

The Elks

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Magazine

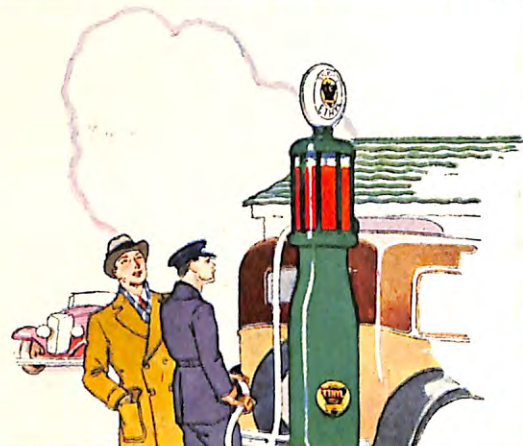
FEBRUARY, 1932



George Creel — Chester T. Crowell — and Others



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Gasoline... or Ethyl?



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They Told Him Salesmen Were "Born" But Now He Makes \$10,000 a Year ...Thanks to This Little Book

IT was just a little free book that showed Ed Pinkham that he could be different from the rest of the men in our shop. Nobody ever imagined that Ed would land even in the \$5,000-a-year class, let alone be making \$10,000 before he was thirty. Ed didn't know himself the abilities he had in him as a money-maker—he couldn't even sell the foreman the idea of recommending him for a five-dollar raise.

But one day a strange occurrence changed the whole course of his life. During his lunch hour Ed started to read a little book he had brought to work with him.

"It's a book called 'The Key to Master Salesmanship,' Bill," he told me. "It's the most amazing thing I ever read. I never dreamed there was so much in salesmanship. You ought to send for a copy yourself. Why don't you? It's free."

"Huh!" said Luke Jones. "Does that book tell you how to learn to be a salesman? A fellow has to be 'born' that way to be a good salesman."

Ed just smiled at that, but he said nothing. We kidded him about it, but he wouldn't tell us any more; just smiled. About four months later he left us. The foreman grinned when he heard about it. "I'll see you in a week or so, I guess, Ed. You can have your job back when you want it," he promised and Ed thanked him. But after he left Ed never came back and we wondered what luck he was having.

After that, I forgot him until last night. I was going home, when a snappy sedan drove up to the curb next to me. "Hi, Bill, going home?" said the man in the car. I looked up and there was Ed, dressed like a million dollars, leaning over the wheel.

"For Pete's sake!" I said. "What are you doing nowadays, Ed?" He smiled. "City sales manager for the Steel Castings Company," he told me. "What are you doing?"

"Still at the shop," I replied. "But what I want to know is, how do you come to be sales manager for Steel Castings? They're one of the biggest firms in the business."

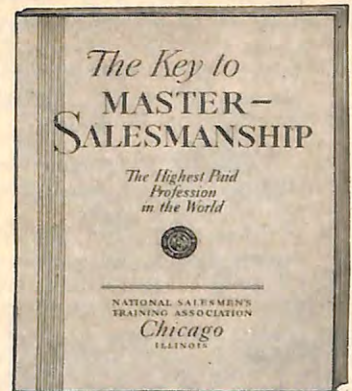
Ed smiled again. "Remember that book on salesmanship that Luke Jones was kidding me about one day? Well when I finished my salesmanship course, the Association I took it from gave me a choice of a number of jobs through their Free Employment Department. I got a wonderful job, and I had a wonderful training, so I've had a pretty successful time of it. They made me city sales manager three months ago at ten thousand dollars a year."

"Good night!" I said. "And Luke and I are still punching the old time clock!"

Ed looked at me seriously. "See here, Bill," he

said. "Are you sport enough to risk two cents that you can do as well as I did? Then spend the two cents to write to the National Salesmen's Training Association tonight and get their free book. Then take their course. When you are qualified their Free Employment Department will help you get a good sales job—every year they have calls from all sections of the country for trained men. Not only will they help you get the job, but they agree, under an iron-clad money-back penalty, that you must be satisfied with the training received—or they refund your tuition.

"Bill, training is the only thing you need to make you a wonderful salesman. That stuff that Luke Jones talks about, that salesmen are born, is the biggest bunk I ever heard. They made a salesman out of me; they can make a salesman—and a good one—out of nearly anyone who will study. Every human being is born a salesman. Thousands of the greatest possible kind of salesmen live and die without knowing their own powers. The difference that makes the so-called born salesman successful is the fact that he has learned, through experience, or through training, the fundamental selling secrets that always work. It's training in those secrets, which I got from the N. S. T. A., that made a \$10,000-a-year success out of me. You can master them as well as I did. Send for that little book tonight, and when you've got your training, come and see me."



NOW SENT FREE

FREE--To Every Man

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Dept. B-474, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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

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Age.....Occupation.....

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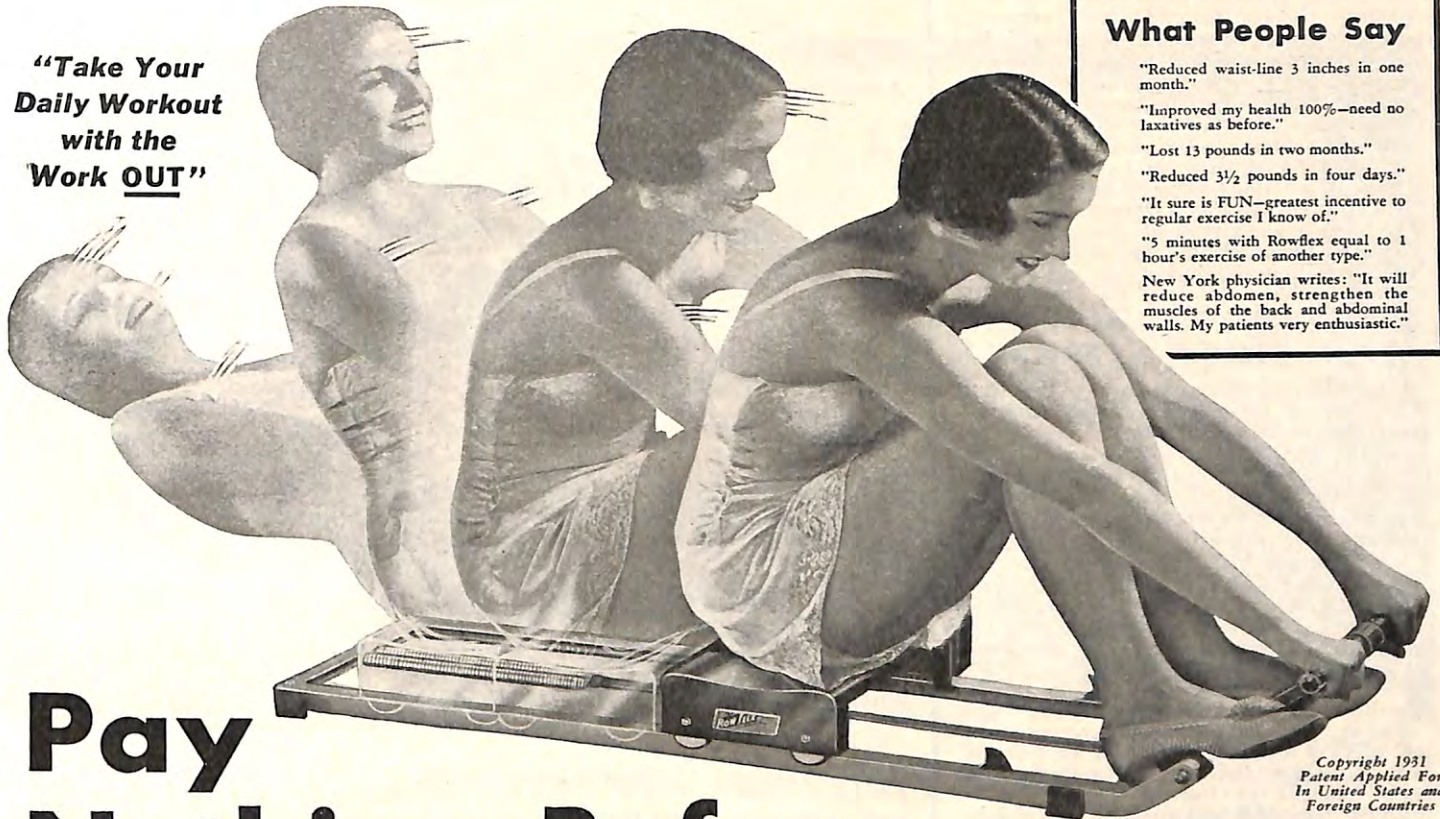
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NOW there is NO EXCUSE for being overweight, run-down, tired out, nervous, ailing. It's FUN to reduce—increase strength, improve health, become a new man or woman! Let us put the Rowflex in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without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

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Something About This Number

TALK about cooperation, solidarity, enthusiasm! Just turn to page 38 and begin reading the excerpts from telegrams from more than 1,000 Exalted Rulers who have pledged themselves and their Lodges to whole-hearted support of the Grand Exalted Ruler's appeal for the initiation of large George Washington Prosperity Classes as part of the Washington Bi-centennial observances which begin this month in every community in the country.

More than one thousand—more than two-thirds of all the Lodges of the Order—on record as engaging in a concerted attack in the name of the first great American on the forces of gloom and doubt! Could anyone ask for a more convincing demonstration of loyalty and enterprise; of the spirit of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks?



IN THIS magnificent response to the call to the colors of Elkdom is reflected a nationwide regard for one of the greatest of the cardinal tenets of the Order—Fidelity. In the face of almost unprecedented conditions the subordinate Lodges, under the leadership of a devoted group of Exalted Rulers, have thrown down the gauge of battle and are facing the common enemy with a courage and a confidence that will accept but one outcome—victory.

Let no one think that this is just one more membership drive. It is far more than that. It is at once a tribute to the Father of their Country by a great group of loyal and patriotic citizens; a challenge to discouragement and depression by courageous men in all walks of life and, finally, the expression of the deep-seated belief of its members in the true values of the Order of Elks.

THE ELKS MAGAZINE salutes you, gentlemen!



WITH "That Was the Team," by Chester T. Crowell, THE ELKS MAGAZINE adds the name of one more distinguished American author to its list of contributors. Mr. Crowell, who now lives in Pompton Lakes, N. J., spent many years in newspaper work in Texas and says that he himself played in the ball game that furnished the idea for his story of Jack Rabbit University's unbeatable playing.



GEORGE CREEL, who is by way of being one of our most popular as he is one of our most frequent contributors, returns to our pages with the story of the first John Jacob Astor, the German immigrant boy who was the founder of one of America's great fortunes. Mr. Creel is now working on tales of other pioneer multi-millionaires for publication in THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

—From Preamble to the Constitution, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.



Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Volume Ten
Number Nine

The Elks Magazine

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Cover design by Walter Beach Humphrey

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

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

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Editor and Executive Director

Bruce McClure
Managing Editor

50 East Forty-second Street, New York City

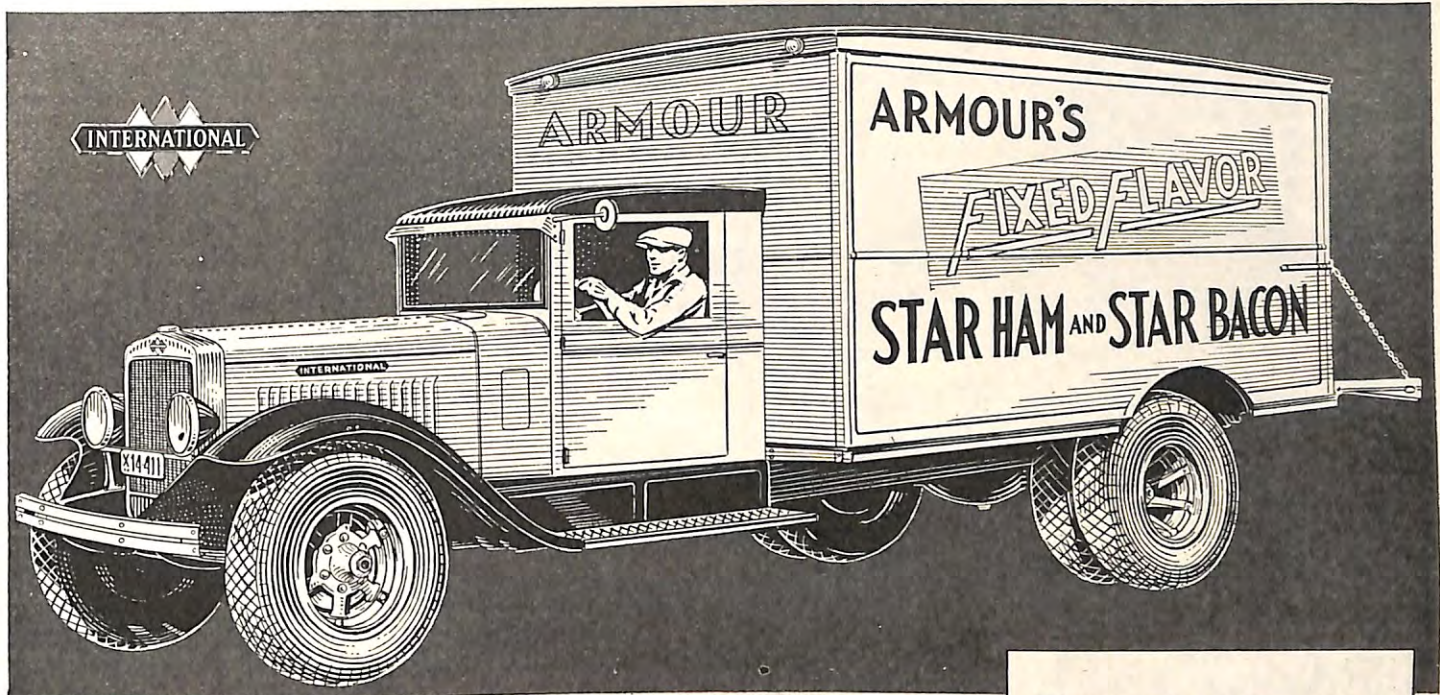
Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

ARMOUR Gives High Praise to INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



ARMOUR & COMPANY provides another chapter in the endless story of International Truck success. For more than fifteen years Armour's have come to International Harvester for trucks. And during 1931—a year of severe stress and cost-cutting economy—Armour's invested in a larger fleet of new Internationals than in any previous year.

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reserve. "Truck transportation and hauling efficiency are vital factors with us," says an Armour executive. "We use trucks at hundreds of points the nation over, yet we operate only limited facilities for the purpose of repair and upkeep. We prefer to depend on the truck manufacturer for the service, and we say without hesitation that the International Harvester readiness to serve is unequalled. International Truck service goes a long way in helping us to render our own vital service."

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Customers appreciate this faster, more efficient counter service—as well as the neat, legible, detailed and totaled receipt furnished by this new and distinctly modern, low-priced cash registering machine.

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From Ashdour to Astor

*How a German Immigrant Lad
Became America's Richest Man*

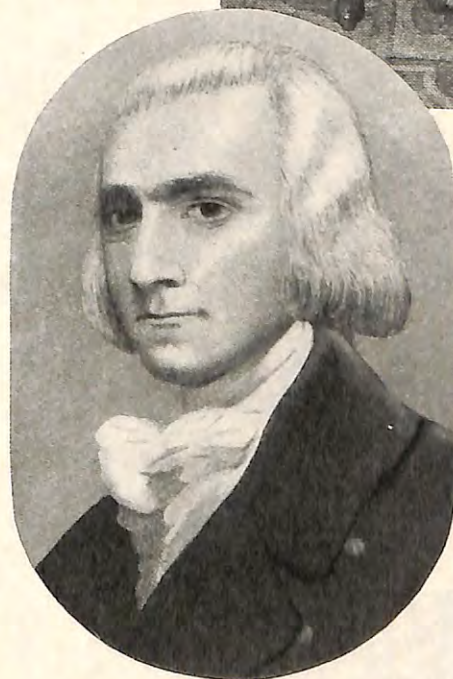
By George Creel

THE Astor fortune, more than any other huge accumulation of wealth, is remarkable for its bewildering contrasts. Behind those high-piled millions may be seen gallant daring and mean greeds, honest industry and stark rapacity, frugal virtues and brutal exercise of power. The sweep of the story is from a drowsy German village to the Shining Mountains, from a butcher shop to the tepees of Indian chiefs, from the counting houses of New York to the sandalwood forests of the Sandwich Islands and the palaces of Chinese mandarins. Never an American himself in the true sense of the word—and here is a crowning contradiction—the career of John Jacob Astor is still intensely and peculiarly American, both in its pride and its shames.

It was in 1776 that the cobbles of New York felt the solid tread of the first Ashdour, for so they spelled it then. Heinrich was his name, and he came over with England's Hessian mercenaries, not as a fighting man, however, but merely as a butcher in the sutler's train. An amiable "Dutchman," he stayed on after the war, opening a stall in the Fly Market where he cut up his beeves and purveyed choice cuts to Gotham's housewives. In 1784 he was joined by his brother, John Jacob Ashdour, a twenty-one-year-old lad who had sickened of his father's butchershop back in the medieval little German town of Waldorf.

There were some Hudson Bay men on the ship that brought John Jacob over, and excited by their talk of rich profits he sought and found employment with a fur dealer, his pay \$2 a week and board. For quite a while he gained muscle by beating

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*A portrait of John Jacob Astor,
the first, as a young man*

stored peltries, for mothballs were still unknown, but before long his shrewdness won a chance to travel the northern woods as a buyer. Nothing ever gave John Jacob greater pain than to make money for someone else, and in 1786, a year after his marriage, he started in business for himself.

Now came brave fine years that make unstinted call on admiration. With a pack on his back, heavy with gay cloth and



*Now one of America's richest men, he had
established close contact with political
powers*

bright gewgaws, and a flute in his pocket, John Jacob trudged forest aisles throughout the length and breadth of the Six Nations, risking the sullen ferocities of Mohawks, Onondagas, Senecas and Algonquins to barter for their rich catches of beaver, martin and muskrat. Back in New York husky Sarah stood guard over the two-room home, bearing her babies in the back and selling furs in the front.

IT WAS nothing for the indomitable young German, strong and round-barreled as a horse, to cover thousands of miles a year, ranging from the wildernesses of Pennsylvania to the frozen solitudes of Lake Champlain, now trudging through snow to his waist, now driving his canoe up creek or down river. He knew no French, no Indian dialect, and his English was a broken thing, but red man and white liked his courage and cheerfulness, and loved to listen to the tunes he coaxed from his flute at night around the fire.

The powerful Northwest company, "Lords of the lake and forest," actually permitted young Ashdour to trade in Canada, shipping furs from Montreal to England, and carried their friendliness so far as to let him go with them to a rendezvous at Grand Portage. Here, on the shore of Lake Superior, the masters of the

company met once a year with their agents, trappers and the Indian tribes, holding both counsel and high wassail, giving sovereign orders for the coming winter, and astounding by the magnificence of their entertainment. It was to prove costly courtesy on the part of the "lords of the lake and forest," for as Ashdour estimated the tremendous profits of the Northwest organization, he resolved to "horn in" or die in the attempt.

CAUTIOUSLY at first, but more boldly later, he established his own chain of posts in the Iroquois country and on the Great Lakes, sending out his own fur brigades, and by 1794 was able to quit the woods and stay in New York with his wife and the five children that she had borne him. Iron economy had been a necessity during the years of struggle, but improved circumstances worked no change either in Sarah or John Jacob. Thrift had become avarice, and when he voyaged to London in 1799 with a cargo of furs, he went in the steerage, enduring its hardships cheerfully because of the money saved.

The London trip marked a turning point in Astor's life, for not alone did he sell his peltries at a juicy profit, but he learned of the rich China trade, and his moon face went red as he heard of the fabulous prices that furs brought in Canton. Siberia, once thick with sable and ermine, was now trapped out, and the mandarins of the Flowery Kingdom were opening their ports to any ship that brought the furs they loved.

By 1803 he had a "million dollars afloat," to quote his own admission. Ships of his building carried peltries to China, bringing back rich cargoes of tea, silks, cinnamon and porcelains to be sold at enormous profit; also selling furs in the London market, his vessels returned with woollens and cutlery. When his trading posts on the Great Lakes and in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys no longer yielded sufficient peltries for his needs, he sent his ships far up into the Puget

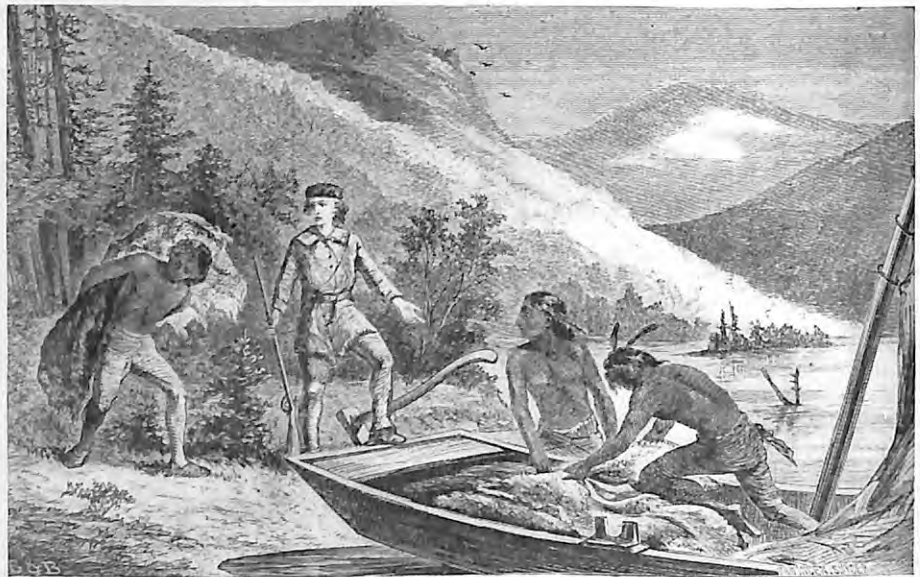
Sound country, tapping a new source of supply.

For all of his insatiate greed, the man had vision. Eagerly he read the stirring reports of Lewis and Clark that told of the wonders of the country that stretched between the Mississippi and Puget Sound, and in his slow, shrewd mind formed the determination to make himself its master. A tremendous conception, and but for his invincible stinginess and an utter lack of national feeling, what is now British Columbia might be American territory, and John Jacob Astor would live in history as one of the great empire builders.

The first step was the formation of the American Fur company in 1808, with a capital of \$1,000,000 subscribed entirely by Astor himself. A second step was the establishment of a string of trading posts from the Great Lakes to the Missouri, up the Missouri to its headwaters, and on across the Bitter Root range to the mouth of the Columbia, there building a settlement to be called Astoria. St. Louis, the eastern depot, would forward furs for the

New York and London trade, and ships, sailing around the Horn to Astoria, would pick up the western catch, together with sandalwood gathered in Hawaii, and cross the Pacific to the rich markets of China. Two expeditions were necessary, one by land and one by sea.

In the Missouri River country at the time was Manuel Lisa, head of a strong organization, along with hundreds of free trappers, Americans all, and in the Great Lakes region, too, were Americans of proved worth and courage. Passing them by, Astor intrusted his great ventures to foreigners, Canadian and Scotch Highlanders for the most part, even though the war of 1812 was so close at hand that the man in the street could see it. What happened was inevitable. The land expedition, a terrible journey that took a year and a half, failed in every object as a result of insubordination; the voyage of the *Tonquin*, that sailed from New York for Puget Sound, failed by reason of the mutiny of the foreigners, and Astoria, finally founded, was calmly turned over to the British by the Scotch and Canadians.



*John Jacob Astor's first trading trip—
a fine and gallant venture*



Land, after all, was really the great Astor passion, and from the first he had put his money into real estate. The Eden Farm, covering the stretch that now centers about 42nd street and Broadway was taken over by him for \$25,000. Today it is worth \$50,000,000

Even so, Astor might have retrieved these disasters had he followed the first land expedition with a second and stronger, but instead of that, he accepted defeat, unwilling to risk any more of his precious dollars.

War with England, while it convulsed the rest of the country, worked no interference with John Jacob's schemes of acquisition. Now one of the richest men in America, he had established close contacts with political powers, and many and lucrative were the privileges extended to him. In 1808 he had beaten the embargo that held other ships in port, sending a vessel to China and making \$200,000 on the cargo of tea brought back. In 1812 an order from Albert Gallatin, secretary of the treasury, allowed him to transfer his furs from Canada to Mackinac, a bit of favoritism that caused no small outcry.

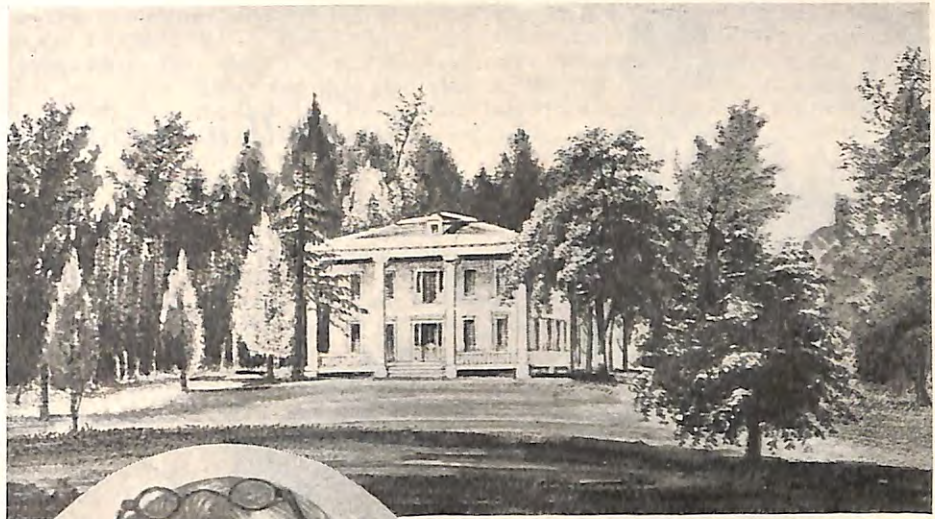
It was also charged that an Astor agent, a British subject, slipped over the line with news of the declaration of

war, giving the enemy an advantage that led to Hull's surrender at Detroit, and there were likewise definite assertions that he worked an "underground" between his American posts and the British lines in Canada, trading reports. Be this as it may, it is certain that he received news of the treaty of peace several days in advance of any other New York merchant, thus enabling him to dump his stock of goods at war prices.

More and more his influence with government became apparent. In 1816 he secured a law that barred all alien fur-traders from American territory, and straightway set about the formation of the despotic monopoly that he had had in mind from the first. Senator Thomas H. Benton represented his interests in Washington, and Lewis Cass, then Governor of Michigan Territory, was amenable to the money master's slightest wish, a deference doubtless due to a payment of \$35,000 that came to light in later years.

QUITTING the China trade, for the tea business had suffered a slump, Astor threw himself into the development of his fur monopoly with the same indomitable energy that had marked him in the days when he tramped the forests with a pack on his back. Proceeding ruthlessly, he crushed competition, either by his superior capital or by armed force. Manuel Lisa, Smith, Jackson, Sublette, Bridger, Fitzgerald, all in time gave way before him, and the free trappers of the Rockies were granted the choice of working for him at dog's wages or being driven out of the country.

Stringent laws forbade the introduction of liquor into the Indian country, but Astor brushed them aside, for whiskey was



The one-time residence of John Jacob Astor, on 89th street, near the East River



Here and there in the Astor record Aaron Burr is dimly seen



William B. Astor, son of John Jacob, a worthy helper at his side

an all important factor in the fur trade. Not only did a drunken Indian lose all sense of value but once reduced to a stupor it was easy to short-weight him. As Colonel Snelling, in command at Detroit, bitterly complained in 1825, "He who has the most whiskey generally carries off the most furs. . . . The neighborhood of the trading houses where whiskey is sold presents a disgusting scene of drunkenness, debauchery and misery; it is the fruitful source of all difficulties, and of nearly all the murders committed in the Indian Country. . . . For the accommodation of my family I have taken a house three miles from the town, and in passing to and from it I have daily opportunities of seeing the road strewn with the bodies of men, women and children, in the last stages of brutal intoxication. It is true there are laws in this territory to restrain the sale of liquor, but they are not regarded."

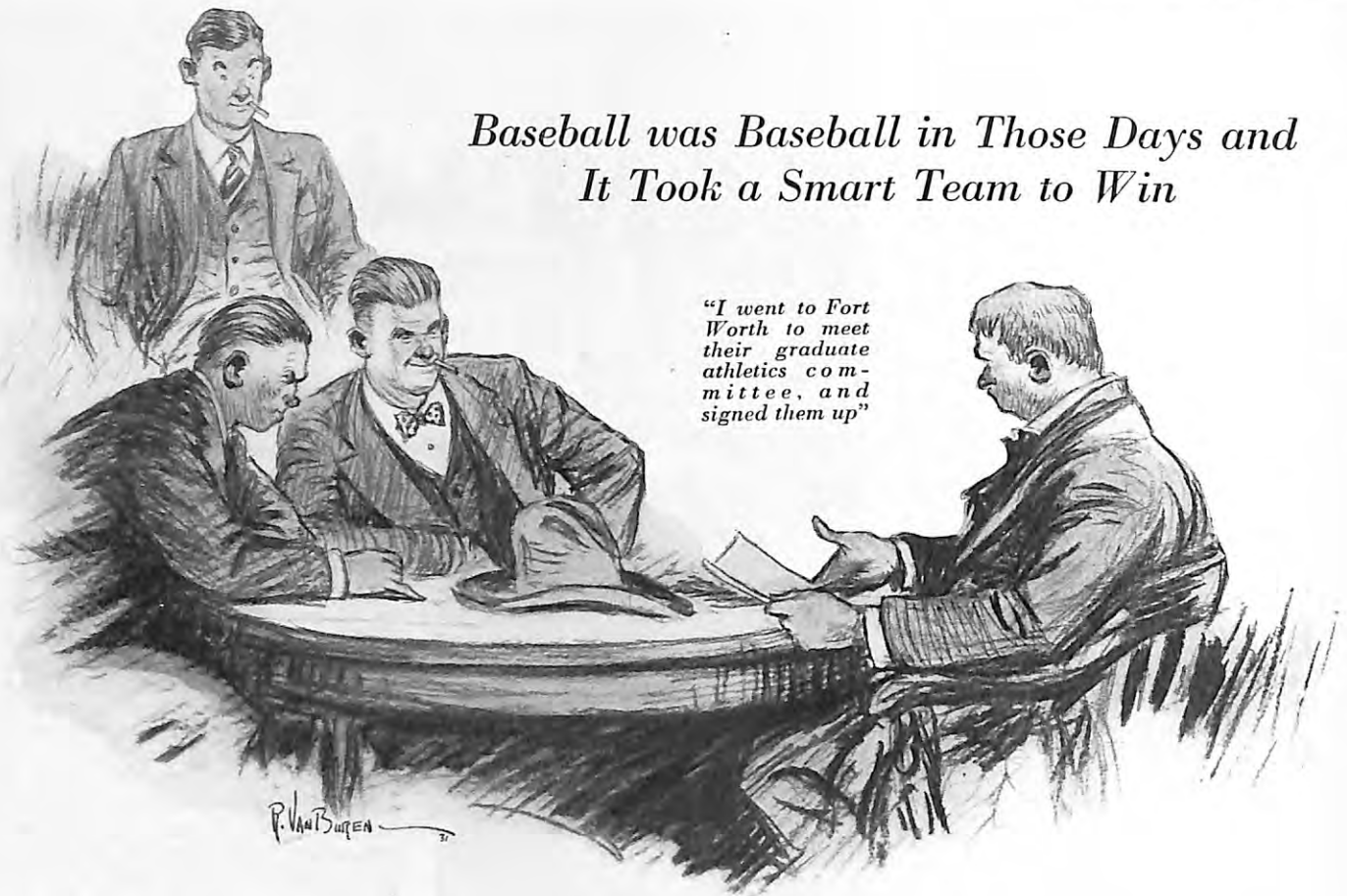
Colonel Snelling also declared that he knew of 3,300 gallons of whiskey and 2,500 gallons of high wines that had been delivered under contract to the American Fur Company's agent at Mackinac, and grimly commented: "I will venture to add that an inquiry into the manner in which the Indian trade is conducted, especially by the American Fur Company, is a matter of no small importance to the tranquility of the border."

DRUNKEN Indians could not only be short-weighted, but they could be over-charged. The rifle that cost Astor \$10 was traded to the Indians for \$30; powder, twenty cents a pound, for \$4 a pound; a dollar brass kettle for \$20; a \$2.50 beaver trap for \$10; ten cents a pound tobacco for \$2 a pound. Even after handing over all their furs, virtually every Indian tribe found itself thousands of dollars in debt.

Whiskey and high wines, as a matter of fact, were profitable as well as befuddling, for even after excessive adulteration, the price ran from \$25 to \$50 a gallon. Andrew S. Hughes, reporting to Secretary of War Cass, estimated Astor's annual whiskey profits at \$50,000, and despairingly observed that the agents of the American Fur Company "entertained no sort of respect for our citizens, agents, officers or the

(Continued on page 47)

Baseball was Baseball in Those Days and It Took a Smart Team to Win



"I went to Fort Worth to meet their graduate athletics committee, and signed them up"

That Was the Team

"WELL, I see where the baseball season is here again," Colonel Sam Hardy remarked, as he folded his newspaper and removed his steel-rimmed spectacles. We were sitting on the broad veranda of the West Texas ranch house and I had been watching a herd of white-faced cattle trudge slowly across the pasture toward a distant windmill under which there would be a water trough. "Yep," he continued, "and Coach says old Jack Rabbit University is a-going to have a winning nine. . . . Well, they had ought to. About all they got in the big leagues nowadays is Texas boys playing agin' each other, with a few ringers run in from California. . . . But shucks, they don't none of 'em have teams, no more, like the one we had the year we raised the money to build the dormitory . . . you know, the one the boys call Prairie Dog Hall. That was the team! Nobody couldn't of beat them boys. Old Bald-face Scotty and Goose-neck Smith and Jud Pearsall and Spotty Jenkins, the freckled-face kid from Deep Hole Crick. That was the team! The only reason them boys didn't go down in the book for world champeens was the big league teams wouldn't come out here and play 'em.

"That was the year we got uniforms . . . but I reckon you don't remember. We'd taken them city boys forty-eight to nothing in the big football game in Fort Worth the winter before, so when the baseball

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By Chester T. Crowell

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

season come along and we was a-cleaning up everything in the cow country, they kind of hinted that they would play us some baseball for revenge in between their reg'lar schedule games. We didn't have no league out our way, then. We just matched us a game with any school that knowed how far second base had ought to be from home plate. Our bushy-haired professor that was called Coach showed me the letter from the Fort Worth college and it was a kind of a swell-head letter, I thought, so I told him: 'Coach, let's go and see them fellers and ask 'em how come they think they can play baseball. They sure couldn't play football. If you need an extra bat or anything,' I says, 'let me know.' So Coach taken our boys to Fort Worth and we beat 'em six to three. Surprised 'em a heap but still they wasn't satisfied. They said it was on account of their best pitcher had the mumps and would we come back the first Saturday after their reg'lar season and play 'em again. Well, we needed the money, and you could get the derndest crowds there anybody ever seen—sometimes two thousand folks would pay to get in—so our boys went back. They talked a heap, too, and asked our boys how was the

owl crop back home. But that time they beat us. Bald-face Scotty and Goose-neck Smith come back fit to be tied. From what Goose-neck told me, it seems like them city boys had two new students on their team that must have come in kinda late; one of 'em was dern near bald-headed and the other feller could talk without openin' his mouth, and he had a hunk of maple sugar that he ate on and the printing inside his hat that Scotty seen in the dressing-room said Burlington, Vermont. Our boys figgered there was something wrong about them two fellers. They didn't talk Texas and they didn't look Texas, so our boys called 'em Sam Houston and Davy Crockett and nobody wasn't feeling 'specially friendly by the time the game was over. Still and all, it was what they call a post-season game so I reckon it was all right. Them two fellers was mebbe the posts. Why not? Anyways some of our boys hadn't got through grammar school till they was eighteen.

"You come out to our place and play off the tie," Coach says, after the game. Well, they thought they didn't have time. And then the football season come along. But all that fall everybody kept a-milling around and mumbling to theirselves. Somebody'd say: 'I see where Congress has adjourned.' And the other feller'd say: 'Yes, and them Fort Worth boys has got to come out here and play us on our grounds. We played on their grounds twice't. Nothing

couldn't take their minds off baseball. Finally Coach wrote 'em again and says: 'We can play a winter game out to Jack Rabbit University after the football season is over. You come out during the Christmas holidays. The weather for baseball is fine about then.' We nearly always taken up baseball again right after the football season, in them days. Well, they thought their feelings was hurt about them ringers being called Sam Houston and Davey Crockett, and they was thin skinned about their students' feelings. So I ribbed Coach up to write 'em again and he done it like I told him.

"'We are sorry we made you sore,' he wrote 'em. 'You come on out. It will be a post-season game, anyway, and if you want to run in some post-graduates that will be all right with us. We ain't got none to speak of ourselves but our people out here figger this team is the best in the world just as it stands and we would like to prove it. We can sell two thousand tickets for this game.'

"Well, next, they thought they had ought to have a guarantee for expenses. They was hard to coax, them fellers was. They never taken us serious nohow and now that they'd played a good trick and had their laugh they wanted to call it quits.

"Coach come to me about the guarantee. 'Sure,' I says, 'and I will go to Fort Worth and sign on the dotted line. So I went and met their graduate athletics committee which was a real estate agent about three years out of college and two other young fellers that didn't say nothing.

"'You can go and tell your boys,' I says

to this committee, 'that we will put 'em up at the O.K. Palace Hotel at our expense where they sleep you and eat you for three dollars a day and if it ain't the best grub they ever bit into I'm a liar. Quail on toast is guaranteed and venison is probable. And what's more,' I says, 'we will pay their expenses a-coming and a-going. But after we done all that,' I says, 'we are a-going to play country rules, winner take all, and if any of your folks wants any side bets just speak up . . . money, marbles or chalk. We believe in our team and if you was to come out there with Rube Waddell we agree right now that he is a junior just out of high school. The way I figger the last game,' I says, 'is you fellers are a-getting back to common-sense country rules for baseball. I like to play that way. That's the way I always played when I was a kid. It builds up town spirit and the town that has the best spirit and gets the best men had ought to win. I don't like all these here amateur college sports rules. It is too professional. We are a-going to play old-time country town amateur baseball and we are a-going to bet everything from the Sunday School collection to the old clock on the hall stairs. Now that's what I call amateur.'

"Well, they grinned, and winked at each other, and said it suited them all right and for me to go on back home and look at the assessment rolls, and see how much two or three of our counties was worth, and they would scratch around in their vest pockets and see if they couldn't dig up enough change to cover it.

"I went back, and the first thing I did

was lie like a dog to Coach; I told him they would mebbe bring a few post-graduates, but no hired professionals. He was a fanatic college sports amateur, that feller. Then I went on a still hunt for money. A heap of our folks was agin betting, so I told 'em we was a-raising secret endowments for a new spelling book or any dern thing I could think of, but that if my plan come through all right old Jack Rabbit University would be out of debt. I reckon some of 'em had suspicions, but I didn't force no guilty conscience on 'em. The endowment finally got up to five thousand and ninety-five dollars so I put up another five thousand and Fort Worth covered it, and then all hands admitted there was a side bet of one hundred dollars so's not to have too much squawk from the better elements, and the war was on!

"OUR boys put up their football suits and took to practising every day except when there was a dust storm blowing and they couldn't see. We had nine pitchers; everybody on that team could pitch so we always got the whole gang in chaps and warmed up. Goose-neck Smith was the best but he threw the ball so dern hard that everybody was a-scared to catch him except little Squee-gee Fuller; Squee-gee was a lefty like Goose-neck but we didn't have no left-handed catcher's mitt. Squee-gee didn't mind using the wrong glove, and he could do it, too, but the boys generally fought him off because they was a-scared if he ever missed one of them shoots or let it take the glove offen his hand it would go clean through him. Well, the reason I'm a-telling you this he was a-catching Goose-neck for practise the day the feller come with the new store-bought suits and

For a while it looked like trouble. The boys jawed and dickered round a lot



P. Van Buren



this feller seen him, and he says: 'Great guns, why don't you get that boy a left-handed glove?' None of our boys hadn't never seen one. Me, I hadn't never seen no left-handed catcher except Squee-gee. Well, I'm here to tell you we bought him a glove right then and there. That was a load offen everybody's mind. Now, we knowed who was a-going to pitch, and who was a-going to catch, and that helps a heap in a big game. Not that Bald-face Scotty and Bud Hawkins and Jim Street and some of the others couldn't catch, but Squee-gee was the best.

