clear up and we'll break through to Seven Mile Camp." She added an explanation: "The cabin is seven miles from the ranch. That's how it gets its name."  
 "You're looking to look on the bright side, aren't you?" he jeered.  
 "Why not?" she flashed. "There's a bright side even in being here with you. It will be such a relief afterward to be away from you."  
 A touch of angry color breathed in her

cheeks. Served her right, she thought, for having shown him a moment of toleration.  
 "You haven't got rid of me yet," he reminded.  
 "Not yet, but I will."  
 "After our little account is settled." In the slow drawl there was no softness.  
 The girl glanced at him, startled. What did he mean? Was this a threat?  
 "How settled?" she asked, and a pulse of fury beat in her throat. "Do you expect to whip me again?"

He rose and walked across the room to her. Feet apart, hands in pockets, he looked down unabashed into her flashing eyes.  
 "If you need it," he said coolly, his steel-gray eyes hard in hers. "Why not? Are you claiming to be a lady now? Some late in the day for that, ain't it, you damned little vixen?"  
 His words took her breath. No man had ever talked to her so before. That the attack was not in the least savage, that it was given  
 (Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41)

in a low modulated voice, made it the more stinging.

"You're that kind of a man," she said scornfully.

"That kind exactly. A kind you've never met before, I reckon. Nobody has had the nerve to tell you the truth about yourself, missie. Well, you'll listen to it now. We'll take it for granted to start with that I'm no gentleman, so I can say what I think."

"I've heard of men like you. They enjoy bullying women, don't they?"

He ignored that as though she had not spoken. "It will do you good to get it straight for once. All your life you've been spoiled. You've indulged your temper, and folks have side-stepped it. Likely you've got the Indian sign on them because you're pretty. So you've got worse and worse, figuring you can get away with murder. You're as dangerous as a lunatic. Who gave you a license to ride around shooting at strangers and sticking knives in them? I reckon you think I ought to say 'Thank you kindly, ma'am,' when you pull your devil tricks on me. Guess again. When you monkey with this buzz-saw you get hurt."

"If you hurt or insult me, Clem Oakland, you'll pay for it," she cried.

"Will I?" He lifted his shoulders carelessly in a gesture of complete indifference. "I'd advise you not to give that thought any weight as to how you behave. When did you recognize me?" he added, intent on getting information.

There was a moment of hesitation before she answered evasively. "Everybody knows that big sorrel with the baldface and the white stockings."

"Oh, it was the horse you knew—a hundred and fifty yards away, or maybe more." His gaze clamped fast to hers. This was important. "You must have good eyes."

"I had field-glasses," she answered. Her manner was both reluctant and sullen.

"And it's always an open season for you on Clem Oakland?"

"You've got a nerve to say that. Why shouldn't it be? I'm not afraid of you because you're a killer and a bully and a thief."

"So I'm all that."

"All that, and more."

When the fire began to die down he broke the frame of the bedstead for fuel and then the table. The wind at times fell away, only to break out again in renewed fury, as though it had been gathering strength for another attack on the cabin. The little building shook with the violence of the gale.

"Our stools will have to go next," he said as he piled the last of the table on the coals.

"And after that?" she asked, breaking an obstinate silence that had lasted for several hours.

"You do the guessing," he said evenly.

Day broke at last gloomily, but for the time the wind had stilled. The leaden sky threatened more snow. Probably the blizzard would begin to howl again soon.

"We'd better start for Seven Mile Camp," the man said.

Molly had just come in from a short tramp around the house. She had noticed sun dogs in the sky, a warning of more bad weather.

"Yes," she agreed. "It's going to be a lot colder—soon. No time to lose."

They traveled with no baggage. The man broke trail through the deep snow. It was hard going. The brittle crust gave beneath his weight,

and they had to plow a path as they advanced.

Before the first quarter of a mile had been covered their feet dragged heavily.

Molly's prediction was true. It had grown much colder already and the wind was whipping sleet into their faces.

"All right?" he asked, looking back.

"All right," she answered valiantly.

The progress made was slow. Molly began to count the steps she took. When she reached a hundred she would begin again. Sometimes she sank down from sheer inability to lift her weary legs high enough in the heavy snow. She would get up, set her teeth, and start counting doggedly once more. One time he saw her on the ground and came back.

"All in?" he asked, dragging her to her feet. "There's a cutbank just ahead. We'll stop there and rest awhile."

THEY reached it and crouched under the bank, sheltering themselves from the wind. The cold was too intense to permit of staying long. He plunged out from it into the deep drifts and the girl followed him. She had made no complaint, although he knew she was in a bad way. He gave her good for that. She had sand in her craw.

Molly staggered drunkenly. Immense weights dragged at the muscles of her legs. The storm drove into her face whips of stinging sleet. She stumbled into a snow-drift and lay there.

The trailbreaker returned to her. "You've got to keep moving," he told her harshly.

"I can't. I'm through. Go on and leave me."

He did not argue, but pulled her up from the snow-bed. "You're going on," he told her.

Obediently she reeled after him for another hundred tottering steps before she once more collapsed.

"No use," she said pitcously when he looked down at her.

His voice was rough. "Like to quit, would you? Nothing doing. You're going with me to that cabin."

He got her to her feet.

"I'm done," she murmured sleepily.

"Don't be a fool," he snapped, and slapped her face not at all gently.

A momentary anger flared into her eyes. It gave her resolution to sway along the trail for another stretch. When her knees jack-knifed under her they were in the lea of a cutbank above the creek.

"What's the use?" she begged. "I'm freezing anyhow."

"It can't be far now," he promised. "It's on the right bank of the creek, you said?"

"Yes." Her voice was faint.

He rubbed her face with snow, then held her body close to his to protect her from the wind-driven sleet. That she had reached her limit he knew. He would have to drag or carry her.

Sometimes he did one, sometimes the other. She was only semiconscious. His legs buckled under him. The path he made was as zig-zag as that of a sailor returning from shore leave. But he floundered on with teeth clenched. His strength was gone. Only a relentless will drove the tortured flesh forward.

The wall of the cabin rose at last like a shadow out of the storm. His shoulder plunged at the framework of the door like a battering ram as he stumbled against it. The door gave way, and he staggered across the threshold like one helpless with drink.

How long he lay there he did not know. He wanted to sink into a stupor, but he knew that would be fatal. A fire must be lit. The girl must be looked after. If he could sleep, only a little while.

His will reasserted itself. It made his muscles drag him from the floor, spurred him to work the numbness out of his fingers, to light a fire after many fumbling efforts.

He lifted the girl so that her body lay stretched in front of the fire. From her feet he pulled the high-heeled boots.

While a blanket from one of the bunks was being heated he unbuttoned the Mackinaw and, slipping it from her body, wrapped her tightly in the warm wool. A second blanket he tucked about her.

He noticed that her eyes had opened and were following him as he moved about.

"You got through," she said in a weak voice, drowsily.

"By the skin of my teeth."

He threw off his slicker and moved across the room to examine the clothing hanging from nails in the wall. There were overalls, wool-covered chaps, a leather coat lined with wool, and a slicker. In a box he found shirts and underwear.

"First off, I'll get into some dry clothes," he said, by way of a hint to the blue eyes resting on him.

The eyes behaved themselves at once.

He changed from the skin out. Only the bandage on the shoulder remained.

Beside her he dropped a suit of underwear and a pair of German socks he had found.

"They'll be too large for you," he said, matter of factly, "but I reckon you can make 'em do."

"Yes," she answered obediently.

"I'll light the cook stove and look the grub situation over," he told her. "Make a complete change."

She did as he bade her, trying to still the sound of her movements. The noise he made rattling stove-lids and breaking kindling was comforting. But not until she had wrapped the blankets about her body did she feel relieved.

The returning circulation was beginning to send shoots of pain through her fingers and toes. She massaged her hands and legs vigorously. More than once she wanted to give expression to the sharp pain.

She thought the man must be psychic, for he turned from putting coffee into a pot to grin wryly at her.

"Hurts some about now, eh?" he asked.

"Yes. You, too?"

"Some. We're in luck. If our hands and feet were not stinging



Venezuela is one of the countries which New Jersey Elks will visit next month on their Hamburg-American southern cruise. Above is a view of the city of Caracas

now we'd have quit feeling for good and all."

"Yes." Then, in a low voice, "I reckon you made our luck," she said.

"You didn't do so badly yourself," he conceded.

"Even though you had to slap me to keep me from quitting?"

"Did the work, didn't it?"

"Yes. It's too bad you had left your quilt at the other shack."

It was strange that she said things she did not mean to say. Just now at least she wanted to forget their enmity, but something in her seemed to drive her to resentment. She knew she was not fair to him. He had saved her life. He had behaved very well since. Nobody could have shown more consideration than he. And like a spoiled and petty child she was seizing on an imaginary affront.

He met her on the ground she chose. "I wouldn't be surprised if I can find one here," he said. "A stirrup leather is pretty good."

It had been on the tip of her tongue to tell him she was sorry for what she had said, but his words froze the impulse.

"My father will pay you for any trouble you've taken for me," she said stiffly.

"I'll not trouble your father for my pay," he said, coolly.

The shed adjoining the cabin was filled with firewood. On the shelves of the cupboard built into the wall were canned goods, bacon, coffee, sugar, corn meal, and flour. If the blizzard lasted a week they could make out very comfortably. What they had to do was to adjust their mental attitudes to their circumstances.

Molly realized this. Neither of them could leave. There was no room in Seven Mile Camp for enmity. Anger was a dangerously explosive compound which might lead to disaster. Yet she had deliberately insulted him by suggesting pay for saving her life.

She made a swift about-face. "If you'll throw me the overalls hanging on that nail I'll make breakfast," she said, in a tone of voice that surprised him. It was neither sulky nor unfriendly.

He tossed her the Levis. "Better rest. I'll take care of breakfast. You'll have chance enough to cook before we get away from here, looks like."

**P**RESENTLY she joined him at the stove. Her mass of wavy red hair—though it was not red, he decided, but a tawny gold shot through with copper—had been done up in a knot at the back of her neck. Despite the difficulties of toilet, she had contrived to make herself sweet and clean.

"Are you making biscuits?" she said. "What can I do?" She sniffed the coffee avidly.

"Set the table," he told her. He was suspicious of this too sudden change of front. His accurate guess was that she had decided to try on him the effect of charm instead of temper.

During breakfast he smiled sardonically more than once. She was staging an act, and doing it rather well. It was impossible to deny her vivid good looks. He was not sure what her purpose was, but he was aware her friendliness was a mask.

Yet it was not wholly so. She was by nature amiable, except when crossed. Within the

hour she had escaped from death to the safety of warmth and good food. She was a healthy young creature, and the satisfaction of her hunger was a pleasure. Moreover, this hard tough man opposite her, enemy though he was, had an arresting personality.

His beard and his haggard wasted look had deceived her. He was younger than she had thought, probably not more than thirty. Recklessness was written on his intensely masculine face, but surprisingly she could find no baseness there. The bitter incredulous

was in the other. The thought was terrifying. It made her stomach muscles tighten. He was not only a stranger, but one whose morals and character she had heard maligned for years. Fear grew on her. She could not push it away.

And he swept it out of her mind with a yawn, a direct level look, and a matter of fact word.

"I'm tired. Bucking snowdrifts is no easy job. Bed for me. Good-night."

He used a bootjack to draw off his high-heeled boots, tossed coat and vest on a chair, and slid in between the blankets of one of the beds. Three minutes later the deep even breathing of sleep came to Molly from his bunk.

Her preparations for the night were not much more extended than his. She had expected to lie awake worrying about him. Instead, her eyes closed almost at once.

When she awoke it was morning. He was looking after the fire.

CHAPTER IV

**D**URING the night the wind had shifted. By daylight its violence had diminished

sensibly, though heavy clouds still obscured the mountains.

Molly watched her storm-bound companion, at first drowsily, then more actively as she came to fuller consciousness. She must get up and help him, she told herself. But it was so warm and comfortable between the blankets. She stretched her legs and arms as a cat does, with the pleasurable sense of profound well-being.

"Take it easy," the man advised. "Better not get up till the room is warm. Then breakfast will be ready for you."

"The storm is dying down, isn't it?" she asked.

"It's taking a rest for a while. We're going to have more of it."

After a hurried toilet she joined him at the stove. It was characteristic of the new note in their relationship that without comment he had poured hot water into the tin washpan for her.

"I'm going to make flapjacks," she told him. "Good," he assented.

After breakfast he told her that he was going to take advantage of the break in the storm to get in more fuel from the hillside back of the cabin. He had found an ax and a shovel in the woodshed.

When it was dinner time she plowed up the hillside to him. It was snowing again.

"I'm the dinner bell," she called to him. "I'll take a load of wood down with me."

"We're in for more snow," he told her. "Yes. I don't believe they'll reach us today."

"Will they know where to look for you?"

"No. But they know I was riding in this general direction. Her explanation, it struck him, was not quite frank. She was holding back something.

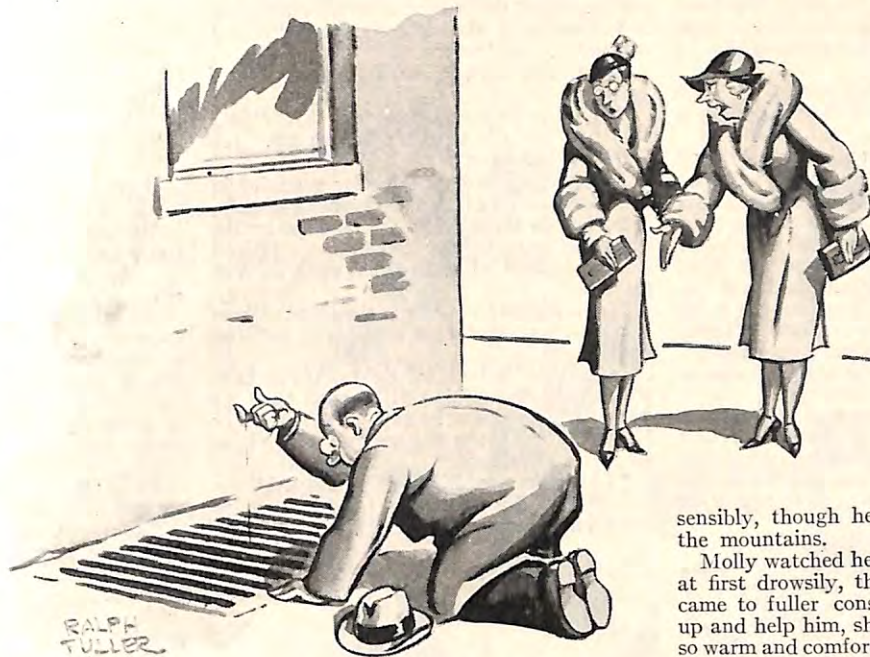
He glanced at the heavy sky. "Not to-day. Maybe not to-morrow."

"Dad will start looking for me soon as he can. He'll be worried awfully."

Dinner finished, he went back to his wood chopping. The wind was rising again, and he wanted an ample supply of fuel in the leanto.

Later, while she set the table for supper he smoked a pipe before the fire. He did not look directly at her, but he was very much aware of her presence. His impassive face did not betray the excitement he felt at being flung so intimately with this vital young thing. She

(Continued on page 44)



"It's his teeth again!"

smile was unexpected. It did not seem to fit with Clem Oakland's reputation for smug conceit and bullying dominance.

Molly was scattering the word "we" through her talk. They had become partners in the adventure. Before they had finished breakfast she said so in as many words.

"We're here. We can't help ourselves. No use quarreling. Let's declare a truce until the blockade is broken."

"No more shooting, no more knifing?" he asked with obvious sarcasm. "The beginning of a long dear friendship?"

"I didn't say that. But I don't see why we should always be at each other's throats. I've heard of friendly enemies, or at least neutral ones."

He found the idea rather amusing. "All right. We'll bury the hatchet, if your fancy turns to hatchets next time. You can play at being a lady, and I'll forget I'm a killer and a bully and a thief, not to mention a few other kinds of skunk you didn't find time to get around to when you were labeling me."

"I don't think that's a very good way to begin," she protested. "You'll have to meet me half-way if we're to be decent to each other."

"That's right," he admitted. "Got to put my best foot forward. I'll start in by shaving. There's a razor on the shelf."

The wind still roared down from the divide, driving before it great scudding clouds heavily laden with sleety snow. With the early coming of darkness there was no sign of abatement.

After they had washed the supper dishes Molly brought out a greasy deck of cards and a cribbage board from a box under a bunk. They played for hours. The girl's mind was not wholly on the game. There would have to come a time, no matter how long she postponed it, when she would have to face the embarrassment of turning in to one of the two beds in the room, knowing that a strange man

(Continued from page 43)

moved across the floor as though life, the mere living, sang a song in her veins.

Before he went to his bunk he contrived a screen to shut off the corner of the room where she slept.

By next morning the storm had entirely cleared. The snow flung back a million sparkles of sunshine. No breath of wind was in the air, no threat in the blue sky.

It was close to noon when Molly called excitedly to her companion. "Look."

She pointed down the valley to five slowly moving specks still a long way off. The man came down from his wood chopping. He would not need to lay in a further supply of fuel.

"I'd better make a big dinner. They'll be here in an hour or so," she said. "And they'll be hungry as wolves."

He assented, with no enthusiasm. They would want to know who he was, what he was doing in these barren snow wastes, though they would not at first put these questions into words, since the outdoor West subdues its curiosity. What they might ask him, very bluntly, as soon as Molly had told her story, was how he came to be riding the bald-faced sorrel with the white stockings. To that query he had no answer that would satisfy. Nor did he care to tell them how he came to have a bullet wound in the shoulder.

Molly knew she ought to be happy at the prospect of relief but felt instead an unexpected heaviness of heart. Fate had snatched her into a brave adventure, dangerous and harsh but thrilling. Now she must go back to humdrum existence.

One thing she had to tell this man. It was not easy to say, for fear he might think her explanation personal, that she was trying to make friends with him. And that was absurd, since she hated him traditionally and personally. She turned to fling at him her shy explanation.