"That feller coming just when he did looked to me like a good luck sign. In baseball I believe in luck; things kinda start good or they don't. That's why I carry this here rabbit's foot for my watch charm. And them new suits all fitted, too. That looked good to me. Of course, it wasn't no more than we had a right to expect after paying six dollars a piece for 'em wholesale; still and all, things like that is what counts. The way the weather held up, too, kinda cheered everybody; not a cloud. Only one thing went wrong. That like to scared me into the hereafter a-fore my time but I heard about it in time to put a stop to the devilment. What happened Coach got himself all full of civic pride and put eight boys to work a-picking up stones offen the infield. The dern fool, if I hadn't stopped him, was a-going to spread ten loads of sand, too, and fill up all the little holes that our boys knowed like they knowed the insides of their dinner plates. Not only that, he had hired a hay cutter to run over the outfield. God knows what would of happened if he'd done that. I told him: 'Coach,' I says, 'we played their grounds like we found 'em, didn't we? Well, they are a-going to play our grounds the same way. You cut down them landmarks out there and what the Sam Hill do you think is a-going to become of Bald-face Scotty and Jud Pearsall and Tail-holt Hendricks? They'll get lost and wander clean out of the county.' Coach talked to himself some, but he seen the justice of my argument. He just didn't know country town rules, that's all.

"WELL, finally the great day come and I wish you could of seen the court-house square. There must of been five hundred saddle ponies hitched to the racks. And wagons! Nothing but a dog couldn't of got through 'em. People come from twenty miles around. When I said we could sell 2,000 tickets I didn't more'n half believe

it my own self but we done it. That was a day to remember, sonny! There ain't nothing on earth like country town baseball, nohow. Never has been and never will be. Folks just shut up their stores, run up a flag on the flag-pole, bought 'em some peanuts, and called it Christmas, New Year's and Fourth of July, all rolled into one.

"The Fort Worth boys and their gang come in on the train the night before and we just turned the O.K. Palace Hotel over to 'em, lock, stock, and barrel. The marshal roped off the street and told 'em to take it and keep it, and for all our folks to stay away from there because we are a Christian community and didn't crave for no fights to start.

"Next day when their team sashayed out onto the grounds two thousand people stood up and yelled and the town band played Dixie. Then our cheer leaders stepped out and we give 'em the old Jack Rabbit University welcome which was a yell that goes something like 'Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle, here you come and welcome howdy but don't figger on carrying home no tail feathers.' Then Goose-neck taken them long legs of his'n and that there funny Adam's apple into the pitcher's box and we had us a baseball game started. Coach looked at their first man up and says to me, 'Colonel, I know that feller. His name is Sweeney and he played second base with the Boston Braves last season.' So I says: 'That's all right, Coach. I know him, too. I knowed his pa and ma for more'n twenty years. He is a post-graduate of their'n and they got a right to him.' And just then the umpire says 'Strike three' and Sweeney was out on three pitched. He wasn't even looking at the third one; he thought Goose-neck would sure throw a ball after them first two strikes. But that ain't the way Goose-neck

By the time he got the gravel out of his eyes Scotty was diving into second



pitched. All he ever had was a in-shoot that would fry your eyes and he never fooled away his time with nothing else. When their next man come up Coach says, 'Colonel, I have seen that feller's picture in the paper. I ain't sure but I think he plays with New Orleans.' Myself, I didn't know, but I says, 'That's right, Coach, you seen his picture in a Fort Worth paper because he is a Fort Worth boy. He comes from their college.' I nearly bust out laughing when Coach says, 'Yes, that's right.' It taken five pitches to strike that feller out because he fouled two. Fouls wasn't strikes in them days. The next fellers up, we all knowed. Squee-gee says to him, 'Well, well, it sure looks good to see some home folks, now and again.' This kid knowed Goose-neck's pitching so he didn't waste no time; he taken a cut at the first pitch. It went foul about twenty feet up in the air and Squee-gee caught it. Then he says, 'Boy, you are good but the playing-field is out that-away,' and he pointed. 'Do you want to fight now or after the game?' this kid says. Squee-gee grinned and says: 'Meet you under the grandstand after the game.' So they shook hands on it and our boys come a-gunning in for their innings.

"COACH looked at the Fort Worth pitcher and says to me, 'Colonel, I know that feller, too. His name is Wilson and he
(Continued on page 45)





Pancho Villa was not only a general, he was a business man. Before one of his wars he sold the motion picture rights to it

Shooting the News

By Roy de S. Horn

Photographs by Pathé News

IT WAS the day of the Florida hurricane. Trees in Miami were bending and snapping like toothpicks. Boats weighing scores of tons were being lifted from the water and hurtled smashing onto the beach. Houses were crashing; broken timbers were driving like javelins through the air, along with heavy sheets of galvanized iron which flew like kites and struck with the force of guillotines. Every human being who could was seeking shelter from the wind and flying missiles.

Into the middle of the almost deserted streets waded a solitary individual. He lugged in his arms a black boxlike affair with three long spindling legs. As he ducked flying iron and wood and struggled to set his apparatus up, a husky policeman leaped out from shelter and ran up to him. "Are you crazy?" he shouted. "Get out of here! Do you want one of these pieces of sheet-iron to rip your head off?"

The individual at the tripod did not even look up. "Will you please get out from in front of the lens?" he demanded acidly. "I want to get that house—Hey, there goes the roof now!"

The newsreel cameraman did not bother to state that he had fought for hours to get into the storm-stricken city. Nor did the theatre

patrons who later saw the newsreel pictures of the storm know that taking those pictures was just part of that cameraman's big job. For when he motored north with his precious films—all railroad traffic being temporarily disrupted—he traveled with and in the storm. He stopped for gas at a garage—and the garage roof blew off on top of his car and buried him and his equipment. He dug himself out, piled his films

into another car and started on—and the tail of the hurricane lifted that car and dropped it right off the side of the road.

Finally he managed to catch a train, swapped from that to an airplane—and the airplane was forced down. He caught another train, and then another plane. After forty-eight hours of continuous traveling, he reached New York where officers of the newsreel company were waiting with a fast motorcycle messenger for his films, and an ambulance for the cameraman. Two hours later the first newsreel pictures of the Florida hurricane were showing on Broadway screens—and the cameraman was just beginning a two-weeks' stay in the hospital, to recover from the bruises and other injuries he had suffered on the job.

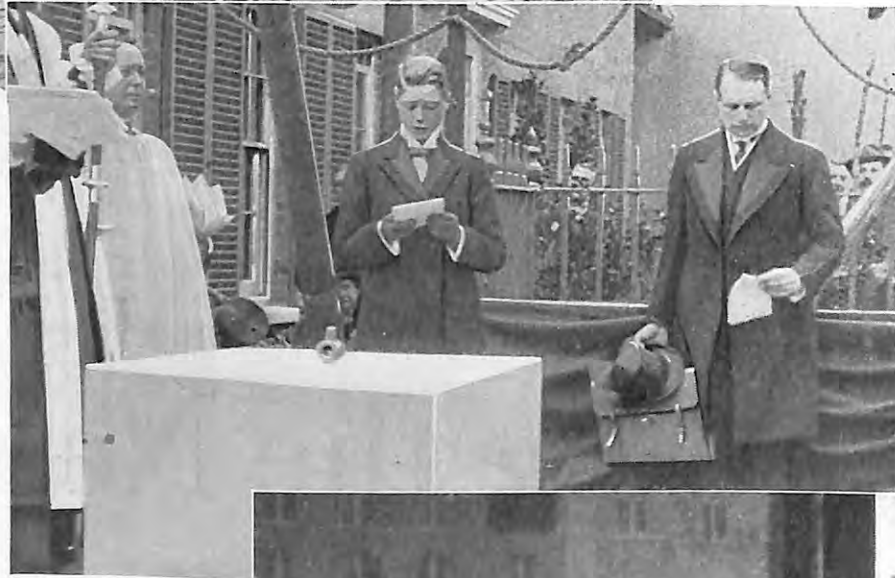
Exciting as this may seem, it is but typical of the adventures of the newsreel cameramen who, in the course of their everyday business penetrate as many dangerous wildernesses as even the famed Royal Canadian Mounted Police, gaze upon as much danger and trouble, and show just as much fortitude and persistence in pursuing their purpose. Only their motto is, not "Get your man," but "Get that picture!" And what they bring back from the world's wilderness, after infinite privation and danger, is not an embezzler or murderer, but merely



As the screen would see the cameraman



When a relief plane was sent out to look for the lost French aviators, Nungesser and Coli, a newsreel man went too. You can see—in the picture above—the camera set up in the fore cockpit



One of the earliest newsreel pictures of one of the most pictured persons in the world: at the left, the Prince of Wales at his first cornerstone-laying. Prince Alberts were the thing then and Prince Edward was fourteen

a few cans of coated celluloid. Yet through their magic a plain home-loving citizen in New York or Memphis or Kalamazoo may sit at his ease in a theatre chair and with his own eyes watch the burning of a Smyrna, the landing of a Lindbergh in Japan, the eruption of a Vesuvius, or the destruction of a Chinese city before the flood-waters of a raging Yangtze.

For the army of newsreel cameramen is spread over the globe, from the deserts and jungles of the tropics to the snow and ice of the Poles. And to them, the assignment editor, sitting in his studio headquarters like a commander-in-chief, radios or cables his orders, shifting them from Poles to Tropics and from Tropics to Poles, wherever the news of the world is happening.

"Yeah—you never know where you'll be to-morrow, in this game," as one old newsreel veteran said reminiscently. "There I was once in the middle of Mexico, making pictures of Aztec ruins, when I get a telegram relayed from the assignment editor: 'Return New York immediately'.

"Well, I get back to New York as quick as I can by mule, mail-boat, train and airplane, and I get into the studio on a Wednesday. And the assignment editor, he just looks up and grins at me and says, 'Howdy, Tracy, how's Mexico? Pretty warm, I guess—and I'll bet you haven't got anything thicker'n Bee-Vee-Dees with you. Well, you better go out and buy yourself some red flannels; you're leaving for the North Pole on Saturday.'"



A hurricane, photographed from shelter. The wind outside would have carried the camera away

The cameraman scratched his head and grinned. "Darned if I wasn't, too—on my way to Spitzbergen to take pictures of the Byrd North Pole Expedition!"

Another young cameraman, one spring morning, was told by his assignment editor to get ready for a two- or three-weeks' trip to cover the big-league baseball training camps in the South. He got back to New York just exactly *eight months* later, having in the meantime traveled over twenty-five thousand miles and been in almost every State and province of the United States and Canada. As fast as he had finished an assignment in one place he had been ordered on to cover another

story that had broken somewhere else.

When a newsreel cameraman travels on business like that, he carries enough "calling cards" to fill a small suit-case; identifications, police permits, passports, letters to high foreign commercial and government officials. Sometimes these keep him out of jail, and sometimes they do not. All countries do not accord the cameraman such unlimited freedom of the press as he enjoys in the United States.

England in particular is the bane of the poor hard-working American cameraman who has been sent over with strict orders to get certain pictures of royalty or important state functions. The English are firm observers of tradition and etiquette, especially as regards their beloved royal family. A cameraman must have special

permits to make pictures of royalty, and these permits further specify exactly where and when the cameraman may take those pictures. If the cameraman, when he comes to take his pictures, finds a cornice or a waving flag or other obstacle obstructing his view of the King or Queen at the most interesting moment, he is expected to remain where his permit locates him, nevertheless, and take pictures through cornices and flags, or else take no pictures at all.

Unfortunately the American cameraman, who has been sent over with instructions to "Get that picture—or don't come home," usually brushes tradition aside and goes after his pictures, regardless. One American cameraman, at the time of the King's last official opening of Parliament, was arrested three times in the same day for not staying put where he had been "located."

"This newsreel business is a whole lot different from anything around the Hollywood lots," one cameraman explained. "We have to write our own scenarios, pose our own subjects—some of which would rather bust the camera than smile for it—and do all the directing. And, most particular, we got to get our pictures as they come—no chances to rehearse or to make a re-



Crashing walls and an earth that shivered did not prevent the news cameraman from going right into the midst of the earthquake—at the right—at Santa Barbara, California



What looks like a dump heap—above—is molten lava from a volcano near Mascali, Italy. Photographing it at this range is one of the great heroic feats of the newsreel men



Historic among the early news movies was the one above, of the fire that swept the city of Smyrna

take if you have a bust on your first shots. If you don't believe that, just try to rehearse a cyclone or earthquake! Or try to get 'em to run off the King of England's coronation a second time, just because you used the wrong lens or the light was bad or something, the first time!"

Not even the three- or four- or five-hundred-dollar-a-week salary of the Hollywood-studio cameraman creates any envy in a real regular newsreel cameraman. The Hollywood professional may get that much

when he is actually working, but the newsreel cameraman gets his hundred or hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars every week the year around, whether he is actually working on an assignment or not. And then there are bonuses for extra hazardous work or for unusual accomplishments despite unusual conditions. From the earliest newsreel days cameramen have usually been paid a bonus of twenty-five dollars every time their work calls for them to go up in an airplane or balloon. Some newsreel companies pay a bonus for going down in submarines or for any other work classed as extra hazardous.

Success in bringing back a picture

despite unusual danger or obstacles also wins the successful cameraman bonuses of varying amounts, depending upon the special circumstances. Cameraman Earle once earned a bonus by turning in seven feature stories within seven days' time. During those seven days he personally attended two cyclones, two train wrecks, a burning gas-well, a seven-million-dollar fire in Houston, Texas, and the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. All told, it was Cameraman Earle's busy week.

IT is this very feeling of reality in the newsreel, this sense of having a ringside seat at the cyclone or fire or earthquake or flood, that has been responsible for the increasing public interest in the newsreels. For the patron knows that he is looking at the real thing—there are no fake volcanoes or revolutions or earthquakes in the pictures that he sees. In the early days of the newsreel industry when it was as much of a curiosity as a news medium, some of the old-timer cameramen will tell you that occasionally they did make "fake" pictures—as in the case of the famous Villa "war."

That was back in the days of the Mexican border troubles when Pancho Villa, the rebel and the bandit, was playing tag up and down the border with the Mexican Federal troops, and incidentally making as much profit as he could in the business. All the leading American newsreel companies

(Continued on page 60)

Behind the Footlights



Phoebe Foster and Henry Stephenson (circle), as the wife and family friend, respectively, in "Cynara," a drama by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Brown. It is a finely sensitive play in which Philip Merivale as Miss Foster's husband, Jim Warlock, gives a stunningly good performance. Clemency and Jim have weathered seven years of happy and completely honest married life. Then Clemency is forced to go abroad for a few weeks. A restaurant flirtation between Jim and a pretty shop girl (Adrienne Allen, a lovely newcomer from England) grows serious without its exactly being either's fault. On Clemency's return Jim's abhorrence of deception precipitates tragedy and brings his happy house of cards falling about his ears. An exceptionally sane and human drama acted to the hilt by a fine cast



WHITE

A gay and charmingly acted comedy by Ferenc Molnar entitled "The Good Fairy" is fortunate in having Helen Hayes in the title rôle. Enabled to play at being a lady of wealth in one of Vienna's fashionable hotels through her friendship with a waiter, she attracts the admiration of a lonely millionaire (Evelyn Roberts), with whom she is pictured at the right. Posing as a married lady of discretion and some resistance, she accepts his offer to enrich her imaginary husband. By choosing a name at random from the telephone directory for this fictitious character she brings confusion into the lives of a number of people



VANDAMM



VANDAMM

In "Springtime for Henry," Benn W. Levy has written one of the funniest farces of the season. The whole cast is grouped at the left—Helen Chandler, Leslie Banks, Frieda Inescort and Nigel Bruce. Mr. Banks is a trifling young play boy. Mr. Bruce tries to cajole him into installing his new carburetor in the Banks' inherited motor works, and to that end invokes indelicate but hilarious memories of their school days together. Although unmoved by these touching recollections, Miss Inescort, Bruce's wife, manages to make her husband's carburetor prospects look brighter. Meantime, the play boy is temporarily reformed under the guidance of his new secretary, Miss Chandler, a process which is highly amusing to everyone except its victim, and it's all neatly topped off with a piquant surprise ending

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

The picture called "The Man I Killed" is concerned with the heart-aches that were the aftermath of the Great War. A sensitive young poilu had bayoneted a German boy in the trenches and thereafter was tortured by the belief that he had committed murder. After the peace he seeks out the boy's family in Germany to beg their forgiveness. In attempting his confession, the boy's father (Lionel Barrymore) grasps the belief that the Frenchman (Phillips Holmes) was his boy's friend. To cap the climax of his unhappy dilemma Holmes falls in love with the boy's sweetheart, Nancy Carroll. Together these two (pictured at the right) work out a solution to this genuinely touching drama



Willie Smith (Robert Montgomery) is a misfit in his family. They want him to become a postal clerk and he dreams of becoming a great dramatist. He compromises by running away from home and after a checkered career as sailor, hotel porter and cowboy, he comes to rest temporarily in South Africa as a tobacconist's clerk. There he falls in love with Mary (Madge Evans), daughter of a blustering English Admiral. The long deferred play is started and he and Mary (left) drift happily along until their affair is discovered by the disapproving Admiral. The balance of this pleasant romance you must see unfolded on the screen by its very beguiling players

The action of the picture entitled "Union Depot" covers just one day of crowded action and romance. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., a hobo, and his pal Guy Kibbe, nicknamed Scrap Iron, start the ball of events rolling with an adventure apiece. Fairbanks comes into possession of a suitcase containing an outfit for the well-dressed man, complete even to money in its pockets. He promptly offers aid to Joan Blondell, a pretty, stranded young actress he has met in the station. Meantime Scrap Iron has found a purse containing a baggage check. The check produces a violin case which the friends discover to be full of currency. Unfortunately it is counterfeit and they are innocently involved in much breathless excitement. At the right are grouped Scrap Iron; Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; the actress, and David Landau, the detective, who is taking them all for a ride



Get Yourself A Dog

TEN minutes after most everybody in Redwater heard those two shots in Sheriff Luke Pixley's house on Pine Street, Ole Man Blue was brewing himself a pot of Ceylon's best in his shack across the railroad.

Ole Man Blue said his Chinese liquor warmed him up when he was cold and cooled him down when he was hot. Maybe that's right. Anyhow, he took it hot and cold, green and black, creamed and iced; he took it morning, noon and night. Some folks who were sore at Ole Man Blue on account of his dogs said he must have a



shanks and the knees of his overalls. Ole Man Blue kept squinting at the door. Every once in a while he shivered, like he was still cold.

"An old coot like me oughter know enough to tend his own cabbage patch," Ole Man Blue muttered once, subdued.

The dogs were howling back of his two-acre fenced lot. From the row they were making, it sounded like all eighteen, including that yellow-eyed pom, Koko, he picked up alongside the railroad track where somebody had dumped it, were giving tongue, but likely Klondyke McHenry's three huskies, Whisky, Gin and Bitters, were doing most of the bellowing.

When Ole Man Blue came down from Oregon looking for a man back in the nineties, he was plain Bill Blue, and he wore a deputy sheriff's badge. Bill Blue didn't find his man, but he took a liking to the Redwood country and went timber-cruising for the Big River outfit. He timber-cruised thirty-odd years, then the

from the town, but if there was anybody hanging around Ole Man Blue's shack he didn't see him, and he couldn't hear him for the dogs bellowing.

"It ain't likely they'll come here," he muttered, hitching up his lopsided shoulder as he sat himself down. Ole Man Blue didn't want them to, but he looked dejected. "I ain't much round here no more." He listened hard again. "I got to feed them hounds," he said.

Lots of folks around Redwater don't like

Illustrated by
Stockton Mulford



"Take him, huskies," he said. Those dogs knew they were loose the second Joe let go and they were in the air before their chains hit the ground

mite of English in him, but that's going pretty far.

Well, Ole Man Blue was more than cold when he came into his shack ten minutes after everybody heard those two shots on Pine Street. He let his pot of Ceylon steep a while alongside the lighted lamp on the table; then he drank it off and set himself on the bed, his bony chin in his hands. Pretty soon the sweat began to come. It found a couple of crick beds in his saddle-colored face between his blue-ice eyes and the box canyon of his mouth, and got soaked up in the chaparral around his chin; then his neck and hands showed wet, his

rheumatism got him and he quit on a pension. But the rheumatism couldn't hold Ole Man Blue down. He got to hanging round the court-house until Luke Pixley and Miles Otterhouse couldn't carry on their private graft for his getting under their heels, and they made him pound-keeper at twenty-five dollars a month and all the dogs he could catch.

Ole Man Blue listened extra hard for a minute; then he got up sudden and loped over to the door. There was no moon. All he could see were the couple of redwoods in front of his shack and the town lights across the railroad. A lot of noise was coming

Ole Man Blue any more. He's a liar, sure, but that isn't the trouble. I'll tell you. The trouble is Ole Man Blue's dogs.

When a man gets himself appointed pound-keeper, he usually figures on corraling so many dogs, giving so many away and shooting the rest. There isn't any other way out for a sensible man. He can't let his dogs pile up on him. Well, Ole Man Blue hadn't figured on corraling dogs faster than he could give 'em away, and when it came to shooting his surplus, he just couldn't. Ole Man Blue never had much

sense. Up to date, which is to say, ten minutes after those two shots in Luke Pixley's house on Pine Street were fired, he'd got eighteen canines on his hands, most of them with a couple of hairs of every older dog in town in their hides.

Now, eighteen pooches, if you take 'em walking, as Ole Man Blue did every once in a while—although he kept the huskies leashed—can raise a lot of disgust, and that was how the feeling against him in Redwater started. Then, too, when the wind was right, the folks near the railroad got the bellowing of the hounds, Klondyke McHenry's in particular, and more than that when the wind was real strong.

Ole Man Blue had been sitting maybe half an hour when he looked up sharp. His door was opening. He began to sweat again, and it didn't do him much good when he saw it was only Madge O'Neil that came in. Madge shut the door and

By Charles G. Booth

all you've got to say?" she flashed. "I thought—if I came to you—Oh, why did I come!" She stopped right there, all choked up and her eyes wet and sick. "I had to—there's no one else—I don't know what to do—Uncle Bill, they are saying Joe shot him!"

Ole Man Blue sat down all at once. "Who's saying it?"

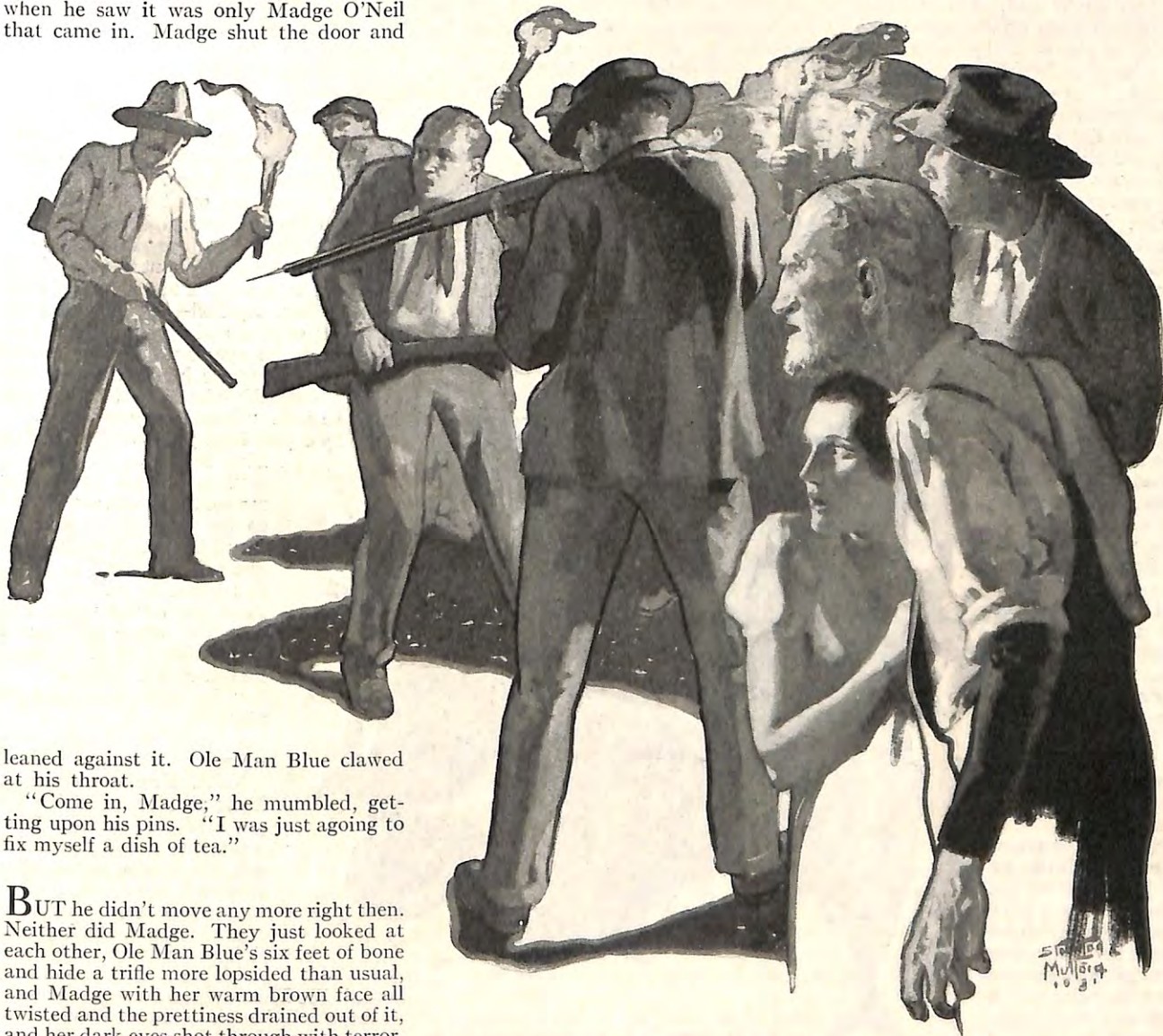
"Who would be saying it?" Madge cried, vehement, her eyes burning hot. "Carl Swanson, Steve Heller, Roy Bailey. All the crowd that got him convicted. Everybody. But that's not the worst of it, Uncle

with a handkerchief Madge had given him on his last birthday.

"Why should Joe go to Pixley's? Pixley wouldn't do anything for him. He's been against Joe from the first. Joe no more killed Luke Pixley than he killed Klondyke McHenry. I wouldn't believe he did it if he told me himself!"

That's the kind of girl Madge O'Neil was. You don't meet many girls like Madge. She up and flung herself in front of Ole Man Blue's bony shanks, crying the way a girl will when the hurt has gone clear through.

"We've got to do something, Uncle Bill! Steve Heller's calling for a lynching. He'll get it, too, if they find Joe. That mob in front of Pixley's is crazy enough for anything. They'd burn the town if Steve Heller told them to. What are we going to do?"



leaned against it. Ole Man Blue clawed at his throat.

"Come in, Madge," he mumbled, getting upon his pins. "I was just going to fix myself a dish of tea."

BUT he didn't move any more right then. Neither did Madge. They just looked at each other, Ole Man Blue's six feet of bone and hide a trifle more lopsided than usual, and Madge with her warm brown face all twisted and the prettiness drained out of it, and her dark eyes shot through with terror. Madge O'Neil is good clean timber, no knot-holes or warps, sound as a peavie stock. She taught school in Redwater and liked it long before she met Joe Blake. They don't come prettier than Madge O'Neil, anywhere.

"Luke Pixley's dead," Madge said in a queer, quiet voice.

Ole Man Blue sort of snapped his store teeth. "Luke's got a couple of hounds that'll come my way, I reckon," he mumbled, doleful and uneasy.

That brought Madge up sharp. "Is that

Bill—" Madge dug her fingers into her cheeks, her eyes big as half-dollars. "There's a crowd in front of Pixley's house. Steve Heller's lecturing them. I heard him. You know his line, Uncle Bill. 'Civic duty.' 'Take the law into our own hands.' '... our women and children.' He's got the crowd crazy mad. Somebody said he saw Joe break away from Pixley's front door. It's a wicked lie!"

Madge thumped the table with her hard little paw until the lamp and the teapot bounced, and Ole Man Blue wiped his eyes

We have a hard-boiled bunch around Redwater. Mill hands and loggers; good lads, most of 'em, but quick on the go. The redwoods isn't lynching country, but we'd had bad trouble recently. Times were hard, employment in the mills and camps was scarce, and when Klondyke McHenry was killed, two months back, Roy Bailey, McHenry's nephew and heir to most of what the old man left, shut down.

Old Man McHenry made his first money in the Klondyke, and had the sense to sink

it in California redwood, where it made him a whole lot more. He was a big, bellowing, red-faced wolf of a man, seventy when he died with his head bashed in, but as ready to chop a man down with his fist as he had been when he'd come to Redwater. Some folks went so far as to say that there was a good deal of the nature of the three huskies, Whisky, Gin and Bitters, he had brought down from Alaska, a couple of years back, in Klondyke McHenry. Man-killing dogs, it was said they were. But so had Klondyke McHenry broken the bodies and spirits of men.

MCHENRY kept his outfit running, though. He'd kept it running at a loss. Matter of pride. The McHenry outfit had never been shut down yet, and it wasn't going to be, Klondyke said, while he had a dollar. Then somebody up and bashed his head in with a chunk of two-inch wire rope, and Klondyke McHenry died with his boots on, in front of his kennels, where his hounds on leash hollered for the throat of the lad who'd done it.

That stepped Roy Bailey up. Roy wears a thin nose and shining glasses with steel behind them; he has one of those bookkeeper's heads and his blood runs to red ink. All he knows is "profit and loss" and "overhead" and "operating costs." The outfit wasn't paying, Roy Bailey said, and shut down.

That put five hundred men out of their jobs. And why? Because Joe Blake had bashed in old man McHenry's head with a chunk of wire rope. Anyhow, the evidence looked that way. Luke Pixley, who was sheriff, and Roy Bailey, and Carl Swanson, of the Swanson House, and Steve Heller, who owned the Redwater Mercantile Company, and Miles Otterhause, the district attorney—most everybody, in fact, agreed with the evidence. The twelve men, good and true, maybe, but hand-picked by Otterhause, found Joe guilty of murder ten days back.

Monday, that is, two days ago, Judge Paul Patterson sentenced Joe Blake to life imprisonment. Luke Pixley was to have taken him down to San Quentin, to-morrow, but yesterday, Joe clouted Tom Evans, his jailer, under the chin when Tom brought him his dinner, and lighted out over the jail wall. And now, Luke Pixley, who had ridden Joe harder than anyone in Redwater, had got a bullet through his crooked heart, and Joe Blake had been seen breaking away from his house!

Feeling against Joe had been running high in Redwater. There's a lot of hell in five hundred men out of their jobs, and Steve Heller was the sort of spellbinder to bring it out. Ole Man Blue sat quiet for a while, Madge crying against his knee; then

he shifted his store teeth and let his bony fingers ramble through her hair.

"They ain't going to hang Joe, Madge," he said, his voice gone hard and cold.

The edge on that statement made Madge look up quick and grab his hand, her eyes still wet but lighted up with the sparkle he'd put back into them. Ole Man Blue had been a fighting buckaroo in his day.

"Uncle Bill——"

"Hold 'er," he said, sharp. "Somebody coming."

Ole Man Blue's ears hadn't gone back on him, or he couldn't have heard anything but the bellowing of the dogs. Those three huskies had murder in their bellowing, if ever dogs had. A crazy notion that they hollered for the throat of the man who had killed Klondyke McHenry was popular in Redwater. Carl Swanson had gone so far as to guess it mightn't be a bad idea to turn Joe Blake over to the dogs, and be done with it. Roy Bailey hadn't wanted those canines around the place he'd fallen heir to, and he'd made Ole Man Blue take 'em away. Nobody but Ole Man Blue dared to go near them.



Ole Man Blue shoved the lamp back, still keeping his gun on those sullen-eyed hombres

"The dogs!" Madge whispered, sinking her fingers into the jerked meat of Ole Man Blue's arm.

She stopped sudden and stood up, her breath coming hard and her slim body gone taut like wire. The door was opening. Both Madge and Ole Man Blue knew it was Joe Blake before he actually showed himself, but when he had come right in, neither of them spoke, and Joe stood quiet and just stared back at them. All three of them might have been caught in a trap sprung by the fear in their heads.

Joe was a husky lad, tough of trunk and limb, and rooted deep, as a man should be, but his two months in the jail beneath the court-house had taken some of the sap out of him. That didn't matter. The bitter, hunted, desperate look that smoked his eyes did.

"Madge," he whispered. "I just had to see you, girl."

He sounded as if something inside of him was broken and couldn't be mended, but his voice somehow beat back the howling of those devil-dogs down the lot.

"Joe!"

They just melted into each other's arms, those two kids, and Ole Man Blue had to blow his nose on his woodpile a couple of times. When they broke loose, both of them looking better for the clinch, Ole Man Blue was pouring an interesting looking fluid into a jelly glass from a brown teapot. When he'd got maybe three fingers, he stopped.

"Swallow this, Joe," he shrilled. "You'll need it."

"Say, what d'you think——" Joe Blake began; then he sniffed. "Beg pardon, Uncle Bill," he apologized, grinning doleful, and drank the liquor.

"I got more than one teapot," Ole Man Blue told him, irritated, and took a swallow himself. "Being an officer of the law——"

"Don't talk to me about the law!" Joe Blake cut in, fierce. "I had about all I can stand of that. By God——" Then the fire went out of him and he stood with that sick look in his eyes until Madge up and put her arms around him and kissed him again. "I shouldn't have come here, Uncle Bill," he said. "Getting you in wrong."

"Why'd you bust jail, son?" Ole Man Blue shrilled.

"Luke Pixley was taking me south to-morrow. I had to see Madge. I couldn't stand it another minute. I guess I was a fool to do it, but I had to see her. You know how a fellow gets. And now I'm worse off than I was before. Still, it don't matter much, I guess."

"You didn't go to Madge's place?"

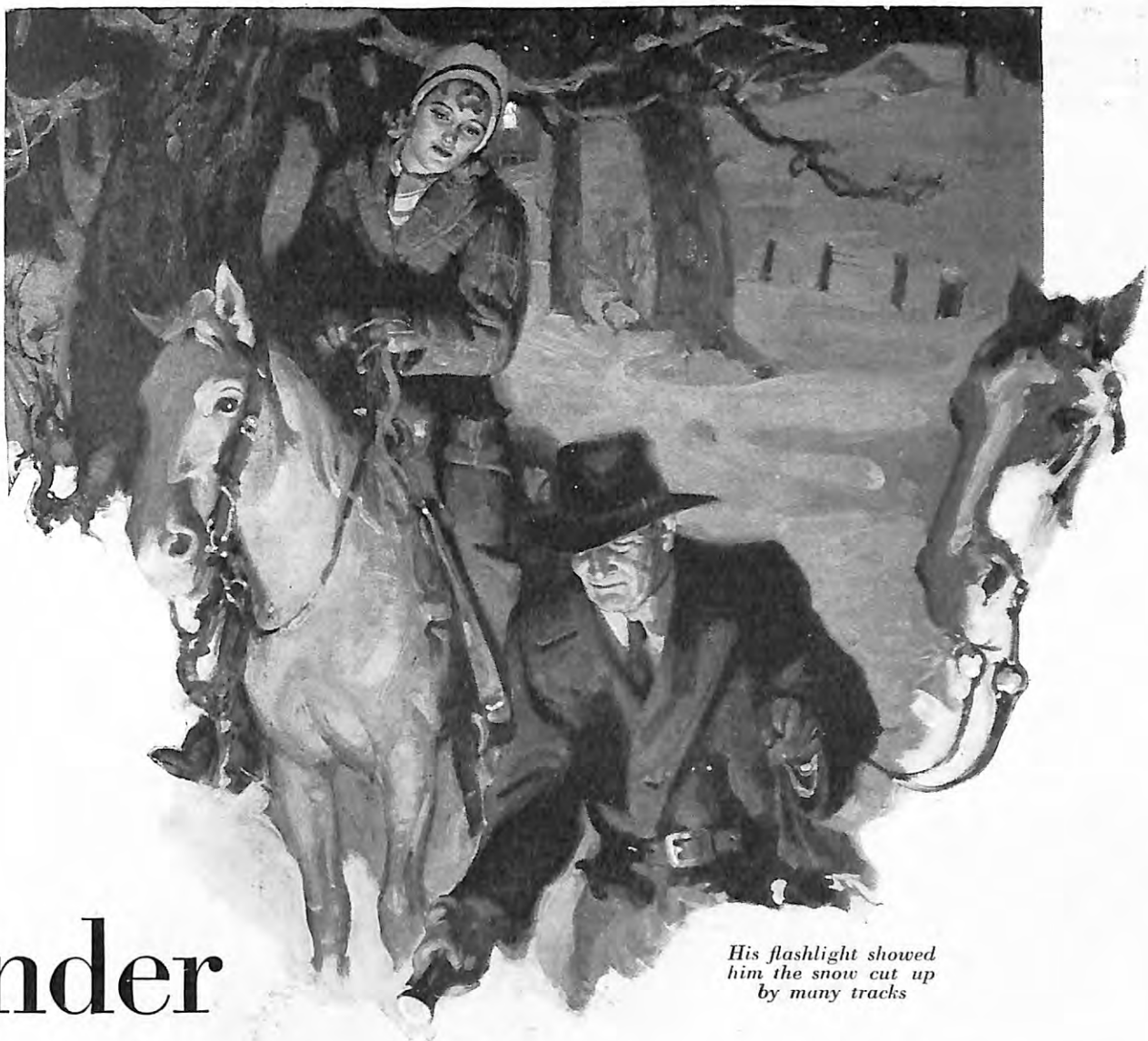
"**O**NLY as far as the gate. I got cold feet, thinking I'd get Madge in wrong. Then I went on past Pixley's and got my crazy notion that maybe I could talk Pixley into seeing the straight of that McHenry killing and doing something for me. Which shows how crazy I

was." Joe Blake's eyes burned wild for a second. "When a man's been framed and is going to put in the rest of his life paying for a job he didn't do, he's apt to lose what brains he has," Joe said bitterly.

"You went past Pixley's," Ole Man Blue reminded him, sharp.

"Sure. But I turned back and went in through the gate. And then those two shots popped. I ought to have beat it, but I didn't. I went to the front window. Pixley was lying on his back, inside. He looked dead. I couldn't do anything for him. And I knew what'd happen if I was seen, so lit out across the lot into that stand of

(Continued on page 42)



His flashlight showed him the snow cut up by many tracks

Under Northern Stars

By William MacLeod Raine

Part II

TAYLOR found Molly on the porch. "So we're going to keep our little secret, you and I," he said mockingly.

She turned and looked at him. "Do you think I want my father arrested for murder?" The blue eyes blazed at him. "Did you come out here to taunt me because I have to keep to myself how hateful you are?"

He felt less sure of himself than he had at Seven Mile Camp. She was in a dress bought a few months earlier in San Francisco. No longer a boylike hoyden in Levis and high-heeled boots, the poised disdainful lift of the chin, the hot defiant eyes, the streamlike line of the body, confounded his sense of cool superiority. In her superb insolence she looked so untouchable.

"Why waste all this hate on me, since it turns out I'm not Clem Oakland? Am I worth it?" he asked.

"Don't flatter yourself. I hate you," she told him, a soft breathing color in her cheeks. "I despise you."

Copyright, 1932, by William MacLeod Raine

"No, you don't," he corrected. "That's what you'd like to do, because you're furious at me. But you can't make a go of it. Before you can despise anyone, you have to feel he is base."

"And you're not?" she challenged.

"What do you think?" he drawled, derisively.

She became aware how much she had wanted him to justify himself. Yet even now her feeling bore out his claim that she did not despise him, at least with no complete assurance. Something in him more potent than external evidence spoke in his behalf. He was hard. He might be lawless—a criminal even. But he was not base.

"I'm not interested," she said carelessly. But her unconcern was a fraud. The man had occupied her thoughts day and night since they had met. She had cherished her hatred and searched for reasons to be scornful of him.

He laughed, hardily. "Not interested, eh? Let me tell you something, Mistress Katherine. You've spent hours figuring on how to get even with me. Tell me you

hate the sight of me, and I'll believe you. But don't try to tell me you're indifferent after I've treated you the way I did. Not you."

The accuracy of his intuition surprised Molly. She flung away pretense. When she spoke a vibrant wire strummed in her voice.

"All right. I hate you. Let it go at that. There isn't anything more to be said, is there? Unless you are still presumptuous enough to think you can play Petruchio to me."

SHE turned on her heel and walked back into the house. A quarter of an hour later someone knocked on the door of the little sewing-room where she and her aunt often worked. In answer to her "Come in" a young man stood hesitantly on the threshold, still holding to the door knob. He did not seem quite sure whether he was welcome.

"Oh, it's you," Molly said coldly.

He was a rather small, neatly built youth, very good-looking if one did not object to a weak mouth and indefinite chin. His hair

was dark and curly. In his face was a suggestion of sulkiness.

"Haven't had a chance to see you alone since——"

"—since you ran away," she interrupted acidly.

"YOU haven't got the right of that, Molly," he explained. "How did I know you weren't right there at my heels. Everyone acts like I lost you on purpose," Jim Haley complained angrily. "All the boys down at the bunk house jumped me. I kept telling 'em you got lost in the storm. Honest, I was scared of your father, he got so wild."

"Did you come to me for sympathy?"

"You know why I came, Molly. I want to fix it up. I want you to get it right. If you tell folks I wasn't to blame they won't all act like I was some kind of a skunk that had drifted in. I don't know what you've got to blame me for. Naturally, I lit out. I figured you were foggin' at my heels. When I found out different, I turned around and hunted you."

"But by that time Mr. Taylor and I were on our way," she jeered at her cousin.

"Did you—say anything to this Taylor about——"

"No, I didn't. Neither to him nor to anybody else. You needn't worry about that."

He had not behaved well, and he knew it. But he wanted to convince her that he had taken the only course possible. Once more he plunged into an explanation of his conduct.

"If you're satisfied with yourself, why talk so much about it?" she asked when he stopped for breath.

"Now looky here, Molly. You know how I feel about you. You know ever since I've been a kid I——"

She broke in, sharply. "That's enough about that, Jim. I don't ever want to hear another word of that kind out of you. I've told you before I won't listen to it. I'm just not going to be annoyed."

There was exasperation in her voice. She was ashamed for him and for herself that he could show himself a poltroon and expect to talk to her of love.

He covered his retreat with dignity. "All right. If that's the way you're going to act," he said loftily.

"That's exactly how I'm going to act."

"You always were high hat, like you were the Queen of Sheba or something," he accused, resentfully.

"Was she that way, too?" Molly asked guilelessly.

He flung out of the room, dignity forgotten.

CHAPTER X

THE living-room of the Quartercircle X. Y. ranch-house was a pleasant place to rest. Molly had furnished it herself. The subdued, homelike warmth of the drapes blended excellently with the furniture and



the dominating fireplace at one end of the big room.

Jane Macmillan sat in an armchair knitting a sweater. Walsh was at a card table playing solitaire, Taylor at one side of the open fire reading a book. The fourth person present was Molly. She moved about restlessly, now fiddling with the radio, now looking over the shoulder of the card player.

Taylor did not look at her, but he was acutely aware of her presence. The girl's vividness filled the room. His interest in her was annoying. He did not like the girl and he had not the least intention of falling in love with her, but she stimulated opposition in him. A struggle had been going on between them ever since their first meeting. He could feel the clash of minds, just as one feels the grinding of steel on steel in a fencing match.

It was absurd, he told himself. He was taking a small thing far too seriously. For him, women were out for always. He had definitely closed the door to the normal life of other men. It was imperative that he live hard and warily, as hunted beasts do. Why waste energy letting himself be irritated by her?

Over the radio a man from some southern State was broadcasting the news of the day. He finished describing the recent floods and took up a new topic. His words induced a momentary silence in the room of that snowbound ranch hundreds of miles from the speaker.

"IT IS curious how quickly the news of the day is displaced by more recent happenings. Not long since, we in this section could think of nothing else except the Somerton bank robbery, in which President W. V. Baker of the First National, and assistant teller Manlove were killed by bandits, two of whom were shot down in the chase. It will be recalled that the other two outlaws separated and escaped capture."

The lean muscles of one of the four in the living-room had suddenly grown rigid, his nerves taut. He had become alert in every fiber. Yet he was so wholly master of himself that his eyes did not lift from the page of the book he was reading.

The voice of the broadcaster rolled out unctuously.

"I have a photograph of Barnett at my office," Walsh said, his cool gaze on the other man. "He reminds me of you"



*Illustrations by
Jerome Rozen*

"The leader of the robbers, Webb Barnett, wounded in the battle at the bank, was pursued by posses through three States, narrowly escaping the officers several times by shrewdly outguessing them. When last seen he was in Wyoming, pushing hard for the border. It is believed that by this time he has crossed into Canada."

The number of those in the room greatly interested in what was being said had increased from one to three. Steve Walsh sat motionless at the table, a card still in his hand. Molly stared at Taylor, lips parted, a queer sense of suffocation in her bosom. Webb Barnett! And the initials in the hat were W. B.

She caught once more the voice of the man at the microphone.

"... describe him for the benefit of officers in the North who may chance to be listening. This desperate bandit, Webb Barnett, is twenty-eight years old and weighs about 175 pounds. He is very strong and gracefully and symmetrically built. Eyes steel-gray and deepset. Face

strongly masculine. Walks as lightly as a prizefighter and gives an effect of slenderness. Will probably not allow himself to be taken without a savage battle as . . ."

That was all. Molly had crossed the room and tuned out.

"I don't suppose we want any more of that," she said in a voice that was stifled in spite of an attempt at lightness.

"No," agreed her aunt placidly. "I don't see why they put crime on the air. We read enough of it in the newspapers without that."

Walsh played the card in his hand and examined the layout of those on the table. "Looks like I'm stumped," he said, and added as though carelessly: "What station talking, Molly?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Rather interesting, don't you think?" he went on. "It would be strange if some officer did happen to be listening in and then bumped into this Webb Barnett later." He looked at Taylor. In spite of himself his eyes were gleaming with excitement.

Taylor glanced up from his book. "Not likely," he said negligently.

"Why not?" Walsh asked. "This Barnett can't be more than three hundred miles from us right now, putting it at the highest figure. He might be within twenty-five miles. There's a chance he's even nearer."

The eyes of the two met in a long challenge. Those of Taylor did not give way a fraction of an inch.

"I have a photograph of Barnett at my office," Walsh said, his cool gaze on the other man. "Not a good picture, but good enough to tell me he's a fine-looking chap. I'll pay you a two-edged compliment, Mr. Taylor. He reminds me of you."

The sheriff did not lift his gaze from Taylor. In his brown eyes there was a glitter Molly had never seen before. For a long time Steve had been her friend. She was aware that some day he might be more. Walsh was the most popular man in the county. His friendliness endeared him. His dashing courage won him admiration.

But at this moment he had no time for friendship. His mind was full of the job he had to do. Molly realized it, with dread.

She did not understand why such a tumult stirred in her heart. It was silly to be so swept away by the drama of this situation. It was idiotic to find herself fluttering with alarm.

Steve could look out for himself. He was a match even for this hardy villain with no regard for human life, this outlaw who had probably for years traveled a long crooked trail and was now come to the beginning of the last crooked mile of it.

Why was she so distressed? Why this queer cold drench of despair?

Aunt Jane folded up her knitting, gathered her belongings, and prepared to leave. She was quite unaware that a duel was being fought in the living-room that very likely would end in tragedy.

"Are you going with me, Molly?" she asked placidly.

"Not . . . just yet," the girl answered.

"Then I'll say good-night. Pleasant dreams all."

AFTER the door had closed behind her, Walsh spoke first. He did not lift his voice, but Molly felt as though steel grated in it.

"We'll talk business now, Mr. Webb Barnett. You understand that you're my prisoner?"

"I've been figuring that you think so," the other man answered grimly.

Through Molly's mind there flashed a sentence used by the broadcaster. "Will probably not allow himself to be taken without a savage battle."

"Do you have to do this, Steve?" she begged, in a sudden panic.

"I have to do it, Molly," her friend answered, not lifting his eyes from the man whose hat was stamped with the initials W. B.

"I've been dumb," Walsh told the other



EDITORIAL

GEORGE WASHINGTON PROSPERITY CLASSES

■ Brother Elk Reader: This is no theoretical essay. It is a practical suggestion. Will you not consider it as addressed specifically and personally to you?

In the circular of the Grand Exalted Ruler published in the January number of the Magazine, he issues a specific appeal for a particular fraternal service during the closing weeks of the Grand Lodge year. That service is to be under the direct supervision of a special "Pull For Prosperity in Elkdom Committee" to be appointed in each Lodge. Its suggested activities include the securing of new applications for membership and an earnest lapsation and reinstatement campaign.

The appeal is made not only to designated classes of Grand Lodge and subordinate Lodge officials, past and present, but to every member of the Order; and it is couched in the forceful and inspiring language so characteristic of his own earnestness:

"Join 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."

That call of our Chief should be answered by the great host of Elks who love the Order and feel pride in it and desire to have it grow in strength and usefulness. If they will but catch something of the spirit of the Grand Exalted Ruler, that response will bring surprising results.

The Good of the Order Committee has suggested a specific objective in each Lodge, in which each member can participate. It is the initiation of as large a class as possible to be known as "George Washington Prosperity Class." Such an activity will be not only a service to the Order, but a worthy tribute to our Great Patriot, whose memory is to be specifically honored during this year.

The appeal of Grand Exalted Ruler Coen constitutes a challenge to the whole membership. It is a test of their loyalty and devotion, at a time when it should be displayed with conspicuous earnestness and enthusiasm, as a fraternal and patriotic duty. Now, will not each brother Elk who reads this dedicate himself to the determined purpose to secure at least one application for membership from a man whom he regards as a desirable addition to the Order, to be initiated in the George Washington Prosperity Class in his Lodge? That is not a very exacting task. It can be readily accomplished by every member who will give an hour to it.

And in order to set a good example, the writer is going out right now to get his new member. May the Grand Exalted Ruler count on you, too?

ONE YEAR OLDER

■ During this month the Order of Elks will have completed another year of its existence as a fraternal organization. Having been formed in February,

1868, it is now entitled to sixty-four candles upon its birthday cake. That is not so very old as such organizations count their ages. But those who recall the earliest years of its struggles as part of their own personal experiences are, naturally, few. Most of those who now claim the right to be called "old timers" became members many years after its birth.

But the history of those first days is yet remembered by many who heard it at first hand from those who made that history. The incidents are still the subject of reminiscent discussion. And they always bring a thrill of appreciation and admiration; appreciation of the fine vision of those who founded the Order and admiration for the courage and loyalty with which they cherished it, and supported it, and brought it into recognition as a benevolent agency capable of splendid achievement.

It is proper that we should familiarize ourselves with that early history. It helps to a better understanding



of the fraternity with which we are now identified. It deepens the pride we feel in our membership; and it strengthens our desire to maintain its fine traditions. Because of this, a study of the Order's past, its struggles against misunderstanding and misrepresentation, its steady growth as it proved itself an organization with a new ideal of charity

and brotherhood, is commended to every Elk.

But, after all, the thoughts which should be uppermost in our minds on this anniversary are not those which are directed toward its past, but rather those which are concerned with its present and its future. The past was largely in the hands of others; it is beyond our control or influence; we can not change it. To-day presents conditions with which we have to deal. The future is what we make it. That "we" includes YOU.

This birthday of the Order will be the most significant it has ever enjoyed, if its members will realize this fact and will become keenly conscious of their importance to the Order as individuals. Modesty is a most commendable virtue. But it should not dominate one's intelligent concept of his own capability; and it should not be permitted to hold him back from courageous action. So, bear this in mind: It depends quite measurably upon YOU, what the Order will be when it is again ONE YEAR OLDER.

YOUR MEMBERSHIP CARD

■ Every member of the Order of Elks, in good standing, has issued to him a membership card which is a certificate of that fact. It is the evidence upon which he will be accorded all the rights and privileges to which he is entitled by virtue of that membership. Even in this restricted view of it, it is

a document of importance and value. But, unfortunately, many see in it only that open sesame to club facilities or a card of introduction to brother Elks.

It really means much more than that. In the January issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE there was published a brief but most effective speech by Brother Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, in which he sets forth what his membership card means to him. Naturally it suggests what his own card should mean to every Elk who gives thought to it.

The following excerpts are worthy of reproduction here:

"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 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 entered into a spiritual and material kinship with my fellow Elk to practice 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 my loved ones, my home, my fire-side and my household are under the protection of every member of this great Order, who have sworn to protect and defend mine, as I have sworn to protect theirs. * * *"

It thus appears that in this instance the membership card has served more definitely as a reminder of fraternal obligation than of personal privilege. It is to be wished that every member of the Order might have his thoughts directed into a like channel every time he looks at his own card. Nothing but good can come of thinking such Elk thoughts. They inevitably lead to Elkly deeds.



ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY

■ The approach of Washington's Birthday, on the twenty-second of this month, is a reminder of the fact that throughout the coming year

there is to be a nationwide observance of the bicentennial of the birth of this great American patriot, and that the Order of Elks has been invited by the National Committee in charge of the movement to participate therein. The invitation affords an opportunity for a truly patriotic service.

Love for, and pride in, one's country is based upon many varied considerations. The incidents leading to, and accompanying its birth as an independent nation, its fundamental political structure, the guarantees of liberty which pervade its constitution, its history, its achievements, its standing among the nations of the world, its purposeful destiny as indicated by its continuing activities, all play a part in inspiring an appropriate spirit of patriotism. Not the least important of such contributing causes to that love of country

and pride in it, is the treasured memory of those heroes and patriots who sponsored the Country's birth and nourished it to responsible international sovereignty and independence.

Americans are peculiarly happy in their rich heritage of history and tradition which is interwoven with the stories of the lives and services of our early patriots. And above all these, like some dominating peak among the lesser heights of a range, towers the majestic figure of Washington. His unselfish devotion, his un-failing courage, his masterful leadership, and his exalted statesmanship, have enshrined him in the hearts of all true Americans, as they have placed him securely among the world's immortals.

Any fraternal activities which will better inform the present generation as to his proper claim upon their admiration and affectionate veneration, and which will tend to encourage a purpose to emulate his civic virtues and pattern after his noble example, must constitute a patriotic service well worth undertaking. The opportunities that will be presented during the coming year, to promote and share in the occasions which are designed to this end, are commended to the subordinate Lodges of the Order as eminently worthy of their enthusiastic acceptance.

TIME PRESSES

■ The end of the fiscal year of the subordinate Lodges is now only a few weeks away. But there is yet time within which their activities may materially and helpfully affect their several reports to the Grand Lodge. The local officers should realize this and bestir themselves.

Lapsation Committees have still an opportunity to make their services of value if they will earnestly apply themselves to the work assigned to them. In every community there are available candidates for membership who may be enrolled before the close of the year, if they be promptly secured. There are innumerable ways in which the Lodges may meet local needs by charitable and benevolent activities that require but little time to inaugurate and conclude. No Lodge need face a disappointing report if it will but take advantage of the opportunities that yet remain open to them.

It is to be assumed that every Representative to the next Convention at Birmingham desires to feel a pride in the achievements of his Lodge. No one of them can be very happy in that service if he be conscious that the Lodge has failed to meet its proper obligations to the Order and to its community. It is, therefore, especially incumbent upon each one who anticipates election to this office, usually the present Exalted Ruler, to make every effort to insure a report of which he may be justly proud.

It is good, it is necessary, to plan, but the most perfect program is of no value until translated into deeds. It has been well said that the way to begin is to begin. Much may yet be accomplished; but time presses.





FREDERICK J. WEBER

The cast of the musical extravaganza presented recently for the benefit of the charity fund of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Legion Head Guest of Milwaukee, Wis., Elks on "Remembrance Day"

HENRY L. STEVENS, JR., National Commander of the American Legion, was the guest of honor at a banquet and later the principal speaker at the first annual Remembrance Day observance of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, No. 46. The affair was held on November 9 in the Lodge Home and attended by 2,000 persons, including veterans and their families. Besides Mr. Stevens there were present upon the occasion a number of other notable Legionnaires, including Marshal C. Graff, National Executive Committeeman; H. L. Plummer, National Vice-Commander; C. A. Dawson, State Commander; W. J. Kenny, F. Ryan Duffy, Vilas Whaley and Roy F. Farrand, Past State Commanders; State Adjutant Austin L. Peterson, and Chairman of the Milwaukee Council of the American Legion Frank Greenya. The toastmaster was Exalted Ruler Chauncey Yockey. Mr. Stevens was the principal speaker. At the beginning of the program, the Reverend Gustav Stearns, former Chaplain of the 127th Infantry, 32nd Division, delivered the invocation; and the Reverend Father William P. O'Connor, former Chaplain of the 32nd Division, held a brief memorial service later for deceased ex-Service men. Members of Wauwasota Post of the Legion acted as ushers. Musical selections were rendered by the Elks Chorus and by the Milwaukee Electric Post Band, winners of the band competition at the Legion's national convention at Detroit this year. A dance in the Lodge-room and in the Marine dining-room of the Home followed the series of addresses and memorial observances.

Notables Install New Secretary Of Toledo, O., Lodge

Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, held a session of exceptional interest recently when, upon the same evening, it received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. M. Mariner and conducted the ceremonies of installing Major Arthur D. Hill as Secretary of the Lodge. Major Hill, a Past Exalted Ruler of No. 53, succeeds Louis Volk who, late last fall, died of injuries received in an automobile accident. The new Secretary, besides possessing an unusual record of service in his Lodge, has for years been a prominent citizen of Toledo. After service in the Spanish-American War, he held the office of Director of Safety of the city of Toledo and Recorder of Lucas County. Among those who participated in the exercises of his installation were

Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick, District Deputy Mariner, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Chester P. Smith and J. C. A. Leppelman, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association. The principal speakers at the meeting were Mr. McCormick and Mr. Mariner.

Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Falkenstein Honored

One hundred and fifty Elks, comprising officers of the Order, of his Lodge, his State and his city, gathered recently at a banquet in honor of Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George J. F. Falkenstein, of McKeesport, Pa., Lodge, No. 136. From the date of the institution of the Lodge in 1889 until last fall, when he resigned from the office, Mr. Falkenstein was its Secretary. His services extended over a period of forty-two years. Speakers at the banquet included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener, former Governor of Pennsylvania; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee A. Donaldson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers F. J. Schrader and Charles S. Brown; President Michael F. Horne and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; Mayor George H. Lysle, of McKeesport; Alderman A. C. Markus; the Reverend Howard Paul Pullin, John B. Sweeney, Dr. Guy P. Gamble, the toastmaster; and Robert W. Gibson, in charge of arrangements. In the course of the festivities messages were received from Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, Rush L. Holland, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, J. Edgar Masters, James G. McFarland, Charles H. Grakelow, Murray Hulbert and Lawrence H. Rupp. The record of service of Mr. Falkenstein is one of exceptional distinction. In the more than two score years during which he was the first and only Secretary of his own Lodge, he was chosen for many posts of high rank in the Order. In 1894 he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. The Chairmanship of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials followed in 1896 and, at the same time, membership in the Committee on Codification of the Grand Lodge Laws. Subsequently he was appointed a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of Pennsylvania, West, in 1898; a member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee in 1908; and, in 1919, elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight of the Order. In the affairs of his State Elks Association Mr. Falkenstein has been also prominently identified. One of its organizers in 1906, he became its first Treasurer

and later its President. In the course of his forty-two years as an Elk he has attended every Grand Lodge Convention but five. Not only Mr. Falkenstein's fraternity but also his city and State have benefited by his services. After holding the office of Select Councilman and later that of President of the Board of Councilmen of his city, he became its Mayor, officiating from 1903 until 1906. In 1907 and 1909 he was Journal Clerk of the State House of Representatives and in 1915 and 1917 Reading Clerk of the same body. From 1918 until 1920 he held the post of City Treasurer of McKeesport.

Adams, Mass., Lodge Holds Two Charity Affairs

Two charity functions were sponsored recently by Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335. The first of these was a bazaar, held at the Home, from which the Elks earned a substantial sum, to purchase food and clothing for needy families of the city. A few days later the Lodge conducted the second charity affair. This consisted of a meeting to which a number of city officials were invited to discuss the administration of relief measures by the Adams Welfare Department. Among those who addressed the members of the Lodge were Representative Elmer I. McCulloch and Selectmen Hubert W. Flaherty and Richard Herold. Before the meeting a dinner was served to three hundred members and their guests. This proved one of the most enjoyable affairs that the Lodge has sponsored in many months.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Elks Gather To Honor Sheriff Williams

Three hundred members of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, gathered recently at the Lodge Home to congratulate one of their number, Joe C. Williams, upon his election a short time before to the office of Sheriff of Jefferson County.

Streator, Ill., Lodge Inducts Sixty Candidates; 400 Elks Attend

On the occasion of the induction recently of one of its largest classes of candidates for membership, Streator, Ill., Lodge, No. 591, entertained over four hundred Elks, including many members of near-by Lodges, at its commodious Home. Among the distinguished guests were Past President Henry C. Warner and Secretary W. J. Savage, of the Illinois State Elks Association. The initiatory ceremonies for the sixty candidates were conducted by the National Championship Ritualistic

Team of Ottawa Lodge, No. 588. On the roll call of the class were a number of prominent citizens of Streator, among whom were Postmaster M. J. Donahue and L. A. Chase, Commander of the Streator Post of the Salvation Army. A banquet preceded the initiation; and a bowling contest, won by Mendota Lodge, No. 1212, brought the evening to a close.

Dr. Butler, Nobel Prize Winner, Is Active New York, N. Y., Elk

Members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, have been gratified at the conference upon one of their number, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, of the Nobel peace prize. This award was made not long ago to Dr. Butler and Miss Jane Addams, of Chicago, conjointly. The President of Columbia has for years been not only a member but an active one of No. 1. For all the press of his educational duties, he has found frequent opportunity to attend and to address meetings of the Lodge and has evinced constantly a lively interest in its aims and enterprises.

Large Class Initiated by Ogdensburg, N. Y., Elks; District Deputy Present

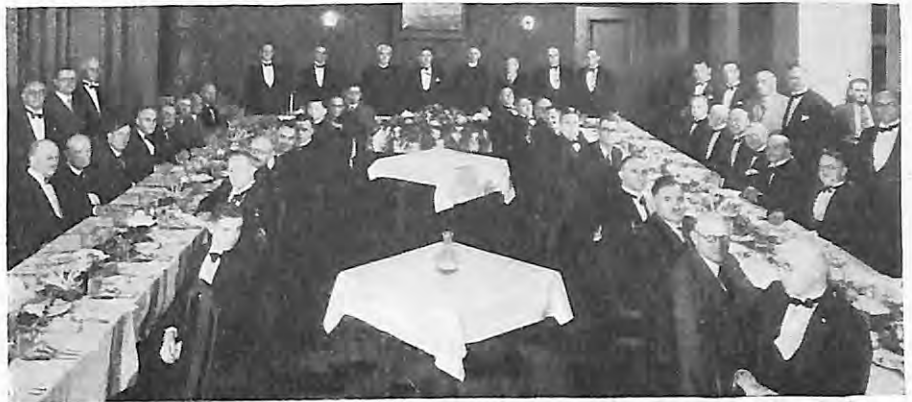
At the time of his official visit to the Home of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, recently, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll witnessed the initiation of a class of forty-eight candidates. Prominent among the distinguished visitors attending the meeting, besides the District Deputy, was Vice-President Carl E. Schantz, of the New York State Elks Association. The ceremonies were held in the Lodge's new Home, a building recently purchased from the Ogdensburg Century Club. At the conclusion of the meeting the members and their guests adjourned to the old Home for a social session.

Westerly, R. I., Lodge Inducts Father and His Five Sons

Among a group of candidates initiated recently by Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, were a father and his five sons. They were Laurence Yemma, the father; and Marshall, Virgil, John, Antonio and Albert Yemma.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge Glee Club Gives Successful Show

For the benefit of one of the Lodge's funds for charitable enterprises, the Glee Club of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, recently presented, with great success, a musical extravaganza and dance. The histrionic entertainment was given in two parts, the



Berkeley, Calif., Lodge's banquet to the Reverend H. H. Powell, Chaplain of the California State Elks Association, before his departure upon a tour of the Holy Land

first of which was a concert of choral and solo numbers; and the second of which was a one-act musical extravaganza entitled "Pottgieser's Night Off." The direction of the entire entertainment was in the hands of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance. The orchestra was conducted by Jesse M. Winne.

Atlanta, Ga., Lodge Inducts Class Before Past Grand Exalted Ruler

Over fifty-three candidates were initiated recently at a meeting, notable for its large attendance of members, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. Prominent among the members attending the meeting was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews. The class was designated "The Governor Richard B. Russell, Jr., Class" in honor of the State's young chief executive, one of the initiates. Following the ceremonies a supper was served in the spacious dining-room of the Lodge.

Park City, Utah, Elk Falls Dead During Visitation Festivities

In the midst of festivities attending a fraternal visitation to Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, by the officers and many other members of Park City Lodge, No. 734, Charles Averill, one of the most revered and beloved members of Park City Lodge, fell dead. The tragedy took place a few moments before the time for the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Mr. Averill was initiated into the Order in 1909 as a member of No. 734; and although he removed from Park City several years ago to live in Price, he maintained his membership in his original Lodge.

He displayed at the same time unusual devotion to Lodges nearer his residence, once succeeding in obtaining a class initiation of 125 into Provo Lodge, No. 849. Of this group, ninety-two applications carried his own signature. The members of Park City Lodge, in visiting Price Lodge, felt that the occasion was the more auspicious for its presenting an opportunity to them to call upon not only the members of No. 1550 but also upon one of their own membership whom they so highly esteemed. Mr. Averill's sudden collapse at the time thus proved the more profoundly shocking.

Berkeley, Calif., Elks Give Dinner For State Elks Association Chaplain

Berkeley, Calif., Lodge, No. 1002, recently gave a banquet for Chaplain H. H. Powell, of the California State Elks Association, on the eve of his departure for a six months' tour of Europe and the Holy Land. Among the distinguished guests attending the dinner in the Chaplain's honor were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. S. Reedy, and President F. E. Dayton and Trustee Harry Bartell, of the Association. Chaplain Powell has served continuously in his office since the organization of the Association seventeen years ago.

Pensacola, Fla., Elks Sponsor Huge Charity Ball

Approximately a thousand dollars was realized from a charity ball sponsored recently by Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, No. 497, and held for two nights at the spacious Home of the Lodge. The proceeds were used for the distribution of over five hundred baskets of food among the needy families of the city. Esteemed Leading Knight A. B. Dooley, Chairman of the Charity Committee of the Lodge, made all arrangements for the ball and directed the distribution of the food. He was assisted in this work by Past Exalted Rulers Thomas A. Johnson and J. H. Mock; and Max Klein.

Country Club of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge One of State's Finest

One of the most attractive and best-equipped country clubs in Oklahoma is that owned and operated by Shawnee Lodge, No. 657. The roomy and modern clubhouse overlooks 160 acres of land, upon which is laid out a golf course of 18 holes. The designer of the links, Perry Maxwell, of Ardmore, Okla., is ranked exceptionally high in his profession. Two swimming pools, one of 50 by 100 feet, and a second, a baby pool, 18 by 20 feet, are part of the club's facilities for sport. Locker rooms and shower baths, for both men and women, are installed in the clubhouse. The use of the country club is available exclusively to members of Shawnee Lodge and their families. When, upon his recent tour of Oklahoma, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen was entertained at the club, he was warm in his commendation of the Lodge for maintaining so pleasant and beneficial an adjunct.



The Home of Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, especially illuminated and decorated for its "Million Dollar Ball" for the benefit of local charitable enterprises



FRANK L. HOWARD

The Elks Health Camp, maintained by Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge. Its conduct recently received the commendation of the New York State Board of Health

State Health Board Praises Camp Of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge

For the cleanliness and the manner of conduct of its Elks Health Camp, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge, No. 275, received not long ago the commendation of the New York State Board of Health. The maintenance of this camp constitutes an activity of prime interest among the members of No. 275. Its eighty acres of farm land and its several buildings provide a resort for more than one hundred needy children during the summer months. At other times of the year it offers recreational facilities for the Lodge members and their families. At the trapshooting range, one of the finest in the State, registered shoots are held at intervals throughout the year.

Former Cleveland, Ohio, Elk Said To Be Passing Bad Checks

Warning is given by Secretary William F. Bruning, of Cleveland, Ohio, Lodge, No. 18, to all Lodge Secretaries against a certain A. L. Bringman, formerly a member of Cleveland Lodge. This man is said to have been cashing bad checks and to be wanted by the authorities in several places for that practice. He carries a 1928 membership card of Cleveland Lodge.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Will Sponsor Elks Bowling Tournament

The fifteenth annual Elks National Bowling Tournament will be conducted by the Elks Bowling Association of America, under the auspices of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, from March 19 to April 24. This was decided at a recent meeting of the members of the Toledo Lodge Tournament Committee at the Home of the Lodge. All plans and arrangements for the transportation, hotel accommodation and entertainment of the visiting Elks attending the tournament were made at that time. The tournament games will be bowled at the Interurban Alleys, owned by Jack Hagerty, a member of Tiffin Lodge, No. 94, now residing in Toledo. Thirty-two alleys will be available for the competition. The winners in the several events will be awarded diamond medals, emblematic of Elks National Championships. The entry fee is \$3.50 per man in each event, with no other charges. For further information regarding the tournament, Elks should communicate with John J. Gray, Secretary-Treasurer of the Elks Bowling Association of America, at 1616 South 16th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Banquet Given for Chief Justice Thompson at Moline, Ill., Lodge

Over three hundred Elks recently attended a banquet at the Home of Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, on the occasion of a visit there by one of the Lodge's most distinguished members, Chief Justice Floyd E. Thompson, of the Grand Forum. Another notable guest was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Marx M. Harder. An incident of especial interest was the presentation by Exalted Ruler Francis J. Coyle, on behalf of Moline Lodge, of an honorary life membership to Mr. Thompson. In his speech of acceptance Mr. Thompson praised the fine standing of the Lodge and predicted its healthy future.

Orange, N. J., Lodge Honors State Elks Association Vice-President

Two hundred Elks, many of them of high rank in the Order, together with a number of men prominent in the civic life of the community, were present recently at the Home of Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 135, when its members tendered a testimonial dinner to Past Exalted Ruler James H. Driscoll, Vice-President of the New Jersey State Elks Association. Those called upon to speak, besides the guest of honor, included Past Grand Trustee Henry

A. Guenther, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano and John W. Cantillon; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Francis P. Boland; President William H. Kelly, and Past Presidents Thomas F. Macksey, George L. Hirtzel, Fred A. Pope and John H. Cose, of the New Jersey State Elks Association; and Mayor Frank J. Murray, of Orange. Of note among those who heard their addresses were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiralski, Thomas J. Dunnion and Frank Strasburger; and City Commissioners William Kearny and Charles Ippolito.

350 Boys at "Big Brother Banquet" Given by Palo Alto, Calif., Elks

Three hundred and fifty boys between the ages of eight and fourteen were the guests recently of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge, No. 1471, at its annual Big Brother Banquet. A program of music and other forms of entertainment followed the termination of the dinner.

Secretary of Logansport, Ind., Lodge Dies After Motor Crash

Dr. H. G. Stalnaker, for seventeen years Secretary of Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66, died recently of injuries received in an automobile accident. His companion in the crash, J. S. Walters, was killed instantly. The officers of No. 66 conducted funeral services, according to the ritual of the Order, for Dr. Stalnaker.

Secretary of Alva, Okla., Lodge Warns Against Defrauder

In the event of any Elk's encountering a man claiming to be Dewey Marks and a member in good standing of Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, the information should be sent to Secretary L. H. Gray, of Alva Lodge. This man, according to Mr. Gray, has been securing money dishonestly from a number of Lodges in the Western part of the United States by so representing himself.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Elks Active In Charity Benefits; \$7,000 Raised

Among the charity enterprises undertaken recently by the members of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, were the Lodge's annual Hoop-De-Do party and an Elks Show. From the first of these, which was held at the Home, the Elks derived a net profit of over \$6,000 for their charity fund. The show, staged at a local theatre, drew a capacity audience. More than \$1,000 was realized from this benefit performance. An additional activity participated



The remodeled Home of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, which was dedicated a short time ago



Some of the 350 boys who were entertained not long ago at the annual "Big Brother Banquet" of Palo Alto, Calif., Lodge

in by members of the Lodge was a drive to bring aid to the unemployed of the city during the winter.

Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge Gives Dinner on 34th Anniversary

Over three hundred members of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, and their guests, recently attended a dinner-dance at the Home in celebration of the Lodge's Thirty-fourth Anniversary. Notable among those present was Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Wibiralski. Among the entertainment features of the celebration were several vaudeville acts.

Aurora, Ill., Lodge Celebrates 30th Anniversary of Institution

Coincident with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. McQuillan, Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its institution. The observance was made the more memorable by the initiation, at the Lodge meeting, of a class of fifty-one candidates; and by the presence, in addition to the District Deputy, of a number of prominent Elks. Among the distinguished visitors, guests welcomed by Exalted Ruler D. C. Burnett were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Past President Henry C. Warner and Secretary William J. Savage, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Association's Crippled Children's Commission. An interesting report heard during the anniversary exercises was that of John Hunt, Chairman of the Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee. He disclosed that on the day before, at the crippled children's clinic sponsored by the Lodge, thirty boys and girls had been examined.

Detroit, Mich., Lodge Wins Back 1,000 Delinquent Members

For the reinstatement during a recent period of time of more than one thousand delinquent members, the officers and the Lapsation Committee of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34, received high praise a short time ago from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Dickson Brown, following his official call upon the Lodge. The District Deputy pointed out, in a communication to Exalted Ruler Charles C. Chapple and Secretary Joseph H. Creedon, that the retention of old members is as important to a Lodge as the affiliation of new; and he commended them for both their perception of this fact and their subsequent application of it.

Effingham, Ill., Elk Has Missed Only One Meeting Since 1906

Effingham, Ill., Lodge, No. 1016, has among its membership an Elk who, for attendance of meetings, possesses an exceptional record. He is Henry Alt, formerly Chief of Police, and at present, at the age of seventy-two, serving his third term as Circuit Clerk and Recorder of Effingham County. Since March 9, 1906,

when as a Charter Member of No. 1016, Mr. Alt took part in its first session, he has missed only one meeting and that on account of illness. Besides having held the offices of Secretary and Trustee of the Lodge Mr. Alt has been for the last sixteen years its Tiler.

Cortland, N. Y., Lodge Burns Mortgage on 30th Anniversary

Cortland, N. Y., Lodge, No. 748, celebrated a short time ago the thirtieth anniversary of its institution with a banquet and the burning of the mortgage on its Home. The exercises were opened by Exalted Ruler George A. Garry who, after a few words, gave the affair into the charge of Past Exalted Ruler D. R. Reilly, the toastmaster. To Past Exalted Ruler R. E. O'Brien, a charter member, was accorded the honor of igniting the mortgage document. Among the visitors at the celebration were delegations from Ithaca, Elmira and Binghamton Lodges; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John T. Osowski and President Howard A. Swartwood of the New York State Elks Association. Music by the American Legion Drum Corps and entertainment by professional performers enlivened the evening.

District Deputy Snyder Visits San Luis Obispo, Calif., Elks

San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge, No. 322, recently received an official visit from District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles L. Snyder. The meeting was one of considerable interest. During its course, the officers of No. 322 conducted initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates. The efficiency with which the officers rendered the ritual brought many compliments from the District Deputy.

District Deputy, De Land Elks Visit Lake City, Fla., Lodge

After an afternoon in conference with its officers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. K. Collins made an official call upon the membership of Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 803, a short time ago. A notable feature of the occasion, in addition to the presence of the District Deputy, was the attendance of the Lodge session by a large delegation of members of De Land Lodge, No. 1463.

Eustis, Fla., Lodge Inducts Class Of 55; District Deputy Calls

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. L. Anderson to the Home of Eustis, Fla., Lodge, No. 1578, a class of fifty-five candidates was inducted. The group was designated "The Harry-Anna Memorial Crippled Children Home Class," as a tribute to Mr. and Mrs. H. R. P. Miller, who recently presented that Home to the Florida State Elks Association. Among the distinguished visitors attending the meeting, besides the District Deputy, were David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; and Secretary Harold Colee, of the

Florida State Elks Association. After the initiatory ceremonies Mr. Sholtz presented an honorary life membership to Mr. Miller, the donor of the Home. A detailed account of the dedication and presentation of the Home appeared in the December, 1931, issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in "News of the State Associations."

Past District Deputy Baumgardner, Of Arkansas, West, Is Dead

Members of Fort Smith, Ark., Lodge, No. 341, are mourning the loss of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank B. Baumgardner, who died recently at his home in Fort Smith. Mr. Baumgardner was one of the Lodge's most prominent and active members. His passing was a source of grief not only to his many friends in Fort Smith Lodge and elsewhere in the Order, but also to numerous fellow citizens whose respect and admiration for him were great.

Resident of Elks National Home Recounts Holiday Activities

From John F. Talbot, a former newspaper man and a resident at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., THE ELKS MAGAZINE has received an interesting account of the holiday season there. Such parts of it as space permits are quoted below:

"The holiday season of 1931-32 at the Elks National Home really began with Thanksgiving Day.

"The next important event after Thanksgiving was the annual banquet of Bedford Fire Company. The night of this event, and from then on until the New Year came, the whole front of the main building glittered with vari-colored electric lights.

"As Christmas drew near, the mail service for the 375 residents grew heavier each day. Twice daily several big sacks were brought in and distributed, comprising letters, cards and packages from all parts.

"A variety of interesting events came along. One afternoon a lady from Lynchburg appeared with a troupe of young folks and put on a lively act, but the most unique diversion of the season was a real wedding, the only one ever held in the Institution. A young couple from Moneta, a small neighboring town, got the notion that they would like to be married at the Elks National Home, and permission was granted.

"The night before New Year's, under the auspices of St. John's Episcopal Church, a very notable entertainment was given.

"The crowning event of the holiday season this year was Roanoke night, when the big boys came trooping in with their singers and dancers and their little bundles of friendly souvenirs of their visit."

Widow of Grand Rapids, Mich., Elk Seeks Man Who Robbed Her

Secretaries and other members of Lodges, particularly Lodges in Florida, are urged to be

(Continued on page 34)

An Appeal to every Elks Lodge

by The Grand

ABOUT a century and a half ago this past December the Continental Army of ragged patriots was encamped at Valley Forge.

Hungry, frozen, discouraged; their only hope of achieving the object of their dreams and of their sacrifice hung on the slender thread of confidence in the man who led them — George Washington.

In that band were certain men of stronger mould and greater vision who inspired those of fainter courage and weaker wills to carry on. Thomas Paine was one of these. And in prefacing one of his inspiring messages to the colonists he wrote "These are times that try men's souls."

And so from time to time in the history of our nation—due to political and economic changes—there have come certain periods that try men's souls and one of them obtains to-day.

What are we, as America's greatest fraternity, going to do about it? How can this group of over 700,000 American citizens blessed with finer spirit and better vision than the average, assist those millions who have lost both faith and courage through contact with adversity?

Mr. Hoover has stated that this is an emergency as great as war. Let us examine ourselves as Elks and see if we as a group have met this emergency as we met the emergency of war. Then

. . . I ask and appeal to every Elks Lodge in America to institute a George Washington class of new members on their respective dates in February.

. . . I request every secretary to communicate to me on or before the 10th of February advising me as to the date set for the class and the probable number of members to be initiated.

. . . I have already requested every District Grand Master to institute a class in every Lodge in his district and to advise me on or before February tenth relative to the progress of the classes in his respective jurisdictions.



Elk in America

Exalted Ruler



Let us proceed to mobilize our resources of men and money with all the power of patriotism and confidence that is in us.

Let us not make the great mistake of assuming the common attitude that all help must come from the top, that the President, or Congress, or the State Government, or City Government must get us out of this situation.

The Elks can be the moving spirit in every community in organizing a cooperative effort of all of our citizens with the single object of victory in fighting a conquerable depression.

One indisputable economic truth stands out in all this fog and confusion. The United States of America is still the richest country in the world and money in the savings banks has reached an unprecedented peak. We seem to be poor because we are afraid.

Let me go back and recall what we did as a nation in the war emergency.

We found and organized 19,000,000 Americans who were willing to lay down their lives for their country. We found millions of business men willing to turn over their private business to their associates and devote themselves without thought of personal profit to the nation's problems. We found 120,000,000 Americans who were willing to do whatever their government asked of them

in contribution of money and self-sacrifice. And we did not achieve this by stating that these things had to be done.

We achieved it by organizing all of the living forces of the nation and all of the people of the nation to get it done. The time has come for every Elk in America to sell his neighbor on "Courage," "Confidence," and "Faith in these United States." *It can be done* by making your Lodge-room the center of inspiration and confidence in its community.

We need to bring back our indifferent members into participation in Lodge work. We need new members to give life blood to our great fraternity, and I am making this a direct appeal to every brother of the Order to get one new member.

It is a custom to blame economic depression upon everybody and everything but ourselves as individuals. Let us start this job at home — in our own home and in the Elks Home. I submit the following plan and request the cooperation of every loyal Elk official and member of the Order to put it through successfully during the month of February, when the bicentennial of the birth of the father of our country is being observed.

America to institute a last meeting day in

with me on or before for initiation of this initiated.

deputy to assist in in- expect a report from progress made in their

I urgently appeal to every loyal Elk in America to secure an application blank from his Lodge Secretary to-day and fill it in with the name of one fine American citizen for membership in this Order, a man who will bring credit, loyalty and fidelity to our great fraternity and who possesses the cardinal virtues in his character of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

Demonstrate your faith in our Order and our country. Do not delay. Call a meeting at once of your officers, Past Exalted Rulers and Lodge leaders, and enthuse them with the idea that our great organization can be a prominent factor in leading America back to prosperity.

John P. Cowell
Grand Exalted Ruler





The commodious and comfortable Home of Three Rivers, Mich., Lodge

(Continued from page 31)

on the lookout for a man representing himself as Clinton A. Connelle or Connelly and a former member of Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge, No. 131. This request is made at the instance of Deland A. Davis, Secretary of No. 131. It is based upon information received from the widow of a former member of Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48. According to this information the man robbed its communicant of \$800 in cash, and clothes and jewels of a combined approximate value of \$3,000 while she was staying at a hotel in Newark, N. J. Subsequently a warrant for the man's arrest for grand larceny was issued in that city. In the event of any Elk's having information concerning this man, he is requested to communicate with Secretary Davis at Battle Creek Lodge.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Celebrates Its Fifty-fifth Anniversary

Festivities lasting for two days marked the celebration recently by Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, of its fifty-fifth anniversary. A supper-dance, attended by six hundred members of the Lodge and their guests, was given upon the evening of the first day; and upon the following afternoon the Lodge held open house. Prominent among the host of Cincinnati Elks present at both affairs were Grand Trustee James S. Richardson and Past Exalted Ruler John F. Fussinger, who was in charge of arrangements for the celebration.