"About that knife . . . when I cut you. It just happened to be in my hand as I started for my horse. I had been getting a willow switch. And when you caught hold of me I was frightened and struck out. It wasn't that I wanted to hurt you."

The words tumbled out at him in a small voice. He could take them as an apology if he wished.

His cool hard eyes bored into her. "And your rifle. It just happened to be in your hand I reckon, and just happened to go off in my direction."

"I think you're the most hateful man I've ever met," she flamed. "I'll never speak to you again. Thank God, I'll be through with you as soon as my friends come."

"You'll be back again with the kind of yes-guys you can use as doormats," he said. "But don't be too sure about never speaking to me again. Some day I'll be asking you a question or two about that lead pill you sent to my address."

"After all you've done to us you've got a nerve to say that. You deserve to be shot a dozen times."

"Once would be enough, if you'd be more thorough," he jeered. "You're too soft to be a reliable killer. It takes nerve."

"I never tried to kill you," she broke out.

"No? Just a little friendly salute in honor of my arrival."

"I don't care what you think. The opinion of Clem Oakland is of no importance to me."

She turned her back on him and began cutting biscuits savagely out of the dough she had rolled.

## CHAPTER VI

A TRIM well-set-up young man led the rescuers. He swung from the saddle and advanced to meet the two waiting in front of the cabin.

His brown hand went out to Molly. "Good-morning. Dr. Livingstone, I presume," he grinned.

The girl had read Stanley's story of the search for the great African explorer and she laughed as she shook hands.

"I see you're all right. That's fine." His gaze shifted inquiringly to the man standing beside her.

"Mr. Oakland," she said, her voice a trifle chilly. "I supposed you knew him."

"Oakland?" he repeated.

"Mr. Clem Oakland." Then, stiffly, without looking at the companion of her adventure, she completed the introduction. "Sheriff Walsh."

"But this isn't Clem Oakland," Walsh corrected.

The other man smiled sardonically. "So I told her, but she wouldn't believe me. Jeb Taylor is the name."

Molly stared at him, the color mounting in her cheeks. Her thoughts churned furiously. Who was he then? How did he come by the big sorrel horse? Why had he not explained himself instead of letting her think he was Oakland?

Walsh looked from one to the other. There was something he did not understand, but that could wait.

"Glad you're both all right. We've been worried, Molly. This will be good news for your father. He's leading a party below Paddy Burns's prong. Figured you might have taken the south fork."

"I knew he would be terribly worried," the girl cried. "But what could I do? The storm came on so fast. We reached the old Berry



"These cherries are wonderful!  
Almost every one has a worm in it"

cabin and next day during the lull broke through to this one."

The other men were grouped about them. All of them Molly had known for years. They voiced pleasure at her escape, but she detected embarrassment. Mr. Jeb Taylor's place in the picture was not clear to them. Ought they to discuss it or ignore it?

"I met Mr. Taylor in the blizzard," she explained, still flushed. "We made for shelter together. Lucky for me we did. I couldn't have reached this cabin without him. He had to drag me part of the way."

"Three loud cheers," Walsh said cheerfully, and shook hands with the man who called

himself Taylor. "It's fine your luck stood up, Molly."

"Yes, Steve. We did have a narrow shave, but it's all right now." Molly passed to a topic less personal. "Dinner is ready, boys."

"And we're sure enough ready for it," answered one of her father's riders, a young brick-red Hercules named Peters with a head as bald as a billiard ball.

"Oh, lady, lead us to it," another begged. "If you think bucking snow-drifts is no work ask Slim Hodges. I'm here to tell the world different."

Molly beckoned the sheriff aside. "Who is with Dad on that search party?" she asked.

"Let me see. Your brother Bob—and Tom Maloney—"

"My cousin Jim?"

"Yes."

"You're sure? You saw him go?"

"Yes."

It seemed to him that she drew a breath of relief. He wondered why. What vital interest could she have in the assurance that Jim Haley was one of the party?

TAYLOR studied the sheriff with some interest, not only because he was sheriff but because he was an unusual one. Steve Walsh was a slender black-haired youth, lean-flanked and clean-limbed. The muscles of his legs and shoulders rippled when he moved. Attractive brown eyes were rather widely set in a good-looking tanned face the lines of which broke often to mirth. The head was small, and covered with close-cropped curls. Its owner carried it with careless grace.

After he had shown a right appreciation of Molly's cooking Slim Hodges flung a question in one word at Taylor.

"Stranger?" he asked, his mouth full of rice pudding.

"Yes," the traveler said curtly.

"On business?"

"Looking for a winter resort."

Peters snorted. Slim did not quite know what to make of the answer, but he tried to be helpful. "You won't find it up this away, friend."

"If you're sure of that, I'll quit looking."

"Stands to reason, don't it? With all this snow—"

The grins of his companions could not be missed. Slim stopped. He guessed vaguely that he was making himself the goat again.

As an officer of the law, Steve wanted to know more about this man who was wandering in the snow wastes with no apparent reason.

The fellow's face was vaguely familiar to him. He had seen it somewhere recently, but his memory refused to say definitely where. The association was too elusive for coordination at present. Some time, perhaps this very hour, the connection would occur.

"Soon as you're ready we'll hit the trail, Molly," Walsh said. "We'll have to hump to make the ranch by supper time. I'm sending Frank on ahead to get word to your father that you are safe."

"I'm ready now."

"Good. We brought a spare horse for you. The rest of us will have to take turns spelling Mr. Taylor in walking."

"I'll try not to impose on you," Taylor said.

The sheriff picked up from a bunk a Stetson hat and put it on. He took it off and looked inside. The hat didn't fit. He had taken Taylor's instead of his own.

"Queer," he murmured.

"What's queer?" Molly asked.

"Oh, nothing. Things a fellow notices."

Molly took the hat from him, a little abruptly. The initials stamped by a cutting machine in the sweat band of the hat were W B.

The girl laughed, not pleasantly. "W for Jeb and B for Taylor," she said.

# Cross-Word Puzzle

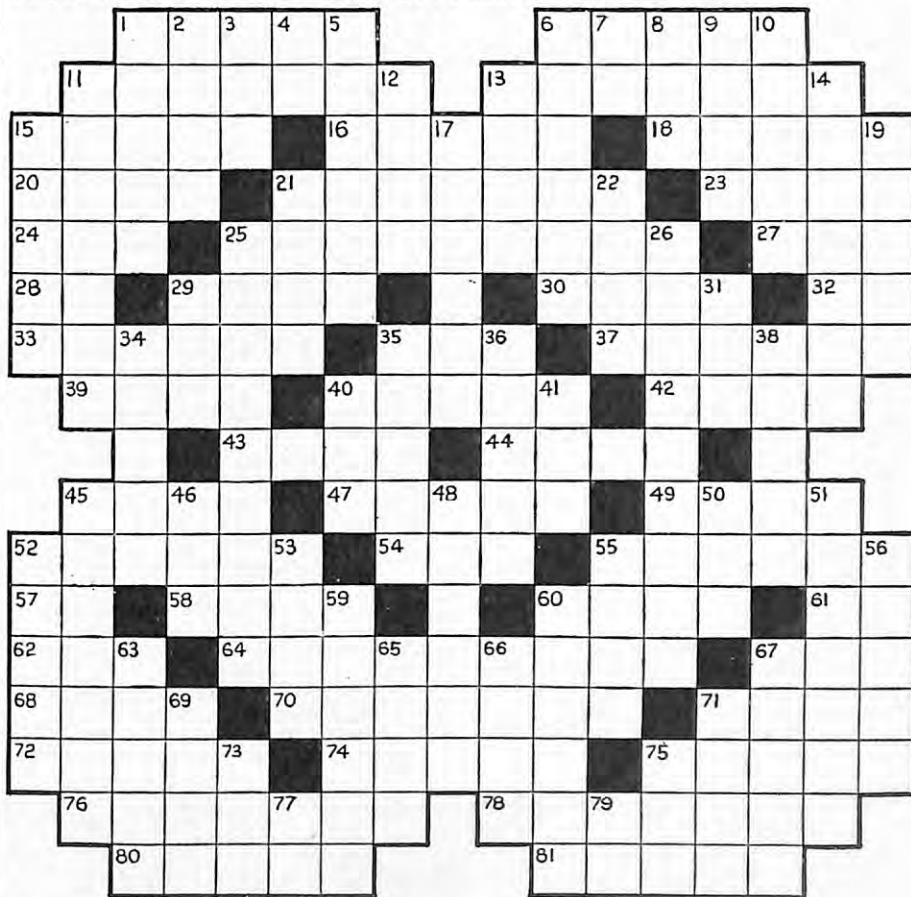
By Joseph Murray, Titusville, Pa.

**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: Robert I. Clark, Derry Village, N. H.; Charles Revell, Represa, Calif.; Rudy Senger, Goshen, Ind.; and Millie Storey, Vancouver, Wash.



Walsh made no comment. He looked, with the ghost of a smile in his eyes, at the man who said his name was Jeb Taylor and had the letters W B in his hat.

"A little mistake," Taylor said coolly, meeting with no apparent confusion the steady regard of the sheriff. "Made by a fellow in a restaurant where I ate. He took my hat off the hook and left his own."

"It has been done," Walsh admitted.

The officer led the way out of the cabin. "All aboard for the Prescott ranch," he called cheerfully.

Molly swung to a saddle on a rough, round-bellied bay and Walsh adjusted the stirrups to the length she required.

"I had to turn Gypsy loose when we reached the Berry cabin," she told him. "Do you know whether he got home?"

"He made it to the ranch late that first night. Buck was at the stable and let him in."

Molly leaned down a little to ask the next question. In spite of herself she lowered her voice. "Was there another horse too?"

"Yes, he had company." The brown eyes of the sheriff, raised to meet those of the girl, seemed to her to hold something in reserve.

"A big sorrel with a bald face and white stockings?" she asked.

"Carrying a C O brand," he added.

She nodded, apparently having no more to say. But he had another word.

"Taylor was riding that sorrel, of course."

It was a statement, not a question. Molly looked around, to make sure none of the others could hear.

"Do you think he's one of the Oakland gang?" she whispered.

He gave her a dry Yankee answer. "What do you think?"

Into her voice flamed a swift feminine ferocity. "That's what I think. I never met a man so—so—"

She broke off, rejecting the adjectives that came to mind.

Walsh smiled. "I gather you don't approve of him."

"He's the hardest man I ever met," she cried in a low voice.

"No news," the sheriff said briefly.

What he wanted to know was the character back of that iron will.

## CHAPTER VII

THE ride to the Quartercircle X Y, as the Prescott place was generally called on account of its brand, taxed the already tired cow ponies to the limit.

As they drew near the ranch most of the riders were on foot, leading their horses.

Walsh had Molly on his buckskin, though she protested she was quite able to walk. She had insisted on traveling part of the way on foot, like the others.

Molly slid from the saddle in front of the porch and went up the steps into the arms of her Aunt Jane.

"Praise God," the older woman said with a sob in her voice. "We thought—we were afraid—"

"I know," Molly agreed, and wept a little with her.

"When Jim came home without you—and then Gypsy—"

"Is Dad back yet?"

"No. As soon as we heard you were safe we sent word to him."

They walked into the house and were followed by the two men. Walsh introduced the stranger, adding an explanation.

"Mr. Taylor found Molly in the storm and got her to a place of safety."

"It was rather the other way," Taylor corrected. "She found me and took me to the cabin. I was lost and she fired a shot to attract my attention. Some day I hope to be able to pay my debt to Miss Prescott." He tacked an ironic rider to the wish. "It has been a pleasure to me to pay a slight instalment on account."

The angry eyes of the girl raked him

(Continued on page 46)

### Across

- 1—Relationship
- 6—Stoppers
- 11—Director of athletes
- 13—Imprisonment
- 15—Gem
- 16—Rolled tobacco
- 18—Fermenting agent
- 20—Frame for stretching
- 21—Seat of government
- 23—Otherwise
- 24—Refrigerate
- 25—Leagued together
- 27—Wide, shallow vessel
- 28—Exclamation of astonishment
- 29—Air
- 30—Fruit-bearing parts of grain
- 32—You
- 33—Retaliatory speech
- 35—Beverage
- 37—Kind of valve
- 39—Puny animal
- 40—Fold of cloth
- 42—Lass
- 43—Part of shoe
- 44—Subdue
- 45—Measure of distance
- 47—Drunkard
- 49—Profound
- 52—Majestic
- 54—Pale
- 55—Manage
- 57—Ancient Roman coin

- 53—Period
- 60—Wade through
- 61—Indefinite article
- 62—Possessive pronoun
- 64—Daily
- 67—Among
- 68—Happenings
- 70—Sorrowed
- 71—Sensible
- 72—Deal with
- 74—Forefinger
- 75—Heaped
- 76—Material for window frames
- 78—Narrator
- 80—Plural pronoun
- 81—Griefs

### Down

- 1—Prop
- 2—Song bird
- 3—Anoint
- 4—Upon
- 5—Span of years
- 6—Assistant rector
- 7—Conjunction
- 8—Beam
- 9—Joint
- 10—Denude
- 11—Instructor
- 12—Mature
- 13—Information
- 14—Tried
- 15—Previous
- 17—Belt
- 19—Dogma
- 21—Coin
- 22—Jump
- 25—Promoted
- 26—Camel
- 29—Measure of weight
- 31—Mineral spring
- 34—Flower
- 35—Permit
- 36—Devoured
- 38—Played
- 40—Fondle
- 41—Sailor
- 45—Arrays
- 46—Rent
- 48—Washed for gold
- 50—Finish
- 51—Clearer
- 52—Holy person
- 53—Ship
- 55—Contain
- 56—Completed
- 59—Pertaining to a mouse
- 60—Bends
- 63—Perspire
- 65—Circle
- 66—Assert
- 67—Men
- 69—Band
- 71—Location
- 73—Definite article
- 75—Equality of value
- 77—Form of "to be"
- 79—Behold

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 50

(Continued from page 45)

contemptuously. "You can discuss that with my father or my brother." Abruptly she turned to her aunt. "First thing, I'm going to take a hot bath."

She walked out of the room.

"I expect you would like a bath too, Mr. Taylor," the older woman suggested.

"There's nothing in the world I'd like more," he told her promptly.

After Taylor had been taken care of, Jane Macmillan went to the room of her niece. There were questions she wanted to ask.

## CHAPTER VIII

CLINT PRESCOTT frowned at the sheriff, puffing at a corn-cob pipe. "Who is this fellow Taylor, Steve? What's he doing here? By jacks, I don't like it."

"He's brought you luck so far," Walsh said quietly. "Molly admits she couldn't have reached Seven Mile Camp without him. Bite on that first of all, Clint. Say he's one of Oakland's men. Say he came here on some of Clem's dirty business. You've still got a big percentage in your favor. I'd say kinda ease him out of here when the roads open."

The ranchman slammed a big brown fist on the table. "I don't want to be under any obligations of any kind whatever to Clem Oakland or any of his damned outfit. And I'd like to tell this fellow so, too."

"Why not?" Walsh asked. "Why not let him know you're so stubborn that you'd rather lose your daughter than have her saved by a guy you don't like?"

"I didn't say that. Not by a jugful. What I say is that it's a bitter pill for me to accept a favor from any of those scalawags." He ripped out an explosive oath. "The only way I want to meet Clem or his warriors is with my gun smoking. That outfit has run on me too long. It's war."

"I'm supposed to be sheriff of this county, Clint," young Walsh said amiably, but with crisp decision. "Don't make a mistake. I don't aim to let either you or Clem run hog wild. You'll stay inside the law, both of you."

"Go tell him that, boy," Prescott flung

back angrily. "What's the sense in you talking like that skunk and I are on a par? Did I start this thing? Did I shoot down his riders? Did I horn in on his range? Did I pull dirty tricks with the forest service to cheat him out of the grass he owned? What's eating you, Steve? D'you think I'm going to sit like a buzzard on a cottonwood limb while that crook steals me blind? To hell with your law when it can't protect honest men."

"No way to talk, Clint. You can't set back the clock thirty years. I'm telling you. You've got to remember that a private war with the Oakland outfit don't go unless you do your fighting with modern weapons before a judge and jury."

"I'm going to protect myself," the ranchman said doggedly. "This fellow is a thief and a killer. But he's twisted around so that the law protects him in a lot of his sculdugery."

"Listen, Clint. I know well as you do what a bad outfit Clem is. My advice is to let him run on the rope and hang himself. One of these days—soon, too—he's going to make his big mistake. Then we'll blow him off the map."

"You don't know what you're talking about, boy. This fellow is a fox as well as a wolf. If I don't fight I'll be out of business inside of two years. So it's going to be me or him now."

Taylor walked into the living-room and stopped near the door. "Private conversation, gentlemen?" he asked, by way of offering to leave.

The ranchman's salient jaw jutted out toward him. "No, sir," he said harshly. "I was just telling Sheriff Walsh where I stand with Oakland and his gang."

"Afraid I don't know them," Taylor said.

"Don't you?" Prescott's keen eyes challenged the statement. "Well, there's nothing private about my views. I think Clem is a liar, a thief, and a murderer, and the knot-heads who follow him are a bunch of yapping coyotes."

"Mr. Prescott believes in plain speaking," Walsh suggested with a smile.

"I gather so."

Taylor's hard eyes took in at length the

owner of the Quartercircle X Y. He was a large man, heavily built, bull-necked and strong-jawed. The resolute eyes, the close shut lips, spoke of a dominant will. In a gray flannel shirt and corduroy trousers thrust into the tops of high-heeled boots he looked the oldtimer he was. His guest judged him to be both imperious and explosive. He would fight at the drop of a hat to defend what he regarded as his rights.

"If you should meet up with Clem, Mr. Taylor, you can tell him I'll be waiting at the gate for him any time he gives the word," Prescott told him bluntly.

"And you can tell him I said," added Walsh, "that if anybody gets hell in the neck and starts trouble I'll finish it for him."

"Am I likely to meet him?" Taylor asked blandly.

"That's what I'd like to know. Are you?" demanded Prescott. The eyes under the beetling gray brows were like live coals.