Many Elks at Madison, S. D., Lodge To Welcome District Deputy Hunt

Over a hundred and fifty Elks, including many prominent in the affairs of the Order in South Dakota, recently attended a meeting at Madison Lodge, No. 1442, in honor of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George C. Hunt. Among the distinguished guests present, besides Mr. Hunt, were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Ford Zietlow; President W. H. Wilson, and Secretary Carl H. Nelles, of the South Dakota State Elks Association.

Elks Card Stolen from Member of Lakewood, O., Lodge

Secretary A. J. White, of Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, reports that a membership card, belonging to R. J. Williams of that Lodge, was stolen recently. The man in whose possession it is at present has been misusing the card. A letter received by Mr. White from Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 263, where the man was last seen, described him as weighing about 180 pounds, tall, with reddish brown hair, and wearing, at that time, a brown mixed-colored suit.

All District Deputies of New Jersey Attend Visit at Trenton Lodge

Every District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler of New Jersey recently attended a meeting at the Home of Trenton Lodge, No. 105, on the occasion of the official visit there of District Deputy Richard P. Hughes, of New Jersey, South. This unusual gathering included, besides Mr. Hughes, District Deputies Nicholas Albano, of the Northwest District; John W. Cantillon, of the Central District; and Grover E. Asmus, of the Northeast District.

San Juan, P. R., Elks Induct Class Under Picturesque Conditions

By special dispensation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, recently initiated a class of eleven candidates into the Order, at St. Thomas, on one of the Virgin Islands. The ceremonies were performed out-of-doors in the courtyard of the picturesque Blue Beard's Castle, a famous landmark near the city. Over sixty members of No. 972, and their guests, made the journey from the Lodge Home to the Island by steamer. The festivities were brought to a close with a dance and barbecue.

Peoria, Ill., Elks Distribute Food And Clothing Among City's Needy

Thousands of pounds of food, clothing and other necessities, packed in hundreds of individual boxes, were distributed recently to the needy families of Peoria, Ill., by members of Lodge No. 20. This act of charity, performed each year by Peoria Elks, brought sustenance and cheer to many sufferers.

East Chicago, Ind., Lodge Gives Dinner to College Athletes

In association with civic and patriotic organizations of its city, East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, gave a dinner recently to thirty college athletes, home for the mid-winter holidays. The affair, attended by four hundred persons, was sponsored jointly by the Lodge, the American Legion, the Lions and the Kiwanis Club. Past Exalted Ruler T. W. O'Connor, Mayor of East Chicago, delivered the address of welcome.

Nutley, N. J., Elks Sponsor Benefit Motion Picture Show

For its crippled children's fund, the Crippled Children's Committee of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, recently sponsored a benefit performance at a motion picture theatre in Nutley. The proceeds, amounting to several hundred dollars, were regarded as highly satisfactory.

Old Timers of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Prepare for Annual Banquet

At a recent meeting of the Old Timers' Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, plans were made for its annual banquet and dance, to be given February 6th at the Home. Special efforts are being made to include additional features for this year's event. The present officers of the Association are Joseph H. Dickinson, Chairman; J. Francis Ward, Vice-Chairman; Harry Swayne, Secretary; Fred H. Schumm, Treasurer; and Charles M. Newins, Historian.

Portland, Me., Elks Give Dinner To Rudy Vallee, Radio Star

Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, gave a testimonial dinner recently to one of its members, Rudy Vallee, the radio star. The affair took place in the ballroom of the Eastland Hotel, with five hundred persons in attendance. An informal reception for Mr. and Mrs. Vallee was held later at the Lodge Home. Prominent among those present at the banquet were Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Neils C. Neilson; Ralph W. E. Hunt, Chairman of the Elks Entertainment Committee and toastmaster; Chaplain John P. Welch; Congressman Carroll L. Beedy, City Manager James E. Barlow, Judge Frank P. Pride, and Judge-nominee Frank P. Preti, representing the University of Maine.

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge Holds 15th Crippled Children's Clinic

Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914, recently held its fifteenth clinic for crippled children, at St. Clara's Hospital. Of the twenty-four young patients examined, fourteen were new cases. One who had received treatment previously was discharged as cured.



The famous Boys' Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge

Office of the
Grand Esquire

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



Official Circular No. 1

Los Angeles, Calif.,
 February 1, 1932

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

MY BROTHERS:

Dixie!
 There's magic in the name.
 There's romance in the air.
 Hospitality is the watch-word.

I have been enthralled and enraptured by my recent visit to Birmingham, the "Magic City" of the South.

I know we are going to have the best Reunion ever, down there in Alabam'.

They just can't help staging a great convention because, in the final analysis, convention success is mainly dependent upon the degree of enthusiasm and cooperation manifested by the citizenry of any host city and Birmingham, even at this early date, fairly radiates these two essentials.

As a member of the Grand Lodge official party headed by Grand Exalted Ruler Coen which visited Birmingham to make final arrangements for the forthcoming conclave, I journeyed to the Alabama metropolis in a frame of mind most hypercritical. I departed—captivated and charmed—my sales resistance completely shattered. I am sold on Birmingham—the convention city, supreme. You'll be delighted, too, when you go there next July.

When an Angeleno becomes enthused over some part of the globe other than Southern California, it is safe to assume that there must be an especial appeal. I am no exception to the rule.

FOR a brand of hospitality that defies competition; for beauty of setting that is not surpassed; for public and commercial edifices ranking with those of Gotham; for residential districts delightful to behold; for financial solidity and industrial supremacy; for cultural, educational, religious and social background, and, for golf and country clubs par excellence, Birmingham, in my opinion, epitomizes the New and reflects the Old South—clean, strong, vigorous, progressive.

There's something exotic about Dixie. Some indefinable thing that makes it so different from the rest of these United States. The very breezes, redolent with the intoxicating odor of magnolias and laden with the soothing balsam of cedar and pine, seem to whisper kind words of welcome. Even the feathered songsters of the forest chirp, "Glad you came. Hurry back."

You just can't long remain a stranger down in Dixie. The South in its own inimitable way enfolds you as one of the family and makes you welcome—aye, thrice welcome. The latch-string doesn't hang out in Dixie 'cause they have dispensed with latches, and hospitable doors swing open wide.

I have become so enthused over the approaching Birmingham convention that I have overlooked the real reason for addressing you, to wit: the Grand Lodge Parade.

I am still glowing with pride over the manner in which the Elks Lodges of the nation answered the call for participation in the Seattle parade and am hopeful that this will be excelled, if possible, next July.

What a body-blow Elkdom dealt "Old Man Depression" last summer when the "Queen City" on Puget Sound resounded to the rhythmic tramp of thousands of the "antlered herd" on annual parade, and nearly half a million enthusiastic spectators cheered the marching legions of Optimism.

One of the outstanding civic leaders of Seattle told me at the conclusion of the convention that the Elks parade had done more to restore the morale of the city in this period of economic stress than all the propaganda of "returning prosperity" ever devised.

The nation needs another stimulating example of the solidarity, faith and optimism of Elkdom. The Grand Lodge parade upon the occasion of the annual Reunion furnishes the best method for such demonstration.

I feel certain your lodge will be found in the vanguard of those participating in the Birmingham pageant next July. Am I expecting too much?

Fraternally yours,

Grand Esquire.



ELKDOM OUTDOORS

Our Policy—To Encourage the Replenishment of America's Fields and Forests, Lakes and Streams

J. H. Hamilton, Associate Field Sports Editor

Fly-Fishing for Arctic Grayling

By Judge Gillies D. Hodge

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge, No. 249

IT IS my judgment that any one who may go fishing in northern Alberta should refrain from any "comments" if his reputation for telling tall fishing stories is anywhere near the breaking point. So I don't feel like saying too much about my own experiences. An honest man who returns and tells the truth will ever afterward bear an evil reputation; and who wants to lie?

The trout in the picture was a small one—weighing only about 12 lbs., but was a nicely colored, well-formed fish, and in fine condition. A nine-ounce fly-rod was used. He was caught at the headwaters of the Churchill River, northeast of Edmonton, perhaps 200 miles.

Returning from there to Edmonton, a pretty little city of about 100,000, I went a few hundred miles northwest to the headwaters of the Mackenzie after Arctic grayling, which, in Alaska and British Columbia, are often spoken of as Arctic trout. As a fly fish, no adjectives other than those of a superlative degree are at all fitting. Anyone who has ever fished for them will agree that they constitute the highest class of entertainment for the fly-fisherman. You simply can't get an unbiased statement from the fisherman who has been on a grayling stream with a fly-rod. Even the old-time Western trout fisherman will let his enthusiasm run riot, and then fail to do the subject justice.

They are as beautifully formed as a rainbow trout, but more graceful and aristocratic. The head and mouth have the form of the trout exactly, but somewhat smaller in proportion. The colorings are more refined. The dorsal fin is very long and high like that of a sail-fish, and folds down when not in action. The upper edge is fringed, in a graduated fashion, with an odd tinge of pale red, and the forward portion of the fin is darker, a sort of blue-black, and decorated with circular little red spots, spread about and over it like the specks on the ordinary trout. The ventral fins are very large, and striped red and black, and seem just like butterflies' wings.

The tail is large, and the lobes quite rounded, and in color is of that indescribable pale red which I have never seen on any other fish nor any bird. They are speckled like the trout, silvery sides and bellies, with a faint hue of red, and a dark back, with a slight suggestion of blue. They usually grow to weigh only from one and a half to two and a half pounds, and yet we find no very small ones among them, seldom getting one as small as ten inches, sixteen being about the ordinary size, and rather uniform as compared with other fishes.

They are not inclined to fool around a fly in an annoying manner, but are very positive in their behavior. You never see them till



The author and his "small" trout

they strike, and when they do strike, it is like the blow of a hammer, and then there is something doing every second. The immense fins and tails seem to have been made for a purpose, and how the little rascals can pull! Finally, when you have them worn out, and start to slip the net under them, away they go, turning summersaults and hand-springs, and the fight is on again just as it started. Even in the net, and when ashore, they dance around so that it is hard to hold them, and it seems wicked to use a "priest" on their pretty heads.

They are a veritable little water-bird. It seems a shame they can't come down south to us over the "height of land." In summer they stay in the hills, in what would be nice trout streams, and in the winter in the great rivers of the north, with a protecting layer of ice many feet thick, again returning through the great rivers and lakes of the north in spring to the hill and mountain streams.

We have no fish such as they south of the Arctic and Alaskan slopes, although the old Michigan grayling approached them somewhat. The so-called "Montana grayling" is really a whitefish, and not at all the true grayling.

IN THIS great northern territory are many varieties of fish of which we seldom hear in the States, such as tullibee, goldeyes, and in the Peace and Athabasca Rivers the big ling and other curious things. All such fish as the "tiger muskie," great northern pike, pickerel, wall-eyed pike, etc., are all called "jack-fish"; they are not considered game fish, nor edible. As a rule, they even shy at a wall-eyed pike, though a few now and then get on the market as "yellow-bellies"; and locally a wall-eyed pike is a pickerel. All that the jack-fish are valued for is to feed to the dogs, and to furnish protein food for the pigs and chickens. All these so-called jack-fish come from beautiful, cold water, and they can surely be in no way inferior to the same varieties taken in the waters of the north central States. Old men and women and children fish off the bridges with hand lines and spinners, pulling them up hand over hand, and the bridge timbers on Slave river right in the town are indented with notches, where they have see-sawed their lines back and forth with spinners and with fish. The natives seem to take peculiar delight in ornamenting the tops of fence posts by cutting off the head of a muskellonge and opening his jaws, and setting the head on top of the post.

Along the shore of the Lesser Slave Lake, which is only about 85 miles in length, and 75 to 90 feet in depth, at the Village of Kanoooso, as I remember, there is a government hatchery of whitefish, said to be the largest in the world. They hatch annually 114,000,000 whitefish eggs, I was informed by the authorities. These shallow lakes contain whitefish, but the deeper lakes, from 200 to 400 feet in depth or over, contain the trout; the trout and whitefish not inhabiting the same waters, although the lakes may join. Commercially they are taken in the winter time, and I was informed at Lake Athabasca there were in cold storage some three hundred tons of trout awaiting better prices.



Winner

The winner of the All Age Stake at the Miami, O., Field Trials was the Setter Paliacho Jr.'s Pal owned by F. H. Rike of Dayton, Ohio, and handled by J. Horace Lytle. Second, Oakshelter Helen, setter, owned by W. C. Metz, handled by W. L. Cosner. Third was split between General Jackson, setter, owned and handled by Dr. F. J. Boyd, and Locust Hill Dan, setter, owned and handled by C. J. Clippert.

Five Horsemen

The five horsemen of Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, pictured below, are not only enthusiastic bass fishermen but good providers as well. That they know when and how to go after bass is best illustrated in the following story received from Chas. Weber. Bass fishermen whose hard luck during the dry summer months has discouraged them into laying aside rod and reel with the view of making

"ELKDOM OUTDOORS" is the outcome of a recent questionnaire sent to Elk sportsmen scattered throughout the country. The response was so enthusiastic, and so large in numbers, that we hasten to please. This department will be for Elks who love shooting, fishing, golf, and other outdoor sports, and we hope, with your support, to make "Elkdom Outdoors" truly interesting to them. Send in your outdoor pictures with your story, furnishing names and places. Send only prints, the glossy type preferred, and address all correspondence to "Elkdom Outdoors," ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

and just as I lifted my rod to clear some willows, plunk, went Mr. Bass into the lake. What did I do? I went into the lake, too, and like a Northwest Mounty, I got my man, and two boots full of water. By this time, Hall was pulling them in so fast that he sort of got independent and would throw the smaller ones back in the lake. He finally wound up with ten that suited him, and their total weight was thirty-eight pounds. I had eight weighing twenty-six pounds when we quit. Don't let anyone tell you that bass fishing is all over in October, providing the law lets you fish later."

Ducking in Minnesota

Warm weather and the short season kept the main flight of ducks out of the Brainerd, Minnesota, section until after the season was closed. However, reports show that some of the boys had good shooting. C. C. Van Essen, P.E.R., Brainerd, No. 615, and his party did not go duck hungry, as the picture



above testifies: Thomas Walsh No. 615, together with Robert Fawcett, son of Capt. W. H. Fawcett of "Whiz Bang" fame, and James Robinson of *Field and Stream Magazine*, had a good day at Captain Fawcett's Breeze Point Lodge, on Big Pelican Lake near Pequot, Minn. They bagged twenty-four mallards and sent us a snapshot of them, but the picture was too dark to reprint.

"Cynoscion Nebulosus"

Stories coming from Florida of large catches of brook trout from the Gulf of Mexico prompted an inquiry to the Sarasota Chamber of Commerce. The answer stated plainly that they had never heard of any brook trout being caught in salt water.

However, the letter told of a species of salt water trout or speckled sea trout that is common to the Gulf waters. The correct name is *Cynoscion Nebulosus*. It is sometimes known as spotted weakfish, or salt water trout, or speckled sea trout. They are taken with both live bait and on small spinners, and are found in the bay waters all along the western coast of Florida. For the angler who is inclined to seasickness, and for that reason shies away from the longer boat trips to rough water, the speckled sea trout fishing in the bay waters allows him to enjoy both fresh and salt water fishing on winter vacations. Boats and guides are available for a very nominal fee.

Mule Deer from Oregon

The group below, from Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413, with the exception of Mr. Jennings of Kansas City, Missouri, who prefers Oregon hunting to other sections, evidently know their business when it comes to Mule Tail deer.



Left to right: Dutch Heiser, Chas. Weber, Ralph Kelly, Robt. Gehrig, Chas. Kelly

things up in the field on birds and ducks, can profit by some experiences of the five horsemen.

One of them, Chas. E. Weber, with a fellow member of Pekin Lodge, O. E. Hall, certainly knows his bass fishing. Weber writes as follows:

"It was getting along the last of November and we had had no luck all summer. We were working on a night run out of Pekin, when out of a clear sky Hall said, 'This is going to be a real bass morning. What do you say?' Well, I said I'd take the same, so we hurried home and got our equipment together, including our milk can. By all means, always have a milk can to keep live bait in. To keep bait alive, punch holes in the lid and lay about a five-pound piece of ice on top. The melting ice is a sure live-bait guarantee. We seined about four dozen shiners, and started for the lake. When we arrived, the water was a little rough, but soon changed to a light ripple. The sun was just peeping through the clouds now and then; in fact, the morning suited us fine. After about thirty minutes, they started to strike. Hall caught the first one, a large-mouth about three pounds in size. Then I hooked one, reeled him in,



Left to right: Charlie Stienel, Tom Allen, Frank Handy, Louis Chipman, James McHenry, Mr. Jennings, Tom Ireland, Walter Swanky. Picture by Earl Breeding

George Washington Prosperity Classes

Following are digests of telegrams received from more than one thousand subordinate Lodges, representing an amazing and encouraging demonstration of enthusiasm and loyalty to the Order. Many additional telegrams were received too late for publication.

Alabama

Birmingham—Large class expected for seventy-nine—J. B. Smiley.
Blottoon—Pledge whole-hearted and enthusiastic cooperation—G. W. Randall.
Ensley—Pledge large class of candidates for prosperity class—F. A. O'Hear.

Arizona

Douglas—Every officer and member will aid George Washington class plans—H. M. Beard.
Flagstaff—Entire Lodge drafted for membership drive—G. C. Hutson.
Globe—Will cooperate to obtain quota and put forth special effort—M. Cameron.
Kingman—Lodge working 100 per cent. for George Washington class—I. L. Hart, Secretary.
Nogales—Will do utmost to initiate a large class—R. M. Cousar, Past Exalted Ruler.
Phoenix—Planning large class by concentrated selective membership drive—J. M. Brown.
Prescott—Have set goal at fifty. Believe this number can be obtained—O. H. Jett, Secretary.
Tucson—Count on Tucson Lodge. We hope to have a class of seventy—H. F. Brown, Past Exalted Ruler.
Yuma—Making every effort and will make the grade—W. S. Ingalls.

Arkansas

Camden—Hearty approval of prosperity class. Will use every effort—A. L. Morgan.
Hope—Will assist in every way to make 1932 successful year—O. F. Ruggles.
Little Rock—Will do everything to make it a great success—N. W. Riegler.
Mena—Will pull for prosperity during Washington bi-centennial—A. J. Powers.
Texarkana—Solidly behind prosperity class. We will do our bit—C. Frey, Jr.

California

Alameda—Expect to initiate class of six. Hold commemoration exercises—W. Higby, Sec.
Alhambra—Initiating large class Washington's Birthday. Elaborate program—A. C. Murphy.
Anaheim—Planning membership drive. Preparing list of prospects—L. H. Loudon.
Bakersfield—Will exert every effort to have large prosperity class—J. R. Dorsey.
Berkeley—Special committee appointed. Every effort made for prosperity class—T. O. Robinson.
Drawley—Making every effort to comply with request Grand Exalted Ruler—J. J. Foster.
Burbank—Plans laid carefully. Expect full cooperation—L. F. Gentner.
Calerico—Lapsation and new membership drives being vigorously pushed—The Lodge.
Chico—Plans under way for new membership and reinstatement—J. F. Ferguson.
Compton—Rest assured that Compton Lodge will go over the top—A. G. Hemming.
El Centro—Plans made in conjunction with Washington program—The Lodge.
Eureka—Efforts being made to carry out prosperity campaign—B. H. Lewis.
Fresno—Prosperity class wonderful idea. Will initiate fifty candidates—W. S. Freeland.
Gilroy—Accept commission in Elks army for Washington prosperity class—W. G. Fitzgerald.
Glendale—Good response from membership. Will exert every effort for success—L. W. Shields.
Hollister—Accept commission in Elks army for Washington prosperity class—M. T. Dooling, Jr.
Inglewood—Count on Inglewood Lodge 100 per cent.—A. L. Lowrance.
Long Beach—Goal has been set for healthy increase in our membership—J. R. Hull.
Los Angeles—We have organized along plan as outlined. Congratulations—C. J. O'Hara.

Marysville—Putting membership and lapsation committees to work—H. P. Kerrigan.
Modesto—Heartily endorse program. Will put forth special effort—W. C. Day.
Monrovia—Behind program. Committees appointed to carry it out in detail—H. L. Alexander.
Nevada City—Will enthusiastically support prosperity class movement—J. J. Fortier.
Oakland—Prosperity class now being formed. Putting power behind the wheel—E. J. Hogarty.
Oceanside—Planning Washington class for initiation February—E. A. Walsh.
Oxnard—Six applications so far and list of prospects—R. Connelly.
Pasadena—Seven applications pending and more in sight—E. J. Fairbanks.
Petaluma—Committee appointed. Members enthusiastic. Expect good results—E. C. Nielsen.
Pittsburg—Lodge and membership committee are backing up prosperity class—F. W. Ford, Secretary.
Porterville—Behind George Washington class 100 per cent.—C. Gillespie.
Red Bluff—Will hold initiation and special program—G. A. Wilkins.
Redlands—Following program suggested, committee already working—L. Dague, Secretary.
Redondo Beach—Systematic effort planned to get seventy-five new members—A. B. Oder.
Richmond—Special committee of fifty now at work. Quality their watchword—W. W. Scott.
Sacramento—Have appointed committee on membership and lapsation—M. C. Glenn.
San Bernardino—Will back up membership program to very best of ability—J. F. Hosfield.
San Diego—Approve Washington Prosperity membership program—R. C. Benbough, Secretary.
San Fernando—Will at once circularize membership asking cooperation—T. W. Binda.
San Francisco—Will endeavor to initiate as many as possible for prosperity class—A. Heinz.
San Jose—Accept challenge re George Washington prosperity class—The Lodge.
San Luis Obispo—Accept commission in Elks army for prosperity class—J. A. Greenelsh.
San Mateo—Will endeavor to carry out program outlined—A. W. Marshal.
San Pedro—Highly in accord with prosperity program. Bringing membership up—J. P. Martin, Jr.
San Rafael—Cooperating to have large class. Expect gratifying success—C. F. Schwerin.
Santa Ana—Will cooperate fully in Washington prosperity membership program—F. G. West.
Santa Barbara—Making every effort on prosperity class. Ahead of last year—R. C. Foy.
Santa Cruz—Accept commission in Elks army for Washington class—J. J. Riordan.
Santa Monica—We should have at least four hundred members in the class—J. F. De Borde.
Santa Rosa—Will heartily cooperate in plan for securing new members—P. W. Bussman.
Sonora—Will make every effort to prove George Washington class success—H. B. Hoffman.
Susanville—Have appointed special committee to put over prosperity class—H. Barry.
Taft—Will have at least twenty candidates for prosperity class—W. J. Littlefield.
Tulare—Hundred per cent. for prosperity class. Will initiate eighteen—W. P. Theno, Sec.
Vallejo—Definite action taken. Committee appointed—A. G. James.
Ventura—Appointing committees for George Washington program—A. R. Faudree, Jr.
Visalia—Hundred per cent. behind this idea and will have a class—M. R. Grady.
Watsonville—Accept commission in Elks army for Washington class—R. H. Hudson.
Whittier—Will follow program 100 per cent.—J. H. Jackson.

Colorado

Alamosa—Doing everything in our power to make idea success—J. W. Williamson.
Aspen—Will do everything possible for success of Washington class—T. A. Smith.
Boulder—Special committees appointed and functioning—R. E. Burgener.
Brighton—Will endeavor to have class. You will hear more from us—J. W. Tarlton, Sec.
Canon City—Pulling for prosperity in Elksdom and are assured of large class—S. W. Salie.
Central City—Endorse Washington activities. Will hold initiation—J. W. Leidinger.
Colorado Springs—Organizing to-night for George Washington prosperity class—E. H. Foster.
Craig—Unanimous for prosperity program. Let's go—W. E. Gibson.
Creede—Heartily approve prosperity class. Will do our bit—C. G. Johnson.
Cripple Creek—One hundred per cent. behind Grand Exalted Ruler—R. O. Haywood.
Delta—Will do best for Washington memorial class—R. G. Beverstock, Secretary.
Denver—Will work night and day for large prosperity class—T. J. Morrissey.
Durango—Will observe instructions regarding bi-centennial—S. D. Monberg, Secretary.
Florence—Endorse prosperity class plan. Start campaign at once—J. J. Fabrizio.
Fort Collins—Will have candidates for the prosperity class—C. H. Modar.
Fort Morgan—Plan to initiate class. Heartily in accord with pull for prosperity—I. Epperson.
Grand Junction—Pledge hearty support to Washington memorial class—F. C. Luke.
Greeley—Enthusied with prosperity class program. Entering 100 per cent. strong—R. B. Miller.
Idaho Springs—Heartily in accord with idea. Will do utmost—J. G. McGrath.
La Junta—We are all behind prosperity-class program—G. Worman.
Lamar—We join in program and will have George Washington class—M. E. Strain.
Leadville—Will endeavor to back up and support program—P. H. Dolan.
Longmont—Class of forty-seven last month. Twenty more ready for initiation—W. C. Muth.
Montrose—Promise whole-hearted support for George Washington class—J. T. O'Fallon.
Ouray—Give hearty support to George Washington memorial class—T. S. Jones.
Pueblo—Prosperity class well under way. Will be completed this week—W. R. Dyer.
Rocky Ford—Will do all in our power to make campaign success—C. Rolander.
Salida—Heartily endorse prosperity class. Putting forth all effort—O. E. Roddis.
Sterling—Pledge 100 per cent. support on prosperity class campaign—C. H. Williams.
Telluride—Will do best for Washington memorial class—D. O'Rourke.
Trinidad—Will cooperate enthusiastically. Count on us to do our part—W. J. Schramm.
Victor—Will have George Washington prosperity class—A. Titmas.
Walsenburg—Will do all we can to make George Washington class success—G. R. Mallett.

Connecticut

Ansonia—Enthusiastic committee appointed. Will cooperate in all respects—A. Rasicot.
Bridgeport—Twenty-five new members will be initiated. Count on us—J. A. Muldoon.
Bristol—Plan very good. Will do part to help increase membership—R. T. Lambert.
Danbury—Committee appointed to back up to full extent—E. P. McKenney.
Derby—Will do our best to further the good work—H. M. Bradley, Jr.

Greenwich—Will do all in power to follow suggestions—J. D. Maher.
Hartford—Grand idea. Have already initiated fifty—W. J. Callery.
Meriden—Heartily in favor of prosperity class. Will cooperate—A. A. Rousseau.
Middletown—Calling special meeting to start pull for prosperity—P. N. Shailer.
Milford—More strength to prosperity pull. Will celebrate with initiation—J. J. Carroll.
New Britain—Prosperity committee appointed. Class of twenty-five—R. C. Brown, Secretary.
New Haven—Will endeavor to have class of fifty as our contribution—A. J. Eirich, Jr.
New London—Heartily endorse prosperity program. Committee named for drive—C. C. Costello.
Norwalk—Reinstating lapsed members by personal call. Committee for new—P. Di Pietro.
Norwich—One hundred per cent. with Grand Exalted Ruler. Night set for class—D. F. Driscoll.
Putnam—Eight members for class. Every member armed with applications—S. P. Marland.
Rockville—Expect to respond with five candidates for February—J. P. Cameron.
Stamford—Heartily endorse program not only for month but for all year—H. P. Whitehead.
Torrington—Endorse prosperity program. Committee functioning. Success—W. F. Hogan.
Wallingford—Back plan to utmost. Meeting call for immediate action—J. M. Friderich.
Waterbury—Striving to abide by plan. Determined effort for membership—C. K. Ahearn.
West Haven—Will cooperate 100 per cent for sizeable class—J. H. Muller.
Willimantic—One hundred per cent. cooperation. Will try for at least dozen—W. B. Sweeney.
Winsted—Very enthusiastic. Assure you of our fullest cooperation—J. L. Grady, Jr.

Delaware

Wilmington—Approve prosperity class. Guarantee creditable class initiation—H. E. Curran.

District of Columbia

Washington—Heartily approve prosperity plan. Will initiate large class—D. J. La Porte.

Florida

Arcadia—Prosperity class great idea. Starting drive—H. B. Lyter.
Bradenton—Have committee to provide candidates for Washington class—S. H. Klemetsrud.
Clearwater—Have class for February initiation—A. Rogers, Secretary.
Cocoa—Unanimously and enthusiastically adopted. Intensive drive now on—F. H. MacFarland.
Daytona—Committee and Past Exalted Rulers formulating plans for class—O. B. Shanley.
DeLand—Will make every effort to form and initiate large class—N. S. Jackson.
Eustis—Committee appointed; we are with you—C. H. Hippler.
Fort Lauderdale—We are taking lead in civic demonstration—R. R. Sanders.
Fort Pierce—Every effort being made to back up program—F. B. Goodwin.
Jacksonville—Exerting every effort to increase membership and return lapsed members—J. C. Goldbach.
Key West—Will have prosperity class for initiation—G. N. Goshorn, Secretary.
Lake City—Planning Washington class of fifteen per cent. of membership—F. W. Ott.
Lakeland—Making plans now for prosperity class. Expect large initiation—J. B. Custer.
Lake Worth—Will join in making celebration a success—The Lodge.
Miami—Pledge whole-hearted support. Will hold prosperity class initiation—L. J. Hamel.
New Smyrna—Will have George Washington prosperity class—C. Hale.
Palatka—Favor and expect to take part in Washington celebration—H. F. Lecks, Secretary.
St. Augustine—Intend to cooperate in every way to back up prosperity campaign—L. Victor.
St. Petersburg—Every member cooperating to boost Elkdom and better times—G. N. Bickner.
Tallahassee—Planning celebration with banquet ball and initiation of large class—M. Collins, Jr.
West Palm Beach—Strong efforts to be made to initiate all available prospects—F. Angelo, Sec.

Georgia

Albany—In hearty accord with program. Will do utmost for success—H. B. Roberts.
Americus—Will cooperate to fullest extent—S. Hudson.
Athens—Lodge pushing Washington prosperity class—A. Nix.
Atlanta—One hundred per cent. behind program of Prosperity Class—J. C. Burke, Secretary.
Augusta—Enthusiasm concerning prosperity program. Expect large class—C. R. Tracy.

Brunswick—Working to make George Washington prosperity class success—M. N. Hunter.
Columbus—Things progressing nicely for prosperity class—J. D. Odum.
Douglas—Prepared for our part in program of restoration—W. L. Yeoman.
Fitzgerald—Making progress on Washington class; everything being done—W. S. Haile.
Griffin—Will initiate George Washington class—The Lodge.
La Grange—Will initiate class for Washington Prosperity program—G. L. Cahall.

Caldwell—Request highly commendable. Pledge large class—H. N. Caldwell.
Idaho Falls—Enthusiastically pledge support to enlist new members—D. F. Kugler.
Lewiston—Heartily in accord with pull for prosperity. Will cooperate—A. F. Shirley.
Malad—Do all in our power to nominate class in February—F. Metcalf.
Nampa—Have called special meeting. You can count on 1938—V. E. Daniel.
Pocatello—Making strenuous efforts for class. Assure cooperation—H. H. Wilson.
Sandpoint—Will have George Washington prosperity class as outlined—H. R. McCann, Sec.
St. Maries—Have organized George Washington prosperity plan—H. B. Davis.
Twin Falls—Working to have largest meeting of year on February eighteenth—The Lodge.
Wallace—Will act at once. Expect great results—H. E. Ostrander.

Important Notice

The number of members initiated in the George Washington Class of each Lodge will be published in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE.

Honorable mention and special commendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler will be given to those Lodges showing the greatest percentage of increase in new members and reinstatements, in proportion to their present membership.

From present indications the Roll of Honor will be a long one.

Notice to Secretaries

To insure representation of your Lodge on the Roll of Honor be sure to mail the total number of new members, and those reinstated, in your George Washington Class, the day following their initiation. Address this to News Editor, ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Macon—Have already begun to recruit George Washington class—B. J. Fowler.
Milledgeville—Will make a great effort to initiate new members in prosperity class—J. H. Ennis.
Savannah—George Washington class will build foundation for greater Elkdom—E. J. Haar.

Idaho

Blackfoot—Pledge hearty cooperation. Plans under way—G. F. Dore.
Boise—Will initiate fifty or sixty. Endorse plan—H. Hudelson.
Burley—Working with enthusiasm on program. Going over in fine shape—C. W. Thomas.

Illinois

Aurora—Will cooperate every respect. Just initiated fifty-one members—D. C. Burnett.
Belvidere—Making every effort to back up Washington prosperity class—F. S. Erbes.
Bloomington—Pledge whole-hearted support and cooperation for class—C. C. Spelman.
Blue Island—Will cooperate fully in Washington Birthday program—W. J. Zander.
Canton—Will cooperate on George Washington class—H. Wormser.
Carbondale—Expect to show a gain of seventy-five members in campaign—R. S. Huffman.
Carlinville—Will have prosperity class in February—H. H. Schupmann.
Centralia—Will have prosperity class last meeting in February—The Lodge.
Champaign—Expect good results on reinstating old members—C. A. Lamb, Jr.
Charleston—Prosperity class organized. Committee sure of results—C. J. McMahon.
Chicago—Will do utmost in making prosperity class a success—J. R. McCabe.
Cicero—Committee of ten planning George Washington class drive—W. J. Kalal, Secretary.
Clinton—Pledge support in organizing George Washington class—M. F. Langellier.
Danville—Every effort will be put forth. Expect twelve candidates—E. H. Bleavens.
Decatur—Pledge support in organizing George Washington prosperity class—J. L. Kitchen.
DeKalb—Will give Washington prosperity class program full support—J. C. Pooler.
Des Plaines—25 members in prosperity class; 50 reinstatements; 100 delinquents paid up—The Lodge.
Dixon—Out after class of fifty for February initiation—L. C. Street.
Du Quoin—Expect fifty candidates for George Washington prosperity class—J. Werner, Sec.
East St. Louis—Making every effort. Have two candidates. Expect ten times that—D. D. O'Connell, Secretary.
Elgin—Meeting arranged to plan membership drive—C. D. Page.
Elmhurst—Cooperating on Washington prosperity class to fullest extent—P. J. Kueter.
Evanston—Will cooperate on Washington prosperity class to limit—F. Wohleber.
Freeport—Glad to cooperate. Will have class—C. J. Leavy.
Galena—Committee appointed. Will have class for February meeting—The Lodge.
Harrisburg—Committee organized and functioning. Class great stimulant—R. Hine.
Harvey—Endorse Washington membership drive. Have started committee—H. Birkholz.
Herrin—Are planning big initiation for Washington's birthday—The Lodge.
Highland Park—Heartiest cooperation. Appointed committee. Expect results—W. Witten.
Jacksonville—Heartily endorse pull for prosperity. We have already organized—L. H. Ward.
Jerseyville—Will do our share; two applications already—A. F. Mitzel.
Joliet—Forming plans for prosperity class in February—N. E. Malloy.
Kankakee—Pledge support in organizing George Washington class—J. J. Kral.
Kewanee—Committees for class formed. Booster meetings arranged—C. H. Holmquist, Secretary.
La Grange—Will cooperate on membership drive for Washington class—A. Novotny.
La Salle—Pledge support in organizing George Washington Prosperity class—J. Finnern.
Lawrenceville—Working to initiate good class; already getting results—W. H. Denison.
Lincoln—Pledge support in organizing prosperity class—D. J. Harris.
Litchfield—Will cooperate making drive for prosperity class—E. H. Droste.
Macomb—Will pull for prosperity in Elkdom to fullest extent—F. E. Harden.

Mattoon—Will organize prosperity class at regular meeting January twelfth—C. E. Rude.

Mendota—Will back prosperity class program 100 per cent.—H. F. Schaller.

Metropolis—Have our heartiest cooperation. Expect to have several—H. L. Craig.

Monmouth—Pull-for-prosperity committee appointed. On our way—J. P. Strand.

Mt. Vernon—Committee appointed. Much enthusiasm manifest—J. J. Corlew.

Murphysboro—Fifteen Past Exalted Rulers on committee to fill class quota—C. N. Hardy.

Oak Park—Will cooperate fullest extent. Expect twenty-five—T. J. Hughes.

Olney—Committees of five appointed for prosperity membership drive—O. B. Voight.

Ottawa—Pledge assistance to make prosperity class great success—P. R. Bellrose.

Pana—Will have class for Washington anniversary—L. E. Jordan, Secretary.

Paris—Committees working. Feel confident of success for class—B. Z. Redman.

Peoria—Plans perfected to have Washington prosperity class—T. J. Endsley.

Pontiac—Pledge support to George Washington prosperity class—L. B. Cullen.

Princeton—Pledge support in organizing George Washington class—R. H. Kennedy.

Robinson—Applications coming in. Pulling for prosperity in Elkdom—J. Spencer Woodworth.

Rochelle—One hundred per cent. for Washington prosperity class program—J. Nugent.

Rockford—Initiating forty January. Will have more for Washington class—P. S. Storey.

Rock Island—Utmost efforts being made to insure successful prosperity class—R. W. Osterman.

Springfield—We are after two hundred new or reinstated members—R. Crowder.

Sterling—Two teams selected on drive for a George Washington class—P. J. Peters.

Streator—One hundred per cent. for movement starting prosperity class—J. Baer.

Sycamore—Will back up program all possible.—W. M. Organ.

Taylorville—Committee appointed and working on prosperity class—W. D. Hoover.

Urbana—Nineteen applications secured. Expect twenty more for February—R. Lanham.

Waukegan—Glad to cooperate. Concentrated membership drive started—R. E. Duff.

Woodstock—Count on us to do our share—J. Madison, Secretary.

Indiana

Alexandria—Plans made for George Washington prosperity class—W. P. Smith, Secretary.

Anderson—Will cooperate in doings for February—F. P. Barr, Secretary.

Bedford—Making every effort for Washington prosperity class—J. T. Sohn.

Bicknell—Making special drive for Washington prosperity classes—B. Hawhee.

Bloomington—Special activities in force for Washington prosperity class—R. Hitchcock.

Bluffton—Washington prosperity class committee appointed having wonderful success—R. Stout.

Boonville—Heartily endorse plan. Will make every effort—F. J. Stock.

Columbia City—Twenty-one initiated, six awaiting initiation, five applications on file—A. R. Luckenbill.

Columbus—Prosperity class fits our program. Already several applications—O. M. May.

Connersville—Twenty-five fighting Elks appointed for enthusiastic support—R. C. McKennan.

Crawfordsville—Working hard for big Washington prosperity class—The Lodge.

Decatur—Lapsation committee in action making plans for class—L. A. Holthouse.

East Chicago—Will support the George Washington class—R. Davis.

Elkhart—Have adopted George Washington prosperity program—D. S. Helman.

Elwood—Adopted prosperity program. Will celebrate bi-centennial—C. D. Sizelove, Sec.

Evansville—Count on us to have prosperity class—J. E. Sachs.

Frankfort—Will endeavor to follow suggestions outlined—W. A. Lavelle, Secretary.

Gary—Cooperate whole-heartedly in George Washington class—E. F. Andren, Secretary.

Greencastle—Doubtful if class will materialize to full extent—B. Stewart.

Hammond—Cooperation regarding prosperity program assured—E. C. Hulett.

Hartford City—Special effort will be made for George Washington class—C. R. Pruden.

Huntington—Making plans for class; also working on reinstatement—G. D. Sullivan.

Indianapolis—Every effort will be made for Washington class—W. G. Taylor, Secretary.

Kendallville—Cooperating Washington prosperity class program—W. A. Maggart.

La Fayette—Plans proceeding nicely. Committees promise to function splendidly—The Lodge.

La Porte—Supporting Washington class program—A. G. Taylor.

Lebanon—We are heartily in favor of the George Washington class—F. O. Myers, Secretary.

Ligonier—Proceeding with George Washington class program whole-heartedly—E. Fritz.

Linton—We are making plans for prosperity class—R. Winters.

Logansport—Initiated class of twenty-five; will have at least twelve more—W. W. Surendorf.

Marion—Have six for Washington class; more promised—The Lodge.

Martinsville—Will join other Lodges in Central Indiana group having one class—C. E. Cohee.

Michigan City—Cooperating George Washington prosperity class program—R. J. Beahan.

Mt. Vernon—Will have initiation during February—G. S. Green, Secretary.

Muncie—Will make effort to secure Washington prosperity class—G. E. Knipp, Secretary.

New Albany—Entering into prosperity class with enthusiasm and fire—The Lodge.

Noblesville—Will have George Washington prosperity class—The Lodge.

Peru—Arrangements made for big prosperity class; everybody working—C. L. Baker.

TELEGRAMS were received from the President of every State Association, assuring the Grand Exalted Ruler of enthusiastic cooperation on the part of their organizations.

Constant telegraphic communications between all of the District Deputies and the Magazine was another indication of the splendid loyalty and energy of the Grand Exalted Ruler's representatives in this campaign.

Many Lodges which did not wire the Magazine direct, and therefore not included in this listing, were reported by their District Deputies as whole-heartedly back of the George Washington Class.

Portland—Have two candidates now; working on more—The Lodge.

Princeton—Committee appointed. Goal set. Expect excellent results—N. Hart.

Rushville—Making every effort for success of prosperity program—J. Geraghty.

Shelbyville—Campaign under way for initiation of large class—L. E. Rhinehart.

South Bend—Plans for George Washington class indicate great success—F. E. Coughlin, P. E. R.

Sullivan—Will appoint committees as suggested at our next meeting—H. S. Leach.

Terre Haute—Having Washington prosperity class. Strong committee—C. L. Shideler.

Tipton—Heartily approve of suggestions offered and working for new class—R. Beck.

Union City—Will show twenty new and reinstated members—J. Ruff.

Valparaiso—Heartily in favor of progressive drive; will make great effort—L. D. Bondy, Secretary.

Wabash—Will have class in February—H. Wolf.

Warsaw—Obtaining speaker for anniversary and initiating class—L. L. Moon.

Washington—Prosperity class plans off with bang; some success already reported—R. E. Wirts.

Whiting—Will promote to fullest extent George Washington prosperity class—D. J. B. Conroy.

Iowa

Boone—Organizing for success of George Washington class—F. S. Hogar.

Burlington—Work has been started on class for February—E. A. Erb, Sec.

Cedar Rapids—Plans already under way. Will pull for prosperity—V. C. Shuttleworth.

Centerville—Hope to make Washington class largest ever initiated—H. D. Dukes.

Clinton—Making arrangements for George Washington class—C. H. Geiger.

Council Bluffs—Will have George Washington prosperity class with special services—J. E. Cole.

Davenport—Laying plans for prosperity class. Making diligent effort—L. R. Sidney.

Decorah—Planning on initiating George Washington prosperity class—A. R. Coffeen.

Des Moines—One hundred per cent. support of prosperity class is pledged—C. W. Lyon.

Dubuque—Endorse Washington class 100 per cent. Twenty already—J. G. Kuehnle.

Estherville—Making preparations for big prosperity class—C. R. Hedrick.

Fairfield—Doing everything possible to make February class largest in history—F. Pierson.

Fort Dodge—Great plan for Elkdom. We will cooperate—J. H. Mitchell.

Fort Madison—Have nine applications and expect to get more—G. Beck.

Grinnell—Plan to initiate large George Washington prosperity class—H. Edwards.

Iowa City—Are cooperating. Fine class of fifteen—W. P. Russell.

Keokuk—Have secured four applications so far for prosperity class—J. E. Harrington.

Le Mars—Good list of prospects promises good results—E. W. Willging.

Marshalltown—George Washington exercises already started—F. W. Ritter, Sec.

Mason City—Will have George Washington prosperity class—D. H. Fitzpatrick.

Muscataine—Will have a large class. "Pull-for-prosperity" committee appointed—L. A. Berg.

Newton—Will initiate twenty or more. Goal sixty by March first—C. C. Cammack.

Oelwein—Committee appointed arrangements observing Washington's birthday—A. Paul, Sec.

Oskaloosa—Prosperity class plans under way. Several applications already—J. L. Devitt.

Ottumwa—Prosperity class membership drive prospects look very good—F. Kunde.

Perry—Have set goal of twenty members for Washington class—F. E. Reynolds.

Red Oak—Will make every effort for a class February 22—A. M. Rapp.

Shenandoah—Will support George Washington prosperity program—G. Beach.

Sioux City—Organizing now for prosperity class. Great interest stimulated—D. G. Nullan.

Waterloo—Hearty accord with plans and will produce accordingly—S. C. Bell.

Webster City—Will cooperate with drive for Washington birthday class—H. R. Ash.

Kansas

Augusta—Prosperity class under way. Will do our part—L. Timken.

Coffeyville—Have twenty-five candidates ready for Washington initiation—E. H. Kehoe.

Concordia—Enthusiastic for prosperity class. One candidate secured—W. E. Carnahan, Secretary.

Dodge City—Will follow plan for Washington prosperity class—M. D. Gonder.

El Dorado—Starting George Washington class. Will hold celebration—G. C. Hall.

Fort Scott—Goal is fifty members. Will not be satisfied with less—D. Filizola.

Garden City—Will have twenty for class. Have ten of them now—R. M. Turnbaugh, Secretary.

Goodland—Pledge endeavor to increase membership to per cent.—H. D. Fisk.

Great Bend—Have joined Washington class drive. Going good—S. S. Eitel.

Hutchinson—Making every effort to have class. Committee working—A. H. Snyder.

Junction City—Celebrating Washington bi-centennial. Hope to have class—J. M. Flanagan.

Kansas City—Will have as many for initiation as conditions permit—P. W. Croker.

Lawrence—Assure you of earnest endeavor for prosperity in Elkdom—C. C. Shimmions.

McPherson—Expect substantial prosperity class; every officer behind program—E. F. Kubin.

Newton—Offer hearty cooperation for Washington class—F. M. Brown, Past Exalted Ruler.

Pittsburg—Will secure twenty-five members to commemorate bi-centennial—R. S. Lemon.

Pratt—Will participate in Washington anniversary to fullest extent—F. E. Link, Secretary.

Salina—Holding our Washington class on twenty-second—G. W. Young.

Topeka—Big dance on to-night to start interest—W. S. Stadel.

Wellington—Have set goal for ten members. Cooperate to best of ability—R. W. Rothrock.

Wichita—Expect to have class of fifteen or more—H. G. Boyd, Secretary.

Winfield—Will have prosperity class worthy of expectations—E. Fulghum.

Kentucky

Ashland—Appointed committee for George Washington prosperity class—E. B. Hager.

Bowling Green—Will back George Washington class to our limit—E. B. Morris.

Catlettsburg—Time so short impossible to give answer on class—W. T. Cox.

Cynthiana—Have appointed committee to secure new members. Hard after delinquents—H. S. Taylor.

Frankfort—Heartiest cooperation assured for Washington class—W. Rice.

Fulton—Will back up prosperity program to the best of our ability—M. K. Chowning.

(Continued on page 53)

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial
Cables



All America
Cables

Mackay

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

STANDARD TIME
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Get Yourself a Dog

(Continued from page 20)

redwood behind the house. I stuck around for a while. Pretty soon there was a crowd in front of Pixley's. Someone said I'd done it. I heard Steve Heller telling them what they ought to do to me. Then I saw Madge. She slipped away, and I had a notion she'd come down here. So I came, too." Joe let his hands fall limp. "I shouldn't have come."

Madge went white. "You aren't going to let them take you, Joe—"

"I haven't much chance, hon. They'll have the roads watched. There's the timber, of course—"

"Joe, you mustn't let them take you—"

"Oh, I dunno. I'd sooner get it finished quick than put in the rest of my life thinking about you out here. I tell you, girl, I couldn't stand much of that—"

"There's a lot of hollering coming this way," Ole Man Blue cut in, sharp and sudden. He'd gone to the window; now he turned around, his old eyes like ice with the sun on it. "A bunch of cars is coming here, son. How much stomach you got?"

Joe Blake stared into Ole Man Blue's white-hot eyes.

"If you had a chance to pull yourself clear of both them killings—"

"What you got, Ole Man Blue?" Joe asked, blazing up sudden.

"It'll maybe cost you your life."

"That's cheap, right now."

"I know you didn't kill Luke Pixley. What I don't know is, did you kill Klondyke McHenry?"

"I didn't kill Klondyke McHenry," Joe Blake said, low and hard and cool.

Ole Man Blue squinted at him. "You'll stack your chips against that statement?"

"I sure will."

"Listen, son," Ole Man Blue said, earnest. "If you are lying, God help you, for it'll be almighty painful. If you ain't, you got one chance of clearing yourself."

"Show me," Joe said, his voice and eyes tight like cowhide.

"That bunch of citizens is coming here. You got to face them. Maybe I can talk 'em down. If I can, you get your chance—maybe. How about it?"

"I'll face 'em. What next?"

"Shut your face and let Ole Man Blue do the talking. I know them hombres better than you do. The way their minds work, if they has any. When I tell you to do something, get going and no questions."

Joe nodded. "Madge," he said then, his voice tender.

Madge shut her eyes. "I'll stick," she told him, her lips gone white.

"Get over there," Ole Man Blue ordered sharp, and nodded toward the corner where the back door was. "Stand casual."

Ole Man Blue got out his .45 and laid it on the table, covering it with yesterday's Redwater *Clarion*, the front page of which told all about Joe Blake's jail-break. He went back to the window.

Four cars had crossed the railroad track and were heading toward the shack, their headlights shining up the road and on the two tall redwoods and Ole Man Blue's white picket fence. The cars pulled up in front. Maybe twenty men got out. They got out real quiet and came up the cinder walk real quiet. Lynching is serious business, and after you got the first hurraing over, you go about it in a serious way. You go about it pretty much as if you aren't sure about the rightness of what you are doing.

And because that party of citizens carrying rifles and shotguns came up the walk so quiet Ole Man Blue scarcely heard them, the howling of Klondyke McHenry's huskies, Whisky, Gin and Bitters, filled that shanty with the most God-awful frenzy of sound ever heard in Redwater. The wolf pack was giving tongue that

night. Murder and bloody carnage ran through it, and the blood of those that heard it turned cold as a mountain freset in January.

Considering how many men there were, they came in awful quiet. Pete Adams was first, then Steve Heller, Jim Lord, Caleb Peters, Carl Swanson, Roy Bailey, and the rest. Most of them had rifles or shotguns. Caleb Peters carried a rope. Roy Bailey's glasses sparkled in the lamplight—or maybe it was the fever in his eyes. This wasn't Roy Bailey's sort of job.

"We want Joe Blake," Steve Heller said abrupt. He looked at Joe, who'd lit a cigarette as cool as you please, in his corner, and at Madge with her hand on his arm and her eyes wide open and steady. "Coming, Blake," Steve asked, "or do we have to maul you?"

STEVE HELLER was a red-faced six-footer, broad in the beam without being fat, and he had a big voice that went bellowing from one end of Redwater to the other, mostly about the destiny of our town, which he had a notion would curl up and die if he didn't keep the works oiled. Steve talked well, and when he talked he banged the table or whatever happened to be handy. He wasn't married. Steve roomed at the Swanson House.

"What's all the shouting?" Ole Man Blue asked, casual.

"Sorry," Steve answered in his no-fooling voice, "but we got business with Joe Blake. Damn serious business. Come on, boy!"

"What you want of him?" Ole Man Blue asked, hitching up his lopsided shoulder.

That was a foolish question, on the face of it, but Ole Man Blue knew his oats. Nobody answered for maybe ten seconds. Trouble was, those twenty men hadn't figured on finding Madge O'Neil there. Madge taught their kids in school, and it wasn't easy facing those scornful dark eyes of hers. It was going to be a sight harder telling her they'd come to drop a rope around her man's neck.

Carl Swanson put the dirty intentions of that party into so many naked words. Carl ran the Swanson House. He wasn't much older than Joe, but he had fat hands and a belly on him already, and he wobbled when he walked. In general, Carl had the flavor of a mushroom gone by, and if there was dirty work to be done in our town, and no danger was involved, Carl elected himself for the job.

"There's a hanging overdue in this man's town," Carl said in his soft, kind of wistful voice. "We figure on doing it. You better come quiet, Blake."

It wasn't in Madge O'Neil's nature to sit tight under that. "Is it possible there are twenty men in Redwater as loathsome as you, Carl Swanson?" she wanted to know.

"I beat the tar out of him when we were kids," Joe explained.

That didn't help any.

"We are sorry you are here, Miss Madge," Steve Heller boomed, "but we got a job to do—a dirty job and we are going to do it. You better step aside and take it quiet. We figure on making Redwater safe for women and kids."

"Redwater's going to be proud of you tomorrow," Madge lashed back, desperate. "You'll be proud of yourselves, too, you cowards! What are you going to tell your wives and children, I'd like to know? Mr. Heller—you are a school trustee. For God's sake, take those men away!"

"I'm sorry," Steve Heller said. "We talked it over first."

Nobody said much, but a sort of dog growl, low and ugly, rumbled through that party of justice dispensers, and it was plain that they were behind Steve Heller.

"I'm with you, Steve," Fred Cooper said, husky.

"Me, too," Jim Lord took up, kind of reluctant.

"Let's go find a tree," Carl Swanson said in his soft voice. "Maybe Joe knows a good one," and Carl laughed.

The others following him close, Steve Heller shoved toward where Joe Blake stood, smoking his cigarette, and with Madge hanging onto his arm. But it was Ole Man Blue, his hand resting casual on the table alongside the *Clarion*, that Steve brought up against.

"Let's talk it over some," Ole Man Blue said, easy.

"We talked too much already," Steve hollered. "Step aside."

"You got all night to make Redwater safe for the women and kids," Ole Man Blue said. He jerked that newspaper aside and the six-gun jumped into his hand so fast none of that surprised party saw what it was until he covered them. "We'll talk some, first," Ole Man Blue observed, snapping his store teeth.

That took the steam out of their boilers. Shotguns and rifles aren't much good, close in, and Ole Man Blue had got the drop on them so fast none of those that packed six-guns had time to drag them clear.

"Quit that, Buck Hall," Ole Man Blue shrilled.

The logger named dropped his hand from his gun belt. About then those citizens of Redwater must have remembered the fighting buckaroo Ole Man Blue had been when he timber-cruised for the Big River outfit, for all of them kept their hands in front. It was real quiet for a minute, Klondyke McHenry's devildogs supplying the conversation meanwhile. That sinful frenzy of sound curdled the air.

"Do you think you can stop us, you wall-eyed hop-toad?" Steve Heller boiled, prancing mad.

"Well, I don't aim to hold you longer than's necessary to hammer a mite of sense into your heads," Ole Man Blue said.

"Don't crowd us too far," Carl Swanson warned. "We are apt to treat you rough when we take that gun away from you."

"Carl," Ole Man Blue answered, real affectionate, "nothing would pleasure me more than for you to try and take this gun away from me. I've always been right curious about the color of the innards of one Carl Swanson."

OLE MAN BLUE shoved the lamp back and laid one bony shank across a corner of the table, keeping his gun on those sullen-eyed hombres meanwhile. Joe Blake lit himself another cigarette, still cool, and Madge eased up and began to breathe natural. Whisky, Gin and Bitters curdled the air with their devil-howling for maybe a minute, then Ole Man Blue took the floor again.

"We'll take a look at the killing of Klondyke McHenry, first," he said. "On the 22nd of January, Klondyke McHenry and four other men played poker in the Swanson House. Around one o'clock he went home. Klondyke had five thousand dollars and some notes in his pocket. He'd been to the bank that afternoon, and forgot to put the money in his safe. Klondyke was right careless with his money. Next morning, Sarah Kline, his housekeeper, run for Luke Pixley. Klondyke was lying with his head bashed in, in front of his kennels. Them husky dogs was snarling over a buckskin glove."

"Joe Blake was one of them poker players," Ole Man Blue went on. "Klondyke held Joe's note for ten thousand dollars. Joe wanted him to renew, times being hard. Klondyke wouldn't because he wanted Joe's shingle-mill. That was the motive, Miles Otterhouse said, and the jury agreed. The evidence was this: Joe had ructioned with Klondyke about that note. When Klondyke was found, the money and the note weren't in his pocket where they had been. Also, Joe was seen coming away from Klondyke's place around two o'clock that

morning. According to Joe, he had followed McHenry from the poker game and banged on his front door, intending to argue that note business with him, but nobody answered, and he went home.

"Then there's the matter of that buckskin glove. Joe had bought himself a pair like it at Steve Heller's, but he said that particular glove weren't his. Luke Pixley searched Joe's room in the Swanson House and found one lone buckskin glove. It looked like the mate of the one them hounds was chewing. Luke said that was what it was, and that the hounds had grabbed the glove off of Joe's hand when he cracked McHenry, and that Joe couldn't get it away from them. Being on leash, the hounds couldn't get Joe. Sounded reasonable. But Joe contended the glove weren't his and that the mate to the one found in his room had been stolen by the killer to make folks believe it was the one them dogs was chewing. The jury believed Luke Pixley and Miles Otterhouse, instead of Joe. Which brings me to them other motives."

"What other motives?" Steve Heller bellowed.

"We didn't hear much about 'em in court," Ole Man Blue said, apologetic. "Well, there's Roy Bailey's motive—"

"What the devil are you talking about?" Roy shouted, crowding forward and shaking his glasses in the old fellow's face. "You'd better explain that statement, Mr. Blue!"

The latter person looked surprised. "Well, if half a million in cash money and timber, and a crackajack mill ain't motive—"

Roy turned white.

"You scoundrel! You have the nerve to accuse me of murdering my uncle—"

"I ain't accusing you, Mr. Bailey," Ole Man Blue said, innocent. "I'm just remarking that you had a motive."

Roy shut up quick. Maybe he felt that bunch of amateur justice-dispensers behind him and Steve and Carl wondering if this was the sort of business they ought to be in. Roy always ran with the wind. Ole Man Blue sat quiet for a minute, as if he wanted the notion to sink in.

"Then there was Carl Swanson's motive," he said.

"Oh, I had a motive?" Carl grinned, waving one fat hand.

"You sure had," Ole Man Blue answered. "Klondyke McHenry was thinking of building one of them slick hotels in Redwater. Somebody asked him what about the Swanson House. Klondyke said he'd run it out of business. That would have bust you flat, Carl."

Carl Swanson wobbled on his pins and went pale around the gills, and his voice, when he spoke, broke in the pipe.

"How'd you know—?" He stopped right there, and pulled his belly in, breathing hard. "That isn't a motive, you two-legged centipede."

"How'd I know?" Ole Man Blue said, letting his eyes run cold over Carl. "There ain't much around Redwater I don't know."

A couple of watch ticks slid by. The blood-whooping of those devil-dogs back of the lot blew through the shack like a freezing kind, stiffening the marrow.

"Why don't you get rid of those brutes?" Roy Bailey bust loose all at once. "They are a menace to the town."

"Your uncle was right fond of them," Ole Man Blue drawled. "Gin and Bitters is the worst. They killed a man in Alaska, Klon-

dyke told me. A man had went for their boss with a knife. They pulled him down and tore his throat out. It must have been right painful. Maybe that's why Klondyke wanted 'em. He had a notion that if anybody ever killed him, them dogs would know it. But I got Steve Heller's motive, yet."

Steve said nothing, but he looked dangerous standing there with the ceiling shadows on his red face and his hand clamped hard around the muzzle of his rifle.

"You put in a lot of time building up the Mercantile, didn't you, Steve?"

"Some."

"The banks sunk their hooks into you."



"Gosh, I must have overslept!"

Ain't that right? Then Klondyke bought your bank paper and made some cracks about freezing you out of the Mercantile and putting in a young squirt he knew in Frisco. Ain't that right, too?"

Steve Heller said nothing. He ran the tip of his tongue over his lips and the red in his cheeks mottled, but that's all.

"We've had enough of this tripe, Steve," Carl Swanson yelped, wabbling closer.

"Shut up, Carl," Jim Lord said, unexpected, from in back. "This is good. Speak your piece, Ole Man Blue."

"Shoot the works," Buck Hall chimed in. "I'm getting interested."

"Well, supposing Joe Blake didn't kill Klondyke McHenry," Ole Man Blue continued, scratching his chin.

Carl Swanson laughed, but nobody else did. Steve Heller looked about as emotional as a chunk of lava rock.

"Just supposing, Carl," the old fellow rambled on. "If Joe *didn't* kill Klondyke, that buckskin glove those hounds was chewing on the next morning wasn't his. That right?"

"Sure is," Jim Lord answered.

"Being so, the glove missing from Joe's room wasn't the glove them dogs was chewing on. Being so, the murderer of Klondyke McHenry swiped it from Joe's room before Luke got there. That right, Jim Lord?"

"Sounds right."

"Being so," Ole Man Blue rambled on, "the murderer had a couple of buckskin gloves to rid himself of—the mate to the one them dogs chewed off his hand, and the one he swiped from Joe's room in the Swanson House. Now, a couple of buckskin gloves ain't easy to get rid of. About all you can do with them is bury 'em. Well, yesterday, me and the hounds was walking in that stand of timber back of Roy Bailey's place, which used to be Klondyke McHenry's, when that toy pooch, Koko, went to scratching beneath a mesquite bush. That pup scratched like it got into a flea circus, and when I went to see what ailed it he was chewing on these."

Resting his gun casual along the slant of his leg, Ole Man Blue jerked open the drawer in the table on which he was sitting and took out a couple of buckskin gloves. Some dirt still clung to them, and the small teeth marks in the fingers were easy to see. Nobody said anything for a minute, but there was a lot of feeling brewing in Ole Man Blue's shack just then, and everybody felt it, including Klondyke McHenry's dogs, if their bellowing meant anything.

"I don't like your tone, Mr. Blue," Roy Bailey bust out, white, and shaking his glasses. "You say you found those gloves behind my house. Are you actually accusing me of killing my uncle?"

"I ain't accusing anybody, Mr. Bailey."

"Why didn't you open your trap about those gloves before?" Steve

Heller asked, speaking hard as steel biting rock.

"Well, I took 'em to Luke Pixley this morning—"

"That's a dirty lie," Carl Swanson squealed, wabbling some. "I saw Luke at noon—"

"Shut up," Jim Lord butted in. "What did Luke say?"

"He said them gloves was right interesting," Ole Man Blue answered. "He

said maybe there ought to be a new trial, and he'd talk to Miles Otterhouse."

Steve Heller laughed. So did Carl Swanson, his big belly wabbling.

"That's good," Steve bellowed. "Do any of you boys believe Luke Pixley said that? Hold your hand up if you believe Luke Pixley told Ole Man Blue there ought to be a new trial on account of this pair of gloves he bought down to the Mercantile."

Nobody held up his hand.

"Just the same," Jim Lord said, "we better call this party off and take Joe back to the pen."

Steve let loose at him. "A fine piece of a man you are! Two of the principal citizens of Redwater cut down in their boots, and you talk about taking the man that did it back to the jail he broke out of! What's got into this town? There's the lad that killed McHenry and Luke Pixley!" Steve, shouting mad, shook his fist at Joe. "He's still guilty, isn't he? Guilty as hell, too! If any of you hombres want to crawl out on your bellies, get going. We got a job of work to do!"

"I ain't finished yet," Ole Man Blue complained, before Steve's words could sink deep.

"What else you got?"

"Three witnesses, Steve."

"To what?"

"The killing of Klondyke McHenry," Ole Man Blue said, casual. "Their names is Whisky, Gin and Bitters."

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The shanty became awful quiet. Roy Bailey took off his glasses, wiped them, put them on again. Caleb Peters shifted his rope. Steve Heller stood with that marble look on his face. Joe Blake still drew slow on his cigarette, and Madge, still squeezing his arm, reached up on her toes, her eyes burning black, and drew a breath she didn't seem able to let go of.

EVERYBODY knew what Ole Man Blue was getting at. If they didn't, the howl of those devil-dogs soon told 'em. I've said those dogs were murder-mad and giving tongue to the most God-awful frenzy of crazy hate ever turned loose on Redwater. And so they were. The weight of their snarling hung like thin glue in Ole Man Blue's shack and turned those twenty men and one girl belly-sick.

"Those damned dogs——" Carl Swanson whimpered.

"Klondyke thought a lot of them hounds," Ole Man Blue drawled, hitching up his lopsided shoulder. "Being a man-killer himself, maybe he thought him and his dogs come from the same litter. But they are wolves, not dogs, them pups, and so was Klondyke McHenry. I told you about Gin and Bitters ripping the throat out of a man in Alaska. And you all knew Klondyke McHenry. He once said if anybody ever handed him his checks, them dogs would know it. I told you that, too." Ole Man Blue ran his eyes around that party. "Four men in Redwater had motives for killing McHenry. All of 'em is here. I'll name those citizens. Roy Bailey, Carl Swanson, Steve Heller and Joe Blake. I don't know which of them killed Klondyke," he said, slow, "but them dogs do."

"You pin-headed imbecile——" Roy Bailey started.

Jim Lord dug him in the ribs, then, and Roy flattened out. Jim is a husky lad, tough as wire; narrow-minded and serious, maybe, but chock full of good principles, and he packs a couple of wallops.

"They been telling us so, most of an hour," Ole Man Blue continued. "Listen to 'em." He stopped; then, "Is there anybody here don't believe them dogs know who killed Klondyke McHenry?"

"State your proposition," Jim Lord said.

"Well, there's been a lot of loose talk about turning the murderer of Klondyke McHenry over to them dogs. I don't know but what it ain't a good idea. Joe Blake, the chief suspect in this fracas, challenges Steve Heller, Carl Swanson and Roy Bailey to go with him to the kennels and free them dogs. Me and Joe's got a notion they'll tell us who killed Klondyke McHenry."

"Well, I, for one, will agree to no such nonsense!" Roy Bailey shrilled. "What right have you to tell us what we should do, you senile reprobate!"

"Me, too!" Carl Swanson squealed, the fat of him all churned up and white like lard. "I know those dogs——" Ole Man Blue caught his eye and Carl went quiet, the fear of God in him.

"How come, Steve?" Ole Man Blue cackled. "I'm offering you, free gratis, a chance to prove I'm a liar about them gloves."

Steve Heller took it quiet. "You are out of your jurisdiction, Ole Man Blue," he said, sarcastic. "Judge Patterson's court is good enough for me. However," and his voice reached up to its Fourth of July boom, "maybe we been too quick on the trigger. We'll take Joe Blake back to the jail, and let the law handle him."

"Not so fast, Steve," Jim Lord cut in, and shifted his rifle into the crook of his arm. "This proposition of Ole Man Blue's sounds reasonable and interesting. I've an idea them dogs'll do their stuff like old McHenry said."

"Well, I'm not in favor of giving them a chance!" Steve Heller roared, banging the butt of his rifle against the floor. "Neither is Roy Bailey or Carl Swanson, I take it. We'll drive Blake back to the pen——"

"Not yet we won't, Steve," Jim Lord announced, menacing, and poked the muzzle of his rifle into Steve Heller's back. "You're mighty reluctant to give Joe his break, ain't you? Them dogs won't hurt you or Roy or Carl, unless——" Jim Lord smiled casual.

"By God, Jim Lord——"

"Good enough, Buck," Jim said, sharp.

Quick as winking, Buck Hall had shoved the dirty end of his shotgun into Roy Bailey's ribs. Ole Man Blue covered Carl Swanson just as fast.

"I figured I could count on you boys," Ole Man Blue cackled.

"If you don't take that gun out of my back," Steve Heller said, hard and cold now, "you'll never do another lick of work in this town——" Roy Bailey's crazy-mad howl beat his voice down. "I won't go near those dogs! They are man-killers! I'll break you for this, Hall——" Carl Swanson squealed, "I didn't kill Klondyke McHenry! Honest to God, I didn't, Ole Man Blue! You aren't going to send me out to those wolves——"

"Wolves is right," Ole Man Blue said.

All three of them had folded up sudden, and if it hadn't been for the howling of Klondyke McHenry's devil-dogs you could have heard a grasshopper stub its toe. It was plain what Steve and Carl and Roy were thinking: aside from the murderer, nobody knew who had killed McHenry, and it'd be assumed that the lad who hollered the most was it.

"Anybody got anything more to say?" Ole Man Blue asked.

The other boys stayed neutral.

Roy Bailey opened his mouth, then shut it quick. Carl Swanson wobbled some and pulled his belly in and chewed his lips, the sweat rolling out of him. Steve Heller stood marble gray.

"Open that door, Joe," Ole Man Blue said, harsh. "We'll all go see them dogs."

Joe Blake pinched out his smoke, kind of grim, and Madge caught his arm tight. She looked white as a boiled shirt, and her eyes were black burning holes in her face; then Joe smiled at her tender and held her hard, and patted her shoulder. Madge's chin went up in a way that pulled your fool heart, and her eyes struck sparks on the gray marble of Steve Heller. Something she spoke to Joe made the color fire his cheeks.

Joe opened the back door.

"Seeing as I am the principal suspect," he said, cool as you please, "I'll unleash those dogs."

"Get going," Ole Man Blue said, meaning all of us.

Steve Heller and Carl Swanson and Roy Bailey followed Joe Blake through that door, three guns at their backs. Madge walked alongside Ole Man Blue. The rest of the party trailed behind. Steve and Carl carried their own guns loose under their arms.



CHARLES PHILIP CUSHING

A night photo of the statue of Abraham Lincoln, by James Earle Fraser, facing Hudson Boulevard in Jersey City, N. J.

Nobody said anything. Every man walked slow, and the nearer Joe Blake brought them to those dogs howling blue murder the slower they walked. Maybe they walked to the dead march tune those devil-dogs were making. Carl Swanson stopped once, shuddering, but went on again when Buck Hall prodded him with his shotgun. Madge walked like she was sick. Ole Man Blue had to put his arm around her. People walk that way to an execution.

Well, that's what it was.

Some of the boys had torches that splashed light all over Ole Man Blue's back lot. It was like walking on grave clothes.

All at once those dogs quit their howlings. They quit so sudden that funeral party hauled up dead. All but Joe Blake. Joe kept on, slow but steady. The quietness coming like that was worse than the racket the dogs had been making. It took those hombraes by the throat and squeezed the wind out of them. It made the horribleness that was coming on stand out clear and sharp before it had even begun. You could hear a couple of crickets chirping and Ole Man Blue snapping his store teeth, you could hear the redwoods swish, the dogs' chains rattle and Carl Swanson breathing hard through his teeth.

That was a bad minute.

Klondyke McHenry's dogs sat on their hams, their long chains tight, their tails still. You could see their red eyes, the murder in them, the bristle of their neck fur and their wicked black muzzles smoking and slashed white where the teeth showed. You felt the heat of them and the hate in them, and the killing lust that had come up from the time when dogs weren't dogs. And you thought of that party two of those killers had pulled down in Alaska, his throat ripped out and blood on the snow.

"You ain't going to free those killers," Carl Swanson whimpered, then shut up.

Joe!" Madge cried, praying maybe.

Joe kept on. Those dogs paid no more attention to him than if he hadn't been there.

And they didn't let a peep out of them, either. Joe walked past them to where their chains were hooked to a stake Ole Man Blue had sunk deep, unhooked the chains and stood up, careful not to rattle them, the chain ends in his hands. The dogs hadn't moved, still sat there with their snouts straight out and red murder in their eyes.

Joe Blake waited like that as if he hoped something would turn up to stop what was booked to occur. He looked at Madge, at Ole Man Blue, at Steve Heller. Nobody spoke. Nobody moved, except Steve Heller in shifting the rifle in the crook of his arm. Carl Swanson saw him make the move. Joe Blake dropped those chains.

"Take him, huskies," he said.

THOSE dogs knew they were loose the second Joe let go. They were in the air before their chains hit the ground, streaking through the yellow light like chunks of rock thrown from a blasting. Madge screamed. That party of Redwater citizens split three ways. Steve Heller jerked up his gun and fired. The slug hit Whisky fair in the chest and spun him head over hind. He didn't get up. Carl Swanson's shotgun banged and Bitters fell in a heap, his ribs blown in.

Somebody fired at Gin, the third dog. Missed. Three guns banged. All of them missed. Gin, who had done half that dirty work in Alaska, was cunning. He took his man from the side and he took him good and plenty. They went down together in that splash of light, the man howling for a minute and fighting terrible, then gurgling and quiet.

Madge screamed, "Kill that dog somebody!"

Jim Lord fired twice. Gin pawed a slew of dirt into Ole Man Blue's face, then twitched and shuddered and lay quiet across the chest of the man who had killed Klondyke McHenry. Jim Lord had to pry his jaws apart with the barrel of a forty-five before he could

break the dog's hold. It was too late then.

Steve Heller was dead.

Some while later, Ole Man Blue, brewing a pot of tea, said he thought he'd done a right smart trick with that pair of buckskin gloves Madge had given him for his last Christmas.

"You'll get a pair of the handsomest buckskin gloves that money can buy every Christmas from now on, Uncle Bill," Madge told him, serious but happy. "What would we have done without you?"

"Oh, I ain't the man I was," Ole Man Blue said, hitching up his lopsided shoulder.

"You must have been a world-beater," Joe grinned; then he looked thoughtful. "How come Steve Heller shot Luke Pixley, Uncle Bill?"

Ole Man Blue poured out three messes of his Chinese liquor.

"I'll tell you about Luke Pixley," he said, kind of queer. "When I come to Redwater thirty years ago I was deputy sheriff and I come looking for a hombre I'd never seen. Couple of years ago I found out that Luke was the hombre I'd come for. I didn't do anything about it until this evening when I went to see Luke about them gloves—"

"This morning, you told us," Madge cut in, sharp.

"I must have got it wrong then," Ole Man Blue said, cool as you please. "It was this evening I went. When I showed Luke them gloves I told him if he didn't fix a new trial for Joe Blake I'd have him sent up to Oregon for that payroll job he done in '98. Luke got mad and reached for his gun—"

"Ole Man Blue!" Joe Blake shouted sudden.

"That's the how of it," Ole Man Blue admitted, casual. "I started in to take the gun away from Luke and he up and shot himself accidental. I ain't the man I used to be. That's all, except I'll probably have Luke Pixley's dogs on my hands. If you and Madge was thinking of setting up yourselves, maybe you could use a couple of good hounds."

That Was the Team

(Continued from page 12)

played last year with the St. Louis Cardinals.' 'Coach,' I says, 'his home is in Grand Prairie, Texas, and he is a post-graduate, and what's more the St. Louis Cardinals ain't much.'

"But them fellers got three big-league players out there!" Coach yowled.

"That's right," I says. "They got a pitcher from St. Louis and a second baseman from Boston and a left-felder from New Orleans, and all of 'em was good when they played in Fort Worth, but in them big cities a country boy goes all to pieces. Now, you watch and see what happens." Just then a column of dust about four foot thick came whirling onto the field about half-way down to first base. Bald-face Scotty seen it and bunted the ball right into it. Nearly all our boys was good at playing them dust whirls; out our way you had to be; we couldn't stop for 'em like they do in the big leagues or nobody wouldn't never finish a game. Well, sir, that pitcher done just what I figgered he would do. Instead of reaching in with his foot and kicking the ball out like somebody with good sense he dived in and got hisself dern near choked. By the time he got the gravel out of his eyes Scotty was diving into second base.

"Tail-holt Hendricks come up with orders to slug. They called him Tail-holt because he run so slow, but he was a natural hitter. He slugged a fly out of left field, and that New Orleans feller started loping to get under it. Scotty hugged his base because it looked like the feller would sure catch it but just one hop short he ducked away and let it drop. That ought to been a home run because the right-field slopes down sharp out there toward the crick, but the dern ball got tangled in a bush and Tail-holt only made second base. Then

this here outfielder come a-running in and stopped the game till some of our boys went out and cleared away the little mess of snakes that had scared him off from making the catch. Well, sir, our boys like to laughed theihselves sick. Them wasn't biting snakes in the first place and even if they had been, snakes is asleep in December. Lord, how we did laugh at that feller! He wanted to fight, too, so Bald-face Scotty signed him on for after the game and then Spotty Jenkins came to bat. Now everybody wanted to hit to left field so Spotty done it on the first pitch. It was a clean single and Tail-holt came in with our second run. Spotty kind of sashayed on toward second just to draw a throw. The ball bounced into a clump of grass and out popped a rabbit and dern my hide if that New Orleans outfielder didn't get the jumps and let the ball go clean past him. To look at him you'd a thought nobody never seen a cottontail bunny rabbit on a baseball field before and he had mistook it for a mountain lion. I laughed till I just plumb got the whoops and couldn't stop. Spotty, hisself, was laughing till he couldn't hardly run. But the ball was headed good down-hill this time. The New Orleans feller recovered hisself and got it finally but when he turned around to throw it he couldn't see nobody to throw it to. Their shortstop had ought to gone far enough out so's his head would be in sight of a feller down by the crick bank but he didn't know that much country baseball. Before the ball come back Spotty got clean around to third and sat down to finish his laughing. Then Goose-neck come to bat and he had to knock one to left field, too. It was hard for him on account of being a lefty, and the ball didn't go very far, so the New Or-

leans feller got it. Spotty made like he was a-going to run for home and the New Orleans feller run in a little ways, threatening to throw . . . you know how they always do on that play. But derned if he didn't trip hisself on some bunch grass and fall down. Then Spotty sure enough did run home. Our crowd cut loose with their cheer that they always give when somebody was clumsy and fell down. It was just a kind of a good-natured joke yell that we give for our own boys, too. It went something like 'Razzle, dazzle, razzle dazzle. Sister you done been bumped.' But it made this feller sore. Right then and there he called it a day and come in rubbing hisself, and they sent out a boy that had played agin us before. 'Now, you see, Coach,' I says, 'what big cities and high living does. That there feller used to be the champeen left-felder of Fort Worth, and now he can't even stand up.'

"YEP," Coach says, 'you are mebbe right, but I am sorry for that feller. He has sure had a hard day.' But shucks, anybody that played our boys on their home grounds that year had let hisself in for a hard day.

"Our next two batters made outs and that ended our innings but still we had three runs in for a good start. Then Goose-neck pitched some more in-shoots that I don't see why Squee-gee didn't fall over backwards every time he stopped 'em. One of their boys accidentally hit one to Jud Pearsall at second, and it took a bad-hop on account of the ground there not being very smooth, but Jud fell on it. Any time he couldn't grab holt of 'em he laid down on 'em. He was sure a humdinger

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second baseman. The feller got to first safe but that was all. He died there. Then our boys come in to bat some more and Bud Hawkins . . . he was first up . . . says 'Let's see if that there second baseman of them can play. We ain't give him no try-out yet.' So Bud smacked one down to second, and the Boston feller got to stepping on his own feet and rassed it, best two out of three falls. He finally pinned it down but Bud was safe. Jim Street poked a easy one to second and that Boston feller waited for it. Well, sir, we had to laugh. You couldn't wait for no ball on them grounds. If you was ever a-going to play with it you had to go meet it. That ball just changed its mind after the third hop and went on over to first base. But Jim was there ahead of it. Then Squee-gee, he bunted to second base. This time the Boston feller got it. Then he set down kind of hard. Still he threwed the ball, and Squee-gee was out. It was a good sacrifice. That brought old Bald-face Scotty up again and he rammed one down to second that smoked on the way. The Boston feller was all set for it, and he might of made a double play but it hit a rock and went straight up in the air and he just stood there looking half-witted while Jim and Bud come home with two more runs. He didn't even try to fall on it or knock it down, like Jud would of done. The Fort Worth boys, you could see, was beginning to worry. They come in and put their heads together and talked and picked up little stones and tossed 'em off the field and milled around . . . they wasn't feeling so good. I thought they would mebbe change pitchers but they didn't. What they was a-doing was getting shut of that second baseman and he didn't want to go. He was gamer than the left-fielder. But they had a little feller from Jones County that had played country baseball and knowed how so they put him in and our boys give the Boston feller our good-bye yell. It went something like 'Razzle-dazzle, razzle-dazzle, good-bye, Dolly. You used to be snow-white but you done gone gray.'

"Well, I says to Coach, 'that's two of them post-graduate babies down. Only one left.' To tell you the truth I didn't think he'd last out the inning but he did. Tail-holt Hendricks struck out and come back to the bench talking to hisself. 'I don't know what's wrong with me,' he says. 'My eyes is acting funny.' Then Spotty Jenkins, he struck out. 'It's something funny about the way that ball looks,' he said. 'It kind of makes me blink my eyes.' That was three down; so Goose-neck went out to pitch and he says to me, 'I'm a-going to see what is funny about that ball.' But it wasn't the same ball. It was a good ball, all right, but not the same one. He started pitching and their first man knocked a fly out to Scotty in deep left . . . down in the lower part that the Fort Worth boys called the zoo. Jim Street run back from short to where he could see down there and signalled back that Scotty got it all right. Our crowd was a-yelling 'Hurrah for old Bald-face' when they noticed that the Fort Worth runner was still a-running. 'What's the matter with you?' Goose-neck asked him. 'Ain't your brakes working?' And he says: 'How do I know that ball was caught?' Well, for a while it looked like trouble. All the players come onto the infield. We had explained the ground rules before the game and all their third-base coach had to do was walk about fifteen feet to a little mound and he could of seen for hisself what happened anywhere in left field but he had forgot to do it. The boys jawed and dickered around till finally the umpire sent Judge Peters to that

there mound to be a special left-field umpire and wave his hat if the ball was missed or hold up both hands for a stop signal if it was ketched. That was a good idea, but then this here umpire went on and left the Fort Worth feller bat over again which was the beginning of all our trouble and give me my first start toward these here gray hairs. The boy smacked the next ball pitched clean over Scotty's head and it rolled all the way into the crick for a home run. Then the next feller knocked a single out to center field, and it got lost in the weeds so that was another home run. Goose-neck struck out the next batter but after that he got kinda wild and give two passes. Squee-gee come in and talked to him and he settled down and struck out another batter but I was a-getting nervous. I knowed Goose-neck. He is a left-hander . . . you don't need to say no more.

"THEIR little red-headed third baseman that generally couldn't of hit Goose-neck's inshoots with a barn door come up and fell into one so's it banged again the handle of his bat and bounced over back of third base for a two-bagger that let in another brace of runs. The next ball Goose-neck pitched hit the top board of the grandstand and bounced back all the way to first base. That settled him. He was losing control so Squee-gee come out from behind his mask and shinguards and went into pitch. Jim Street come in from third to catch and Goose-neck went to play third and rest up. The ground there is smooth as silk and a baby could play it.