"A fellow can't sometimes always tell who he's going to meet," Taylor said coolly.

A second time the big brown fist of the ranchman crashed down on the table. "Knew it all the time. You're one of his damned litter."

"Since you're so sure of that where do we go from here?" the stranger asked.

Walsh interposed. "Just a moment, gentlemen. Let's know how the cards lie. Were you headed for this ranch when the blizzard caught you, Mr. Taylor?"

"No." The word fell after a scarcely perceptible hesitation.

"Didn't come into this country to spy on the Quartercircle X Y?"

"Not at all." The answer was pat and prompt, but the smile that went with it was enigmatic.

"Or to do any of Clem Oakland's dirty work?" the sheriff asked, the gay smile robbing the words of much of the offense.

"How could I, when I don't know him?"

"If you don't know him, how come you to be on that baldface sorrel that's down there in the barn?" Prescott broke in savagely.

The cool and flinty gaze of Taylor shifted to his host. "That's a real long story," he said evenly. "I don't reckon I'll go into that right



In the hills of Westchester County, near the town of Somers, N. Y.

CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING



now, sir. I'll just mention that everyone who rides a C O horse doesn't have to be a C O man."

"That kind of talk gets nowhere with me, fellow," Clint stormed. "You're one of the Oakland outfit or you ain't. Which is it? If you've got nothing to hide, why don't you come clean?"

The muscles in the lean face of the Southerner went taut. "I don't reckon I quite get the idea, Mr. Prescott," he said, his low voice almost a drawing purr. "Are you God Almighty in this neck of the woods? Do I have to give my pedigree and show a passport? I've told you I don't know this man Oakland. Why should I keep on saying so?"

"You haven't told me how you come to be riding his horse."

"That's only half of it," Taylor said quietly, looking straight at him. "I'm not going to tell you. Maybe I borrowed the horse. Maybe I bought it. Maybe I stole it."

**MOLLY** appeared in the doorway. "Did I leave my book here?" she asked of nobody in particular, glancing first at her father and then at Taylor. The former was flushed, she observed, the latter coldly hostile.

"Just having a pleasant chat?" she asked airily.

Walsh grinned. "Something like that."

"I suppose Dad is thanking Mr. Taylor for all his kindness to me."

"You run along, girl," her father ordered curtly.

Molly's decorous smile did not wholly conceal mockery. "Am I to go to bed?"

She was the one person who could banter Clint Prescott and escape without a blast of anger.

"Course you've got to have the last word. You always had. If I had you to bring up over again I'd see what a strap would do for you. Of all the sassy young squirts—"

He stopped, in despair of doing the subject justice.

"Mr. Taylor thinks it isn't too late yet," she said primly.

"What's that?" her father rasped.

The girl looked at the Southerner, and as their eyes fastened she felt once more the drums

of adventure beat in her heart, a sense of suddenly stilled pulses followed by a clamor of the blood.

"He gave me his ideas about women," she explained. "They are to be treated rough. It's the only way to keep them in their place."

Walsh was interested and curious. He had caught that battle of the eyes.

"What is a woman's place, according to Mr. Taylor?" he asked.

"You would probably call his views a little old-fashioned. She is property, and naturally she is to do as she is told. She is to be polite and proper. When she is called she is to come."

"Is she to go away when she is told?" her father wanted to know.

Molly smiled in appreciation of the hit. "Oh yes, Dad. And I think she is to curtsy when she is given orders. I'm not sure about that." She turned to Taylor, her eyebrows lifted in a question.

He understood that she did not intend to make her indictment specific. She was not going to tell what had taken place between them. Perhaps her pride influenced her. She might want him to know that she could fight her own wars without calling in others to aid her.

"Don't ask me," he said with a grim little smile. "I can't recognize this man you're telling about."

"No?" she said, scornfully incredulous.

Molly found her book and departed. Taylor followed the girl from the room.

The owner of the Quartercircle X Y went back instantly to the previous question. "You noticed how he ducked out of giving any explanation of himself, Steve. You're easy satisfied if you think that fellow is here on legitimate business. An honest man doesn't have to hide information about himself."

"I didn't say he was an honest man."

"What d'you mean?"

"Nothing definite. I'm asking myself questions, Clint. I've seen that man somewhere, but I can't place him. Funny, too. He's not the kind you'd forget easily."

"You've probably seen him with Clem Oakland."

"I don't think so. I'd remember that. It's the association I don't get." Walsh looked

with narrowed reflective eyes out of the window into a white world. His mind was searching for a clew that just escaped him.

"What's the sense in making a mystery out of him, boy? He comes on my range riding a C O horse. He can't tell where he got it or what he's doing here. So he just throws a bluff that it's none of my damn business."

Walsh shook his head. "So that proves him one of Clem's men. No, Clint. I don't reckon it's as simple as that. For one thing, he's riding Clem's own personal horse. I've seen it a dozen times, always with Clem in the saddle. Take your Black Bart. Do you let any of your boys take him on a long trip? Clem wouldn't turn over his sorrel to someone else any more than you would Black Bart."

"Then how did he get the horse?" Prescott asked impatiently.

"He gave us three guesses, that he borrowed, bought, or stole it. It's a cinch he didn't borrow or buy it."

The cattleman's thick body straightened. "You think he stole it?"

"I don't know. He's no common horse thief. There's more to the man than that. I haven't got him pegged, Clint. He may be one bad hombre. He's hard as nails. But he is strong and game. I can't feature him playing second fiddle to Clem Oakland or any other man. He's got all the earmarks of a leader."

"You're riding around in circles, Steve. He bought the sorrel, it was loaned to him, or he stole it. You're trying to tell me he didn't do any one of the three. All right. How did he get it?"

"That's what I'm going to find out. But it will take time."

"Personally I'm satisfied he's one of Oakland's warriors. Soon as the roads open I'll expect him to *vamos*. Until then he's a guest of the ranch, but I'm not going to be a liar and pretend he's a welcome one."

Prescott rose, walked to the fireplace, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He had made up his mind. Since he was a stubborn man, Walsh did not attempt to change his opinion. Besides, there was always a chance that Clint was right. Taylor might be a C O rider.

(To be continued)

## When Thrift Was King

(Continued from page 20)

he really dead; or merely stunned by his fall? Who knows? But he or his ghost came back for a brief visit in 1917.

The World War was on. For two tiresome years we glad spenders were forced to economize. We were forced to it by law and by patriotism and by public opinion. We stinted ourselves on sugar and the like. We ate inferior grayish bread. We observed gasless Sundays, heatless days, a non-theatre night per week. Out of our earnings and our savings we were forced to "give till it hurt," for the upkeep of the War.

There were optimists—or cranks, if you prefer—who foretold that this hard two-year lesson, and the sight of nation murdering nation, would sober us; that it would all turn us back to Thrift, and to harder and steadier Work. Did it?

The minute the immediate need for such sacrifices was at an end we plunged into wilder money-spending and longer vacations and shorter work-hours than ever before in our history. The attempt to restore King Thrift to his throne had been a ghastly failure.

Perhaps the lesson was not severe enough. Perhaps two years did not suffice for its full teaching. Perhaps the subsequent let-up was too exhilarating, too triumphal, too breath-takingly sudden. At any rate, the lesson in Thrift had been a 100 per cent. failure. The War had taught us nothing lasting—not even how to keep permanently out of another one.

Its sequel and the new rush of money into our pockets seemed to have wiped away the last stern teachings of our forefathers. We had lost something those forefathers had spent centuries in building up; something that was imparted to them, for generation after generation, in bloody sweat.

Could we afford to lose it? Up to the end of 1929, we used to say so. We used to prate of the new era which had dawned; the era in which mankind would get richer by spending more money and by fewer work-hours.

**T**HE most rabid evolutionists do not claim that any perceptible changes in biological conditions can be achieved in fewer than thousands of years. Yet, the new era aimed to upset in a single decade the principles which King Thrift had been teaching since the first man shaped a wooden scoop wherewith to plow a patch of clearing in the Neolithic virgin wilderness.

On these old principles Man had crawled up from the new-made earth's slime. On them he had wrought and progressed through the ages. He who worked hardest and longest, and who saved most wisely, had survived; while the human drones had died off.

King Thrift had created mighty America as the capstone-miracle of his long reign. By obeying his laws, and in no other way, had we become great.

But now, we were told, all such fogyish

laws were in the discard. Many an editorial and wiseacre preachment did I read, to the effect that mankind had learned at last the true secret of living—of improving his financial condition by shorter work-hours and the more lavish spending of money.

Joyously we listened to the New Philosophy of life. It all seemed proved true. We were spending more and working less than ever a race had done. And we were more and more prosperous. What nincompoops our ancestors had been to grub and to hoard!

(So might a moron rejoice in his sudden pecuniary flushness during the first few months after he had drawn his whole patrimony out of the savings bank and stuffed it into his cash pocket. But we lacked the wit to think of that simile.)

The crash came late in 1929. Even then we could see no flaw in our New Philosophy. It was just a phase, this hard-up period. Presently, by some simple miracle, the sun would shine again. Soon we should have money and leisure, as we had been having them; and everything would be fine. The New Philosophy could not err. We spoke of the "suddenness" of the disaster; lacking the wit to see we had been busy for ten drunken years in pulling down our foundationless golden edifice.

Very slowly, by imperceptible degrees, we are at last beginning to understand. It is not a phase, this Depression. It is something we

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must work our way out of, by a road diametrically opposite to that by which we danced so gleefully into it.

We would not learn, from the lessons taught by the World War. We would not learn by age-long examples of our forefathers. Now has come a sterner and grimmer taskmaster. Necessity, stern and grim though he be, can teach us much, if we will learn. He can lead us back to sanity, after our long New Philosophy spree. He is the mouthpiece—possibly the forerunner—of banished old King Thrift.

Said Ben Franklin, perhaps in unconscious prophecy of some such era as this:

"Necessity keeps a hard school; but fools will learn at none other."

Yes, we are due to learn much from cruel Schoolmaster Necessity. Not because we want to, but because we must. Folk for the most part can not squander their wealth, just now; because folk for the most part no longer have any wealth to squander. Sane economies are forced upon nearly all of us. Not as in

1917-1918 when we were urged on to economy by an exalted patriotism; but because so many of us are broke.

We can not buy useless things or go on costly vacations, for this same reason; and because the man who is lucky enough to have a job dare not risk it by idling. Those of us who still have cash are going to find better use for it in helping the mass of unemployed than by gay extravagance.

If ever we can be driven back to the Thrift habit, this is assuredly the time and the way to drive us. How much longer the course of harsh lessons will continue to be taught and how much more drastically, nobody can foretell. One thing is reasonably certain:—the Teacher will not close the school and go away, with the startling suddenness wherewith the Armistice sent him packing in November of 1918. When at last he departs, it will be very gradually that his lessons shall cease. Not in a single day, as before.

Have we the wit and the strength of character to grasp the mighty benefit of his teachings, instead of crumpling weakly under their

severity? Can the tediously slow process of his departure teach us to keep his wise teachings in mind for a longer time than in 1918; or perhaps to treasure the best of them through many happier future years?

Is King Thrift creeping back to the realm from which an influx of cash and of leisure cast him forth? If so, shall we tolerate him grudgingly as a transient and unwelcome guest; or shall we hail him as our permanent rescuer?

These aren't rhetorical questions. There is an answer to them, could we but find it; an answer on which your welfare and my own may depend.

This time we are learning our Thrift lessons at Necessity's merciless school; not in Patriotism's more thrilling and less exacting classroom, as during the War. We are learning Thrift's laws, because we *must*. We have once more a belated chance to apply them permanently to our lives.

We are paying a terrifically high price for the tuition. But we can make the dire course pay for itself a thousand times over, if we will.

## Answers to Your Radio Questions



*Madaline Orr, Qualtrough, Wilkingsburg, Pa.* The question which torments you and which you want to put in the scrapbook of Floyd Gibbons that you are keeping is this one (or rather two) . . . IS HE MARRIED? and Can You SEE HIM BROADCAST? The answer to both happens to be the same. . . NO . . . NOT AT PRESENT! and the reason is this . . . in the first instance . . . he WAS! In the second, that fracas in the Far East has revived Floyd's wanderlust . . . and he just

*When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain, or any old time at all, jolly, good-tempered Kate Smith will be smiling at you like this and wishing you the best of luck*

sailed for China to be in the thick of it all . . . Some time when he returns and is broadcasting here in N. Y. and you are coming let me know and I will arrange for you to watch him in the studio. . .

*Helen N. Boevers, Galena, Ill.* A dreadful thing has happened! Your letter has been mislaid, and all that is left is your self-addressed envelope, which haunts me as it stares up at me accusingly and patiently awaits an answer. . .

. . . So please write me that question again. You would forgive me if you could see the stacks of mail on my desk. . . now and then something must go wrong. We can't all be perfect. . .

*Marguerite Sweeney, New Bedford, Mass.* Thanks ever so much for your nice letter. . . I wrote quite a lot about Smith Ballew in a recent issue, did you see it? You know when the Radio stations have a secret it wouldn't be the thing for me to let it out. . . so you will have to be patient for at least another month, by which time I think, mind you, I THINK that Smith Ballew will be heard on . . . Anyway I'll let you know the very moment I can. . . As for the picture . . . I promise here and now to publish one in the Rambles soon . . . as to sending one out through the mails, I'm sorry, but the expense and time and trouble that entails forbids it, however much all of us might like to

comply. . . . You see each star is only ONE, while the requests for photos are legion. . . . Sorry.

*Carleone Spinola, Englewood, N. J.* So you want to know all about the Landt Trio and White? Whether they are married? . . . how old they are? and oh! all sorts of things! Together they are just under a hundred, and singly they average 24 each. . . . *singly* is right too, for they are all of them charming bachelors (at this writing) in spite of an enormous fan mail and heap plenty offers! The Landt brothers all live with their parents in Jackson Heights, Long Island, and White lives with them too. Since they signed up with N. B. C. in Oct. 1928, they have broadcast more than 500 times and have never missed a program. . . . and . . . HAVE NEVER BEEN LATE. . . .

*Gladys Denlinger, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.* I'm trying to impress the following rule upon Radio Rambles Fans. . . . ONE LETTER, ONE QUESTION. . . . ONE ANSWER. . . . that's good arithmetic, isn't it? However, here goes! Uncle Abe and David (played by Phil Lord and Arthur Allen) are in temporary retirement. The Sisters of the Skillet are still very much among those who answer present to the Radio Roll Call. . . . they broadcast four times a week (over N. B. C.), on Tuesdays, Wednesdays (twice), and Fishdays. . . . I don't know whether your local station takes them so you had better check up with them. . . . Tony Wons is still going strong over Columbia network. . . .

*James P. Fitzsimmons, Holyoke, Mass.* Any relation to Bob? Your note was short, but you want a lot. Pictures of a number of Radio Stars. . . . The only way I can get them for you is to publish them in the pages of Radio Rambles.

Write and tell me your favorites and I'll do my best to get them all in for you some time or other. . . .

*Peggy Soutter, Charlestown, Mass.* You want to know if there is a school for announcers. . . . Yes, there are several in New York, just as there are schools for actors. . . . but, like actors, the best announcers are born, not made! I cannot tell you about Boston, but someone there at the Radio stations should be able to give you the information. . . . The best way to break into the Radio game (if you have talent, and training) is through an advertising agency (those august folk who put the commercial program upon the air) or through some one who thoroughly knows the ropes, such as a program builder, or some one in constant

touch with the whole Radio game. . . . In your own Boston I would suggest Miss Helene Martha Boll, 201 Clarendon Street.

*Grace Esterbrook Foster, Rahway, N. J.* About Eddie East and Ralph Dumke, those purveyors of fun known for years as "Eddie and Ralph" but now famous, if you please, as the "Sisters of the Skillet". . . . they are GREAT comedians in more ways than one, for they weigh over a quarter of a ton! (both together, I mean, not each!). . . They made their first appearance over the air during the Mississippi flood, and yet no one has ever said that they were all wet! Anyhow, chaps like that just can't sink you know, and they've been high up on the air ever since. They work hard, but have no slim diet to give out! no matter how much they do they never lose weight. . . . they are a substantial pair, and there's nothing the matter with them either mirthfully or girthingly. . . .

*Violet Kotches, Denbrooke, Conn.* One of us is wrong. . . . either you, or Uncle Sam's postman, or me! I answered your letter by mail. . . . sent to the address you gave me, but it came back through the dead letter office!

It's werry, werry peculiar, and I wish you'd write and give me the address again. And in that letter I told you something or other about Ozzie Nelson, and promised more about Julian Woodworth. . . so hurry up with the right signposts, or you might lose all that information about the two gallant young entertainers.

*Rita Amoroso, Everett, Mass.* You must be laboring under the impression that my name is WEBSTER. . . I mean to say you only request, quite modestly, a small dictionary of Radio Terms from me. . . "only a hundred or so." 'Fraid you will have to be grateful for small mercies, and watch the column each month, and every moon I will give you a few more Studio terms, such as are used in most of the stations. Let's go!

*Balance*—denotes the relative loudness of two or more instruments or voices, as transmitted through the microphone.

*Station Break*—This refers to the interruption between and during programs to give the local network stations a chance to tell you who they are.

*Assignment*—Means the same as it would in any other business. . . for instance. . . you are given an assignment to obtain Radio Terms. . . and an engineer or an announcer is "assigned" to this or that program. . . and apparently you assigned me, (out of hand) to the job of doing your work for you! So. . . more Technical Terms next month. . .

*K. Helen McNally, Somerville, Mass.* I feel

that I ought to write to you three times at once to try and make up for what seems to be my negligence of the past. But there are so many letters, and only so much space. I agree with you that Ted Husing is one of America's best Sportcasters. . . . He should be . . . he's a sportsman himself. He hails from that grand state of the wide open spaces . . . New Mexico . . . Sorry he got into that trouble with Harvard. It's difficult for an announcer, in

the stress of battle, when seeing a play which is undoubtedly "slightly off," to have the nicety to choose a descriptive word that may not be considered *completely off*. . . . Perhaps the trouble lay in the fact that Ted knew his football too well!

*Jeanne Lamm, Brooklyn, N. Y.* The question your friend asked about Arabesque will be answered in the next issue, and I will send the

opening poem, which is so beautifully read by David Ross. . . . Arabesque has been written for the Columbia System now for over a year by the lovely Georgia Backus, whose voice thrills all of you as Myra . . . in that sketch. . . .

*To All of You.* May the New Year bring you full measure of Peace, Happiness, and Prosperity. . . . G. S. E.

## The Fourth Bullet

(Continued from page 25)

he had any idea who had rushed in before him to take the crime off his hands, Steve answered that he hadn't an idea who it could have been.

When he was asked to explain the contradictions in his various statements, he said savagely, "I lied. I was rattled and I lied. You try walking into your own garage, some night, and find a man you wanted to kill lying there already killed for you, and see if you won't be rattled, and lie, too."

He insisted that he had no idea where Nat's money had got to, nor could they find it. They did, however, find certain facts which in some people's eyes gave Steve justification for shooting Nat Hillis as well as the motive. Nat was well known for a usurer, and he had been bleeding Steve for some time. Steve's financial difficulties, which people had thought came from his extravagance and tendency to fast living, had really been due to letting Nat get a grip on him, as he had on many other people, who had been denied credit by the bank, or wished to keep their borrowing secret. Steve's three notes which had been found among Nat's papers had been run up to more than \$8,000 from an original loan of \$1,000. At first Nat had encouraged Steve to default on the interest, willingly making out new notes for considerably higher sums, until he had him in a vise. The last time he renewed his notes he had simply doubled the amounts, without giving Steve a single added dollar.

The trial took place in Phillipsport from July 12th to 18th. Holzman tried to discredit Walt Arber's testimony on the ground that Walt had virtually shown that he was an accessory to a murder, and was guilty of perjury by certain variations of his testimony before the coroner's jury and the trial jury. But everyone knew Walt from a child up, and that he was a simple impressionable man devoted to Gamble and completely under his domination. Steve's general character of recklessness, his strange demeanor at the trial, and his constant need for money, particularly his obviously desperate straits on the eve of the murder, told heavily against him.

Indeed, the testimony of the men who were in Magan's Inn that night practically sealed Steve's fate. They described Steve's conspicuous nervousness, his fitful conversation, his insistence on going out into the storm to keep his grim engagement. The mere recital of these things made a deep impression. There was something ominous in the exact setting of the time by the flyer. Steve had come to Walt Arber's home about twenty minutes after nine, which fitted in perfectly with the time of his departure from Magan's and the hour set for his appointment with Nat Hillis. It now seemed that every man in Magan's that night had taken out his watch in order to fix the time of a murder and a conviction, as surely as though he had recorded the actual moment of the shots, which no one had heard, probably because they had been drowned out by thunder.

### IV

WHEN the last word of counsel had been spoken the crowded courtroom knew that it was an open and shut case. There was a dead silence as Judge Birdsall fitted his glasses on

his nose, cleared his throat, and prepared to charge the jury. The tenseness of the moment was unexpectedly broken.

"Judge, hain't nobody goin' to ask me some questions?" a drawling voice inquired.

The judge started, and every head turned around to the speaker. It was old Lige Nevins, standing up in the center of the courtroom. The interruption was so startling that no attendant had the self-possession to snarl "Silence!" or "Sit down!" at Lige before he continued.

"Judge, I been coming here for a week by request as a witness," he said plaintively, "and nobody asked me nothing yet."

"Nobody's asking you anything now, Lige," said the judge sharply but informally. Not even he could be formal with Lige, who was known by every man, woman and child in the county, and with whom the judge himself had gone on many a hunting trip.

"Sit down!" several attendants now barked at Lige. He paid no attention to them.

"JUDGE, before you tell that jury to send that boy to the electric chair I'd like to say a few words," Lige said, "that might make you see things in a different light."

"Now, Lige," said the judge, still kindly, "you will either have to sit down or go out. The evidence is in and the case is closed. Anything you had to say you should have said earlier."

"Nobody asked me," protested Lige, "and besides, I couldn't rightly prove it till this morning. Then when I come in all those lawyers was so busy talking I couldn't get a word in edgewise. Howsumever, I'll sit down, jedge. But before I do, I want to tell ye that Steve Gamble didn't shoot Nat Hillis, and I can prove it."

He sat down.

"Stand up!" thundered Judge Birdsall, above the buzz that rose in the courtroom. "Stand up, Lige Nevins! How do you know Steve Gamble didn't murder Nat Hillis?"

"Because Steve left Magan's house after the rain broke, and Nat Hillis was shot before it began to rain."

"Prove that!" said the judge sharply.

"Jedge, I knowed Nat Hillis, man and boy, nigh onto sixty year, and I know that if this minute Nat Hillis is standing afore his Maker's throne and there's a window open behind him raining on him, Nat'll turn away from the face of the Almighty and shet it. Walt Arber told you he was lying in a puddle of water, right under that open window, and he fell where he was shot."

"This is conjecture that requires proof," said the judge, but there was a strained solemnity in his voice as he leaned forward.

"I'm acoming to the proof, jedge," said Lige mildly. "The man that shot Nat Hillis, shot at him from near the office door, the way it was showed right here. Outside that window there's a driveway, and across that driveway is a fence nine and a half feet high. A new fence, painted green.

"Jedge, one of those bullets fired that night flattened itself into the wall a foot from the window, another one buried itself in the window frame. The third one hit Nat Hillis all fair and square. But where is the fourth

bullet? Nary hide nor hair of it was found. Jedge, anyway you look out of that window, that fence is dead smack up in front of you. Jedge, I looked that fence over right careful. There is nary hole, mark nor defacement on it, along the whole side bordering Steve Gamble's driveway. Well, then, where did that fourth bullet go? Bullets hain't got wings. I said that to myself all along, jedge, bullets hain't got wings, until jest yeste'day I slipped up and says to myself, 'Bullets hain't got wheels!' and I had it. Jedge, there it was right up in front of me plain all the time, and I couldn't see it!"

"I still can't see it, Lige," said the judge.

"Why, jedge, that bullet did have wheels. There was a car standing in front of that window. That bullet just went out of that window and sat right in that car, and that car backed out and wheeled right, and that bullet went right off, too, a riding with it."

You could have heard a pin drop in the courtroom.

"Did you find the car, Lige?" the judge asked, after a pause.

"Yes, jedge," said Lige. "Bullet's in it now. It struck the front seat, and I reckon it got to feeling around among the springs and stuffings until it just got a comfortable place and stayed there. It only made a little hole on the outside, and the owner of the car patched it up so neat you'd never notice it, if you didn't know what you was looking for."

"Whose car is it, Lige?" the judge asked, after another pause.

Old Lige stared at the judge for a moment. His right hand slowly rose, and a gnarled finger pointed.

"Ott Oliver's," he said simply.

The courtroom rose in an uproar. The judge's gavel pounded against it ineffectually for a moment before it died down. Every eye in the room was on the sheriff. He had paled, and started, as any man would have done under similar circumstances, but he stood erect, with a scornful smile on his face.

"He lies, your honor!" he said. "I don't know what he's talking about. He's planted something on me!"

"Mebbe so, jedge," said Lige placidly. "Mebbe I planted that bullet on Ott Oliver. But no man can't say as how I planted some sixteen hundred dollars of Nat Hillis's money under a cord of wood in Ott Oliver's woodshed, because where would I agot it from?"

The sheriff's face turned into a terrible contorted mass of crimson fury, as he glared at the old man. A woman screamed. Two men flung themselves on him, and wrenched a half-drawn revolver away. A moment later he stood handcuffed, swaying, the color drained from his face. He gave a little hopeless nod, and collapsed.

### V

"I KNOWED Ott Oliver was lying the minute he come into Magan's ahead of the storm that night," said Lige afterward, "and said he'd been held up to home because Hattie Oliver was ailing. Girl and woman, I've knowed Hattie Oliver nigh onto forty year, and there hain't a man alive, leastways her own husband, could've got out of her house and left her alone with a thunderstorm brewing."

# The Silver King

(Continued from page 15)

raiser to the play. The first act moved sedately. These were patient plotters, aware that speed was dangerous. Back in Paris, Warren commissioned a broker to buy English bills of exchange from different sources to the total of several thousand pounds. As he hoped, they were drawn on a number of banks. He took these bills to London and left them with the various banks for their acceptance. He got them back the next day marked "Accepted," with the signatures of the proper officers of the institutions.

THESE signatures were what he was after. Every real acceptance that passed through the hands of the band became a model for forgeries in larger figures, many times duplicated. The true acceptances also served to familiarize the Bank of England with the discount of Warren paper. All went there for discount, the cash deposited to Warren's account. None of the forged stuff was put out. The hill of it grew from week to week, waiting an appointed time.

There was a possibility of one weakness in the plan. If the Bank of England sent around to the accepting banks to verify the endorsements before discounting the paper, the conspiracy would collapse with the first forgery. Not until painstaking watch showed that the bank did not have this cautious habit did the group become really confident.

A final test to impress the bank itself was thought necessary—a *tour de force* to get Rothschild names on a bill of exchange and its acceptance. Warren was disinclined to the effort, but his followers insisted. It didn't seem possible to them that bank robbery could be so easy as this one promised. Perhaps the bank had not been fooled into believing Warren was a big financier. Just as well anyway to deepen the deception.

The leader, who was a poor sailor and hated the Channel trip in bad October weather, went grumblingly toward Paris. Luck was with him, although in the first onset of it he nearly lost his life. The train on which he was traveling from the coast to Paris was wrecked, and many passengers died. The American escaped with shock and bruises. As his wits cleared, the plotter perceived that the accident could be made to serve him. The head of the railroad, the *Chemin de Fer du Nord*, was Baron Alphonse de Rothschild.

On arrival in Paris he hastened to the *Maison Rothschild* and asked for an interview with the Baron de Rothschild, stating that the wreck on the railroad had so shaken his nerves that he needed financial counsel. He looked impressive—and nervous. His injury itself was a responsibility of the House. The Baron came. The visitor related that he was carrying a large sum of money, 6,000 pounds, intending it for a Paris investment. Now he was too shaken to go forward with the business, and fearful also of carrying the cash. Would the Baron transfer the money for him to its London House? The Baron was pleased to oblige, and much regretted the unhappy cause of his caller's condition. He withdrew, still apologetic.

To the Manager left to serve him the client made an unusual request. He asked for one bill of exchange for the whole sum. Bills of exchange for large sums customarily were drawn in units of 1,000 pounds. The Manager refused to comply. The client said he would make the request direct to the Baron. The Manager shrank more from disturbing the great man anew than from making an exception in favor of a stubborn and hysterical customer. The Rothschild bill was drawn for 6,000 pounds.

In London again, Warren took the bill to the Rothschild House in St. Swithin's Lane and came away with Lionel Rothschild's acceptance written across it. The bill, carrying two Roths-

child names, was now a grand instrument of demonstration. Before depositor Warren bore it in his hands to the Bank of England, the chief penman of the trio had Lionel Rothschild's signature "copied on another bill in ten minutes."

Carrying the original 6,000-pound bill the "millionaire Silver King and contractor" made his second and last call upon the Manager of the Bank of England. He was received with right good-will and the session was chatty. In an offhand way Warren put the last piece of his machinery of attack into place. He said the Birmingham steel-rail business was very well forward and that for several months he would be sending from Birmingham "by mail" a daily run of bills for discount. The Manager said the business would receive every attention.

With the manner of having been favored in a large but deserved way, Warren showed the Rothschild bill of exchange and its endorsement. He happened to have it along, he said, and would place it to his account as he went out. Lionel Rothschild was one of the directors of the Bank of England. The Manager knew that only influence with the Rothschilds could explain the single bill in place of the usual six. The talk grew more intimate.

Warren spoke admiringly of the traditions of the Bank of England and then daringly of its immunity from swindles. How, he asked wonderingly, had it protected itself with such skill?

"Our forefathers," spoke the Manager, "bequeathed us a system which is perfect."

"You have not changed your system since your forefathers' time?" questioned Warren.

"Not in the slightest particular in one hundred years," was the reply.

The questioner hid his contentment under more compliments.

"I left the Bank," he wrote in reminiscence,

## Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 45)

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

"knowing that we could throw into the hopper enough acceptances of home manufacture so that through the red tape routine of the Bank millions of sovereigns would be ground into our pockets."

His own work was done. The feeding into the hopper could begin. The machine would do the rest. While it worked he could get himself out of England. Until then no other person of the band had been in contact with the Bank.

As a final cog of manipulation, a fourth man, Noyes, was brought from New York in the autumn. He would have some risk, yet even exposure ought not to imperil him. He was

supposed to be a clerk, hired by Warren as bookkeeper and messenger. In the latter capacity, as his final move, Warren introduced Noyes to the counting-room staff of the Bank. Noyes opened a tiny office.

The machine was to work in this wise. The forged acceptances would come through by mail from Birmingham, day by day, and the sums of their discounts be deposited to Warren's account. Likewise, day by day, Warren's checks for various round sums, some prepared in advance and others nonchalantly forged by the penman after Warren's departure, would be cashed at the Bank.

With the English money thus "ground out" of the Bank, the messenger would make regular trips to the London branch of the American banking house of Jay Cooke & Company and buy United States bonds. These in large part would be shipped to a Warren address in Paris, although the London members would keep a sufficiency for themselves. The system worked.

The wheels of the mill turned—through latter November, December, January and into February. Nearly ninety days. A daily golden grist averaging close to \$60,000!

There was a limit. The forged bills were drawn for payment in ninety days. Violent discovery would come when the first of the forged acceptances was taken to its home bank for collection. Ample time, however, to go to cover. To save their own skins the men in England would not want to draw the line too fine.

As for the contriver, he did not see any reason for serious hiding. He faced a life of splendor. Frederic Albert Warren was no more. He was put away in moth balls along with the Silver King and the wide-brimmed hat. Austin Bidwell always had existed, a respectable young broker, now grown rich through fortunate speculation. While Frederic Albert Warren flaunted himself in one small area in London, Austin Bidwell had a soberly pleasant existence in other quarters of the city. If not exactly in society, he knew many nice people, and as an eligible bachelor he was invited to various country places.

HE FELL in love with the pretty daughter of one of his hosts and throughout the summer of preparation for assault upon the Bank of England he also was waging a campaign of courtship. He won this also. Betrothal was announced to the family circle in the early autumn. Bidwell asked that there be no public statement, as the date of the wedding would be uncertain, depending upon the conclusion of certain business affairs.

The wooer suggested in November that the time had come. He was richer, he said, than he had dared hope, and was not going to bother about making any more money. How would a honeymoon of travel suit the bride? The prospect delighted her. Could the marriage itself be in Paris? The family hesitated but yielded when he invited the members to come to Paris for the fête. The ceremony was performed in the American diplomatic offices and was followed by a gay reception at the Hotel St. James.

Bidwell did not have to stay in Paris until the flow of bonds ceased. He had arranged a method of transfer to other points, including the United States. He wished to stay long enough, however, to get a big amount into his own hands. By New Year's day he is supposed to have received about \$2,000,000.

Even with his daring he feared to live in Paris as the nabob he felt himself to be. He debated the future. Common sense told him that Austin Bidwell should return to New York, live quietly there for a time and be surrounded by reliable witnesses to testify to his residence during the period the forged bills

(Continued on page 52)



# “I Certainly Wasn't Proud of You Tonight!

*..You're Such an Amateur at Handling People”*

HE laughed shortly. “For heaven's sake, Madge, what's eating you now?”

“I'm serious, Jim. You had an opportunity to make a good impression before some important people tonight. And I positively writhed inwardly as I watched your contacts with them.

“You've been wondering why you haven't been promoted or received a salary increase in three years. I've wondered, too, because I know you have ability, intelligence, and industry. But as I observed you tonight, I discovered the reason.

“You're not skilled in the gentle art of handling people. You don't know how to make friends easily—how to build personal prestige—how to influence others and win their loyalty, admiration and co-operation. That's why you didn't put over that big reorganization idea at the office conference last week. That's why the boss doesn't recognize your ability. That's why you had so much dissension in the department when Mr. Hayes left you in charge last summer.”

“Well, maybe you're right. I've always envied the smooth manner in which some people put themselves over. Bill Hoyt, for example. Been promoted three times in the last two years.”

“Say”—she interrupted excitedly. “There's a clue. Jane Hoyt told me that Bill has been raving about a book on that very subject—*Strategy in Handling People*. Says it's helped him tremendously.”

“I remember reading a literary review of it in the New York Times. Isn't that the book that contains inside stories about great men—Coolidge, Ford, Pershing, Schwab and so forth—that reveals how they won their greatest victories?”

“Oh, Jane says it's much more important than that. Those stories are told to illustrate certain definite methods of strategy used by the world-famous leaders in influencing people and handling delicate, critical situations. Moreover, the problems they faced and the methods they used are amazingly adaptable to the problems in human relations that we all face!”

“Hm . . . in other words, if a fellow wants to make a good impression on somebody important—or put his ideas in such a way that people will accept them—*Strategy in Handling People* shows a definite procedure to follow; and illus-

trates the power of that method by telling how Henry Ford or Dawes used it?”

“Exactly. Jane says that Bill keeps a copy on his desk for constant reference. Last week he used a principle of strategy that Hoover used on a German general—and it won back an infuriated important customer. Bill got a raise as a result.”

“By gosh, if I were sure the book would bring results like Bill Hoyt got, I'd buy a copy.”

“Jane says the publishers will mail a copy for five days' free reading. I'm going to phone her and get the address. That book may prove the turning point of your career.”

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—it reveals the real truth of what really makes men successful

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**How to Make People Say Yes**  
Read on page 71 the principle used by Herbert Hoover to sway an infuriated German general.

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Read how Henry Ford and Theodore Roosevelt created warm personal friendships at first meeting.