"Squee-gee just about saved old Jack Rabbit University from the sheriff that inning. We always put him in to pitch right after Goose-neck because he had a slow ball that after he throwed it he could of walked behind it and wrote his name on the cover. Even over on the bench you could see the rows of stitches turn over while that fool ball loafed along. I never could understand how it got all the way to the plate unless Squee-gee blowed on it and helped it. Well, them Fort Worth boys swung till

around derned if you can hit it. It makes your eyes feel funny.' You mebbe know they done that in the big leagues for years before somebody got cranky and made 'em stop. Well, next inning we put Bald-face Scotty in to pitch because he throwed hard and that makes the shiny spot turn faster. Squee-gee went to third to rest and Goose-neck went to first because he was already rested and anyway he's a humdinger first baseman with them long legs of his'n.

"Well, their boys couldn't hit that shine ball no more'n ours so we slid through one inning after another. Everybody kept a-looking for dust whirls, hoping they might get a chance to bunt into one but the dern things kept a-veering off over right field. I never seen a worse day for playing dust whirls. We come clean on down to the ninth inning, still five and four, and I'm here to tell you by that time some of the old boys that had helped with the endowment was a-braiding their beards. We tried everything . . . pounding on the seats with pop bottles, and all the home-run yells, but nothing didn't do no good. When old Bald-face come up in the eighth the whole grandstand broke out with the yell that goes something like 'Razzle dazzle razzle dazzle here comes Scotty a-rearin' and a-tearin' and a-chewing on his bat.' But he struck out. So we went into the ninth with just that puny one run lead.

"But that was a inning! Sonny, folks are still a-talking about it. Scotty hadn't no more than wound up for his first pitch when three dust whirls come a-prancing onto the infield. The Fort Worth feller bunted smack into one and got to first by a eyelash. The next feller, he made me laugh, he was a-hopping up and down, he was in such a hurry to bat before that dust whirl got away. Well, he bunted at it and missed and Scotty throwed the other feller out at second which was smart baseball. One down and a man on first. And then derned if another dust whirl didn't come in right down near first. The next feller up batted at that one and got it, too, but Goose-neck reached in and hooked the ball out with his foot and beat the runner to the bag. Then he turned around with plenty time to get the runner on the way to second. Jim Street was on the bag waiting for the throw but just as Goose-neck drawed back his arm a streak of dust lifted up right in front of Jim. Goose-neck dasn't throw so he took out after the feller with that giraffe hop of his'n and that long neck a-stretching out and drawing in every lobe. There never was nobody could run like that feller. The Fort Worth boy didn't know no more'n a jay bird where in tarnation the ball was or what had happened back at first base. The way he figgered, I reckon, that ball had ought to been on its way to second base and if it wasn't it was mebbe lost in a prairie dog hole so he kept on a-going. For a second I figgered he had done committed suicide because Goose-neck would cut him down with a throw to third but when I looked . . . by jingoes! . . . there was another dust whirl in front of third and a whole hurricane blowing across home plate. Our boys was a-scrampering around on the edges trying to cut him off and yelling to Goose-neck to throw but he was right, he didn't dast. It was up to him and no other way out. I seen him measure the distance and when that boy took to picking up feet and putting 'em down you had to have a plumb good cow pony if you was a-going to avoid his company. The Fort Worth feller rounded third twenty foot ahead, but Goose-neck tagged him a good three foot in front of the plate and the Lord only knows how many



Morro Castle, entrance to San Juan Harbor, Porto Rico

they dern near broke their backs, and we come through the crisis with the score five to four. A one-run lead ain't much in country baseball, and I'm here to tell you everybody was a-biting their finger nails. What's more that St. Louis feller when he come to pitch brung along his trick ball. This time, though, old Goose-neck went out and looked at it. When he come back to the bench he says to me, 'Colonel, you go and get Mr. Smedley to give his boy the key to the hardware store and put that there boy on his bicycle and tell him to do dig me up a sheet of emery paper quick.' Well, that didn't take long, so then I watched Goose-neck rub a shiny spot on the side of all the balls. 'It's a good trick, Colonel,' he says to me. 'When it comes in with the spot a-whirling

chaws of tobacco was swallered in the grandstand. It was the only time in my life I ever seen a first baseman run a feller all the way round and cut him down at the plate. What's more, nobody but Goose-neck couldn't done it.

"Well, the game was over, and old Jack Rabbit University had won again, and just as soon's they got through chucking water on the ladies that had fainted in the grandstand we all stood up and give the yell in honor of the visitors that goes something like 'Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle, you done your best but you tangled with a wolf on his night to howl.' Then we all shook hands and called off them fights under the grandstand and went and had us a venison barbecue.

"Yes, sir, it was a great game; and a great team. And you know what our folks did? Soon as I collected the endowment money and paid off all the debts they wrote out some more notes and mortgages and scrip and built Prairie Dog Hall. They had got so used to Jack Rabbit University paper cluttering up the place that they was lonesome without it."

From Ashdour to Astor

(Continued from page 9)

Government, or its laws or general policy." To all of which Mr. Cass made no reply.

Small wonder then that by 1834 Astor's annual profits were running close to a million. A rich return indeed on the investment, and great was the surprise when John Jacob suddenly announced that he was going to dissolve the American Fur Company and get out of the business. Two years before, however, the silk hat had been invented, and the shrewd old man realized that the cheaper material meant the doom of beaver headgear. By 1837, as he had foreseen, the slump had hit the West—beaver pelts dropped from six dollars to one—and Kit Carson and his fellow trappers cursed the change and bellowed wrathfully that "hell was full of high silk hats." The last rendezvous on the banks of the Green was held in 1839, and the Mountain Men, draining a farewell tin cup of whiskey to the glories of the past, faded into the sunset.

There was still another reason other than diminishing receipts at the back of John Jacob's mind. He was now the richest man in the United States, a great banker and a mighty landowner, and not alone was the fur business "small potatoes" compared to his other enormous holdings, but there was the feeling that it lacked dignity. All right for him to have been a fur trader in the beginning, but it was no fit occupation for the friend of presidents, the employer of senators and "the landlord of New York."

LAND, after all, was really the great Astor passion, doubtless an inheritance from his landless ancestors, and from the first he had put his money into real estate. As far back as 1789, he bought two lots on the Bowery Lane, paying \$625, and as he prospered, he bought more. Not lots only, but also farms and pasture land on the outskirts of New York, for with the vision that always marked him, he saw the arrival of thousands of immigrants from the Old World, the growth and wealth that was to come to the city. Some part of his holdings were honest purchases, but generally this land came to him through the foreclosure of mortgages. The chief stockholder in four banks, John Jacob was able to keep accurate track of the financial condition of his fellow citizens, and he used this knowledge shrewdly and ruthlessly.

The Eden farm, covering the stretch that now centers about Forty-second Street and Broadway, was taken over by him for \$25,000. To-day it is worth \$50,000,000. In the same manner he obtained possession of the Cosine farm, an acreage extending along Broadway

(Continued on page 48)

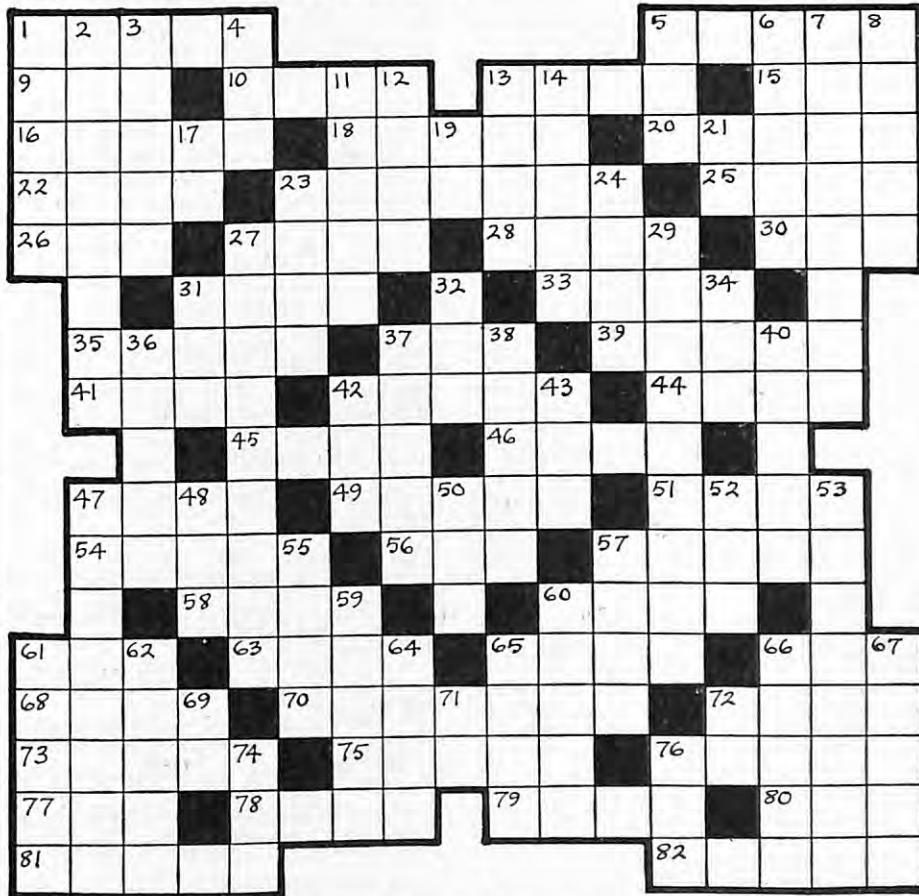
Cross-Word Puzzle

By Woodrow Lane, Charleston, S. C.

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: Mrs. W. L. Barker, Cresco, Ia.; Robert I. and Frank H. Clark, Derry Village, N. H.; Mrs. Florence B. Hatch, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Marion Leclair, Burlington, Vt.; and Millie Storey, Vancouver, Wash.



Across

- 1—Ditches around castles
- 5—Tops
- 9—Liable
- 10—European mountains
- 13—Sport
- 15—Negative
- 16—Shift
- 18—A mammal allied to the monkey
- 20—Scope
- 22—Stuff
- 23—Sailor
- 25—Wise
- 26—Possesses
- 27—Evergreen tree
- 28—Jagged knot
- 30—Guided
- 31—Companion
- 33—Measure of land
- 35—Likeness
- 37—Resinous substance
- 39—Weird
- 41—Symmetrical mountain peak
- 42—Artificial water course
- 44—Nobleman
- 45—Absent
- 46—Pound
- 47—English college
- 49—Fit again
- 51—To the inside of
- 54—Oral cavity
- 56—Propel
- 57—Expression of scorn
- 58—Large plant

- 60—Boy attendant
- 61—Anglo-Saxon money of account
- 63—Period of time
- 65—Male descendants
- 66—Past
- 68—Post
- 70—Emptied
- 72—Slipped
- 73—Ostentation
- 75—Vessels to heat liquids
- 76—Musical instrument
- 77—Word of command to a horse
- 78—Military officer
- 79—Funeral pile
- 80—Deface
- 81—Snake
- 82—Implements

- 23—Anything very small
- 24—Speed contest
- 27—Elaborate display
- 29—Salutations
- 31—Human being
- 32—Instrument for cooling
- 34—Epoch
- 36—Maxim
- 37—One thickness upon another
- 38—Room in a ship
- 40—Angry
- 42—Vehicle
- 43—Permit
- 47—Comprised
- 48—Not in
- 50—Merriment
- 52—Born
- 53—Not copied
- 55—Regard with care
- 57—Small particles of rock
- 59—Having ears
- 60—Metrical composition
- 61—Last letter of the Greek alphabet
- 62—Troubled
- 64—Ratio
- 65—Break
- 66—Poplar
- 67—Scents
- 69—Sixth note of the scale
- 71—Into
- 72—Seventh note of the scale
- 74—Thick, black substance
- 76—Favorite

Down

- 1—To tramp
- 2—Pertaining to opera
- 3—Collection of maps
- 4—Speak
- 5—Pronoun
- 6—Record of a single year
- 7—Irregular, comic verse
- 8—Spirited horse
- 11—Level surface
- 12—Withered
- 13—Firearms
- 14—Place of public contest
- 17—Exist
- 19—Third note of the scale
- 21—Like

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 62

(Continued from page 47)

from Fifty-third to Fifty-seventh, and westward to the Hudson River. He foreclosed a mortgage for \$23,000, and the property to-day is worth that many millions. Governor Clinton's heir, falling into difficulties, thought himself lucky to save one-third of his Greenwich Village estate. The other two-thirds, going to Astor, now pays the estate an annual income of \$1,000,000.

Here and there, as one studies the Astor record, the sinister figure of Aaron Burr is dimly seen, moving stealthily in the background. Burr, by threat of a legislative investigation into the income of Trinity Church, secured the transfer of an immensely valuable lease, but coming on evil days, found himself forced to deed it over to Astor. Out of it the banker made millions to Burr's thousands, but dapper Aaron only smiled and rooted until he found another scheme that promised profit.

IT TURNED up in connection with the Morris estate, a fifty thousand acre tract in Putnam county, up the Hudson. The Morrisses, rampant Tories, quit the country during the Revolution, and their property, forfeited, was sold in small parcels by the State of New York. No taint attached to the title at the time, but Burr, in the course of his snooping, discovered that Roger and Mary Morris, supposedly owners in fee simple, possessed only a life interest, and that the land really belonged to their heirs. Going to Astor, he acquainted him with the situation, and John Jacob, for the sum of \$100,000, bought the claims of these heirs, and instituted suit for the recovery of the fifty thousand acres, now cut up into some seven hundred farms, and occupied by several thousand people.

A roar of rage went up, not only from the poor farmers who suddenly faced eviction and poverty, but from the entire State, and the commonwealth fought the case with every resource in its power, even employing such distinguished counsel as Daniel Webster and Martin Van Buren. Legalistic courts, however, upheld Astor, and in the end New York was forced to compromise, paying over a sum in the neighborhood of half a million. With that amount to add to his fortune, what did it matter that the people cursed him?

The avarice of the man was in the nature of madness. During the panic of 1837, when the very fate of the nation hung in the balance, he was without other concern than to take full

advantage of every distress, and it is recorded that he foreclosed more than sixty mortgages. Having bought, he rarely sold, for from Germany he had imported the idea of twenty-one year leases. It was up to the tenant to develop the land and erect buildings, and at the end of the lease, it was the Astor policy not to renew, but to rent the lot and improvements to another tenant at a higher figure. A worthy helper stood at John Jacob's side, for his son and heir, William Backhouse Astor, for all his dull, inert look, had much the same rapacity where money was involved. Left a half-million by his uncle, Heinrich the butcher, William had made \$5,000,000 in his own right by following his father's example in the matter of foreclosures.

Every year saw the Astor rents go higher with less and less being done for the tenants. Where once he had enjoyed respect and liking, he was now hated and despised, but public loathing had no power to batter down the wall of gold that shut him off from humanity. Time, however, was an enemy that could not be denied. At the last he took his nourishment from a woman's breast, and for exercise his attendants tossed him gently in a blanket several times a day. Still, with incredible tenacity, he hung to life, and still an insatiate greed convulsed him. Parton, in his life of John Jacob Astor, relates the following conversation between the octogenarian and one of his rent collectors:

One morning this gentleman chanced to enter the room when he was enjoying his blanket exercise. The old man cried out from the middle of the blanket:

"Has Mrs. Blank paid that rent yet?"

"No," replied the agent.

"Well, but she must pay it," said the poor old man.

"Mr. Astor," rejoined the agent, "but she can't pay it now; she has had misfortunes and we must give her time."

"No, no," said Astor. "I tell you she can pay it, and she will pay it. You don't go the right way to work with her."

The agent took leave, and mentioned the anxiety of the old man with regard to this unpaid rent to his son, who counted out the requisite sum, and told the agent to give it to the old man as if he had received it from the tenant.

"There," exclaimed Mr. Astor, when he received the money. "I told you that she would pay if you went the right way to work with her."

The end came finally on March 29, 1848, when he was in his eighty-fifth year. The bulk of his \$30,000,000 fortune, colossal for the time, went to his son, these being the extent of his

gifts to charity: the sum of \$400,000 for a library, \$30,000 for an Aged Ladies' Home, and \$30,000 to the German society of New York, and \$50,000 to found a poorhouse in his native Waldorf. James Gordon Bennett, writing in the *Herald* under date of April 5, voiced the sentiment of the country in the following editorial:

"We give in our columns an authentic copy of one of the greatest curiosities of the age—the will of John Jacob Astor, disposing of property amounting to about twenty million dollars, among his various descendants of the first, second, third, and fourth degrees. . . . If we had been an associate of John Jacob Astor . . . the first idea that we should have put into his head would have been that one-half of his immense property—ten millions, at least—belongs to the people of the city of New York. During the last fifty years of the life of John Jacob Astor, his property had been augmented and increased in value by the aggregate intelligence, industry, enterprise, and commerce of New York, fully to the amount of one-half its value. The farms and lots of ground which he bought forty, twenty, and ten and five years ago, have all increased in value entirely by the industry of the citizens of New York. Of course, it is plain as that two and two make four, that the half of the immense estate, in its actual value, has accrued to him by the industry of the community."

HIS other epitaph was this item: "He (Astor) added immensely to his riches by purchases of state stocks, bonds and mortgages in the financial crisis of 1836-1837. He was a willing purchaser of mortgages from needy holders at less than the face, and when they became due, he foreclosed on them, and purchased the mortgaged property at the ruinous prices which ranged at the time."

So died the richest man of his day, and but for his love of money, one who might have been a great man. William B. Astor, carrying on where his father left off, bought lots and farms and pasture land, and continued the practice of leasing, so that at his death in 1875, the Astor fortune had mounted to \$100,000,000. What it is to-day, nobody knows exactly.

This is the first of a series of four articles by Mr. Creel on America's multi-millionaires. The next will deal with Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Under Northern Stars

(Continued from page 24)

"And after that there's the governorship," he grinned. "And someone has to be president."

Angrily, Molly turned and walked out of the room.

CHAPTER XII

MOLLY was profoundly shocked to learn that her rescuer was an outlaw and a murderer. Not for a moment did she doubt that he was Webb Barnett. Steve Walsh himself could not have been more sure of it. She did not blame Steve. He was only doing his duty. If he had given way to her wishes she would later have despised him for it.

But her own position was different. She had a debt to pay and meant to discharge it if she possibly could. Infamous though this prisoner was, she had to find a way of freedom for him. If she could do that she would be through with him. It would not matter then if he were recaptured later.

After leaving the living-room Molly had talked with her father again. He would give her no more help. Whatever she did would have to be done on her own. Moreover, it must be something that involved no harm to

Steve. For she did not intend to sacrifice his life in assisting a criminal to escape.

Impatiently she paced the floor. There must be some way, if she could think of it. Steve would be hard to fool, for he would watch his prisoner as a cat does a mouse.

The sheriff and his prisoner were in her brother Bob's room. Molly had heard him tell Taylor he would be obliged to tie him to the bed, and the Southerner had advised him ironically not to trust a rope.

In the next room Steve was moving to and fro making his preparations for the night. The muffled sound of voices reached her. Presently the window was thrown up. She listened to the creaking of the sheriff's cot as he settled in it. After that there was silence.

That open window! From it Molly's plan germinated fast. It might not work. Steve was a light sleeper. If he woke too soon it would mean failure. But she had to take a long chance.

Swiftly Molly slipped into a pair of Levis. She put on a flannel shirt and soft-soled moccasins. From a drawer of her dressing table she took a sharp-bladed pocket-knife. Impatiently she looked at her wrist-watch. She must allow time for everybody to settle down to sleep.

Half an hour later she stole from her room and downstairs. She opened the front door and crossed to the stable. Buck Timmins would be sleeping in the little bedroom adjoining the hayloft, but it was not likely she would waken him. The difficulty of arousing him was a family joke.

The baldfaced sorrel was in the third stall. She dared not light a lantern and had to put his bridle on in the darkness, feeling her way along the animal's head and nose with deft fingers. Then she found a blanket and saddle. More than once, before she tightened the cinch, she stopped to make sure Buck was not stirring.

The crunch of the snow beneath the horse's hoofs as she led the sorrel to the willows back of the root house set her heart fluttering. With a slip knot she tied the C O horse to a young tree.

Noiselessly she slipped through the darkness to the cottonwood in front of Bob's room. It was a short-trunked one with spreading limbs. She threw the end of a rope over the lowest branch, went up it hand over hand, and swung a leg lithely up to get support. From one bough to another she moved carefully, edging far out on the one leading to the house. Gingerly she reached for the ledge with one

hand and a knee. A moment later she was crouched on it, scarce daring to breathe as she listened through the open window.

An inch at a time, with infinite caution, her body passed into the room. She waited by the window what seemed to her a long time. It was necessary to creep forward silently. If she pushed against a chair her enterprise was doomed. Very gently, hands and feet groped in the darkness. A floor board sounded. She stopped, in a panic of fear. An outstretched hand touched a blanket.

If the prisoner should cry out or speak! That she had to risk. Her fingers traveled along the blanket and came to a chin. One of them, the forefinger, dropped warningly on the lips above. The head nodded understandingly.

That gesture thrilled her. He was awake and knew what she was trying to do. Once more they were partners in a desperate adventure.

From a pocket of her Levis she drew the knife and slowly opened it. Her hand searched beneath the blankets and found a rope. She severed it. Presently she had cut hands and feet free.

The man on the cot stirred restlessly. Molly waited, terror in her throat. He settled back to stillness.

TAYLOR'S hand felt for the knife. She gave it to him and was aware of his movements as he worked with it on the rope. Slowly he drew back the blanket and raised his body. The bed creaked.

A sharp voice from the cot made staccato demand. "What are you doing?"

To Molly it seemed that the Southerner's body uncoiled like a released spring. It plunged across the room and hurled back the sheriff as he was rising from the cot. The girl heard the sounds of deep breathing, of the two threshing in struggle, of a crash of heavy bodies.

A voice ordered harshly, "Turn on the light."

Molly did so. Walsh lay lax on the floor. The other man released him and rose. Both were fully dressed except for coats and shoes.

"I'll have to tie him," the Texan said. "And gag him."

"You haven't killed him?" Molly asked, horror in her eyes.

"No. Don't think so. He struck his head as he went down." Taylor drew a handkerchief from his pocket, folded it, and fitted it into the mouth of the sheriff as a gag. With a piece of rope he tied this into place so that it could not easily be worked out.

After he had secured the feet of the officer Taylor rose. He put on his coat and his boots. "Where from here?" he asked Molly.

"I'll show you," the girl said. "This way."

She stopped before reaching the door. The eyes of the sheriff had opened and were watching her.

"Can you breathe all right, Steve?" she asked in a low voice, kneeling beside him.

He nodded.

"I'll see you're freed just as soon as I dare," she promised, and she put her handkerchief beneath the back of his head where the blood was trickling through the curls.

This done, she led the way into the passage and downstairs.

CHAPTER XIII

MOLLY had saved him. Strangely, that was what lifted his spirit as he followed her through the snow, the fact that it was through her he had won freedom. The freedom itself was a lesser cause for gladness.

Back of the root house she stopped. "Here's your horse," she said, in a still cold voice. "You'd better go to Seven Mile Camp. There's nobody there now. You can help yourself to food. After that.—"

"—I can go to the devil my own way," he interrupted.

"For all I care," she answered.

In her eyes there was a passion of contempt for him. Beneath the stars he saw the rise and fall of her slender bosom, and he knew she was emotionally keyed up. He guessed that she hated herself for what she had done for him, that she was daring him to believe there could be any reason for it other than the obligation of the debt she had felt impelled to pay.

"It wouldn't be any use, would it, to tell you I've had a bad break and am not as bad as I seem? You'd know I was lying?"

"No use," she flung back fiercely. "I know what you are. Thank God, I'll never have to see you again after to-night."

It burst from her almost like a cry. But it did not sound like one of thanksgiving.

"Since all debts are paid," he suggested.

"Yes."

"But you had to do it."

"Because I'm a fool," she admitted in a wail.

"Because I couldn't let Steve arrest you when I owed you so much."

For a long moment he said nothing. He did not move. His eyes burned into hers. In her bosom a hot excitement kindled. Something wild and primitive fluttered in her heart.

"So that's all," he said.

Her answer came, dry as a whisper. "Yes."

A wave of emotion crashed through him.

He said, with his bitter sardonic smile, "I'm a man beyond the pale . . . if I'm a man at all to you, and not just a hunted wild beast."

"An outlaw and a killer," she reminded him in bleak despair.

"Not even human."

She shivered, not speaking, since she didn't dare to trust her voice. All the passionate resentment had died and passed out of her. In every fibre of her being she longed to have him draw her into his arms, and yet within her a faint bell rang a protesting warning. She mustn't stay here. She must go . . . now. Before . . .

And then they were in each other's arms. Her lips trembled to his. Body clung to body in a mad sweet intimacy. The repressed emotions of many hours fused for one pulsing minute.

She pushed herself from him, savagely. "Go . . . go!" she cried.

The fugitive swung to the saddle and held a tight rein as the horse protested. He guided the animal close to her and looked down.

"I'll never forget," he said hoarsely. "Never."

She stumbled through the snow in a mist of tears, whipping herself with her own self-scorn. All the time she had been lying, to herself, to her father, to Steve, to the prisoner. She had pretended, had even made herself believe that some tie of honor bound her to the man and that to do less than save him would be ingratitude. Whereas, what she had wanted in her wild and wicked heart, was to help him escape because she had fallen in love with him. She had gone with keen-edged passion into the arms of a man whom she knew to be a villain.

Even while she lashed herself for her folly she knew that she did not regret saving him. If it had been necessary to do it over again, she would have done the same.

Quietly she slipped upstairs and into the room where she had left the sheriff. To attract attention he was drumming with his feet on the floor. At sight of her he stopped.

First she removed the gag, then cut his bonds.

"Are you much hurt?" she asked.

"I'll have a headache for a while. That's all. I suppose our friend has lit out?"

Color streamed into her cheeks. "Is he your friend? I hope I'll never see him again," she cried passionately.

"I hope I do," he differed dryly.

"If you do, I'll never interfere again."

"I'll take care of that," he assured her.

"I've evened the score with him," she explained, and passed to another subject.

"I'm going to wash your wound and bathe it with an antiseptic. Then I'm going to tie a towel around your head. I hope you'll be able to sleep."

"I never could sleep much on horseback," he laughed.

"Can't you wait till morning, Steve?"

"No. I forgot to mention to you that I'm sheriff of this county and a prisoner of mine has escaped. I'll be right busy trying to recapture him."

"There's no use going out now . . . in the night," she urged. "I'm not thinking about him, Steve. Truly I'm not. He's got away, for the present, anyhow. I'm thinking about you."

Very gently she washed the wound. The touch of her fingers was like velvet.

"The beggar took my gun with him," Steve said, grinning ruefully. "I'll have to borrow one from Clint. This is going to give my rep an awful jolt, Molly. That portrait of a brave and fearless officer will look smudged."

"I oughtn't to have said that," she admitted impetuously. "You were doing right, Steve. I knew that all the time. It's pretty rough on you, to lose your prisoner and get a broken head too. Excuse me a minute. I want to go to my room for some iodine."

She was not gone half a minute, but when she returned her father was in the room with Walsh.

"Thought I heard a noise up here, like some-one drumming," Prescott was saying, his keen eyes sweeping the room. "Where's your prisoner . . . under the bed?"

Before the sheriff answered he stooped, picked up a pocket knife, closed it, and put it carelessly in his pocket. "He's taking a *pause*, Clint."

The ranchman read signs: a bloodstained towel, bits of cut rope, a wadded handkerchief that had been a gag.

"He knocked you cold and lit out?"

"Right, first grab out of the bag." By way of explanation Walsh added: "Molly heard the row and came to the rescue, in time to give me first aid."

The girl's father looked at her, then back at the sheriff. "You were some careless, Steve, looks like."

"I'll say I was," he agreed, with emphasis.

There was a good deal about this Prescott did not understand, but he meant to find out.

"When you heard a noise in this room why didn't you call me?" Clint demanded brusquely of his daughter.

"She probably thought we were just dropping our boots," Walsh suggested easily. "Getting ready for bed."

"I didn't ask you, Steve. I asked Molly."

"No use, Steve," the girl said quietly. "We'll have to tell Dad."

"I'm not a plumb fool," the owner of the Quartercircle X Y announced. "That story of yours wouldn't get by with a tenderfoot. I am to know the facts."

Molly looked at her father, chin up. Into her cheeks the hot color poured.

"I did it," she explained. "I came in by the window and cut the rope that tied this Taylor."

"You damned little wildcat," her father roared. "Haven't you got any sense a-tall?"

"I told you I'd help him if you wouldn't," she defended.

(Continued on page 50)



A native hut in the hills, Porto Rico

Continued from page 49

Prescott slammed down on the table a fist that made it dance. "I never saw your beat for butting in to other folks' business. If you were a boy I'd wear you to a frazzle with a willow. You act like you're crazy. Before you get through you'll have this whole country talking about you."

He stopped, from the sheer inadequacy of words.

"Hold your horses, Clint," advised Walsh calmly. "Who's going to know that Molly was in this unless you go and shout it out to everybody? In the first place nobody outside of us three knows I had arrested Barnett. So they can't know he escaped, unless you want to broadcast it. There's no great harm done."

"Except that you've got a broken head and lost a prisoner who would have brought you a lot of glory."

"My broken head will mend, and I haven't lost a prisoner but mislaid him for a while."

"You're a white man, Steve. I'll say that." Prescott spoke with fervor. "It's more than this little fool deserves."

Walsh glanced at Molly and smiled. "How do we know what she deserves, Clint? You don't reckon she enjoyed climbing up here and doing what she did. She figured she owed it to this man. We all make mistakes, but we don't all make ours on the side of generosity."

"I think you're a peach, Steve," Molly cried, and bit her lip to keep back tears. "I daresay I was a fool. I know I was."

"I've got work to do, Clint," the sheriff said briskly. "Before any of your boys get up in the morning and mill all over his tracks I want to find out which way he went. Can you get one of the boys to saddle my Buck? But first off, we want to agree on our story. How would this do? We heard a description of Webb Barnett over the radio. Later on, it came to me that this fellow Taylor was the guy they were advertising for. I started to arrest him, but he saw me coming, slammed me on the bean with the barrel of his gun, and lit a shuck out of here. Does that look reasonable?"

"I don't see anything wrong with it," Prescott admitted.

"Steve ought not to go out to-night," Molly insisted. "He might catch cold and get pneumonia or something."

"You're getting mighty considerate of him," her father said with heavy sarcasm. "But you're right at that. Tell you what I'll do, Steve. I'll slap a saddle on Black Bart and have a look-see my ownself instead of you. It won't be easy to find which way this fellow went, because the boys have been breaking trail all day in about forty directions looking after our stock. But I'll do my best. After we know where he's heading for, if we find out, I'll drop out and let you carry on. That's fair enough."

Walsh knew that what Prescott said was good sense. The blow on the head had left him pretty wobbly on his feet.

"All right. I'll go to bed if you'll report to me as soon as you find out anything," he consented.

The ranchman went to his room and dressed. Molly met him as he came out into the hall. "Let me go with you please, Dad," she begged.

"What for?"

"You need someone for company. The boys are all tired, and I can't sleep anyhow. I'm too excited and nervous. I'd love to ride with you. Maybe I could help."

He guessed that this was her gesture of repentance and his heart softened to her.

"All right. Come along. You can turn back and come home when you've had enough."

Prescott put a flashlight in his pocket. They walked to the stable and he saddled two horses.

"Chances are this fellow will strike for a main-traveled road, figuring he may be able to get out of the country now the telephone wires are down," the ranchman said. "I'd guess he's heading for Tincup or Meridian. Which way did he start?"

"I didn't see him go," Molly answered, hating herself for playing the rôle into which she had been forced. She had promised not to interfere again, yet she had come along to make sure Clint took the wrong trail and to blot out if possible the right one.

"Just where did you leave him?" Prescott asked.

"Must have been about here," she said.

His flashlight showed him the snow cut up by the tracks of a dozen horses and men. Nothing could be learned here.

"We'll push toward the main road," he decided. "Farther we get from the ranch the fewer tracks there will be. We'll ride along the road, see where he strikes it, and find out whether he's turned toward Tincup or toward Meridian."

"Yes," assented Molly.

Early she lagged. Twice her father turned to rejoin her.

"No sense in your going along if you're fagged, Molly," he told her.

"I guess I am, Dad," she admitted.

"Shag along home, girl, and get to bed," her father said. "You go to sleep and forget your worries, child."

HE WAS a little surprised. It was not like Molly to give up so readily any undertaking she had started. He would have been astonished to see how instantly the weariness disappeared as soon as the darkness had swallowed her.

Gypsy discovered that his mistress was full of energy. He moved down the hill at a fast road gait.

Molly churned up the tracks back of the root house and crossed to the trail to Seven Mile Camp made by Steve Walsh's rescue party. Several times she rode back and forth between the house and the creek, to make sure the prints of the C O horse were obliterated. This done, she crossed the stream and followed the path that had been plowed up the slope. For more than a mile the pony wound back and forth along the twisting brook. Molly had done all she could, since she had to reach the stable before her father. She turned and headed for home.

She slipped unnoticed into the dark house and up to her own room.

Without turning on the light she undressed and went to bed. As she nestled to the pillow she realized that one thing she had told her father was true now even if it had not been then. She was tired.

But her mind was still active. She did not find it easy to go to sleep. Thoughts chased one another through her mind.

She despised herself for having broken trust with her father and with Steve after she had promised in good faith not to interfere again. Why had she done it? Was she so lost to any sense of decency that nothing counted but her unbridled feeling for this scoundrel?

Well, she was through now. She would never see this hunted bandit again. He would be out of her life and out of her thoughts. She would discipline herself. To begin with she would count sheep and go to sleep.

One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . How under the stars, with a little rustling sound, her body had swayed toward him and she had found herself. . . . No. . . . No. . . . six . . . seven . . . eight . . . nine . . . ten. . . . He was out of her life. . . . His kisses stung her lips. She felt her body clinging to his in an embrace tumultuously rapturous.

Molly groaned. What was the use of saying he was out of her life since her thoughts, whenever she unleashed them, turned to him like steel filings to a magnet? That love might be a devastating and destructive force came as a revelation. It was a revelation in which she exulted even while it shocked.

He had said he would never forget. The words had come from him as though driven by some inner compulsion. Surely he had meant them. Evil though he was, there was

in him a kind of stark sincerity. Even bad men could not be all bad.

It was strange, but even now, when she knew what he had done, some queer insurgent corner of her brain refused wholly to condemn him. The crime he had committed seemed so inconsistent with the quality of the man.

There burned in this Webb Barnett who called himself Jeb Taylor the dynamic spark of self-respect that denied complete baseness. Truth abode in him somewhere.

And he had promised never to forget. Neither would she. Not ever

CHAPTER XIV

TAYLOR did not know how long a start he had. It would depend upon how soon Walsh picked up his trail. The sheriff would probably expect him to strike for a main road and head north, on the theory that he would try to get out of the country before the telephone wires were up again. This would be a long shot. Within twenty-four hours at most trouble hunters might be expected to have the lines repaired. If so, a man wanted by the officers could not easily slip past them.

The hunch of the fugitive was to cut back south for fifty miles or more, then push west into Idaho. He had an impression that not so far north the storm had been much less severe, in which case travel ought to be easier.

At Seven Mile Camp he stocked up with provisions. He was likely to be for some days in a thinly settled country, and he wanted to see as few of the inhabitants as possible. His best chance to escape was to disappear in the wilderness and leave no witnesses to his going.

His guess about the storm had been a good one. The depth of the snow decreased as the sorrel left the miles behind him. He came to a country where only patches of it showed.

After a few hours Taylor made camp in a draw dotted with pine trees. He picketed the sorrel, lit a fire, and rolled up in his blankets. When he awakened, the sun was up.

He cooked and ate breakfast, saddled, packed, and was on his way.

Swinging out from the draw into the open, Taylor came face to face with two men. They were moving toward him but were still fifty or sixty yards distant. As they came closer he took stock of them.

One was a big, rangy fellow in the costume of a cowman. He had a hard, gross face both rapacious and cruel. It told of dissipation, but not of weakness. The opaque eyes were cold and black as jade.

His companion was of medium height and so thin that the hardpacked flesh of his body made a scant covering for the bones. The chalky eyes were shallow and shifty, the chin weak, the teeth broken and soiled.

Before the men pulled up their mounts Taylor knew this meeting was significant. With no word yet spoken, the Texan felt himself threatened. He observed that the big man shifted his hands on the rifle lying across the saddle in front of him so that it would be ready for instant action.

"Got you," the thin man yelled jubilantly with an oath, at the same time flashing a revolver. "Stick up yore hands."

Taylor let his two hands rest on the horn of the saddle. "I don't get the idea, gentlemen. Is this a hold-up?" he inquired quietly.

"Don't make any break, fellow, unless you want to get pumped full of lead," the big man scowled, with an ugly rasp to his voice.

"Wouldn't think of it," the Southerner replied. "Maybe after a while you'll let me know what it's all about."

"You know damn well what it's about," the rangy cowman said savagely. "Frisk him, Ed. Get his guns from him."

"Where did you get that horse?" Ed asked, shallow eyes gleaming with triumph.

"Oh, this horse," the fugitive answered with a manner of relief. "I'll tell you about that."

"You'll tell us after Ed has collected your hardware," the man with the rifle said dog-

matically. "Don't forget I've got you covered. If you bat an eye . . ."

Taylor sat motionlessly while the smaller man relieved him of his revolver.

"Only one gun, Clem," the searcher announced.

So this was Clem Oakland and one of his gang. That he was in a jam, Taylor knew. He had to talk himself out of his predicament. For these customers were more likely to dry gulch him than wait for the law to punish.

"He called you Clem," Taylor said. "Are you Clem Oakland?"

"You've said it."

"And I'm Ed Flannigan," the smaller man said, with an evil grin. "If that means anything to you."

Taylor spoke to Oakland quietly. "You're the man I was looking for."

"Yeah?" Oakland laughed, a ring of cruelty in his mirth. "Then you've found me."

"I was heading for the Picket Wire country."

"I'm to believe that, am I? Probably bringing back the horse you stole. Is that the story?"

"The horse another fellow stole, Mr. Oakland." Taylor threw one leg across the horn of the saddle to rest more easily as he talked. "The sheriff, Steve Walsh, arrested the man that stole it. He had him at the Quartercircle X Y ranch."

"At the Quartercircle X Y, eh?"

"Yes. Owned by a big bully-puss fellow named Prescott. There's been a blizzard up in that country. It came up sudden. I had to hotfoot it to the ranch for shelter."

"Go on. You're doing fine," Oakland jeered.

"I reckon I'll have to come clean, gentlemen. I'd got my tail in a crack over a little trouble I had at Ten Sleep, over in Wyoming. The word was out to look for me. This busy sheriff of yours recognized and arrested me."

"What kind of trouble?"

Taylor hesitated, as one does who is being driven to say more than he would wish. "Well, I—fact is, I had to gun a fellow and make a swift getaway. He happened to be a deputy sheriff. It kinda got crowded on me."

"What had you done?"

"The claim is I robbed a post-office. Nothing to that. They got me mixed with another fellow."

"I expect so. What post-office?"

"At Basin."

"And after he'd arrested you Walsh saw what a good citizen you were and turned you loose?" Oakland asked with heavy sarcasm.

The fugitive grinned sheepishly. "It wasn't quite that-away. He got just a leetle mite careless for two seconds and I knocked him cold with the loaded end of a quirt. Then I helped myself to his six-gun, grabbed this sorrel, and lit out in the night."

There was a gleam of satisfaction in Oakland's cold jade eyes. This story of the discomfiture of Walsh he would like to believe. Of course the other might be a colossal liar.

"Don't believe a word of your story," Oakland said suspiciously. "You know what we do to horse thieves in this country, fellow, and you're pulling this one for your skin."

"How far are we from where this horse was stolen?"

"About twelve miles. Maybe fifteen. Why?"

"When was it taken?"

"You know when. Friday morning. What's that got to do with it?"

"And this is Wednesday. Five days to travel fifteen miles. I certainly must have been making good time if I was trying for a getaway."

Taylor had scored heavily. He knew it. He expected to score again presently, as soon as Flannigan made a certain little discovery.

"What's your name?" Oakland rapped out.

"Jeb Taylor."

"Live at Ten Sleep?"

"Not exactly. I kinda drifted there. You might say I live in Colorado."

"I've only got your say-so for all this."

"That's right. I'm a stranger here." Taylor's glance shifted to Flannigan for an instant and he gathered confidence from what he saw. The gaunt man was staring at the butt of the revolver he had taken from the captive. He was in process of making the expected discovery.

"Say, Clem," broke out Flannigan, "there's an S. W. cut on the handle of this gun."



"If you won't help him, I will"

"Lemme see," the other man ordered curtly. Flannigan passed the gun to his leader.

"You claim you took this from Walsh after you had knocked him out? That what you asking me to swallow?" the big man said presently.

"That's the fact, Mr. Oakland."

"Did the other fellow escape too—the horse thief?"

"No, sir, he didn't. The fellow wasn't in the room when I saw my chance."

"I don't know whether you're lying or tell-

ing the truth," Oakland admitted bluntly. "Sounds like a fairy-tale to me."

"Why does it? How can you explain my being here with that gun of Walsh any other way?"

"Maybe it's not his gun," Flannigan said.

"Maybe I had his initials carved on my gun six or seven months ago expecting to meet up with you gents this morning," Taylor suggested sarcastically. "Maybe I stuck around here a week or so to see if I couldn't steal another horse." Taylor turned to the cowman. "I'll tell you straight, Mr. Oakland, that I figured you and I might do business. I've told you how it is with me. Need some place to hole up for a while. Maybe some day you could use a man like me. *Quien sabe?*"

"What does Steve Walsh look like?" Oakland demanded, abruptly.

"He's a curly-headed guy, brown eyes, kinda athletic in build. I reckon a girl would call him good-looking. That ain't the way I'd put it. I'd say he was one of these slick, smart, know-it-all cusses who get all swelled up on themselves."

Taylor spoke with a touch of venom. During the past few minutes not only his manner but his appearance had changed. He had taken on the furtive slackjawed look of a second-rate bad man. His speech was less incisive, not so well chosen.

"Describe Clint Prescott."

The description Taylor gave was accurate, but not favorable.

"How many kids has he got?"

"I saw two, a boy about eighteen and a girl maybe a year or two older."

"Names?"

"Lemme see. The boy they called Bob. Seems to me the girl was Molly."

"On which side of the creek is the house?"

"West."

Oakland gave up. "All right, fellow, I'll accept your story for the present. If you've lied to me, God help you. But you'll stick around. Make a break to get away and you'll get about ten feet. Understand?"

"Y'betcha! Do I get my gun back?"

"You do not. I'll take good care of it for you. Slide off that horse. You can ride this one."

They exchanged mounts.

Oakland headed toward the north. After they had traveled steadily for about an hour the prisoner murmured a reminder.

"I don't want to be fussy, boss, but I'm getting kinda nervous. Looks to me like we're going straightback to the Quartercircle X Y country. I'd hate to bump into Sheriff Walsh."

"You'll go where I say. But I'll tell you one thing. I'm not going to turn you over to Walsh, not unless you've been lying to me," Oakland growled.

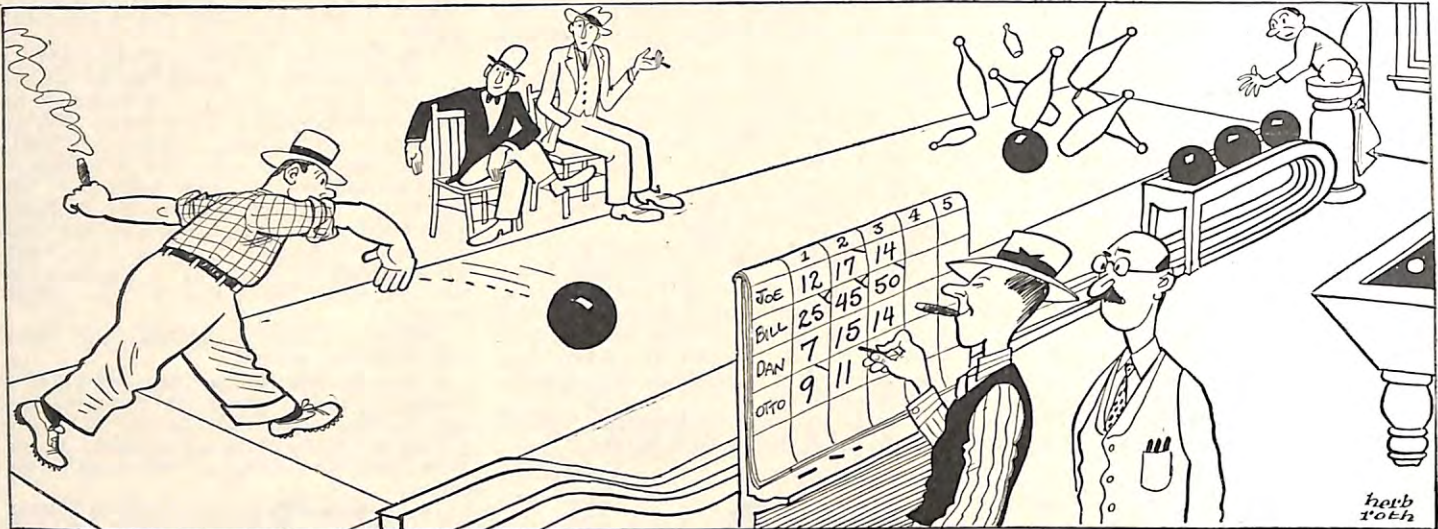
Flannigan's sullen laughter came in as a kind of chorus. "And not even then," he added, menace in his shifty eyes.

They rode for hours over the hilltops. It was past noon when Taylor looked down on a valley which he recognized. Below them, not more than a mile away, lay Seven Mile Camp.

(To be continued)

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 61)



Answers to Your Radio Questions



Bill Rainey (*Production Manager N. B. C. to you*), who is *Marco on the Silver Flute*, and so many other air characters that it is hard to name them all. He sings (well) acts (well) and produces (well)—and is a darn good fellow—well, well, well!

Milford P. Norton, Galveston Lodge, No. 126, Galveston, Texas. Just as I was going to press your Christmas Package arrived, and to say that it gave me a thrill is putting it mildly! I cannot tell you how deeply I appreciate your thought of me . . . as to the picture of myself. I am sending one to yourself and one to Brother Mock of Georgia.

Isabelle F. Larking, River Falls, Wis. You want to know a lot of things, don't you? . . . and that old question comes up again about who, what, and where is "Cheerio" . . . which only goes to prove that perhaps the quickest way to get a name is always to refuse to let the public know that you've got one. Cheerio is still Incognito . . . I believe that the only program he appears on now is his own regular morning one. And then, f'evvnsakes!, you go on to ask me if Russ Gilbert is a millionaire . . . I'm sure that's almost impossible to answer these days of bank failures. Those who used to have the millions now have only the aires! Answer your other questions later . . .

Mrs. Louise J. Torio, Medford, Mass. Thanks for your nice letter—only please, lady, PLEASE, don't address me as "Dear Sirs"—I've been told I'm dear—but although I may have a dual personality, I am not two folkses, AND I'm a SHE! Now as to the interesting news you tell me about that young son of yours—Phil Torio (aged four)—He thinks that young Phil Cook (aged ?) is "just grand." That young man of yours shows good judgment. Ask Phil T. to drop me a line—on his own.

Mrs. J. J. McCreary, Washington, D. C. You want to know about Lee Morse—quite a lot of things about her, in fact—

1. Yes. You've made a very good choice of some one to admire—Lee Morse is one of the most popular singers of "Blues" and "Mammy" songs in the country to-day.

2. Yes. She is the same Lee Morse who was in vaudeville before coming to New York as

leading lady for Raymond Hitchcock in "Hitchy-Koo."

3. I don't know how old she is—that's really an awful question to ask a lady—now, isn't it?

4. No. She is not the wife of Morton Downey—if you don't believe me, ask Barbara Bennett; she has a wedding certificate that accords that happiness to herself.

5. She was born in Tennessee.

6. She ought to be able to "get there," as her heritage helps her a lot. Her father (now well over seventy) is one of the original Texas Rangers—and they have always been noted for arriving on any scene of action FIRST!

Henry Hopkins, Elks Club, Richmond, Ind. Oh! Henry! What sort of an Elk are you, not to call for the personal letter I wrote to you—so that it was thrown back to me? The envelope was marked "Uncalled For"—Here's hoping that you are all right, and that it is not trouble or illness that caused that "uncalled for" remark. But thank you for the info. you sent me about Singin' Sam—I fully agree with you—He's great! Let's hear from you, Henry!

Maxine Wright, Des Moines, Iowa. You are sad at not being able to find either "Daddy and Rollo," or "The Empire Builders," on the ether waves. Both Harvey Hayes (The Old Timer on Empire Builders), and Nick Dawson (Daddy to you), are my very good friends—and let me tell you that it means a very great deal to them to know that they are missed. But, bless your heart, it isn't their fault—it's the sponsors'—Perhaps if those self-same sponsors see this reply to your letter—and realize how bothered you are at the loss of your two favorites, they may put them on again.

Mrs. John H. McNamara, Ansonia, Conn. Salaam, lady, for the kind words of praise for my own work over the air. Now, as to auditions . . . I shall be only too happy to help you in any way I can . . . but I should, of course, wish to hear you at my own studio first . . . then, I could introduce you to the proper people at W O R, as that is your choice. Let me hear from you well in advance (my time is pretty well taken up) when you will be in New York, and we will see what we can do to further that secret ambition of yours.

Rita Amoroso, Everett, Mass. Herewith some more "Techniterms" . . . haven't heard from you since the first batch . . . hope those few did not swamp you . . .

Level

When more than one microphone is used in a radio studio during a broadcast either the

production man or the announcer will give a "level" to the engineer, by speaking the same word at the same degree of loudness, and at the same distance from, each microphone. The engineer will then set the amplification so that the same sound will sound exactly the same through each microphone. In other words, the engineer wants a "level," so that he may allow for any difference that may exist between one microphone and another.

More will come later—make a note of them. All of us in the radio game had to learn by experience . . . You cannot expect us to do all your work for you . . . although we are glad to help in any reasonable way we can . . . but it takes personal concentration . . . talent . . . memory. Good luck to you!

Winkie Griffith, Port Washington, L. I. Personal letter on the way . . . did you like your announcement in the Colyum? . . . and the picture of your favorite Frank Parker? Hope so! No space for more here at this time . . . keep me posted as to the progress of the Radio Fan Club.

Jean Beverly Shaw, Alameda, Calif. I think that's great to get a letter from my own little niece that I've never seen . . . via the Elks . . . and to think that you can listen and look . . . but cannot see this here Aunt of yours. I'll sure put some more pictures of Radio performers about your age in to please you, Jean. Write me again, and tell me which particular star you want to know about . . . love and a kiss to you, my dear.

Jno. H. Mack, Sec., Albany Lodge No. 713, Albany, Ga. Brother Mock! Brother Mock! How can I thank you enough? I tell you them there Paper Shell Pecans were so good they just about disrupted the place . . . and then came the SUGARED ones . . . yumyumyumyumyum . . . How do you do it? They're GRAND! As to all the other brothers down there "at home," writing to me . . . come ahead . . . see if it'll make me mad! The more the merrier. So come ahead! BUT . . . Hush! (This is an aside, for you alone.) As you started it . . . you'll always be FIRST of the Georgia brothers! I'm counting on you at Birmingham, you know . . . don't fail me!
G. S. E.

Note: For lack of space, answers to letters from Lee Valdetar, Port Washington, N. Y.; J. B. Barberton, Ohio; Leonora Greer, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Captain Jack. S. S. Yorba Linda, Beaumont, Texas, will appear in a later issue.

George Washington Prosperity Classes

(Continued from page 40)

Henderson—Will cooperate fully on prosperity class—S. S. Storm.
Hickman—Will back program in all ways possible.—W. L. Busby.
Hopkinsville—Will have class for Washington day—The Lodge.
Louisville—Will appoint committee to do all that we can to build membership—J. S. Miller.
Madisonville—Plan a class of at least twenty. Special committee appointed—H. Boyd.
Owensboro—Committee appointed. Action will be taken—The Lodge.
Paducah—Will use every effort to carry through prosperity class—W. Nichol.
Princeton—Pledge full support for prosperity class. Will strive to continue gain—P. Stevens.
Richmond—Will do all in our power to make prosperity class successful—J. B. McCarthy.
Somerset—Will have many to initiate. Keep your eye on us—S. S. Morrow.

Louisiana

Alexandria—Will initiate prosperity class of twenty-five—J. E. Cruse.
Baton Rouge—We are 100 per cent. for prosperity class—J. A. Landry.
Donaldsonville—Have one application. Using every effort for big class—The Lodge.
Houma—Will back prosperity program to best of ability—T. B. Holcombe.
Jennings—Will pull for prosperity in Elldom—R. B. Ricker.
Morgan City—Will do our best to carry out plans for prosperity class—H. W. Logan.
Natchitoches—Heartily endorse prosperity class. Mapping plans for class—E. C. Readheimer.
Opelousas—Will back prosperity program to fullest extent of ability—J. W. White.
Shreveport—Feel sure we can have a minimum of sixty new members—T. L. Pennington.

Maine

Bath—Heartily endorse prosperity class. We have bright prospects—J. P. Carey.
Houlton—Endeavoring to have as large Washington class as possible—E. S. Barton.
Lewiston—Will cooperate in prosperity class. Committee organizing—R. J. Marcoux.
Millinocket—Have endorsed program and give heartiest support—D. H. Crandall.
Portland—Started on prosperity class. Expect big results—N. C. Neilson.
Rockland—Drive on for applications. You can depend on us—P. McPhee.
Rumford—Our goal twenty-five. Watch us go—T. G. Kane.
Sanford—Will join in movement to increase influence of the Order—E. S. Boothby.

Maryland

Annapolis—Entire Lodge appointed as a committee on membership—A. C. Braun.
Baltimore—Our very best efforts will be made to initiate large class—A. H. Samuel.
Cambridge—Expect to comply with Grand Exalted Ruler's request—J. P. Swing.
Crisfield—Heartily in accord. Expect to initiate class of twenty-five—C. P. Boyer.
Cumberland—Will have a George Washington prosperity class—H. B. Walker.
Frostburg—Prosperity class already in the making—R. Mendelsohn.
Salisbury—Our cooperation assured in prosperity class in every logical manner—C. F. Smith.

Massachusetts

Adams—Will do utmost to secure large Washington prosperity class—R. Aronson.
Arlington—Special communication sent to all members regarding prosperity class—The Lodge.
Attleboro—Meeting called. Situation to be met as well as conditions allow—F. J. O'Neil.
Beverly—Depend on us for full cooperation—E. F. Herrick.
Brockton—Brilliant suggestion. Class to be initiated February 8—J. N. Maguire.
Brookline—Getting busy to cooperate. We will give you a class—T. J. Brady, Secretary.
Cambridge—Heartily endorse program. Will initiate ten more new members—J. M. Moriarty.
Chelsea—Will cooperate to fullest extent regarding prosperity class—G. G. Cotter.
Clinton—Will try to initiate good class of finest citizens—W. E. Reisner.
Concord—Heartily endorse plan. Hope to initiate class in February—H. I. Wellington.
Everett—Assure our active cooperation for new members—J. J. Lillis.

Fall River—Dedicating Past Exalted Ruler Class of initiates to prosperity program—J. Keavy.
Fitchburg—Making plans to initiate at least twenty-five—R. E. Comiskey.
Frammingham—Large committee appointed. Cooperating every way possible—L. C. Gilmore.
Gardner—Fullest cooperation. Prosperity committee appointed and functioning—W. D. Meany.
Gloucester—Expect several candidates for Past Exalted Rulers Night—A. S. Steele.
Greenfield—Heartily endorse Washington class. Will hold initiation—R. N. Giard.
Haverhill—Prosperity campaign initiation of fifteen into Lodge—R. H. Quinby, Secretary.
Holyoke—George Washington class of ten will be initiated—C. Andrus.
Hudson—Very enthusiastic over class. We will not be found wanting—J. A. Chabot.
Hyannis—Have class awaiting initiation in February—L. W. Murphy.
Lawrence—Earnest cooperation for class assured. Have started—G. Wilson.
Leominster—Doing everything possible on the suggestion—C. E. Davis.
Lowell—Cooperating in George Washington class. We will initiate—L. D. Calnan.
Lynn—Have organized committee to form class for initiation February 22nd—G. E. McManus.
Malden—Prospective new members in February 6. Committee of thirty-two functioning—C. F. Gleitsmann.
Marlborough—Backing George Washington prosperity class one hundred per cent—E. G. Spinney.
Maynard—One hundred per cent. back of plan. Committee functioning—L. W. Sims.
Medford—Glad to cooperate in every way regarding prosperity class—J. R. Gaffey.
Melrose—Pleased to cooperate fully in Washington prosperity class—T. Grant.
Middleboro—Heartily endorse idea. Will use best efforts to make plan success—G. J. Schroeder.
Milford—Prosperity class grand idea. Booming the Order and increasing membership—F. G. Sherman.
Natick—Will initiate prosperity class. Thoroughly endorse campaign—F. C. McDonald.
New Bedford—Arranging class initiation in February—J. W. Phelan.
Newburyport—Will have initiation in March. Lapsation committee working on reinstatements—F. M. Reilly.
Newton—You can count on us to initiate a goodly sized class—F. M. Lowe.
North Adams—Making plans for big class. One hundred per cent. cooperation—W. J. Durocher.
North Attleboro—Will get behind George Washington prosperity class with all resources—R. L. Harden.
Norwood—Taking steps for campaign as suggested in circular—F. E. Bernier.
Peabody—Will take immediate action on program of Grand Exalted Ruler—W. H. Tucker.
Pittsfield—Heartily endorse program. Washington class will be initiated—H. J. Handler.
Plymouth—Will cooperate in every possible way to make program success—L. F. Dunham.
Quincy—Behind George Washington class one hundred per cent.—F. W. Carson.
Revere—Committee functioning; patriotic program arranged—D. L. Murphy.
Salem—Active committee getting candidates for prosperity class—H. Gershaw.
Somerville—Have inaugurated effort to initiate Washington class—F. F. La Hait.
Springfield—Will have large group to initiate. Glad to back program—L. D. Woedtko.
Taunton—Arranging for special initiation past exalted rulers night—C. L. Galligan.
Wakefield—Anticipate good results in Washington prosperity class—W. M. Kelso, Secretary.
Waltham—Heartily endorse prosperity class movement—J. C. Innes.
Wareham—Behind pull for prosperity one hundred per cent.—J. Griffin.
Watertown—Heartily endorse program. Committee now at work—J. B. Peaslee.
Webster—Plan fine. Will try to increase membership with good men—B. F. Brigandi, Secretary.
Westfield—Pleased to comply with request regarding prosperity class—C. E. Brazee.
Winchester—Will have initiation of new members in February—C. A. Farrar.
Winthrop—Plans for class now before officers of Lodge—O. F. Green.
Woburn—Making plans for cooperation in Washington program—R. B. Sargent.
Worcester—Every effort will be made for prosperity classes—J. J. Horgan.

Michigan

Alma—Exerting best efforts behind prosperity class program—L. McNeil.
Ann Arbor—Committee appointed. Seventeen applications to date—L. C. Rhodes.
Battle Creek—Will give whole-hearted cooperation for Washington class—E. Bertwistle.
Bay City—Work already started. Looking forward to good sized class—E. P. Greenwald.
Benton Harbor—Initiating thirteen here in January. Back prosperity class—B. H. Bittner.
Bessemer—One hundred per cent. for George Washington prosperity class—O. Anderson.
Big Rapids—Prosperity committee appointed. Intensive campaign on—G. E. Steil.
Cadillac—Four applications to date; expect big success—A. Webb.
Calumet—Supporting George Washington drive class—J. M. Caserio.
Coldwater—Prosperity program will be backed up with renewed efforts—W. M. Drury, Secretary.
Detroit—Expect to initiate about fifty candidates for prosperity class—C. C. Chapple.
Escanaba—Pull for prosperity will be carried out as authorized—R. W. Coolman.
Ferndale—All enthused; will initiate large class—T. F. Hooley.
Flint—Have seven applications. Expect class of twenty-five—E. O. Harrington, Secretary.
Grand Haven—Going ahead one hundred per cent. with prosperity class—C. W. Law.
Grand Rapids—Goal one hundred members for February initiation—G. R. Ford.
Hancock—Will have booster meeting and patriotic program initiation—W. A. Barth.
Hillsdale—Have over fifty live prospects. Expect to secure large percentage—J. R. C. Meara.
Holland—We are with you to the fullest—W. Sutton, Past Exalted Ruler.
Ionia—Cooperating in Washington class to best of ability—A. B. Locke.
Iron Mountain—Plans made to make a one hundred per cent. success—F. O. Logic.
Ironwood—Will cooperate in membership drive—T. J. Landers.
Ishpeming—Heartily endorse George Washington prosperity class—O. N. Oie.
Kalamazoo—Plans for special activities formulated; concentrating every effort—H. W. Carney.
Ludington—Expect to increase our membership ten per cent.—Membership Committee.
Manistique—Cooperating for success of prosperity class—H. A. Cockram, Secretary.
Manistee—Expecting to cooperate with program one hundred per cent.—P. W. Schnorbach.
Marquette—Committee appointed. With you one hundred per cent.—G. Hawke.
Monroe—All Past Exalted Rulers will act as committee to push plan—S. W. Morris.
Mt. Pleasant—Do everything in our power for a Washington class—C. A. Kellogg.
Muskegon—Have called meeting to form plans; will do our best—C. W. Buck.
Negaunee—Heartily in accord with movement for prosperity class—Y. S. Heinenon, Secretary.
Niles—Forty new members secured in last two months. Starting new membership drive—L. H. Hamilton.
Pontiac—Everything possible to back up prosperity class—W. E. Fulcher.
Port Huron—Committee appointed. Have set our goal at forty—C. R. McIlwain.
Royal Oak—Have five candidates already. Lined up to start drive—G. E. Weitzel.
Saginaw—Will work unceasingly for success of venture. Our hearty cooperation—W. Duckwitz.
St. Joseph—Organized for George Washington class—F. A. Small.
Sault Ste. Marie—Will do everything possible to make it a big success—H. W. Spring.
South Haven—Membership committee appointed for George Washington drive—O. F. Harboldt.
Three Rivers—Will appoint special Washington prosperity class committee—D. F. Jackson.

Minnesota

Austin—Endeavoring to organize a George Washington class—The Lodge.
Brainerd—Will heartily cooperate with Grand Exalted Ruler's plan—A. J. Sullivan.
Duluth—Will do everything that we can to increase membership—H. E. Boyle.
Hibbing—Forty applicants, forty members, no less—A. P. Johnson.
Minneapolis—Heartily in accord with campaign for prosperity class—W. G. Compton.

(Continued on page 54)

(Continued from page 53)

Owatonna—Nothing to be left undone. Class of at least ten—R. L. Von Wald.
Red Wing—Will cooperate. Program plans for initiation of eight new members—H. J. Croke.
Rochester—Lodge cooperating for Washington prosperity class 100 per cent.—E. Schwarz, Sec.
St. Paul—Will initiate large class February and reinstate more than we initiate—J. R. Leahy.
Stillwater—Initiating seven in January. Will have as many in February—P. J. Arndt, Secretary.
Thief River Falls—Will have class. Quota ten per cent. of membership—W. Jung.
Winona—Will initiate prosperity class—H. C. Ahrens, Secretary.

Mississippi

Biloxi—Have plans for new members and reinstatements—A. H. Wambsgans
Canton—Campaign for new members on Will try to make February class—J. B. Price.
Corinth—Will hold initiation—J. R. Lanning
Greenville—Will cooperate by holding initiation in February—J. L. Reid, Secretary.
Greenwood—Will hold initiation last meeting in February—J. H. Pettay.
Hattiesburg—Lodge Five Ninety-nine will comply to the fullest—S. Forbert.
Holly Springs—Will hold initiation for George Washington class—J. O. Tyson.
Pascagoula—Cooperating fully George Washington class program—C. A. Carrier.
Vicksburg—Expect a large George Washington prosperity class—C. O. Scott.

Missouri

Brookfield—Getting class under way for big initiation in February—W. A. Daume.
Carrollton—Enthusiastic over prospects of large prosperity class—D. D. Thomas, Jr.
Chillicothe—Creating teamwork push that will get results—J. McBride.
Clinton—Heartily endorse your program and will cooperate to the limit—G. A. Clason.
De Soto—Effort being made to obtain desirable members—C. E. Fallet.
Hannibal—Prospects good. Committee appointed. Reinstatement campaign—A. H. Oenning.
Kansas City—Committee now at work. Four signed applications in hand—E. L. Biersmith, Sec.
Kirkville—Meeting last night; forty-nine proposals for membership—A. D. Campbell.
Lexington—Cooperating fully with prosperity drive—E. Guezec, Past Exalted Ruler.
Maryville—Plans under way for prosperity class All working for new members—R. L. Groves.
Mexico—Have special committee working on George Washington class.—H. E. Pearl.
Neosho—Set goal fifty additions prosperity class—G. Tretbar.
Poplar Bluff—Have two applications and prospects for more—M. W. Henson.
St. Charles—Doing its best for Washington prosperity class—J. G. Duebbert.
St. Louis—Committee of sixty organized for pull for prosperity—C. J. Dolan.
Sedalia—Have definite plans for pep meeting for appointment of special membership committee—E. P. Neef.
Springfield—Initiated fourteen new members last month; will try to do as well for this class—B. D. Miller, Secretary.
Trenton—Lodge gives heartiest support to Washington plan—M. A. Kasperson.
Warrensburg—Committee appointed and working on prosperity class—L. L. Des Combes.
Webb City—Prosperity class program will receive our hearty cooperation—H. J. Bellairs.

Montana

Anaconda—Making plans for enthusiastic participation in the program—S. A. Parry.
Billings—Appointed new membership committee. Initiated three recently—P. A. D'Amico.
Butte—With you one hundred per cent. Committees working—F. C. Fluent.
Dillon—Will do our utmost to further this great campaign—The Lodge.
Glendive—New membership committee and lapsation committee hard at work—L. L. Healy.
Great Falls—Plans now in progress to initiate prosperity class—E. Labossiere, Secretary.
Havre—Making every effort to get class commemoration birth of Washington—J. L. Angstman.
Helena—Three hundred our goal. One hundred the minimum—C. F. Coleman.
Kalispell—Have special membership committee of twenty working on class—L. E. Parker.
Lewistown—Carrying forward extensive relief program. Extra class later—A. A. Franzke.
Livingston—Will hold class initiation on second meeting February—G. VanBrocklin.
Miles City—Territory hit hard but believe we can show increase—I. H. Rodgers.

Missoula—Squarely behind this movement. Will give it every support—E. E. Wigal.
Red Lodge—Every effort being made to carry out plan. Working now for new members—S. L. Braida.
Virginia City—Will initiate many applicants as possible; lapsation committee busy—J. E. Wright.

Nebraska

Beatrice—Having membership drive. Will use George Washington plan—The Lodge.
Chadron—Plans formulated for induction of large Washington class—M. B. McDowell.
Fairbury—Active on Washington class. Will have a goodly number—H. L. Nuckolls.
Falls City—Good results on reinstatement campaign. Twenty by April—J. C. Phillips, Secretary.
Grand Island—We will have a large class for the twenty-second—L. H. Simmers.
Hastings—Expect class of fifty from selected list of prospects—R. Johnston.
Kearney—We have activity under way Washington class—W. E. Rose.
Lincoln—Appointing prosperity committee to carry out program—F. F. Koops, Secretary.
McCook—Launching membership drive under Washington prosperity plan—E. L. Bumpas.
Nebraska City—We contemplate carrying out suggested program—J. H. Sweet.
Norfolk—We are now making plans to carry out this idea—G. H. Burton, Secretary.
Omaha—Backing up Washington class to the man. Will have select class—J. C. Travis.
York—Have arranged for George Washington class in February—T. P. Rose.

Nevada

Elko—Plans under way for big class of twenty for February—C. H. Sheerin.
Ely—Will endeavor to do our utmost to initiate large class—F. J. Hart.
Goldfield—Heartily in accord with program—M. C. Duffy.
Las Vegas—Officers and members interested initiating class of forty—R. W. Thomas.
Reno—Heartily approval of George Washington class—S. H. Cooper.

New Hampshire

Berlin—Heartily endorse program now forming committee—R. E. Stilson.
Claremont—All efforts made for initiating Washington Class—C. Peterson.
Concord—Officers and members cooperating. Will show results—T. E. Clark.
Dover—Heartily in favor Washington anniversary program—J. A. Dodge.
Franklin—Committee appointed will strive hard for successful campaign—J. P. Dempsey.
Keene—Will do our part in the Washington prosperity class—F. W. Perry.
Laconia—Plan to have class of fifteen new members—J. A. Horn.
Manchester—Will initiate class February 14th—E. P. Donnelly.
Nashua—Washington's birthday will be big day of year with us—W. J. O'Grady.
Portsmouth—Committee at work. Prospects at present fifteen candidates—C. T. Durell.
Rochester—Assure you one hundred per cent cooperation—G. N. Lanoux.

New Jersey

Bayonne—We hope to reach our quota of 150 new members—R. F. Flood, Jr.
Belleville—George Washington plan being carried out—P. R. Guinan.
Bound Brook—Making preparation for a large class on February 23—S. J. Zanelli.
Bridgeton—We guarantee to initiate a class in February—P. Post.
Burlington—Burlington Lodge has two classes for February—H. F. Lewis.
Camden—Arrangements for large class to be known as prosperity class—J. H. Todd.
Cliffside Park—Intend having Washington class during February—W. T. Michaelsen.
Clifton—Pledging a large Washington class for initiation—W. H. Mair.
Dunellen—In accord with plans regards Washington class give heartiest cooperation—L. E. Vail.
East Orange—Heartily in accord. Will lend every effort—G. J. Vogler.
Englewood—Heartily endorse plan. Will hold an initiation—F. J. Wheelan.
Freehold—Will cooperate in every way to make program success—J. P. McGrath.
Hoboken—Have in preparation a class for February 19—J. H. O'Brien.
Jersey City—Will be extreme pleasure to initiate a class in February—J. F. Kennedy.
Kearny—Expect to have class for initiation February 29—E. Holle.
Lakewood—Working hard on plans for George Washington prosperity class—H. H. O'Claire.

Lambertville—Twenty-five new members for special initiation during February—H. Mitchell.
Long Branch—We are heartily in accord with the plans—J. M. Zuckerman.
Millville—Patriotic and timely suggestion given hearty cooperation—L. Wood.
Mt. Holly—Plans for large class high type candidates under way—A. O'Hare.
New Brunswick—Committee appointed and functioning—P. M. Brenner.
Northwest District—Can assure you of 100 new candidates—The Exalted Rulers of Newark, Orange, East Orange, South Orange, Dover, Bloomfield, Morristown, Montclair, Belleville, Irvington, Summit, Nutley, Boonton, Madison and Newton Lodges.
Passaic—Plan excellent. Meeting called. Will cooperate—A. V. R. Doremus.
Paterson—Plans under way to initiate large class in February—N. A. Pomfret.
Penns Grove—Will do everything in our power to make success—W. R. Cochran.
Perth Amboy—Have arranged to have a George Washington class—J. F. Maloney.
Phillipsburg—Glad to cooperate in movement for George Washington class—R. Reese.
Rahway—Wonderful suggestion. Making every effort to have class in February—A. H. Jeambey.
Red Bank—Heartily in favor and endorse plan for Washington class—J. D. Hughes.
Ridgewood—Fully in accord with measures. Will give full cooperation—J. C. B. Millard.
Somerville—Appointed committee. Will do our share to make success—L. A. Spine.
Trenton—With you in George Washington prosperity class—A. E. Dearden, Secretary.
Union—Heartily approve your plan. Now making arrangements—C. W. Mink.
Union Hill—Will have prosperity class of candidates for February—J. J. Murphy, Secretary.
Vineland—Sparing no effort to get results; confident of success—A. L. Joseph.
Washington—Promise George Washington prosperity class for February—J. M. Rost.
Weehawken—Much in accord with plan. Will initiate class in February—J. Killen.
Westfield—Will try initiate class of about ten per cent. of membership—W. G. Ahrendt.

New Mexico

Albuquerque—We pledge our untiring effort to put it over big—L. E. Love.
Clovis—Already enrolling candidates. Lapsation committee hard at work—W. A. Perciful.
Gallup—We will have a February class—J. P. Wall.
Las Vegas—Will gladly participate to make prosperity class grand success—J. Stern.
Raton—Feel confident we will get results in accord with movement—J. F. Lyons.
Roswell—Will initiate George Washington class—S. P. Johnson, Jr.
Santa Fe—Unanimously decided to carry out program—W. S. Hutchison.
Silver City—Extensive preparations for prosperity class—W. B. Walton.
Tucumcari—Will have class. Many prospects. Year looks prosperous—C. E. Kopisch, Secretary.

New York

Albany—Confident results will be to satisfaction of Grand Exalted Ruler—L. Snyder.
Albion—Full cooperation George Washington prosperity class—L. H. Gilbert.
Amsterdam—Already started plans for large class of candidates—C. H. Schenck.
Auburn—Preparations under way for Washington anniversary—C. Goldman.
Batavia—Will show results in the George Washington class—W. D. Boucher.
Bath—Committee appointed guarantee ten per cent. increase or better—M. H. McConnell.
Beacon—Heartily endorsement. Committee functioning. Great results expected—P. Greene, Jr.
Binghamton—Will initiate Washington prosperity class on February 22—C. Y. Cushman.
Bronx—Will do everything in our power to carry out program—D. E. Livingston.
Brooklyn—Largest class in history of Lodge will be initiated February 19th—J. J. Boylan.
Buffalo—Will use every means at our disposal in support of plan—E. V. Rast.
Catskill—Conducting membership campaign; excellent results to date—G. A. Englert.
Cohoes—Plans arranged for initiation. Working on Washington celebration—H. A. Tessier.
Corning—Class of twenty February tenth gives us twelve per cent. increase—J. A. McNamara.
Cortland—Cooperating prosperity class. Expect initiate several candidates—J. E. Dowd, Sec.
Dunkirk—Making every effort for a Washington Prosperity Class—G. B. Sage.
Elmira—Committee now at work. Back plans to the limit—W. H. Robenolt.
(Continued on page 56)



“They Snickered When I Got Up To Speak”

—But from the First Word, I Held Them Spellbound

THE banquet hall was crowded. Suddenly I heard the chairman's voice say—"We will now have a few words from Mr. Byron Munn." It came like a flash of lightning! He was unexpectedly calling on me for a speech! No time to beg off—no chance to wriggle out of it!

As I started to get up, I heard a titter run around the table. "Watch him make a fool of himself," I overheard someone whisper. "He's so bashful he's afraid of his own voice."

"He'll die on his feet!" came another whisper. "This is going to be funnier than 'Abbie's Irish Rose'!"

I knew they were laughing at me and expecting me to make myself ridiculous, but I only grinned inside. I stood squarely on my two feet and started in!

“But When I Commenced to Speak—”

Almost from the first word, the smiles of doubt and derision faded from their faces. They were incredulous—amazed! Instantly the atmosphere became so tense that you could have heard a pin drop! No snickers nor sneers now—nothing but breathless attention from every one of those hundred listeners! My voice, clear as a bell—strong, forceful, unflinching—rang out through the banquet hall as I hammered home each point of my message with telling strokes that held them spellbound! I let myself go—soaring to a smashing finale that almost brought them to their feet!

When I finished, there was an instant of dead silence! And then it came—a furious, deafening wave of applause—rolling up from one hundred pairs of hands—spontaneous, excited, thrilling! Somebody pushed forward and grasped my hand. Others followed—and everybody started talking all at once.

"Great work, Byron, old man! I didn't know you had it in you!"

"You sure swept them off their feet! You're a wonder!"

Was Once A “Human Clam”

After it was all over, Jack Hartray fell into step beside me as I left the hall. "Gee, that was a great speech!" he said enthusiastically. "You certainly raised yourself about 100% in the eyes of every person in that place to-night. . . . And yet they used to call you 'a human clam'—and the quietest man in the office!"

It was true, too. All my life I had been handicapped with a shy, timid and retiring nature. I was so self-conscious that it almost hurt. With only a limited education, I never could express my ideas in a coherent, forceful way. As a result I saw dozens of men with less ability pass me by into positions of social and business prominence simply because they were good talkers and knew how to create the right impression. It was maddening!

A Lucky Accident

At last I began to despair of getting anywhere—when I accidentally ran across a little book entitled, *How to Work Wonders with Words*. And I want to say right here that that little book actually helped me change the course of my whole life.

Between its covers I discovered certain facts and secrets I had never dreamed of. Difficulties were swept away as I found a simple way to overcome timidity, stage-fright and self-consciousness—and how to win advancement popularity and success. I don't mean to say that there was any "magic" or "mystery" about it, because, I went at the thing systematically in the privacy of my own home, simply applying 20 minutes each day. And the results were certainly worth it.

Today I hold the sort of position that I had always envied. My salary has been increased! I am not only in constant demand as a speaker in

public but I am asked to more social affairs than I have time to attend. To sum it all up, I am meeting worth-while people, earning more than I ever dared expect and enjoying life to the fullest possible degree! And furthermore, the sheer power of convincing speech has been the big secret of my success!

* * *

The experience of Byron Munn is typical. Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have found success after learning the secrets of powerful, effective speech. Being able to say the right thing in the right way at the right time has perhaps been responsible for more brilliant success than any other one thing under the sun! And the secret behind it all is so simple that it is astonishing!

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What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

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

(Continued from page 54)

Freeport—Washington class an excellent idea. Temporary chairman appointed—J. P. Glynn.

Fulton—Enthusiastically behind program. Classes February 18th and March 10th—E. F. Sullivan.

Geneva—Already have candidates enrolled for this class—C. Lyon.

Glens Falls—Will cooperate in prosperity classes; committee appointed—R. W. Bayle.

Gloversville—Arranging class which we hope will exceed our quota—A. F. Lynch.

Great Neck—Will cooperate with this program one hundred per cent.—J. A. Wells.

Haverstraw—Arranging George Washington prosperity class for February 9—W. S. Gedney.

Herkimer—Plans well under way for large Washington prosperity class—J. R. Van Alstyne.

Hoosick Falls—Forming George Washington class. Will do all for success—A. F. White.

Hornell—Plans completed to back up program with class of eight—A. P. Davidson.

Hudson—Will hold initiation in city hall auditorium on February 22—J. A. Marshall.

Ilion—To have a class of candidates last meeting of February—A. W. Pine.

Ithaca—Will initiate Washington prosperity class on February 22—J. B. Kinney.

Jamestown—Plan for outstanding meeting February 18 banquet and initiation—F. E. Schaefer.

Kingston—Effort will be made to secure large select class—H. Beck.

Lancaster—Will make necessary arrangements at regular meeting—J. H. Wende.

Liberty—Proceeding in a quality membership campaign defying adverse conditions—I. Benjamin.

Little Falls—Plan on initiating Washington prosperity class February 16—G. J. Murphy.

Lockport—Thoroughly in accord Washington class; every effort to cooperate—F. E. Radigan.

Lynbrook—Will initiate large class evening of February 18th—M. S. Smith.

Lyons—Organized two teams for drive from selected list—R. V. Martin.

Malone—Heartily endorse plan and will be in the front line—J. B. Hinds.

Mamaroneck—Have appointed committee; will initiate large class February 26—T. E. Steptoe.

Medina—Working on selected list of prospects for Washington class—F. W. O'Donnell.

Middletown—Pledge thirty-five new members for Washington prosperity class—W. M. Gum.

Monticello—Possibility of initiating fifteen to twenty candidates—L. DeHoyos.

Mount Kisco—Arranging for special committee and anticipate sizeable class—O. E. T. Schonfeld.

Mount Vernon—Planning big Washington's birthday class—L. Schramm, Jr.

Newark—Initiated twenty. Twenty-six await initiation—J. B. Keane.

Newburgh—Idea is excellent. Will initiate our class on February 18—O. Deisseroth.

New Rochelle—Appointed committee to back up prosperity program—E. T. Broderick, Secretary.

New York—Expect encouraging results and anticipate large Washington class—D. A. Kerr.

Niagara Falls—Heartily in accord. Working wholeheartedly for success—D. S. Raymond.

North Tonawanda—Expect to initiate fair-size class February—J. T. Currier.

Norwich—Every possible effort will be extended to cooperate—W. R. Turner.

Ogdensburg—Gladly support with Washington prosperity class in February—H. J. LaRocque.

Olean—Have a class of 100. Quality not quantity our slogan—W. O. Howe.

Oneida—Endorse prosperity class and pledge maximum support—H. Schocke, Secretary.

Oneonta—Will initiate George Washington class of 50 February 17—M. C. Dales.

Oswego—Special program and a large class of candidates—J. A. Kinney.

Owego—Will hold initiation and cooperate fullest extent—P. H. Beecher.

Patchogue—Already made plans for a campaign to interest non-Elks—R. H. Vail.

Peekskill—Will put forth every effort setting goal at fifty—W. H. Flynn, Jr.

Plattsburg—Will do all possible to make it success it deserves—C. M. Morhaus.

Port Chester—Will initiate Washington prosperity class of twenty candidates—M. M. Kaplan.

Port Jervis—Rest assured will do the necessary. Heartily approve plan—W. A. Clancy.

Poughkeepsie—Enthusiastic committee appointed. Lodge being circularized—J. A. Wood.

Queens Borough—Fitting celebration and George Washington class—G. A. Burden.

Rochester—Have set wheels to working to pull for prosperity—F. T. Joyce.

Rome—With you 100 per cent. on Washington prosperity class—L. G. Schuler.

Salamanca—Washington prosperity class in February. Committee working—H. Millhausen.

Saranac Lake—Will initiate class believe will be largest in our history—M. M. Munn.

Saratoga—Everything possible will be done to cooperate by this Lodge—N. W. Hoyt, Secretary.

Schenectady—Initiation to take place during meeting of February 23—J. A. Franken.

Seneca Falls—Have at present a committee working on these plans—J. P. Poole.

Southampton—Will hold three patriotic meetings and conduct campaign for class—J. C. Crilly.

Staten Island—Appointed committee. One hundred each pledged to secure a candidate—F. M. Scherwd.

Syracuse—Committees have been appointed for initiation of a class—M. S. Hencle, Secretary.

Ticonderoga—One hundred per cent. for George Washington class—M. H. Myott.

Troy—Have complied with directions and appointed chairman of committee—B. P. Kavanagh.

Utica—Look forward to a Washington Class of at least 20—J. F. Hathaway.