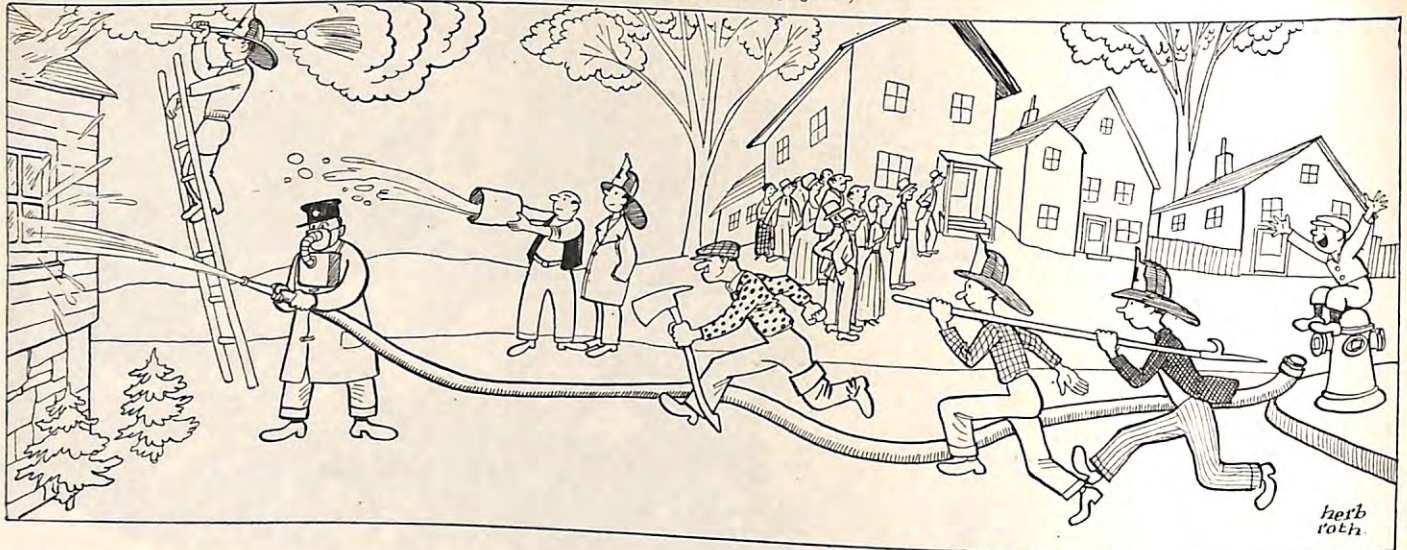







## What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 60)



(Continued from page 50)

still were being cashed in London. That course would tend to divert suspicion from him. But he did not see how he ever could be suspected. Perhaps also he believed that in New York he would have to split too big a sum with his police friends.

He decided to go to Mexico, buy a big estate and live there as the lord of his own realm. He made a leisurely although a crafty start on the journey. The scene of the honeymoon was shifted to Spain. He never was traced out of France. Travel in Spain in the mountain part he chose was too rough for pleasure seekers. Confident that he had shaken off possibility of pursuit, Bidwell cut the trip short and with his wife sailed for Cuba.

The couple lingered on the island, finding Havana the city of their dreams and enjoying the aristocratic and official society which opened its doors to their wealth and engaging appearance. No alarm of Bank of England raiding had sounded in London, and it was now mid-February. With curiosity and no anxiety except for his fellows, Bidwell waited for the ringing of the bells. News might be hard to get in Mexico.

The boys in London were stretching the limits of the game rather for themselves than for Bidwell. Their shares already were fabulous. Hard, nevertheless, to let go of anything so easy. But they did set a day for an ending, and on a Sunday they burned the balance of the forgeries on hand. It seemed like throwing real money into the grate fire. They came to the last package. George fingered the papers lovingly.

"Boys," he said, "these are perfect works of art. Pity to destroy them. Suppose we send them in." The others agreed. There were nineteen bills, totaling 26,000 pounds, about \$125,000. One bill was not as perfect as it looked. The date of maturity had been left out.

Another trip to Birmingham was made and the parcel dropped into the mails. The Bank of England received it on Tuesday. The entry bookkeeper noted the absence of date on the one bill, laid it aside to have the issuing bank make the correction, but entered the deposit on the Warren account. The matter looked trifling. The same morning the messenger Noyes cashed a \$20,000 Warren check—his last intended visit to the Bank.

He joined George and Mac in Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange Alley. One of the jubilant trio busied himself with figures. He lifted his head to say that there was still \$75,000 of Warren money in the Bank.

"That's too much money to leave John Bull!" exclaimed Noyes. "Make out a check for 5,000 pounds. I will run over and get the cash. We'll use it for pocket money."

The check was drawn and Noyes left with it. At that moment a breathless clerk was running into the Bank. He was speeding from Blydenstern & Company, on which the dateless bill had been drawn, with the shocking information that the bill was a forgery. Noyes thought the Bank of England was falling on him when he presented his fatal check. A dozen men grabbed him. He was dragged into the Manager's office. A mob scene was staged in the outer counting room and soon in the streets beyond. The awesome news was spread that swindlers had raided the citadel of world finance for millions.

But who had done the raiding? Noyes was a man of nerve. He reiterated his fragment of story. He was only a messenger clerk; knew nothing about his employer. If there was forgery, he was innocent. Where was Warren? He didn't know. He went stolidly to Newgate jail. Lionel Rothschild visited him there with the bid: "Liberty and 10,000 pounds if you tell all you know!" Noyes replied, "Can't tell what I don't know." He waited the hour when he would be freed for lack of evidence. It never came.

The other conspirators did not desert Noyes, though they could do little for him. A London barrister got by mail a liberal fee to appear for the prisoner. He went through the motions. If, however, the two at large in England got safely away, there would be no evidence against anyone. They separated, fled.

THE Bank of England, since the crime had an American aspect entirely, called upon the Pinkertons, both in New York and in London. Neither they nor the British police found anything to help them to a quick clue. After a barren interval the Pinkertons began doggedly to trace down every American in lodgings in London. They were looking particularly for well-dressed single men who lately had given up their rooms.

In time the searchers got to St. James Place, where they heard of an affable young American who after long stay had gone away a fortnight before. The rooms were still vacant. They were combed for traces of the late occupant. Neither the fireplace or the waste-paper basket gave any useful information. Expecting little the examiner held a desk blotter up to a mirror and was pleasantly surprised to read: "Ten thousand pounds sterling—F. A. Warren." The signature corner of a check had been dabbed on the blotter.

The discovery connected the lodger with Warren. The penman, Mac, had dwelt in the room. With the hunt narrowed to him, he was lost. Industrious trailers picked up the route of his baggage, which he had handled

rather carelessly. The bags had gone aboard the steamship *Thuringia*, which was nearing New York. Cable went to New York to pick the man up when he landed.

The police, in spite of Pinkerton efforts, got to him first. Bidwell charged afterward that the police commander, his former protector, was given \$150,000 of the bonds, in the prisoner's cabin. The Pinkertons, while they lost the man, got his heavy baggage, which had been expressed on another boat. They found \$254,000 in bonds and returned them to the Bank of England. It was seen quickly that the prisoner was not the Warren of the Bank's description. His papers, however, established a link with the third accomplice, and gave an idea of his whereabouts. The latter scurried around Ireland and Scotland in vain efforts to break through the British cordon and was taken in Glasgow with another quantity of bonds.

It would be expected that these arrests would at least uncover Warren as Austin Bidwell. Officials among the New York police knew the secret but their hope of sharing in the Bidwell treasure kept them silent. The men under arrest were faithful to their chief. Bidwell's name was not connected with the Warren hunt. Danger for him lay only in the increasing distrust of the Pinkertons for their police allies. The detective agency concluded to work alone. Captain John Curtin, later to be Chief of Police of San Francisco, was placed in charge of the case.

Meantime Bidwell continued to find the tropics delightful. General Torbert, the American Consul at Havana, was his host while he was looking around for a suitable house. When this was found it became a social center. Mrs. Bidwell was admired for her blonde English beauty. The Bidwells melted into gracious surroundings.

Not until the slow mails brought the London newspapers of February 14th did Bidwell learn how accident had rung the alarm prematurely. The mishap to Noyes made him briefly unhappy. For the explosion itself, he was prepared. One thing only troubled him. If he should be unmasked in Cuba he knew that the Rothschilds had such a financial hold on Spain that his extradition to England would be comparatively easy. Mexico would be safer for him.

Too many immediate pleasures, however, invited him. There was no need, he thought, of crossing to Vera Cruz before spring. He made several trips into the interior of Cuba and a long hunting and fishing jaunt to the Isle of Pines, where he was the guest of Senor Alvarez, a wealthy Spaniard. When he returned to Havana he heard that the British conceded the escape of the mysterious Warren.

Had he known what was going on in New York his feeling of contentment would have vanished. He would have learned that his friends were being questioned about him. Captain Curtin had first sunk himself in the underworld to learn the acquaintances of the men under arrest. There he came upon sign that in their New York days they had been in the company of Austin Bidwell, a free-spending young broker.

When the detective discovered that Austin Bidwell had been abroad for several years, he guessed that Warren was Bidwell. The opinion was chancy in the extreme. His agents in London could not connect Bidwell with the other plotters. The man's life in London appeared to be open and blameless. The Paris marriage was public. Only—there was no visible source for the money Bidwell spent so liberally. And he was gone from Paris, no one knew where.

CURTIN believed that his guess was good. Assuming the theory, the detective went ahead from there by as near a process of pure reasoning as ever had been applied to a criminal problem. He had a single fact. The boy Bidwell, before he got among bad companions, used to tell his chums that if he ever got rich he was going to live in the tropics. He hated cold weather. Boyish notions have a way of sticking. Curtin, with the wide world thrust upon him as a hunting ground, eliminated the northern countries. He expected to see Central and South America, and maybe Africa and Asia, before he got home from his travels.

He would dispose first of the warm parts of the United States. He worked down the coast to Florida, spending his evenings in writing letters to Americans in Porto Rico, Cuba, and Central America. Of them all he asked the same question: Did they know of a rich young American and his wife lately arrived in the locality? He gave the impression that the name was not material, implying that he had a family communication for travelers who might have a romantic reason for concealment.

He had little hope from the east, except that negative replies would save him from a side trip to the West Indies. He got ready to go to New Orleans, intending to sail from there to Honduras. His last day's mail changed his plans amazingly. An American doctor in Porto Rico wrote that he had spent the winter season in Havana where he had met a charming couple, the Austin Bidwells, who seemed to answer the general description in the letter. If they were the persons, he hoped his inquirer had good news for them.

Curtin sped to Havana. He had no authority the Spanish Government would recognize, and he went to the British Consul for advice. That official asked the Spaniards for the right to arrest a British criminal and hold him for extradition. The offense was not specified or Bidwell named. The permission was given, and a Spanish police detail assigned to the Consul to aid in a search. The Consul delegated Curtin as his representative.

The Bidwells gave a dinner to celebrate return from the Isle of Pines. The women were leaving the table when a servant whispered to the host that an American caller was in the anteroom. Bidwell, keeping open house, was not surprised. He excused himself from his guests.

Curtin, standing by the door, closed it as Bidwell entered. The latter recognized the situation instantly. Both men were emotionless and frank. Bidwell admitted his identity and his course was tacit confession of the bank theft. From experience he had his own idea of the caliber of policemen. He offered Curtin \$50,000 if he would sit down and not leave his chair for ten minutes.

"That is \$5,000 a minute for you," he said coolly, "and all the time I need."

Curtin shook his head. Bidwell shot him, aiming to disable rather than to kill. Curtin

(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

fell to the floor, wounded in the upper leg. Bidwell leaped through the window into the arms of a pair of guards. Curtin had posted the house before he entered.

The gritty detective bound up his leg with a towel, borrowed a cane from the rack and made ready to remove his captive. He felt "taken down," he told his assailant, that a tyro with a pistol should have got the drop on him before he could draw his own gun.

The scene at the house was turmoil and tragedy. The Spanish guests at first considered rescue by force. They vowed that Bidwell could not be kept in prison and went away to raise support for him. The young wife became hysterical and Bidwell could not calm her. The transformation of a millionaire husband into an arrested thief wrecked her universe and her love.

England did not have Bidwell yet. As he was not a British subject he had been seized without a proper warrant. The American Consul moved for his release as a matter of law. The Spanish Government was sympathetic and puzzled, wishing neither to affront nor obey the English Consul. The Spanish populace was for Bidwell. Before that he had been popular. In the light of his feat he now was looked upon as a captain of freebooters rather than a swindler. The size of his stealings had a dazzling effect.

Rescue was planned, a trusty servant who brought meals to the prisoner in the barrack jail acting as the intermediary. Guards were bribed to turn their backs while Bidwell jumped from a low balcony to the street. The Government was relieved. There was no pursuit. Bidwell still had \$105,000 in cash and

bonds in his pockets when he made his escape.

With his servant companion he headed for San Diego, keeping to the bush by day and traveling by night. He aimed to join one of the guerrilla revolutionary forces and begin a new career of adventure. He was too successful. He found the band on the eve of a skirmish in which it was beaten and scattered by regulars. The mopping-up soldiers dragged him out of the bush and delivered him at San Miguel.

The Spanish Government had no kindness to waste on a captured rebel. He was sent to Morro Castle for safekeeping until the slow processes of extradition were completed. Curtin landed him at Plymouth in June and took him to London and Newgate Prison. His followers were already there.

The four were tried in August, and England revenged itself for the slight put upon its sacred Bank by inflicting the savage penalty of life imprisonment. Contrary to English practice since early in the century, the offense against money was punished as rigorously as if it had been against life.

Bidwell's wife divorced him after he was sentenced. His sister was the loyal woman. She came to London to live and to prepare endless pleas for his pardon. For fifteen years she sued in vain. Then the American Ambassador, James Russell Lowell, won by her patience and convinced that justice by this time had been done, added his own appeal for clemency to hers. With the years British rancor had died away. The petition was given consideration. The accomplices were released first—in 1887. Then in January, 1888, Bidwell was pardoned.

A gray old man came home to the United States.

## The Spirit of Pershing Hall

(Continued from page 31)

with their collection. The helmet and sword of General Dubail, captured German arms of every description—trench mortars, souvenirs of the Lafayette Escadrille, Sedley Peck's old Bleriot propeller and a fine collection of Benjamin Franklin relics, given through the courtesy of Bascom Slempe, the American Commissioner to the French Colonial Exposition just closed.

We next visited the Army Room, on the second floor, facing the street. This was apparently the former drawing room of the old mansion—high ceilinged, beautifully decorated and containing oil portraits of General Pershing and Marshal Foch at one end, and enlarged photographs of the leading American generals on the walls at either side.

The photograph of this room gives a better conception of it than any word picture.

The Navy Room is equally impressive, containing oil paintings of the fleet, navy trophies and portraits of the leading naval commanders.

The University of Virginia Memorial Room is, at the present time, the only completely furnished and decorated room in the building. Mr. William A. Clark, Jr., to perpetuate the memory of the men of the University of Virginia, who served with the colors, has reproduced the Eighteenth Century Salon in the Carnavalet Museum in Paris. It is completely panelled in hand carved oak, with two beautiful murals—one of Monticello and the other of the University campus. The chairs of tooled leather contain the seals of the United States, of Virginia and of France. This room will be used as a headquarters for National Commanders of the Legion when in Paris.

The Herrick Salon is another beautiful room, as yet unfurnished, containing a fine oil portrait of Ambassador Herrick, with a bronze tablet in his memory, the room's sole decoration at the present time. There is a vacant panel on the opposite wall facing the Herrick picture which should be filled with a painting equal in beauty and dignity to that of the Ambassador's portrait. I suggested to Don MacAfee that

perhaps Colonel Lindbergh might be glad to put something there, if the matter were called to his attention.

Then the D. A. R. room, the Y. M. C. A., the Salvation Army, the Red Cross, the K. of C., the Masonic, the Jewish Welfare and the Marine Corps rooms. Most of them, as yet, incomplete in furnishings, but all showing sufficient progress to indicate the interest of these organizations in having adequate representation in this national memorial.

It must be remembered that buildings of this character require years for completion. The Elks Memorial Building in Chicago was conceived in 1921 and completed in every detail a decade later. Memorials are not designed to be rushed to completion with a penalty forfeit for speed hanging over the heads of those who build them. Time is not the "essence of the contract," nor haste the main essential. Rather, memorials are like cathedrals. With some, the hands and hearts of three generations have been party to their building.

AND now to the new addition which contains the Elks Memorial Hall. If you will picture in your mind the letter **C** reversed, with the top and bottom very thick and the vertical line of the letter very thin, you will have a ground plan of Pershing Hall. The bottom of the letter is the old mansion fronting Rue Pierre-Charron; the space inside the letter the courtyard; the top of the letter representing the new building, and the vertical line the connecting portion containing the stairs and elevator.

On the top floor of the new wing there is a modern gymnasium, equipped with squash and handball courts, and the finest gymnasium apparatus. This was sponsored by the Loyal Order of Moose.

Going from here to the second floor, which is really a floor and a half, we enter the Elks Memorial Hall through a beautiful arched doorway leading from the main stairway.

The Hall is designed in classic style—ivory



tinted and trimmed in gold. It is forty-nine feet in length, twenty-four feet wide, with eighteen foot Doric columns supporting the panelled ceiling.

On the left, as you face the far end from the entrance, are large arched French windows opening onto balconies which overlook the courtyard. On the opposite side are mirrored panels of similar design and size. The far end is symmetrically panelled for mural or tablet purposes.

At the end nearest the doorway is a balcony overlooking the hall—with a wrought iron railing containing a design of drums and trumpets in bronze. This balcony, large enough to accommodate a twelve-piece orchestra, is also completely fireproofed for motion picture apparatus. Under the balcony are three doors leading to an ante-room which, in turn, is connected by elevator and stairs with a modern kitchen on the ground floor. The kitchen pantry and serving quarters are equipped to cater to the needs of several hundred people.

This hall is also used by the Elks as their unofficial Lodge room, as well as for lectures, musical recitals and other social affairs.

**T**HIS largest and undoubtedly most beautiful room in Pershing Hall represents the expenditure of thirty thousand dollars which was voted for this purpose by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. Nevertheless, in its present state, there is not a single indication of Elk sponsorship in this hall, except in the small panel on the right of the doorway on which there hangs a linen banner inscribed with the usual dedicatory wording. This preliminary architect's sketch is being replaced by a handsome bronze tablet in duplicate of the temporary banner.

The three panels at the far end of the hall should have murals of a character in keeping with the spirit and principles of the Order—similar to the Blashfield paintings in the Elks Memorial Building. Other than this, the only possible place is the panel at the balcony end of the room which matches the panel on which the architect's sketch now hangs. This might fittingly be filled by a bronze tablet of a character similar to the dedicatory tablet treating of General Pershing's long standing membership in the Order of Elks and a quotation from his speech in reference to it.

I have excepted the ceiling, which is ornate and beautiful as it is, but which at a later date might be enriched with a mural in keeping with the others.

Leaving the Elks Memorial Hall and descending the stairway to the main floor, we enter the real club room of Pershing Hall. This room lies directly beneath the Elks room and beneath it, in the basement, the billiard and bowling alleys are located. This lounge is

the meeting place of the Legionnaires in Paris, the members of Post Number One, but all American ladies and gentlemen are welcome.

It has the usual grill room equipment and around its walls you may read the pictorial history of our Expeditionary Forces. The presiding genius of this friendly room is "Slim" Garner.

"Slim" is a man about town and probably knows more Americans in Paris than any other individual. There he stands at the head of the American Legion group, at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. In another picture, behind the bar and to-night, as I write this, he is seconding Frankie Genaro in his comeback fight for the world's flyweight championship at the Palais des Sports. To-morrow night, he may be leading a cotillion somewhere—who knows. They will have to go far to find a better figure of a man in cutaway or clawhammer. He is typical of the residential legionnaire in Paris. Friendly, helpful and independent.

Having finished our visit with "Slim," we walk through one of the French doors that open from the grill room into Château-Thierry courtyard.

The cornerstone of the new building, which can be seen from the courtyard, is the identical keystone of the old Château-Thierry bridge which spanned the Marne at the point where the American troops turned the tide of the German advance on Paris. Certainly a fitting cornerstone for Pershing Hall. This courtyard will be beautiful some day—a fountain, perhaps—a bed of poppies here and there, and climbing roses.

And then through the gateway of the naked sword and helmet and Pershing's stars to Rue Pierre-Charron. We've made the rounds of Pershing Hall, but no description of the building will convey the spirit of it.

Princeton University is placing a tablet on its walls in memory of Princeton men who fell in battle. There are Princeton Legionnaires in Paris who foregather in Pershing Hall with other Legionnaires of every school and college. Why not adopt "Auld Lang Syne," or the music of their college hymn to words of Pershing Hall? I'm quite sure that Princeton would not care in that far off land, even if the words were adapted by a legionnaire from Yale.

Tune every heart and every voice,  
No matter what befall,  
Let all with one accord rejoice,  
In praise of Pershing Hall.

And when these walls in dust are laid,  
And pass beyond recall,  
Another throng shall breathe our song,  
In praise of Pershing Hall.

Till then with joy our song we'll bring,  
Come join us one and all,  
Let Legionnaires unite and sing,  
Long life to Pershing Hall!



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Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, and some of the many Elks who welcomed him upon the occasion of his official visit to the Home of Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485

## The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 39)

the caravan escorting the Grand Exalted Ruler to Lodge No. 1271 in that city overturned. The mishap, while it delayed the procession for a few minutes, was without serious consequences. Forced far to one side of the road by a vehicle approaching from the opposite direction, the Elks' machine slipped off the soft shoulder of the road and threw its occupants to the ground. Those who were in the car were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler O. F. Davenport; First Vice-President E. E. Hagler and Past President W. H. Crum, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler Raymond Crowder, of Springfield Lodge, No. 158. Except for Mr. Crum, whose shoulder was sprained in the fall, no one was injured. Two events were arranged in honor of Mr. Coen's visit when he arrived at the Home of Pekin Lodge. The first was a banquet, attended by 300 members of the Order. At this Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy S. Preston presided as toastmaster and Mayor Rayburn L. Russell delivered the address of welcome. The dinner followed a concert, rendered by the Junior High School Band. Later when the audience repaired to the banquet hall upon a floor above, additional music was provided by the Boy Scouts Drum Corps and by the American Legion Auxiliary Quartette. At the Lodge session after the dinner, the Grand Exalted Ruler had the opportunity to witness the initiation of a class of seventeen into Pekin and other Lodges nearby. The ceremony was conducted by officers selected from among several of the Lodges of the West Central District. A social period followed the termination of the formal session.

At noon upon the following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a meeting at the Home of Moline Lodge, No. 556.

Members of ten of the twelve Lodges in the Northwest District of the State greeted Grand Exalted Ruler Coen November 12, when he was the guest of Mendota, Ill., Lodge, No. 1212. The Lodges represented, besides the host Lodge, were those of Rock Island, DeKalb, Dixon, Rockford, Sterling, Sycamore, Rochelle, Belvidere and Ottawa, whose Degree Team, pronounced National Champions at the Grand Lodge Convention last July, initiated a class of fourteen candidates during the Lodge meeting. The formal session followed a meeting, in the late afternoon, of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges of the District; and a banquet, early in the evening, served by the members of the Elks Ladies Club. Notable among those seated at the speakers' table during the dinner were, besides Mr. Coen, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Floyd E. Thompson, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; Henry C. Warner, a member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; Past Grand Inner Guard Louie Forman;

District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. E. Fell and E. F. Wendel; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Louis Pitcher, Marx M. Harder, John W. Dubbs and R. N. Crawford; J. C. Dallenbach, President, W. J. Savage, Secretary, and William Fritz, Treasurer, of the Illinois State Elks Association; Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Crippled Children's Commission of the State Elks Association; and Congressman John T. Buckbee. An interesting incident of the banquet was the reading of a letter by O. J. Ellinger, who was in charge of affairs, from Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William J. Sawyer, now ninety-one years of age. In the communication Mr. Sawyer expressed his regret at being unable to be among those gathered at Mendota Lodge to welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler. A program of music enhanced the enjoyment of the banquet.

The ensuing day was an active one for the Grand Exalted Ruler. He was first the guest at breakfast of the officers of LaSalle Lodge, No. 584, and later, en route to Kankakee, was entertained at luncheon by the officers and members of Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019, at the Lodge Home.

Two hundred Elks of the East District of Illinois greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the evening of November 13 when he called at the Home of Kankakee Lodge, No. 627. He arrived in company with several of the notables of the Order who had constituted his suite upon the immediately previous visit to Mendota Lodge. These were Mr. Masters, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Forman, Mr. Wendel, Mr. Dallenbach, Mr. Savage, Mr. Fritz, and Mr. White. Besides this escort, there were present upon the occasion Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. E. Phillips and William M. Fraser and Trustee J. F. Mohan, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and former Governor Len Small. The events incident to Mr. Coen's visit included a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the District; a banquet, during which 200 members of the Order had the opportunity of hearing the Grand Exalted Ruler's address; and a session of the Lodge, a feature of which was the initiation of a class of candidates by the champion Ottawa Lodge Ritualistic Team. A splendid buffet supper concluded the evening's festivities.

After the termination of the meeting at Kankakee, the Grand Exalted Ruler motored to Bloomington. There he spent the night. The following morning he conferred with the officers of Bloomington Lodge, No. 281.

Besides those dignitaries of the Order who were with him during his visits to Mendota and Kankakee Lodges, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied, when he was welcomed at

Champaign, Ill., Lodge, No. 398, on November 14, by Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman, and James S. Richardson and John K. Burch, members of the Board of Grand Trustees; and by Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, who were to travel with him later into Tennessee, Alabama and Virginia. Mr. Coen arrived in Champaign not long after noon and, after attending the Chicago-Illinois football game, was the guest of honor at a banquet at the Home. At this Exalted Ruler Charles A. Lamb, Jr., presided. Initiation ceremonies were held during the Lodge session which followed. It was estimated that the number of Elks present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler was approximately 150; and officers of the Lodge declared it to be their belief that never before in the history of any Lodge had so many Grand Lodge officers registered upon a single day.

Proceeding from Champaign by way of Jackson, Tenn., the Grand Exalted Ruler was met there by Mayor Lawrence Taylor, who extended the welcome of the city; and by Exalted Ruler Wallace K. Foster, who greeted Mr. Coen on behalf of Jackson Lodge, No. 192. The official call of the day was made later upon the membership of Memphis Lodge, No. 27, which assembled in the evening at a banquet in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Hotel DeVoy. Exalted Ruler Frank Hoyt Gailor presided. Prominent among those present upon the occasion, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite, was Judge H. B. Anderson.

In the course of his journey from Memphis to Mobile, Ala., Mr. Coen was greeted, at Gulfport, Miss., by William Estopinal, President of the Mississippi State Elks Association; and by C. H. Castanera, Exalted Ruler of Gulfport Lodge, No. 978.

Late in the afternoon of November 16, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Mobile, Ala., where a committee appointed by Exalted Ruler C. Q. Carman welcomed him to the city and to Mobile Lodge, No. 108. In the interim between his advent at the station and the banquet in his honor, held at the Battle House, Mr. Coen was taken upon a motor trip through the residential parts of Mobile, to the State docks, the Satsuma orchards and pecan groves. At the dinner, with Past Exalted Ruler Joseph V. Kearns presiding, Mr. Coen was greeted by Mayor Cecil F. Bates, for the municipality; and by City Commissioner Harry T. Hartwell, for the host Lodge. Others to welcome him were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas E. Martin, in behalf of the Elks of Alabama; Thomas A. Johnson, for the Elks of Florida; and William Estopinal, President of the Mississippi State Elks Association, for the members of the Order

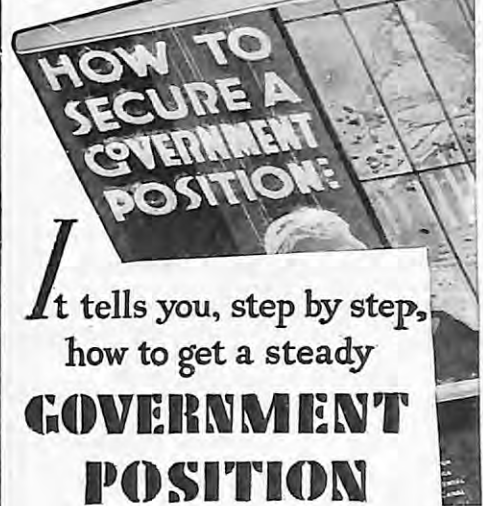
within the jurisdiction of his organization. Notable among the guests, in addition to Mr. Coen and his escort, were Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P. Sullivan and Edward Rightor.

Birmingham, Ala., where the Grand Lodge Convention is to be held next July, designated November 17 "Elks' Day" when Grand Exalted Ruler Coen arrived with the Grand Trustees to call upon Lodge No. 79 and to confer with the officers and the municipal and business authorities of the city. In addition to the members of his official party and the notable Elks who had attended his visit to Memphis Lodge, there were among those present to welcome him when his train reached Birmingham, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Justice of the Grand Forum John S. McClelland, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee Daniel J. Kelly, Past Grand Tiler L. F. McCready, Past Grand Inner Guard W. H. Mustaine, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George W. Randall, Exalted Ruler James B. Smiley, of No. 79; and Darius A. Thomas, President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. After a short interview with newspapermen and a musical greeting by the Police Band, the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted to his headquarters at the Hotel Tutwiler, under the escort of a squad of motorcycle police. At noon Mr. Coen was the guest of a group of clubmen, including members of the Chamber of Commerce, the Kiwanis, the Optimists and the Lions Clubs. Official welcome was extended by Mr. Thomas. President-elect Charles A. Brown, of the Kiwanis Club, presided. During the luncheon, Mr. Coen delivered an address, the principal one of the occasion. After a series of conferences in the afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest in the evening of Lodge No. 79 at a banquet at the Home and at the Lodge session thereafter. The following afternoon, that of November 18, Mr. Coen was conducted upon a motor tour of the city and the country clubs nearby, and upon a trip to the home of George Ward, on Shades Mountain. His hosts upon this occasion were Mr. Thomas and Commission President James M. Jones, Jr. This tour followed the Grand Exalted Ruler's entertainment, at noon, by the Rotary Club; and preceded a dinner in his honor in the evening, given by Mr. Thomas at the Hotel Tutwiler. While Mr. Coen was engaged in the affairs of the Order during the two days of his stay in Birmingham, Mrs. Coen was entertained by a committee of ladies headed by Mrs. Thomas.

Upon the morning of November 19, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party left Birmingham for the Elks National Home at Bedford,

(Continued on page 58)

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**Page 9 tells How You Pick Your Job**

Pick the job you want; I'll help you get it. You can work in your home town, travel or work in Washington, D. C. Uncle Sam has many openings.

**Page 12 tells How I Prepare You Quickly**

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**Page 18 tells About Raises Every Year**

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**Page 10 tells About Civil Service Pensions**

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**The Monthly Dozen**

How many of these twelve questions can you answer off-hand?

1. In how many States is death the penalty for first-degree murder?
2. What is Greta Garbo's real name?
3. Where was glass invented?
4. How many days did the Graf Zeppelin take to circle the globe?
5. What does Gandhi's title, "Mahatma," mean?
6. What is the Viennese name for Vienna?
7. What are the chemical constituents of salt?
8. How long do elephants live?
9. Who composed the opera "Madame Butterfly"?
10. How long have false teeth been used?
11. Who said, "Truth is stranger than fiction"?
12. Where did potatoes originate?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 62)

**OWN A CARAMEL POP CORN STORE**

**MAKE UP TO \$200 PER WEEK**

Here's your chance for independence and quick success. Open a store like this and do a big business at big profits from first day. Charleston store did \$178.45 in one day. Ohio store does \$1200 a month, at gross profit of over \$800.00. Other records still more astonishing! Small town reports sales of \$118.00 in single day! Store in town of only 8,000 does \$200 sales in 5 days. Greatest success in years. Get in while it's new and best.

**Right In Your Town.** Big opportunity waiting in any city, town or village. Best locations available now at lowest rentals. Wonderful time to start.

TRADE **Carmelcrisp** MARK  
**The New Carmel Pop Corn**

Most sensational confection in years. Plump, tender, healthful pop corn, coated with delicious, flavory caramel candy, prepared according to a secret, time tested formula. Crowds attracted by its mouth-watering, appetizing aroma, jam your store . . . buy and come back for more. Profits start first day and grow bigger daily.

**No Experience Needed**

We start you in business. Help you finance if necessary. You need but little money . . . we supply equipment, formula, plans, layouts, help you locate, tell you every step to big success. Should bring cost all back and big profit in few weeks.

**FREE Book of Facts—**

**"Golden Kernels of Profit"**

Brings you all the facts. Shows how others are making big money . . . and how you can do it. Don't delay getting in this sensational business. Carmelcrisp has taken the country by storm! Act now. Get in on ground floor. Just send name and address. No obligation.

**LONG-EAKINS COMPANY**  
 186 High Street, Springfield, Ohio

**\$350 a Week**  
**IN OWN BUSINESS**

W. F. Tesnow, Berwyn, Ill., earned \$350 his best week. Many others make \$125 to \$200 a week with H-B Rug-Washer. L. A. Eagles took in \$200 his first week in Madison, Wis. C. J. White, Louisville, says: "\$100 business in 6 days—new to me." Harry Hill, Marseilles, Ill., says: "Paid for rug-washer. Earned \$86 first day." Frank Dietrich writes: "I started business with one H-B Rug-Washer. Today I own large Milwaukee store with 4 machines. Thousands earning quick, easy profits. Electricity does the work. Finishes rugs like new on customer's floor. Write for booklet."



**EASY TERMS**

Inexpensive equipment. No shop necessary. Hundreds of customers in your vicinity and nearby towns—residences, hotels, offices, schools, clubs, theaters. Backed by \$58,000,000 company. Used by U. S. Gov't.

**FREE Book** Send today (no obligation) for booklet illustrating rug-washer and telling how you can earn large profits at prices below other methods; how you can build a permanent year around business; and how you can pay on easy terms. Enjoy a larger income. Write today—NOW.

H-B CO., 6301 H. B. Bldg. Racine, Wis.

**BALLOONS**  
**PEP-UP the PARTY**

Toy balloons mean lively fun in any company. \$4.50 buys 250 big, bright colored, 10-inch balloons, especially imprinted for any occasion—24-hour service. Quotations promptly on larger quantities.

Ask your dealer or send us 25c in stamps for sanitary **SAMPLE PACKAGE** of one dozen balloons, together with suggested games and clever decorative uses.

**The PIONEER RUBBER Co.**  
 BALLOON MANUFACTURERS

Dept. No. 10 WILLARD, OHIO

**100% PROFIT IN THE EVERLASTING MATCH**  
 No flint or friction. What makes it light? No wind can blow it out. Retail 50c. Sample and sales plan 25c to cover cost of mailing. New Method Manufacturing Co., Desk EL-1. New Method Bldg., Bradford, Pa.

(Continued from page 57)

Va., where the annual Fall conference of the Board of Grand Trustees was held. Mr. Coen left Bedford, November 22 for New York.

When Grand Exalted Ruler Coen made his visit to the Home of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, upon the evening of November 23, there were present, in addition to his numerous hosts, representatives of eighteen other Lodges in the State. The events of Mr. Coen's sojourn at Yonkers began with his welcome at the city line in the late afternoon by a delegation comprising District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gerald Nolan, Exalted Ruler John R. Murphy, Mayor John J. Fogarty and Vice-President Peter W. Soetemon, of the New York State Elks Association. After a brief reception at the Home thereafter, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet begun with the pronunciation of the invocation by Father Francis P. Duffy, Chaplain of the "Fighting 60th," New York N. G., Infantry. Distinguished guests present at the banquet included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Nolan and Paul Van Wagner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Richard Leo Fallon, Frank J. McGuire and Arthur B. Kelly; Vice-President Soetemon, Past President Joseph Brand, Trustee James H. Brennan, of the New York State Elks Association; and Mayor Fogarty. A formal session of the Lodge followed the conclusion of the banquet.

After the termination of his visit to Yonkers Lodge, Mr. Coen, late in the evening of the 23rd, accepted the invitation of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arthur B. Kelly, Past President Joseph Brand and Exalted Ruler David E. Livingston to pay a short informal call to the Home of Bronx Lodge, No. 871.

One hundred members of the Order welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Coen at noon on November 24, when he visited Hempstead, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485. He was greeted for the Lodge by Exalted Ruler John D. Harms and for the city by Mayor W. Taylor Chamberlain. With Mr. Coen, as an escort, were James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Mr. Barrett, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Van Wagner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Peter Stephen Beck; and Albert G. Schildwachter, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association.

At the Home of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, its members and Elks from nearby Lodges, numbering one thousand in all, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the evening of November 24. This reception took place at the Lodge session. James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, escorted the distinguished visitor into the Lodge room and introduced him to the membership in assembly there. The occasion was made especially notable by the presence, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, of other Elks of high rank. These included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge, all of whom spoke, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner. The enjoyment of the evening was enhanced by the singing of the Glee Club of the Lodge, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance.

One of the most enjoyable of the visits made by the Grand Exalted Ruler in the district of New York City was that to Staten Island Lodge, No. 841, where on November 25 he was welcomed at an elaborate luncheon and a meeting later. Notable among the many in attendance upon the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther,

William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Paul Van Wagner, of New York; and Nicholas Albano, of New Jersey; Past President Joseph Brand, Vice-President Albert Schildwachter, Secretary Philip Clancy and Trustee Joseph E. Steinmeier, of the New York State Elks Association; and Past President George L. Hirtzel, of the New Jersey State Elks Association, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Cose, of New Jersey.

Upon the evening of November 25, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen was the guest of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135. A dinner at the Home, given in his honor by the officers and the Past Exalted Rulers of No. 135, preceded the Lodge session. Included in the large throng of Elks who greeted him at the meeting were Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James H. White, Allan R. McCoy and Frank Strasburger; and eleven Past Exalted Rulers of Orange Lodge. Notable among these last was Isaac Schoenthal, the Lodge's only living charter member. There were in attendance at the meeting also a large representation of the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of neighboring Lodges. An outstanding event of the occasion was the Grand Exalted Ruler's presentation to the Lodge of a certificate in the Elks National Foundation.

For Thanksgiving Day dinner, Mr. Coen was the guest of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert.

Two hundred and fifty Elks gathered at the Home of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge, No. 885, when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited there upon the evening of November 27. Mr. Coen, welcomed earlier in the day by a group of members of No. 885, which included its Band and its Drill Team, was the guest of honor at a dinner at the Home. At this, besides the large attendance of Plainfield Elks, there were present representatives of Somerville, Bound Brook, Dunellen and Westfield Lodges. Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Cose presided as toastmaster; and both Exalted Ruler Royle T. Philips and Mayor Martin B. Stutsman delivered addresses of welcome. Of prominence among the guests were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; and William H. Kelly, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

In making his call upon Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1050, the Grand Exalted Ruler arranged that it coincide with the Lodge's Silver Jubilee Celebration. The double interest of the occasion, which took place upon November 28, resulted in a large attendance. Three hundred in all were present, among whom were three of the seven surviving charter members of No. 1050. A speaker, besides Mr. Coen, was President William H. Kelly, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Past Exalted Ruler Frank J. Hanold acted as toastmaster. Prominent among the guests were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Nicholas Albano and Grover E. Asmus; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Cose and Past Presidents Thomas F. Macksey, and Edgar T. Reed, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

On November 29, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a noon meeting at Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636; and later presided at the dedication of the new Home of Auburn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 474. Details of the dedication are set forth elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

Mr. Coen's final visit of the month took place the following evening, November 30, when he made an official call upon Binghamton Lodge, No. 852.

## American Sportsman

(Continued from page 27)

as he loved nothing else in life, save his family.

When Tommy was a tiny shaver, he was put on the back of a pony. He may have been frightened but he didn't show it. The Hitchcocks are like that. They keep a grip on their emotions. They won't admit weakness—and fear is a weakness. Besides, there is a saying at Meadow Brook that "the Hitchcocks are never taught to walk; they are taught to ride."

So Tommy rode his little pony, and later was promoted to bigger, if still mild and tractable, horses. He then graduated to spirited steppers and polo ponies.

Ah, those ponies! What smart, speedy, strong little fellows they were! The thrill of the game was born in them. They knew what it was all about. It has been said that the veteran pony knows as much about the game as her master. This isn't true, even of White Slave and other famous animals. Their value comes in quick obedience and in an ability to carry out orders given by spur or rein or knee.

Tommy came to know these ponies better than he did his own playmates. He has an instinctive sympathy for, and knowledge of, them.

Riding, of course, is only a part of polo; the essential part, perhaps, but a part only. Hitting is just as important.

Hitting a ball forms the basis of many games—golf, baseball, tennis, hockey. But hitting a polo ball seems to be quite the most difficult of all. In all of these games, except tennis, you use both hands and both arms. On the court there is no outside factor to control. In polo there is . . . very definitely. A man must handle his horse as well as his mallet. And that calls for a combination of skill and strength seldom demanded in other games.

Well . . . .  
Tom went off to St. Paul's School, one of the traditional preps for Harvard. He was in the lean and awkward stage, very blond and rather shy. It must have seemed strange and lonesome at first. He missed the smell of the stables and the nickering of his ponies and the long talks with the grooms. They loved horses as

he did. . . . He missed his father and that marvelous mother of his, who can still put a jumper over the highest sticks with the best of them . . . his mother, who was more at home in a riding habit than a dinner-gown.

Polo was in his thoughts. It meant more to him than any of the schoolboy games.

In April, 1917, war came. The United States began to muster for the call. The tread of marching feet was heard in every hamlet . . . the clanking of accoutrements and the flash of sunlight on bayoneted rifles.

What boy could fail to be stirred?

Tommy was only seventeen, but at seventeen the lust for adventure burns highest. He wanted to get into the war.

"Of course, you can go if you want to," his dad said, "but I'm afraid they won't take you because of your age. But . . . if you have to go . . . there's the French Army. . . ."

So one afternoon Tom went out to the polo field at Westbury and played a few hot and exciting chukkers. Then he went to the stables and fondled the horses he had known so well and so long. . . . They seemed to know he was going away. . . . They whinnied and rubbed their soft noses against him. . . . His bags were packed. . . . He took a train to New York, and a boat to Havre. . . . Seventeen, looking for adventure.

He was accepted for the Lafayette Escadrille, and went through the usual training period. It had all the thrill and speed his blood demanded. Eventually he was given the chevrons of a corporal-pilot . . . and assigned to a fighting unit.

A soldier of France! That was Tommy Hitchcock midway between his seventeenth and eighteenth birthdays.

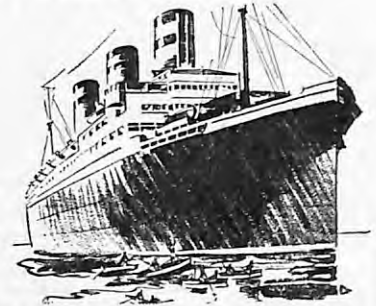
Six feet tall and of a boyish leanness. . . . Blond and boyish. . . . In his blue uniform he seemed a little older, but not very much.

He brought down two planes, and, in turn, was crashed behind the German lines. Then, came his escape that thrilled America as few stories of the war had done.

This was mid-September, 1918. The war was

(Continued on page 60)

# Elks Are Going Pleasure Pirating This Winter in the West Indies



**FEB. 20, 1932**

They're cruising the Spanish Main on the Elks adopted Galleon, the S.S. (Splendid Sumptuous) Reliance. Come and bring family or friends or Brother Elks! Join the jolly parties getting away from the gray and turning to "where the blue begins" in the glorious West Indies.

South of snowflakes by only two days of ship-board fun are Paradise Isles waiting for you, carved jades in a lapis sea.

The Reliance has been dubbed "Ideal Cruising Steamship" by every succeeding party of Pleasure Pirates. Built especially to cruise, she is never so at home as in Caribbean waters where her great public rooms, sports deck, open-air pool, verandah cafe and grill-den ring with the cheer of Pleasure Pirates bold. Her cabins, from the "singles" to de luxe suites are commodious, well ventilated, restful and tasteful. Her food, Hamburg-American of course, is an ocean tradition—delight of Epicureans—while her vintages are such as buccaneers sacked ports to quaff.

Remember, this cruise—with the RELIANCE as your hotel—goes to South and Central America as well as the West Indies. . . 18 days, 5,274 miles and heaping measures of fun, health, relaxation.

First—Mail This Coupon

## ELKS TOURS

Hamburg-American Line  
39 Broadway New York

Send me, without obligating me in any way, full information on the Feb. 20 ELKS CRUISE on the RELIANCE to the WEST INDIES and SOUTH AMERICA. That means cabin plans, rates and illustrated literature on the places visited.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Lodge No. \_\_\_\_\_



CHARLES FIELDS CUSHING

A small lake in Westchester County, near Somers, N. Y.



**Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO \$1,000 A MONTH**

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! A sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, \$400 to \$1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

We supply you with equipment and plans for making and selling a delicious new greaseless doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. This delicious new dainty—Brown Bobby—costs less to make and sells four times as fast. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop, rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make good profits your very first week!

**\$3,000 in 3 Months**  
 "I made \$3,000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business."  
 Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Write at once for full plans and details.

**FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION**  
 Dept. F-791, 500-510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago



**NEW KIND OF AUTO EYES**

**Makes Night Driving Safer Than Day!**

Queer little inexpensive invention now replaces the old glass headlight bulbs in your car! Instantly doubles road light, yet absolutely ends dangerous dimming! Revolutionary new principle. Throws solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light. Ends glare, yet cuts through any fog, rain and snow. Shows up ruts, detour signs, animals, etc., clearly, without usual flickering shadows. Send now for details and introductory FREE TEST OFFER.

**AGENTS**  
 Wehner, Pa., made \$1,125 in 90 days. We guarantee sales. Exclusive territory. Big repeat business. Wallace & Therman, N. J., Post, Texas newspaper, other big companies equiping fleets. Write quick!

**Hachmeister-Lind Co.**  
 Pittsburgh, Pa. Dept. A-1150

**Makes Radio Static Diminish**

A simple amazing device is being offered on trial to users by W. S. Hill, Suite 288, 619 8th Street, Des Moines, Iowa, which diminishes static in radio receiving sets. Not only that, but when static is not bad you increase the volume tremendously, bring in more distant stations, saves on tubes, cuts through powerful local stations, reduces interference, gives every set the equivalent of one more stage of radio reception and greater selectivity. Works on all radios, can be attached without charge by anyone instantly. Mr. Hill wants agents and is willing to send a no-cost sample to you. Write him today.

**Save Your Feet**



Heefner Arch Support Co., 36, M. E. Taylor Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

**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)

already close to its finish. Armistice Day was only two months away, though no one knew that. So, by the time Tommy Hitchcock had completed all formalities, and returned to the States, it was November 15, and the thunder of guns along the Western Front had ceased.

It wasn't easy to put the thrill of war behind and settle down to the unemotional pursuits of peace. . . . Still, it was grand to be home again. . . . To see the folks and sit astride the horses. . . . That Thanksgiving Day was the happiest the Hitchcocks ever knew.

Tom was still a youngster. His formal education needed completion. There were polo and the horse-shows at Narragansett to look forward to. Life would be worth living.

He went to Harvard, since Harvard was the traditional Hitchcock school, and took a "war degree" in two years. Then he came out to win a place on the international polo four.

It was a high ambition, but no youngster ever sought that goal with greater reason for belief in his success. He had polo in his blood. He was born for the game. Even on those kid teams with which he had starred, Tommy Hitchcock was extraordinary for his horsemanship and the power of his stroke.

Devereux Milburn had his eye on Tommy. He recognized the boy's ability . . . aided him and encouraged him in it.

After Harvard came a year at Oxford, and it was in 1921, while still a student, that Tommy was chosen for his first international berth. This, you may be sure, caused some caustic criticism in the United States. Some felt that Hitchcock was being unduly favored because of his family. They did not believe a twenty-one-year-old youngster was good enough to hold the pace that would be set in the battle for the Westchester Cup.

Milburn, Stevenson and Webb, the other members of the team, were seasoned performers. No one could pass them up in building a four that would have a chance with the Britishers. . . . But Hitchcock?

Milburn, though, was quite confident Tom would competently fill the No. 2 position that had been assigned him.

Hitchcock did more than that. He was a

sensation. No one on the field was his superior in horsemanship. His stroking was hard and accurate. He electrified the spectators with his dash and elan. More than any of the others . . . even more than the incomparable Milburn himself. . . . Tommy was responsible for the victory that took the Westchester Cup back to the spot it had occupied in the Meadow Brook clubhouse.

Even in this first international match, Hitchcock showed that his value was not entirely mechanical. He was an inspirational player. His mates pitched their fighting pipes to the tune he whistled. He had a fierce concentration that missed not a single point of play.

In 1924 the British came a-seeking. The Prince of Wales hurried over with an impressive group to watch the play, hopeful that the battered old mug would go back with them. It didn't. Hitchcock was better than he had ever been, and the others lived up to their reputations.

Prior to the matches in 1927, Tom was hurt in a spectacular spill. It was thought that his injury would slow up the four . . . for as Hitchcock goes, so goes the team. But the young star refused to be hampered, whatever his physical discomforts. He was the same thundering Scanderbar, ruthlessly beating down all opposition.

The British watched him breathlessly. They wondered what chance they had if America continued to breed Hitchcocks. Very little, surely.

Last September the same old story was told, even more brusquely. The invaders were out-classed. For a little while in the first game they struggled valiantly, but then the hopelessness of their position became evident.

It's ten years since Tommy Hitchcock won his first berth on the international team. The boy has grown into the man . . . the impetuosity of youth has solidified into the calm understanding of the adult . . . but Tom has retained enough of his youthful fire to make the combination irresistible.

So, he spends hours at his desk, and on his occasional nights in town loves to sit in night clubs and laugh at Jimmy Durante, the inspired clown. He boxes a little and plays some golf—but polo is the stirring force of his life.

It always will be.

**Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"**

(See page 52)

1. They don't put out roof fires with brooms.
2. The ladder doesn't rest against anything.
3. The man with the hose wears a smoke mask out-of-doors.
4. The man with the hose is trying to pour water through a closed window.
5. Water is coming through the disconnected hose.
6. The hose is not connected to the hydrant.
7. The man with the bucket is too far away from the fire.
8. The man with the ax has only one boot on.
9. The ax handle is fitted incorrectly to the ax head.
10. The crowd in the background is looking away from the fire.
11. It doesn't need two men to carry a pike pole.
12. Small boys are not allowed to sit on hydrants at fires.

**Under the Spreading Antlers**

(Continued from page 37)

made his official call upon No. 557, the Brighton Elks came over forty strong to assist in welcoming him. They brought with them, moreover, their Band which, throughout Mr. Coen's visit, added enjoyment to the occasion. The musical organization of No. 1586 gave concerts both in Central City and in Black Hawk, nearby; and took a prominent part in the parade of Elks through the streets of Central City, following the banquet to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Lee A. Donaldson made an official call a short time ago upon McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136. There were present also upon this occasion representatives of Monongahela, Washington and Allegheny Lodges.

**District Deputy Visits Lakeland, Fla., Lodge; Inducts Large Class**

On the occasion of his official visit recently to the Home of Lakeland, Fla., Lodge, No. 1291, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. O. Overstreet, State Senator of Florida, presided at the initiation of a class of twenty-nine candidates. Among the attendants, besides the District Deputy, were Past President J. L. Reed, Sr., of the Florida State Elks Association and L. D. Reagin, Chairman

**McKeesport, Pa., Elks Receive Visit from District Deputy**

Accompanied by a numerous delegation of members of his own Lodge, Etna Lodge, No. 932, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

of the Florida Racing Commission. Prior to the Lodge meeting a parade of the candidates, many of them in costumes, marched through the streets of the city.

**Gilroy, Calif., Elks Are Active; District Deputy Snyder Calls**

Gilroy, Calif., Lodge, No. 1567, recently commenced one of its most active winter seasons since its inception a few years ago. Among the undertakings participated in by the officers and members were two fraternal affairs of importance. The first of these was an official visit to the Home made by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. L. Snyder. Upon this occasion the officers of the Lodge initiated a class of candidates into the Order. District Deputy Snyder presided at the initiatory ceremonies. The other noteworthy occurrence was a banquet given in honor of Lin W. Wheeler, a member of No. 1567. Nearly every member of the Lodge was in attendance to witness the presentation of an honorary life membership to Mr. Wheeler for distinguished services rendered to the Order.

**Washington, D. C., Elks Plan 50th Anniversary Celebration**

February 12 will witness the fiftieth anniversary of the institution of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; and the Lodge has directed that this auspicious event be celebrated in a fitting manner. The committee of fifty appointed to arrange the celebration announces that the first event will be a reception and dinner at the Mayflower Hotel at half-past seven o'clock on the evening of February 11. The dinner will be preceded by the initiation of a large class of candidates, all of whom will be guests of the Lodge at the dinner. Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen will be the guest of honor; and there will be many other distinguished public men present, possibly including President Hoover. A splendid program of entertainment is being arranged. Attendance at the dinner will not be limited to Elks. Members of the Lodge may bring as many guests as they wish, and these may be either men or women.

**Grand Forks, N. D., Elks Receive Visit from District Deputy**

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. K. Thompson made an official visit recently to the Home of Grand Forks, N. D., Lodge, No. 255, he received a warm greeting from a numerous gathering of members. Previous to the meeting, the District Deputy, the members of No. 255, and their guests attended a banquet. A program of entertainment, comprising several acts of vaudeville, followed the Lodge session and concluded the events of the evening.

**New York, N. Y., Elks Greet Mayor; Honor John J. Schmitt at Dinner**

Two informal events of unusual interest occurred during the recent past at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. The first was the reception at a meeting of Mayor James J. Walker, of New York City. The second was a banquet tendered to John J. Schmitt, one of the most active members of the Lodge in charitable affairs, upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday. At the dinner to Mr. Schmitt, members of high rank in the Order as a whole, as well as in the Lodge itself were present. The list of guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1, and Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr and Past Exalted Rulers John T. Hogan, James E. McDonald, John J. Martin, Samuel McKee, Abraham I. Menin, J. H. Chris Mitchell, Sol. Tekulsky and James P. Walsh.

**Atlanta, Ga., Elks Feed Between 300 and 400 Daily at Kitchen**

Between 300 and 400 destitute men, women and children are being fed daily by Atlanta Ga., Lodge, No. 78, at the Elks Emergency Kitchen, established not long ago at the Lodge Home. The direction of supplying meals, wholesome and well cooked, to the hungry of Atlanta, has been in the hands of Chairman Barney Bernard and other members of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. Food is provided at the kitchen between ten in the morning and four in the afternoon every day. In many cases, the Elks have been able also to make contributions of clothing to those in severe need of it. Not only members of the Lodge, but provision merchants of the city have assisted substantially the conduct of the kitchen.

**Member of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge Gives \$75,000 Auditorium**

At the thirty-sixth anniversary banquet of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, held recently at the Home and attended by over two hundred members and their guests, Arthur Bishop, a member, presented the Lodge with a gift of \$75,000 for a new auditorium. Prominent among those attending the banquet were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight William Conklin, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Cantillon, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John H. Cose. Mr. Bishop's gift, the latest of a number made by him within the last two years, brings the total amount of his donations to the Lodge to over \$135,000. Soon after he became a member, two years ago, Mr. Bishop presented the Lodge with a bronze elk to serve as a memorial to the deceased members, and later, he gave the Home a new set of bronze doors.

**Cedar City, Utah, Elks Are Active In Charity and Fraternal Affairs**

Cedar City, Utah, Lodge, No. 1556, has been unusually active recently in charity and fraternal affairs. In addition to its many other welfare activities, the Lodge was responsible for the distribution of over a hundred bags of potatoes to needy families. The potatoes were generously contributed by Mr. Alex Colbath, of Cedar City. A fraternal event of interest occurred at the Home, a short time ago, on the occasion of a visit there by President Paul V. Kelly, of the Utah State Elks Association. President Kelly conferred with the officers and chairmen of the several entertainment committees of the Lodge regarding plans for the convention of the Association at Cedar City in June.

**District Deputy Fell Pays Visit To Lodge at Dixon, Ill.**

Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers and three charter members of Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779, were present recently at the meeting at which District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Eldred E. Fell made his official visit. A dinner in honor of the District Deputy preceded the Lodge session.

**Boone, Iowa, Elks Ally Charities With Parent-Teacher Group**

In cooperation with the Parent-Teacher Association of its city, Boone, Iowa, Lodge, No. 563, has established at the fire station a room for the reception and dispensation of used clothing for the poor. Further effort to reach the neediest families in the community is being made through association with the teachers themselves. The appeal made by Exalted Ruler F. S. Hogan to the members of No. 563 to give discarded apparel has met with a splendid response. The Lodge is de-

(Continued on page 62)



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**Answers to Monthly Dozen**

(See page 57)

1. Forty; in the other eight the penalty is life imprisonment.
2. Greta Gustafson.
3. In Egypt.
4. Less than twenty-one.
5. It is a Hindu word meaning "the great-souled one," or "wise leader."
6. Wien.
7. Sodium and chlorine.
8. As long as a hundred years.
9. Puccini.
10. Since the days of ancient Rome.
11. Byron.
12. In South America.

(Continued from page 61)

fraying all costs in connection with the relief headquarters at the fire station.

**Wheeling, W. Va., Elks Visit  
South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge**

Many members, including the Degree Team, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28, recently made a fraternal call at the Home of South Brownsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1344. Prominent among the events occurring at the meeting was the conducting of the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for South Brownsville Lodge by the Degree Team of No. 28. An elaborate social session followed the meeting.

**First Meeting of Indiana Central  
District Is Held at Alexandria**

At the first meeting of the new Central District Association of Indiana, held recently at the Home of Alexandria Lodge, No. 478, eleven of the thirteen Lodges of the district were represented by more than eighty delegates. Notable among those present was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Gardiner. The first meeting of the Association is reported to have been a great success, and the organization promises to be one of use and prominence in the State. The next meeting will be held at Portland in January.

**Basket of Food Is Fee for Dance  
Terre Haute, Ind., Elks Give**

For the relief of the destitute of its city, Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, recently gave a dance for which the admission charge was a basket of provisions. The result was distinctly successful. Three hundred and twenty-eight baskets of food were collected at the Home and later distributed among the needy. This is but a single instance of the many enterprises that No. 86 has undertaken during the last year for the benefit of its community. One regular contribution is a weekly religious program broadcast weekly over station WBOW.

**Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge Subscribes  
To Elks National Foundation**

Upon the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. J. Geniesse, Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299, recently subscribed \$1,000 for a certificate in the Elks National Foundation. The meeting at which this took place followed a dinner to Mr. Geniesse given by the officers and trustees of the Lodge. At the Lodge session, the District Deputy spoke. His address preceded another and most interesting talk by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton.

**Past Exalted Ruler Dempsey, of  
San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, Dies**

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, suffered a severe loss recently when Past Exalted Ruler Robert Lincoln Dempsey, one of the best beloved and most prominent of its members, died, at the age of sixty-five. The cause of his death was heart disease. Mr. Dempsey died at his home where, for a day before burial, his body lay in state. Upon the day of interment, the remains were removed to the Lodge Home. There the funeral

services of the Order were conducted by Judge T. A. Norton, a fellow Past Exalted Ruler. Ecclesiastical services were held at the Old Mission Church and at the grave in the Catholic Cemetery. An escort of motorcycle officers of the California Highway Patrol accompanied the body to the church and to the cemetery. The pallbearers included Past Exalted Rulers of No. 322, Mayor L. F. Sinsheimer, Sheriff Jess P. Lowery and other civil officials. The membership of the Lodge attended the services in a body. Mr. Dempsey, known to his many friends as "Link" Dempsey, had been a member of San Luis Obispo Lodge for thirty-three years, and at the time of his death had been County Sealer of Weights for sixteen. THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes herewith to convey its sincere sympathy to the members of Mr. Dempsey's immediate family who survive him, to the membership of San Luis Obispo Lodge and to his legion of friends elsewhere, for the loss they have sustained in his death.

**Large Suite with District Deputy  
At Rutherford, N. J., Lodge**

With a suite comprising seven Past Exalted Rulers, a number of the present officers and a delegation of other members of his own Lodge, Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover E. Asmus paid an official visit recently to Rutherford, N. J., Lodge, No. 547. Delegations were present at the meeting from Union Hill, Hackensack, Ridgewood and Nutley Lodges.

**New Kensington, Pa., Elks Hosts  
To Noted Visitors at Initiation**

Guests of distinction were present a short time ago at a meeting of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, No. 512, to witness the initiation of a numerous class of candidates. The visitors to whom Exalted Ruler Edward J. Linney extended welcome included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George H. Liebegott, President M. F. Horne, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and Exalted Rulers W. C. Kipp, of Apollo Lodge, No. 386; Harry Stewart, of Tarentum Lodge, No. 644; and George Metzgar, of Allegheny Lodge, No. 339.

**Melrose, Mass., Lodge Welcomes  
District Deputy Dowe**

Three Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, and many other members of Lodges in Massachusetts, accompanied District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dowe on an official visit recently to the Home of Melrose Lodge, No. 1031. They were Daniel P. Desmond, Michael H. McCarron and Raymond E. Henchey. The principal feature of the meeting was the address made by District Deputy Dowe.

**District Deputy and Past Grand Lodge  
Officer Visit Brattleboro, Vt., Elks**

Accompanied by Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers and a suite comprising many members of Lodges in Massachusetts and Vermont, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick W. Bancroft, of Vermont, recently made an official visit to the Home of Brattleboro Lodge, No. 1499. Prominent among those in the District Deputy's company, besides Mr. Bowers, were



District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Earle, of Massachusetts; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert V. Crowell, of Vermont. The address of District Deputy Bancroft and the initiating of a class of candidates for Brattleboro Lodge, were the features of the meeting. After the session Billy McDermitt, a member of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and a professional comedian, provided entertainment. A supper served in the dining-room of the Home concluded festivities.

**Susanville, Calif., Elks Visit Members of Reno, Nev., Lodge**

About thirty members of Susanville, Calif., Lodge, No. 1487, recently made a fraternal call at the Home of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597. The officers of No. 1487 conducted the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for Reno Lodge. Among the enjoyable entertainments provided by their hosts were a buffet dinner at the Lodge, a theatre party and a dance after the meeting.

**Charity Ball of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge Earns Large Sum**

Of substantial aid to the Lodge's fund for welfare work was the Third Annual Charity Costume Ball of Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, held recently at the Hotel Washington. The subscriptions accruing from the five hundred who attended, and additional contributions by other individuals, were reported to amount to a most satisfactory sum. Distinguished among those who attended the ball were Richard M. Davies, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Leathley.

**District Deputy, East Orange Elks, At Belleville, N. J., Lodge**

Exalted Ruler George J. Vogler, and other officers of East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, were among the many visitors at the Home of Belleville Lodge, No. 1123, upon the evening of the official call there of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano. The meeting of the Lodge, at which the District Deputy made his address, was pronounced one of the most stimulating, and the subsequent informal social session one of the most enjoyable, events of recent months at Belleville Lodge.

**Elks of Pennsylvania Southwest Meet at Home of Sheraden Lodge**

Sheraden, Pa., Lodge, No. 949, was the host a short time ago to an assembly of one hundred members of the Elks Association of Pennsylvania Southwest. Among the prominent members of the Order in the State present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee A. Donaldson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. J. Schrader; and President M. F. Horne and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. The principal speaker of the occasion was the Honorable J. Boyd Crumrine, President of the Washington County and Orphans' Courts.

**Home of Alma, Mich., Lodge Is Redecorated for Social Season**

In preparation for an active social season, Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, recently had its Home completely redecorated. The very thorough renovation of the interior of the Home included the refinishing of the walls and woodwork of all the important rooms in the building. Among the occasions which the members of No. 1400 looked forward to enjoying during the winter were Past Exalted Rulers' and Old Timers' Nights, New Year's Eve, and a series of Thursday night dances.

**Charity Ball of New York, N. Y., Lodge Is Highly Successful**

What all who attended it declared to be the most successful Charity Ball ever given by New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, took place upon Armistice Eve in the grand ball-room of the Hotel Commodore, New York City. In the number of those present and in their enjoyment of the affair the ball was regarded as difficult to equal. The dancing was interrupted three times: first, for the presentation of dancing and singing entertainment of unusual merit, with Al Darling serving as master of ceremonies; again for the pronouncement of the Eleven o'Clock Toast; and finally for the grand march, the effectiveness of which was enhanced by the participation of the members of Fidelity Post No. 712 of the American Legion. Credit for the splendid management of the entire affair was due to the efforts of John J. Schmitt, Chairman of the Ball Committee; to Joseph G. Conlon, Chairman of the Floor Committee; and to those who so ably worked under their direction. Box-holders at the ball included Lieut.-Gov. Herbert H. Lehman, Mayor James J. Walker, Representative Ruth Pratt, William T. Phillips, Secretary of No. 1, and Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr and Past Exalted Rulers Frederick E. Goldsmith, John J. Martin and Sol Tekulsky.

**Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge Is Host To District Deputy Van Wagner**

Great Neck, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1543, greeted District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner recently upon the occasion of his official visit, at a dinner, a formal meeting of the Lodge, and a subsequent social period. District Deputy Van Wagner was accompanied by Albert G. Schildwachter, Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association; and by former and active officers and a delegation of Mr. Van Wagner's Lodge, Staten Island Lodge, No. 841. Among other visitors of note were Past President Joseph Brand and Trustee Joseph E. Steinmeier, of the New York State Elks Association. The principal address during the Lodge session was that of the District Deputy. Vice-President Schildwachter also spoke and, although briefly, most interestingly.

*(Continued on page 64)*



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(Continued from page 63)

## Sacramento, Calif., Lodge Wins Praise of District Deputy

Among the officers of Sacramento, Calif., Lodge, No. 6, who conducted initiation ceremonies a short time ago upon the occasion of the official visit to the Lodge of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Fred H. Heiken, were three of its Past Exalted Rulers, J. F. Misphey, E. J. Rader and Hal E. Willis. The District Deputy, in his address to the members of No. 6, was hearty in his commendation of their conduct of the meeting and of their support of the several enterprises of the Lodge. Before the formal session, Mr. Heiken was the guest at dinner of the officers of No. 6.

## Malden, Mass., Elks Welcome District Deputy Dowe

Eight Past Exalted Rulers were among the many members of Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 965, who welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dowe recently upon the occasion of his official visit. In the course of the initiation ceremony conducted in honor of the District Deputy's presence, one of those who took part was D. P. Desmond, of Lawrence Lodge, No. 65, who as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler twenty-six years ago, made the first official visit to Malden Lodge. A social session and a buffet supper followed the Lodge meeting.

## Detroit, Mich., Elks Honor Grand Trustee Burch and District Deputy

Grand Trustee John K. Burch and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Dickson Brown were guests of honor recently at a banquet given by Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, at its Home, and at the Lodge meeting which followed. The speeches of both these distinguished visitors, as well as a briefer talk by Exalted Ruler Charles C. Chapple, were heartily received. The list of notables among those present, besides the guests of honor, included Past President Charles Bartlett of the Michigan State Elks Association; James Bonar, Past Exalted Ruler, and George T. Bostock, Secretary for the last thirty-eight years, of Grand Rapids Lodge.

## Grand Rapids, Mich., Elks Are Active in Fraternal Calls

In the exchange of fraternal visits, Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, has recently been unusually active. It was, upon one occasion, host to the officers, the Champion Degree Team, and a delegation of members of Lansing Lodge, No. 196; and upon another the Grand Rapids Elks, among whom were the officers and the Degree Team, journeyed to Sturgis and there, at the Home of Lodge No. 1381, conducted initiation ceremonies.

## Elks of Pennsylvania Northwest Meet at Ellwood City Lodge

The part which Elks of the Northwest District of Pennsylvania are to play in the receptions in March to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen in three districts of the State, were a prominent topic of discussion at a meeting of the Elks Northwest District Association, held not long ago at the Home of Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356. A report received with much interest was that of Frank R. Bensinger, Chairman of the Association's Student Aid Fund. It revealed that through the assistance of the fund, one student was being enabled to take post-graduate work at the University of Pittsburgh, and another to have a similar advantage at Georgetown University. Prominent among the Elks to attend the gathering were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Bohlander, Past President John F. Nugent and Chaplain the Rev. Martin F. Bierbaum, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association. Forty-seven members

of the Northwest organization were present, representing the ten Lodges of Franklin, New Castle, Sharon, Grove City, Beaver Falls, Warren, Titusville, Woodlawn, Meadville and Ellwood City.

## Past District Deputy Visits Lodges He Instituted Forty Years Ago

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James Borland recently made a series of informal visits in the Northwest District of Pennsylvania upon Lodges which, some as long as forty years ago, he either instituted or saw instituted. At the time when he first held Grand Lodge office, Mr. Borland was District Deputy for the entire State. This was from July, 1890, until July, 1892; and the following year he served in the same capacity for half of the State. Johnstown Lodge, No. 175, was the first Lodge instituted by Mr. Borland. Others whose institution he recalls clearly are Warren Lodge, No. 223; Sharon Lodge, No. 103, Bethlehem Lodge, No. 191, Hazleton Lodge, No. 200, Kittanning Lodge, No. 203, Titusville Lodge, No. 264, and Meadville, No. 219. In commenting upon his revisitation of these Lodges in "Jim Borland's Column" in the *News-Herald* of Franklin and Oil City, Mr. Borland said: "Making visits to Elk Lodges I instituted forty years or more ago is giving me quite a thrill and surprising those not acquainted with the early history of their Lodge."

## Santa Barbara, Calif., Elks Call on Ventura Lodge

On the occasion of a fraternal visit recently to the Home of Ventura, Calif., Lodge, No. 1430, the officers of Santa Barbara Lodge, No. 613, conducted the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates for their hosts. Many members of Santa Barbara Lodge accompanied their officers.

## Boonton, N. J., Elks Receive Official Visit from District Deputy Albano

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano recently made an official visit to the Home of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, he was greeted by one of the most numerous gatherings of members to assemble at the Lodge this year.

## Grand Lodge Committee Chairman Visits El Paso, Texas, Elks

El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, recently received a visit from Walter F. Meier, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge. In his address at the meeting, Mr. Meier paid a high tribute to the Lodge's new Home, which was completed a short while ago, and was especially complimentary in his comments on the fine Lodge room.

## District Deputy Reynolds Pays Visit to Augusta, Ga., Lodge

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert E. Lee Reynolds, of Georgia, North, recently made an official visit to the Home of Augusta Lodge, No. 205. The numerous gathering of members assembled in the Lodge room received the District Deputy's interesting address enthusiastically.

## 300 Present Upon "Sister Lodge Night" at Denver, Colo., Lodge

Virtually every Lodge in Colorado was represented recently at a meeting of Denver Lodge, No. 17, upon the occasion of its holding of "Sister Lodge Night." The total attendance of Elks was estimated at between two and three hundred. Initiation ceremonies were conducted by the officers of Boulder Lodge, No. 566. A buffet supper and a period of entertainment followed the termination of the formal session.

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and it's open!

★ Is Miss Eilers' Statement Paid For?

You may be interested in knowing that not one cent was paid to Miss Eilers to make the above statement. Miss Eilers has been a smoker of LUCKY STRIKE cigarettes for 2½ years. We hope the publicity herewith given will be as beneficial to her and to Fox, her producers, as her endorsement of LUCKIES is to you and to us.

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