Watertown—Members and officers 100 per cent. for plan—P. B. Dorr.

Watervliet—Our quota thirty-eight. We plan sixty-five—W. S. J. Shanahan.

Watkins Glen—Have secured six candidates. Expect more—H. J. Suits.

Wellsville—Will immediately exert every effort to secure representative class—G. B. Harris.

Whitehall—George Washington committee appointed. Hope to do our share—S. W. Freeman.

White Plains—Arranging George Washington class. Let's go and get—G. A. Danner.

Yonkers—We will have Elks prosperity class of seven members—J. R. Murphy.

North Carolina

Asheville—Wholeheartedly behind prosperity campaign—C. M. Macrae.

Elizabeth City—Will do all we can to make February big month—L. L. Winder, Jr., Secretary.

Goldboro—Will heartedly cooperate to make prosperity class a success—L. P. Gardner.

Greensboro—Will exert every effort to enroll large class—C. H. White.

New Berne—Strongly backing prosperity program—T. C. Daniels, Secretary.

Wilmington—Endorse prosperity class and will put on large class—J. J. Burney.

North Dakota

Bismarck—Will do best for good Washington prosperity class—C. Liessman, Acting Exalted Ruler.

Devils Lake—Have five candidates. Expect five more for prosperity class—O. R. Helgeson.

Dickinson—Will initiate good-size Washington prosperity class—L. B. Merry, Secretary.

Fargo—Expect to initiate forty for George Washington class—W. R. Boyd.

Grand Forks—Organizing Washington prosperity class for initiation February 20—P. J. McHugh.

Mandan—Every effort will be put forth to carry out program—A. R. Weinhandl.

Valley City—Will have prosperity class for initiation in February—T. M. Condon, Secretary.

Ohio

Akron—Driving for large class—B. J. Hill.

Alliance—Heartily endorse Washington program. Doing everything possible—G. H. Pfeifer.

Ashtabula—Plans to make balance of active year more active than ever—E. L. Bowman.

Barberton—In hearty accord with prosperity-class plan—W. Wagner.

Cambridge—Committee actively engaged in forming class—The Lodge.

Canton—Will gladly cooperate and back it to the limit—E. E. Clark.

Chillicothe—Have appointed committee of sixty. Will hold organization dinner—W. R. Kramer.

Cincinnati—Will initiate George Washington Prosperity Class—J. S. Richardson, Secretary.

Circleville—Have arrangements made and committees working on an initiation—W. H. Baker.

Cleveland—Plans made to support and put over Washington prosperity class—T. E. Lewis.

Columbus—Will do everything we can to comply with plan—C. W. Wallace, Secretary.

Dayton—Rest assured we will do all in our power to comply—J. N. Brusk.

Fostoria—We are going to have initiation last meeting in February—R. Coburn.

Greenfield—Backing George Washington program to the limit—O. E. Cook, Secretary.

Greenville—Will initiate George Washington birthday class in February—E. A. Goubeaux.

Hamilton—We will have large class for February initiation—E. D. Willer.

Hillsboro—Will initiate a class of candidates on Washington's birthday—H. A. Predmore.

Ironton—Expect class of fifteen to twenty in February—The Lodge.

Jackson—Will do our best for the cause—G. W. Johnson.

Kent—Will do all possible to have Washington prosperity class—W. R. Mitchell, Secretary.

Kenton—In hearty accord with Washington program. Will do our best—T. R. Castor.

Lakewood—Seventy-five applications on file. Forty-three reinstated—A. J. White, Secretary.

Lancaster—Committee organized. Second meeting last night, roll one hundred—J. A. Rockey.

Lebanon—Expect to have a large class in honor of Washington memorial—M. Johnston.

Lexington—Will do everything possible that a Lodge can—H. A. Randolph.

Logan—Will cooperate prosperity week by initiating five to ten—W. D. Braddock, Secretary.

Middletown—Have taken action to celebrate large prosperity class—D. R. Jones, Secretary.

Napoleon—Will have initiation the last Thursday in February—M. Eckber.

Nelsonville—Will back Washington prosperity class program—L. J. Eberle.

Newark—Will have special initiation. Expect twelve to fifteen candidates—B. M. Brunner.

Painesville—Will back prosperity class with twenty-five new members—N. R. Heyer.

Piqua—Will initiate class in honor of birthday of Washington—F. C. Prince, Secretary.

Portsmouth—Arranging prosperity class. Expect at least ten candidates—J. W. Debo.

Salem—We have membership and lapsation committees working overtime—C. A. Bumbaugh.

Sidney—Heartily in accord with program. One hundred per cent. effort—L. McFarland.

Springfield—Undertaking intensive campaign to have large George Washington class—B. J. Goldman.

Steubenville—Will have candidates for George Washington class—J. J. Branagan.

Tiffin—Will have George Washington class—R. C. Myers.

Upper Sandusky—We heartily endorse your Washington birthday program—R. Culver, Sec.

Van Wert—We pledge a prosperity class for initiation—E. B. King.

Wapakoneta—Agree fully with spirit. Will have large class—G. A. Wintzer.

Warren—Backing up campaign. Large committee appointed—S. F. Messer.

Washington Court House—Prosperity class is under way—J. J. Kelley.

Wilmington—Will work hard for prosperity class—J. T. Egan.

Xenia—Will hold celebration and initiate Washington class—A. L. Smith.

Youngstown—Heartily endorse plans now being perfected—W. J. Morgan.

Oklahoma

Altus—We pledge support to the prosperity class—H. Minor.

Alva—Heartily favor and will support Washington prosperity class—L. S. Gray.

Ardmore—Will do best we can—F. W. Horn.

Bartlesville—Will have candidates and reinstatements for February class—G. Henkle.

Blackwell—Have already definite program outlined for prosperity class—A. Harrel.

Chickasha—Pledge best efforts in putting on big prosperity class—J. W. Kayser, P. E. R.

El Reno—Will have class during February—G. McLean.

Enid—Lodge working for big class for February—D. Perry.

Hobart—Pledging support to George Washington prosperity class—D. E. Duggan.

McAlester—Putting on prosperity class drive for membership—A. B. Clement.

Oklahoma City—Will cooperate to fullest extent. In hearty accord—O. P. Estes.

Okmulgee—Six candidates so far. Patriotic program arranged—W. A. Barnett.

Pawhuska—Very active. Will have thirty-five or fifty initiations—A. H. Dahrooge.

Tulsa—Will have George Washington prosperity class and program—C. A. Devine.

Oregon

Ashland—Ashland Lodge in hearty accord with G. E. R. Coen's program—I. R. Friderger.

Astoria—Wholeheartedly in sympathy with prosperity program—E. C. Wheeler.

Baker—Enthusiastically back Washington class idea. Do everything possible—E. H. Jones.

Bend—Two hundred prospects. Fifty will be initiated February—W. H. George, Secretary.

Corvallis—Corvallis Lodge backs your prosperity program to the limit—E. F. Nichols.

Eugene—We will back up George Washington prosperity class—J. L. Hesse.

Grants Pass—In earnest and enthusiastic. We aim to reach quota—W. E. Newcombe.

Heppner—Pledge whole-hearted support to pull for prosperity—J. G. Barratt.

Hood River—Plan for George Washington class meets with approval—E. D. Button.

Klamath Falls—Will back prosperity program to fullest extent—B. Mason.

LaGrande—Committees appointed. Will produce results possible this time—(Lodge signature).

Lakeview—Have several candidates already for prosperity class. Expect more—F. Reynolds.
Marshfield—Special drive for new and lapsed to climax in February—C. H. Huggins.
McMinnville—Pledge support to make George Washington class success—W. E. Alexander.
Medford—Plans under way to list all desirable membership prospects—R. E. Koozer.
Pendleton—Three candidates now. Raring to go and pegging for more—C. T. Larson.
Portland—Enthusiastically back of class. Every effort to make it big—B. E. Smith.
Salem—Augmented committees working on both lapsation and membership—H. Eakin.
The Dalles—Appropriate recognition of Washington birthday will be held—G. E. Eades.
Tilamook—Will carry out instructions Washington bi-centennial—The Lodge.

Pennsylvania

Allegheny—Expect to have goodly number in Washington prosperity class—G. Metzgar.
Allentown—Seventy petitions on hand; expect one hundred or more—A. L. Knauss.
Apollo—Endorse plan one hundred per cent. Do all we can—W. C. Kipp.
Ashland—Working on a new membership list. We are fighting Elks—E. R. Davis.
Bangor—Promise Washington class in February and another in March—R. H. Jackson.
Bellefonte—Laying plans for George Washington prosperity class—R. P. Noll.
Berwick—Will do the best we can—F. W. Reese.
Bethlehem—Quota of fifty initiates likely to be realized—B. J. Reynolds.
Bloomsburg—In hearty accord with plan. Will do everything possible—C. Kashner.
Braddock—Will furnish at least twenty-five candidates. Pulling for success—R. R. Swaney.
Bristol—Assure you that Bristol Lodge will do its utmost—J. L. Kilcoyne.
Canonsburg—Heartily endorse prosperity class. Will do utmost for membership—G. M. Gey.
Carlisle—Entire membership entering into campaign. Expect big results—C. J. Weary.
Carnegie—Will have at least ten applications in February—P. N. Franks.
Chambersburg—Committee appointed and expect good class for February—W. S. Hamsher.
Charleroi—Attempting goal of 10 per cent. in reinstatements and new members—R. E. Smouse.
Coatesville—Will make sincere effort to comply with your wishes—J. A. Clark.
Columbia—Will do our best to comply with your wishes—E. F. Oberholtzer.
Connellsville—Will cooperate fullest extent and hope for success—W. Bieber.
Corry—Rest assured of our earnest support in this movement—W. H. Pearce.
Danville—Plans for Washington prosperity class have our full cooperation—C. G. Hoover.
Donora—Will do best we can for Washington prosperity class—P. N. Barna.
DuBois—Present conditions hard to meet but will do all possible—M. I. McCreight.
Duquesne—Duquesne Lodge boosting Washington prosperity plan—D. R. Thomas.
Easton—Great idea. Will be in big parade as always—A. A. McCabe.
East Stroudsburg—Have initiated 200, trying hard to keep old members—V. T. Gilliland.
Ellwood City—Every effort being put forth to have a large class—T. C. McDonald.
Erie—Erie Lodge is working on a membership drive now—G. F. Smith.
Etna—Appointed committee to handle class to be initiated in February—G. S. McCully.
Frackville—Fully endorse program and pledge active cooperation—A. D. Farrell.
Franklin—Cooperating in every way. Will have class for initiation in February—J. M. McLaughlin.
Freeland—Will cooperate in every way to bring about results—R. E. Miller.
Gettysburg—Will make real effort for a Washington-Coen class—L. Oylar.
Hanover—Will appoint committee regarding Washington prosperity class—W. G. McKinney.
Harrisburg—Special committee to formulate plans for Washington class—H. A. Earley.
Hazleton—Am naming a "Pull for prosperity in Elkdom Committee"—S. E. Drum.
Homestead—Now have ten candidates to be initiated in Washington class—R. J. Miller.
Jeannette—Will cooperate in every way with G. E. R. Coen—D. H. Shaffer.
Kittanning—One hundred per cent. enthusiastic for prosperity class—C. M. Woodward.
Lancaster—Have sixty applicants. Will have a hundred by February 18—H. M. Forrest.
Lansford—Working on campaign and special drive to avoid lapsations—J. A. O'Donnell.
Latrobe—Plan wonderful. Plans for class already completed—J. L. McAtee.

(Continued on page 58)

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BY *A. L. Cummin*

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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 57)

- Lebanon**—Much enthusiasm. Definite plans and details will be worked out—J. R. Adams.
- Leighton**—Will put on membership drive. Prizes for getting largest number—W. J. Koch.
- Lewiston**—Plan is fine. Expect to have large class—F. Hays.
- Lock Haven**—Will initiate substantial class second meeting in February—J. M. Basinger.
- Mahanoy City**—Mahanoy City Lodge will cooperate in every possible way—W. L. Peter.
- McKeesport**—Arranged better meetings and expect to have large class—A. C. Markus.
- McKees Rocks**—McKees Rocks Lodge has one candidate—P. Bechstein.
- Meadville**—Candidates for our George Washington class plan is wonderful—W. S. Orr.
- Middletown**—Middletown Lodge has promised its full cooperation—G. E. Brestle.
- Mt. Carmel**—Will endeavor to have large number candidates for Washington class—J. F. Reilly.
- New Kensington**—Will initiate class of twenty-five in February—E. J. Linney.
- Norristown**—Will endeavor to have Washington prosperity class of fifty—E. S. Bartle.
- Oil City**—Pulling as hard as boys who pulled Washington across Delaware—J. R. Lavery.
- Philadelphia**—Have a special class in honor of George Washington—J. Shlifer.
- Pittsburgh**—Will have twenty-five new members and seventy-five reinstatements—W. A. Hillgrove.
- Pittston**—Arranging initiation for February. Count on us to exceed quota—F. G. Gibbons.
- Reading**—Will extend every effort to bring in all eligible citizens—Dr. F. W. Butler.
- Renovo**—Renovo Lodge can be depended upon to initiate class—J. B. Desmond.
- Rochester**—Enthusiased about Washington prosperity class. Will do all we can—A. S. Oakley.
- St. Marys**—Several prospects in view. Hope to have class for February—M. S. May.
- Sayre**—George Washington class to be initiated February. Special ceremony—D. P. Tierney.
- Scranton**—Appointed special committee. Expect large class as result—M. L. Silverman.
- Shenandoah**—Have adopted slogan "Let each member get a member"—C. V. King.
- Sheraden**—Have appointed special membership committee for joint initiation—J. R. McGrath.
- South Brownsville**—Have endorsed program regarding Washington prosperity class and will cooperate—V. D. Ryan.
- Sunbury**—Look to us to fill quota with good substantial material—A. C. Shoop.
- Tamaqua**—Have instituted our "Pull for Prosperity in Elkdom committee"—A. L. Hadesty, Jr.
- Tarentum**—Have our sincere cooperation. Promise creditable showing—H. Stewart.
- Tyrone**—Putting forth every effort to initiate large class in February—H. H. Magdovitz.
- Washington**—George Washington prosperity class initiation coming along fine—B. M. Rogers.
- West Chester**—Class heartily endorsed. With you one hundred per cent.—R. H. Walter.
- Wilkes-Barre**—Working hard on George Washington class. Three applications last meeting—S. M. Yetter.
- Wilkesburg**—Have appointed committee and are working on plan for initiation—C. B. Koah.
- Williamsport**—Will take off coat, roll up sleeves and go to work—W. J. Vannucci.
- York**—One hundred per cent. interest and endeavor to Washington prosperity class—J. M. Bushey.

Rhode Island

- Newport**—Voted to appoint committee to have charge celebration Washington bi-centennial—J. H. Greene, Jr.
- Pawtucket**—Working to put on class late February. Doing everything possible—J. L. Martin.
- Providence**—Appointed Washington bi-centennial committee and prosperity membership advisory committee—T. L. Moore.
- Westerly**—First Washington prosperity class will be initiated January 13—R. J. Butler.
- Woonsocket**—Already made plans for Washington class. Fifteen candidates awaiting initiation—J. F. Rockett.

South Carolina

- Anderson**—Plans already worked out. Committee set up. Several applications in—J. C. Watkins.
- Columbia**—Endorse prosperity class. Promise full cooperation for success—W. H. Harth, Sec.
- Georgetown**—Special committee appointed. Expect ten candidates—J. H. McDonald, Sec.
- Greenville**—Approve thoroughly Washington class. Plans started—W. Anderson.
- Orangeburg**—Working committee of outstanding Elks appointed to increase membership—J. Cart.
- Rock Hill**—Several applications already received. Expect to add over ten per cent.—L. D. Boyd, Secretary.

South Dakota

- Aberdeen**—125 prospects listed and card indexed; enthusiastic cooperation pledged—R. G. Mayer.
- Brookings**—Will have Washington prosperity class for last February meeting—H. Dwiggin.
- Deadwood**—We are cooperating. Will initiate George Washington class—A. M. Anderson.
- Huron**—Huron Lodge will initiate George Washington prosperity class—J. P. Sauer.
- Lead**—Will have Washington prosperity class in February—P. A. Hume.
- Madison**—Will cooperate one hundred per cent. with a good class—H. J. Miller.
- Mitchell**—Will do all to cooperate. Class last meeting in February—W. R. Danforth.
- Rapid City**—Will cooperate and have class last meeting February—A. M. Lanphere.
- Sioux Falls**—Two six two will work for prosperity class—W. A. Swark.
- Yankton**—Cooperating with plans for Washington prosperity class—W. O. Cook.

Tennessee

- Covington**—Each member present pledged one hundred per cent. individual effort—B. V. Dickson.
- Humboldt**—Movement fine. Will try to have large prosperity class—The Lodge.
- Jackson**—Hopeful undertaking will achieve great success. Prosperity Committee appointed—W. K. Foster.
- Johnson City**—Will back George Washington prosperity class—H. B. Cupp.
- Knoxville**—Count on Knoxville Lodge to cooperate one hundred per cent.—F. H. McCrae, Jr.
- Memphis**—Stirring up enthusiasm and preparing for large class—F. Gailor.
- Nashville**—Have set our goal at ten per cent. of present membership—H. J. Connor.
- Trenton**—Will cooperate for success of prosperity program—H. Hunt.
- Union City**—Going one hundred per cent. George Washington class—N. H. Lannom.

Texas

- Amarillo**—Will do our best to initiate large class—E. Clark.
- Beaumont**—Will have Washington prosperity class. Strive for quality with quantity—N. O. Richardson.
- Belton**—Will do everything possible to further membership campaign—G. Carpenter.
- Brenham**—Depend on our cooperating fully in Washington class program—F. Kessel.
- Burkburnett**—Going to participate actively in Washington prosperity program—H. B. Buckalew.
- Cisco**—With you one hundred per cent. Will do best to turn in quota—J. A. Bearman, Sr.
- Cleburne**—Bending every effort in conformity with Grand Exalted Ruler's plan—G. C. Breazeale.
- Dallas**—Prosperity class wonderful project. Will endeavor to promote it—G. W. Loudermilk.
- Del Rio**—Lodge enthusiastically behind Washington Prosperity program—O. D. Pinegan.
- El Paso**—Heartily in favor making Prosperity Class largest this year—G. L. McCann.
- Ft. Worth**—Redoubling efforts to secure new members. Hope for substantial showing—W. Manning.
- Galveston**—Plans concerning prosperity class have been adopted—F. G. Bedford.
- Houston**—Have inaugurated intensive campaign. Entire membership cooperating—W. J. Quinlan.
- Marshall**—Will use every effort regarding George Washington class—J. F. Schneider.
- Mexia**—Highly endorse George Washington class. Will cooperate in every way—L. L. Wilkey.
- Plainview**—Will assist with enthusiasm in putting over pull for prosperity—H. V. Tull, Jr.
- Port Arthur**—Planning extensive campaign for members Washington prosperity class—M. C. Leach.
- Ranger**—Have appointed Prosperity Committee; also Lapsation Committee active—E. Swoveland.
- Seguin**—Organizing plan as outlined by Grand Exalted Ruler—The Lodge.
- Sweetwater**—Outlook bright for large class. Each member pledges candidate—F. O. Henderson.
- Temple**—Behind all movements for 1932—B. Maples.
- Vernon**—Cooperating fullest extent. Large initiation expected—The Lodge.
- Waco**—You will have our full cooperation—J. H. Fall.
- Wichita Falls**—Will cooperate to fullest in prosperity class—H. C. English, Secretary.

Utah

- Eureka**—Committee doing good work; Washington class assured—J. A. Pike.
- Logan**—Will have large class hundred per cent. with you—A. A. Firmage.
- Ogden**—Enthusiastic over appeal. Formulating plans for immediate action—L. B. Young.
- Park City**—Are planning Washington prosperity class—M. W. Kidder.

Price—Will endeavor to initiate large class—C. J. Roberts.
Provo—To sponsor prosperity class endeavor to make program big success—D. W. Russell.
Salt Lake City—Plan reinstatements of not less than one thousand members—H. S. Joseph.

Vermont

Barre—Am heartily in favor of Grand Exalted Ruler's proposition—F. W. Robinson.
Bennington—Lodge heartily cooperates for immediate organization of class—R. R. Bennett.
Brattleboro—Plan to make prosperity class biggest initiation event of year—E. K. Shea, Jr.
Burlington—Enthusiastic committee making plans for Washington prosperity class—H. A. Allen.
Hartford—Plans not completed for Washington program—The Lodge.
Montpelier—We are pulling for George Washington class—E. B. Armstrong.
Rutland—Will cooperate to fullest extent—E. T. Tower.
St. Albans—Will earnestly endeavor to comply with Grand Exalted Ruler's request—J. M. Hodet.
St. Johnsbury—Every effort will be put forth to make plan success—C. H. Moulton.
Springfield—Arranging for large class on February 22nd—L. F. Edgerton.

Virginia

Alexandria—Organization perfected. From indications will meet quota—P. A. Kersey.
Charlottesville—Heartily approve plan. Have started work—G. R. Dettor.
Clifton Forge—Committees appointed. Also class of 6 initiated—C. J. O'Brien.
Danville—Will give whole-hearted support—B. P. Kushner.
Fredericksburg—We are with you on George Washington prosperity class—J. J. Garner.
Hampton—Will do everything to make this a banner year—B. Levy.
Harrisonburg—Enthusiastically adopt George Washington prosperity class—J. R. Switzer, Sec.
Lynchburg—Heartily approve plan. Will do all we can—C. H. Owen.
Manchester—O.K. Large number. 843 will back—D. M. Smart.
Newport News—Lodge is in the George Washington prosperity class—O. E. Schade.
Norfolk—Lodge heartily approves plan. Committee organized—B. J. King.
Portsmouth—Beginning to pull for Washington prosperity class—W. H. Oast.
Richmond—Just initiated class. Will endeavor to initiate another in February—M. Koblenzer.
Roanoke—Plans perfected for George Washington prosperity class—C. D. Fox, Jr.
Suffolk—Will help Order make fifty thousand new members one hundred thousand—H. L. Jacobs.
Winchester—Heartily approve plan. Every possible effort for large class—L. C. Hollis.

Washington

Aberdeen—Endeavoring work plan outlined Grand Lodge—The Lodge.
Bellingham—Will act in accordance with membership plans—G. E. Rothweil, Secretary.
Bremerton—Prosperity program will have our hearty cooperation—L. Flieder, Secretary.
Centralia—Will put forth every effort. Things looking up—L. B. Dysart.
Ellensburg—Lodge will have Washington class—L. L. Scott.
Everett—Stamped with enthusiasm; 175 candidates our goal; watch us go—R. Bergeron.
Kelso—Will back Washington prosperity class to limit—R. Carothers.
Longview—Committee appointed. Expect stimulate interest in membership—C. L. George.
Olympia—Will have George Washington prosperity class—R. I. Gage.
Port Angeles—Will make supreme effort; hopeful of success—C. B. Barnard.
Puyallup—Pledge every effort to make prosperity class greatest in history—C. A. Newton.
Raymond—Lodge behind Washington prosperity class; committee appointed—H. P. Godfrey.
Seattle—Committee appointed. Will make vigorous campaign for members—E. E. Kelly.
Spokane—Prosperity class wonderful idea. Start work immediately—A. Gleason.
Tacoma—Idea enthusiastically received. Applications coming in—B. E. Johnson.
Vancouver—Have appointed chair officers to sponsor prosperity class—R. W. Schulz.
Walla Walla—Committee already in field and has made good progress—L. B. Romine, Secretary.
Wenatchee—Proud to respond to call. Drive already under way—C. W. White.
Yakima—Inaugurating campaign to make prosperity class success—L. S. Ross.

West Virginia

Bluefield—Lodge behind George Washington prosperity class—C. A. Dennen.
Charleston—Making every effort to have good Washington class—R. C. Franklin, Secretary.
Clarksburg—We are working on plan—W. B. Wilson, Secretary.
Logan—Supporting Grand Exalted Ruler. Getting prosperity class—T. F. McWilliams.
Martinsburg—Lodge backing Washington prosperity program—C. L. Bender, Secretary.
Moundsville—Backing pull for prosperity. Six candidates signed—J. A. Baker.
Princeton—Lodge backing movement—R. M. Yeago.
Sistersville—Putting forth every effort to organize class—E. F. Zeller.
Wheeling—Backing program 100 per cent.—D. M. Gutman.
Williamson—Lodge backing Washington prosperity class—S. F. Ireson.

Wisconsin

Antigo—Celebrating Washington anniversary. Will have class of twenty—E. S. Nelson.
Appleton—Special committee appointed. Will initiate large class—A. A. Gritzmacher.
Ashland—Will initiate prosperity class of ten or more—G. B. Schackel.
Baraboo—Will cooperate fully with program—R. W. Prothero.
Beaver Dam—Will back up plan of Grand Exalted Ruler—W. E. Wellge.
Beloit—Will support membership plans—F. R. O'Neal.
Chippewa Falls—Expect to increase membership 10 per cent. at Washington class—A. F. Smith.
Eau Claire—Will initiate class of ten. Best wishes for success—V. O. Tronsdal.
Fond du Lac—Will initiate George Washington prosperity class—R. W. Mills.
Green Bay—Will make every effort for class at Washington celebration—H. A. Sharpe.
Hudson—Pledge 100 per cent. cooperation for prosperity class—R. E. Webster.
Kaukauna—Will cooperate in securing class. Will do our best—R. H. McCarty.
Kenosha—At work for Washington class. Expect large one—J. J. Barden.
LaCrosse—Will back up membership drive plan to the utmost—J. G. Weihaupt.
Madison—Will initiate George Washington prosperity class—H. I. Tenney.
Manitowoc—Will arrange Washington class. Expect to have a large one—J. F. Dettmann.
Marinette—Hope to have at least 25 for class—E. W. Habighorst.
Marshfield—Expect to have class of ten or more—A. A. Zertler.
Menasha—Will hold Washington class. Armistice Day class netted nine—H. E. Landgraf.
Merrill—Candidates already secured; more assured—E. M. Krembs.
Milwaukee—Bending every effort to make year success—C. Yockey.
Oconto—Will do all possible for Washington prosperity class—C. M. Davis.
Oshkosh—Prosperity class goal set at 75. Let's go—E. J. Lauritzen.
Platteville—Will back up plan. Anticipate initiating ten to fifteen—R. Piquette.
Portage—Class awaiting initiation. Planning large Washington class—W. J. Eulberg.
Racine—Three applications already this week for prosperity class—P. J. Menden.
Rhineland—Doing everything possible to secure class for February—E. Lillrose.
Sheboygan—Will put through class of at least ten in February—W. J. Pfister.
Two Rivers—Eighteen new members already initiated. Expect three more—M. E. Schwartz.
Watertown—Putting forth every effort to make campaign a success—W. P. Schlueter.
Waukesha—Cooperating in carrying out Grand Exalted Ruler's Circular—L. A. Peters.
Wausau—Will initiate large number in George Washington class—E. P. Gorman.

Wyoming

Casper—Change our candidate estimate from fifteen to twenty-five—E. G. Hadley.
Cheyenne—We expect to have Washington memorial class of fifteen—C. J. Leslie.
Greybull—Heartily support prosperity class. Will initiate fifteen—R. Ludington.
Rawlins—Making every effort for Washington class. Enthusiastic—C. W. Keldsen.
Rock Springs—Will have class of five for Washington, possibly more—H. E. Potter.
Sheridan—Support Washington class campaign. Will initiate not less than twenty—G. Sturgeon.

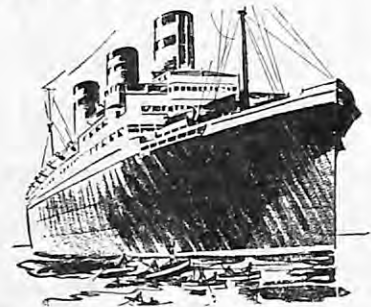
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Shooting the News

(Continued from page 15)

had rushed their crack cameramen to the scene, figuring that the public would be thrilled by moving-pictures of actual pitched battles.

But Villa, with keen business acumen, had likewise done some figuring; and the sum total of his figuring was that this moving-picture business could be made to yield some very handsome returns if properly handled. He found an independent producer in Chicago who was willing to pay—and did pay—a hundred thousand dollars in cold cash for all moving-picture rights on General Villa's war!

Having received his money, General Villa promptly notified the newsreel cameramen of his sale of the monopoly to the Chicago producer, and further insinuated that any cameramen other than those of his Chicago friend who were caught on the Mexican side of the line would be considered *persona non grata* to the extent of being lined up against a wall and eradicated by a firing squad.

When this announcement reached the newsreel cameramen congregated on the American side of the border, there was some consternation and considerable cursing. But those bold spirits who ventured across the border soon came sprinting back at the double with Villa bullets hot about their ears; it was evident that General Villa was not fooling.

AFTER two or three days of this, the cameramen were further irritated by telegrams from their editors back home captiously demanding to know where in blazes were their pictures of this Mexican revolution anyway.

So the cameramen, in congress assembled, determined that those editors should get pictures—revolution pictures—battle pictures. They pooled their expense accounts and enlisted several hundred Mexican laborers on the American side of the border and proceeded to arm them with machetes, old rifles, sawed-off shotguns and horse-pistols—any firearm that looked lethal and decrepit enough to fit an outlawed rebel. Then every morning the Mexicans would be marched into the mesquite outside of town, divided up into "Federals" and "Insurrectos," deployed in the chaparral—always being careful to stay on the American side of the line—and at a given signal the "battle" would begin. Sometimes the "Federals" won and sometimes the "Insurrectos" won, but always there were some splendidly dramatic fighting scenes—charges, retreats, ambushes, and everything. The effects could not help being good, inasmuch as the cameramen could choose their locations beforehand and then maneuver the hostile forces for the very best camera angles. The editors back in New York looked at the pictures when they came, and were delighted; they wrote congratulatory letters, and asked for more.

And then one day, by pure accident, a body of Villa's troops did encounter a Mexican Federal force just over the line in Old Mexico, but close to several hills on the American side that not only gave splendid views of the battleground but afforded cameras and cameramen good shelter from flying bullets at the same time. Joyfully the newsreel cameramen rushed out to these hills, set up their cameras and ground out thousands of feet of film of real battle which they hurried back to their respective studios; then they sat back and waited for the admiring telegrams to pour in from the editors.

They got the telegrams, but they were not admiring. "Don't send us any more faked pictures like this last one," wired one irate editor. "It looks like hell on the screen!"

More than one American cameraman had occasion to dislike the famous rebel leader, but there was at least one occasion when the wily Mexican came off second best. Villa was by way of being a gentleman farmer when not actively engaged in insurrections, and he had

purchased several American tractors for his extensive farm. Due to having been chased over a good part of Mexico by General Pershing's expeditionary force, Villa had developed violent anti-American instincts, but on this occasion he had promised full immunity to the two American mechanics who were to deliver the tractors and show the Mexicans how to operate them.

When the tractors arrived at Villa's farm, there were two overalled Americans with them, but only one of them was a mechanic. The second American was really a newsreel cameraman who had bribed the other mechanic to change clothes and places with him. And inside the tractors' tool boxes were hidden a moving-picture camera and several cans of film.

At first everything went well. But eventually the Mexican leader, turning quickly, caught the cameraman red-handed, cranking his camera. Immediately the Mexican rushed for him, drawing his revolver, and at his heels came his bandit followers, like vise ready for the kill. It was a case of touch and go.

But cameramen early developed the gift of persuasive tongues. Eventually this cameraman managed to talk himself out of immediate execution, though only upon condition that he should immediately burn the film and then betake himself out of Mexico as quickly as mule's legs could carry him.

There was nothing to do but obey. Gloomily the cameraman reached inside his machine, yanked out whole cans of film and dropped them into a fire burning near by; then sadly he packed his camera and departed under armed guard.

But it would have pained as well as surprised General Villa if he could have walked into almost any American moving-picture theatre a few weeks later; for he would have seen himself pursuing all his farm activities across the face of the moving-picture screen—close-ups, mounted views, foot views, tractor views—everything. The reckless cameraman, even with guns staring him in the face and with death as the penalty for being caught, had yanked out and burned, not the film which he had already exposed, but a couple of magazines of spare film which had not even a single exposure on them as yet. And the actual exposed film he had smuggled out under the very noses of his armed guards.

Close escapes from death are common stories with newsreel cameramen. During the automobile speed trials at Daytona Beach, Florida, a few years ago, when American and British automobile drivers were contending for the world's speed record, Cameraman Geiskop stood at one side of the course, a little way back on the sand, taking pictures of the flying cars as they tore down the stretch. The car of the American driver Lockhart, speeding at over two hundred miles per hour, swerved from its course and headed directly for the place where the cameraman stood. By sheer accident it struck a little hummock of sand, somersaulted high in air, threw its doomed driver out and, still somersaulting, bounced directly over Cameraman Geiskop's head as it plunged and crashed to destruction.

But that same year Cameraman Charles Traube was not so lucky. He was struck by the plunging car of driver Lee Bible in an exactly similar accident, and his shattered body was hurled four hundred feet away by the force of the blow. A car racing at two hundred miles per hour is covering ground at the rate of almost three hundred feet per second. Traube was cranking his camera and never even had a chance to dodge after the car began swerving. But oddly enough, though the cameraman was killed, the camera was untouched and the picture he was taking, when developed, proved one of the most dramatic newsreel pictures ever made. On the theater screens the theatre patrons saw the fatal car just as it had appeared

in the far distance, whirled forward at almost lightning speed; they saw it swerve, saw it leave the ground in its catapulting somersault, saw it shoot into the whole field of the camera, and then pass out again at the top as it hurtled on overhead to still the cameraman's cranking hand in death.

It is not only amid the revolutions and catastrophes and dare-deviltries of civilization that the newsreel cameraman risks death. There is scarcely an exploration party venturing into the wildernesses of the world anywhere, that does not include at least one newsreel cameraman in its personnel. Cameramen Van Der Veer and Rucker spent two years with the Byrd Expedition to the South Pole and before that they had accompanied the same explorer's North Pole Expedition. Other cameramen had accompanied mountain-climbing expeditions into the Himalayas and exploring parties into the poisonous jungles of Africa and South America. At one time a single newsreel company had cameramen with seven different exploring expeditions in various parts of the world.

Cameraman Lou Hutt has been sent on picture-taking assignments to the South Seas and Orient no less than three times within the past six years. He spent one whole year in the wilds of Borneo, making pictures showing how elephants, tigers, giant snakes and other creatures of the wild were trapped alive by the natives; and during this assignment he made a complete pictorial history of a cannibal tribe of head-hunting Dyaks in whose village he lived for six months.

As if his straight news assignments were not exciting enough, however, the newsreel cameraman goes out of his way to risk his life further in "stunt" pictures which he himself originates. For the average theatre patron loves thrills—automobile races, stunting airplanes, volcanic eruptions, fires, floods, and the like.

IT WAS to satisfy this thirst of the theatre-goer for thrills that Cameraman Cummins lashed himself to the framework of a giant ferris wheel five hundred feet high, and allowed it to whirl him through its entire arc while he steadily cranked his camera. It was all right going up, but the cameraman had to make the whole second half of the trip *head downward*—and to add to his feelings, the ropes that lashed him to the steel framework began to slip just as he started downward!

Another newsreel cameraman tied an automatic camera to his back and jumped in a parachute so that the theatre patron could see just what a parachute jumper saw when he jumped from a plane high above the earth.

Other newsreel cameramen have made pictures of the Grand Canyon from an airplane whose wing tips were never much farther than twenty-five feet from the perpendicular canyon walls, and of the crater of boiling Vesuvius from a plane all but skimming the surface of the fiery lava. In the first case the cameraman suffered no evil consequences. But in the flight over Vesuvius, the gases of the volcano caused the engine to miss firing and fail; its pilot barely got it up over the crater rim before it crashed into a tree, breaking the pilot's leg and one or two of the cameraman's ribs. Whereupon the cameraman, broken ribs and all, lugged the pilot down to safety, and then went back for his

camera and films before he would allow his own injuries to be dressed.

NEWSREEL cameramen, assigned to get pictures of certain individuals, often discover that their potential subject absolutely refuses to allow his picture to be made. The Prince of Wales doesn't like pictures to be made of him while playing golf; General Pershing doesn't like "close-ups"; a certain famous financier refuses to allow moving-pictures made of him under any circumstances.

In these cases it is up to the cameraman to "steal" his picture, by outwitting his subjects and by use of "midget" cameras and telephoto lenses. Many an American cameraman, heavily disguised, has laid in ambush amid the brush and tree hazards of English golf courses in order to photograph His Royal Highness dubbing his shots like any other golfer.

These "midget" cameras are very small semi-automatic machines operated by compressed springs instead of being cranked by hand, and using magazines of film only one hundred feet long instead of the usual four hundred, and they can easily be concealed under a coat or other wrap. The first moving-pictures of the North Pole were made with this type of semi-automatic camera by Commander Byrd while flying over the pole, and it was a newsreel cameraman who taught him how to load and operate it. It was because of the convenience of its semi-automatic features that this camera was used, however, and not because the pictures of the North Pole had to be "stolen."

Of all forbidden pictures, those of championship prize-fights are perhaps the hardest to "steal." Exclusive motion-picture rights on a world's heavyweight championship bout are a valuable monopoly, and the independent producers who pay high for such a monopoly are also willing to spend a lot of money to safeguard that monopoly. Guards and detectives by the hundreds are posted at all the stadium entrances and around among the spectators to arrest any rival cameraman on sight and confiscate or smash his camera and films.

Two newsreel cameramen who found themselves thus barred from the Dempsey-Gibbons prize-fight in Shelby, Montana, promptly sneaked around to a side door where the peanut vendors, program-sellers, and other concessionaries were assembled. There a couple of peanut vendors were found who were willing to listen to persuasion and pair of twenty-dollar bills, and to turn over their uniforms and peanut baskets to the cameramen and take a day off.

All during that fight, the two disguised cameramen roamed, free and unsuspected, through the audience and around the ringside, selling peanuts. But well down at the bottom of their baskets, underneath the layers of peanuts, two midget spring-operated cameras were steadily whirring. Their lenses were trained through small holes out in the ends of the peanut baskets. And shortly after, when the moving-picture monopolist prepared to launch his films as the "One and only picture of the great fight," he was surprised and shocked to find every neighborhood playhouse exhibiting, among their newsreel subjects, bona fide pictures of the very same fight—pictures which

(Continued on page 62)



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Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 52)

1. The bowler is throwing the ball.
2. The bowler is stepping over the foul line.
3. The bowler has a cuff on one trouser leg; none on the other.
4. The bowler has spiked shoes.
5. There are two balls on the alley at once.
6. There are only eight pins.
7. The pins are not the same size.
8. The ball rack is reversed.
9. The scores are wrong.
10. The scoreboard is wrong.
11. One of the spectators has his feet on the alley strip.
12. The scorer has no ear.

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AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

(Continued from page 61)
 had been made by the cameras hidden in the peanut baskets.

The pictures of another important prize-
 fight were "stolen" by a newsreel cameraman
 who did nothing more crafty than the renting
 of a water tank on top of a building overlooking
 the arena. But the wily cameraman did not
 use the water tank as a water tank at all; he
 drained the water out of it, climbed into it the
 night before the fight with his camera and films,
 and bored holes through the side and bottom
 through which he could train his telephoto lens
 full on the ring. He got his pictures, all right,
 but coming down he was discovered and
 chased by detectives over roofs, down fire
 escapes and through alleys for blocks, until
 he managed, finally, to escape with his precious
 films.

"Getting the picture" is but half of the
 cameraman's job, though; the other half
 is getting it back to the studio and getting it
 there first. There are few important news
 happenings nowadays that are not covered
 simultaneously by cameramen for half a
 dozen rival newsreel organizations, each of
 which is desperately intent upon being the
 first to reach the theatre screens with the
 pictures. "Scooping" rival newsreels with
 pictures of important events may mean thou-
 sands or hundreds of thousands of dollars in
 future contracts, and the large newsreel com-
 panies are willing to spend thousands and
 thousands of dollars to beat rival newsreels by
 even a few hours. But while the camera forces
 have the whole power and organization of their
 respective companies behind them, it is gener-
 ally up to the individual cameraman, far out
 in the world's wildernesses, to originate the plans
 by which he may be able to gain hours or days
 on his rival craftsmen of the camera.

When Captain Wilkins arrived at Spitz-
 bergen, after his famous airplane flight over the
 North Pole from Alaska, there were half a
 dozen cameramen from as many rival news-
 reels waiting there, as his flight had been ex-
 pected for some time. The cameramen all
 secured pictures of the arrival of the famous
 flyer, and they all started homeward together
 on the only steamer that would leave Spitz-
 bergen for weeks. In the normal course of
 events this steamer would have landed all the
 rival cameramen simultaneously in Norway,
 whence they would start the long trip back to
 America with the probabilities of their all
 arriving home at practically the same time.

Dored, who had previously scooped the world
 with the picture of Lenin's funeral and the
 great Smyrna fire, was not satisfied merely
 to have his pictures reach home simultaneously
 with those of his rivals. He studied the situa-
 tion, consulted all the maps available, and
 made a few private plans of his own. He
 radioed secretly for a fishing launch to meet him
 off the coast of Norway at the nearest point
 in the ship's course, and then sent another
 radio arranging for dogsleds and a guide.

Off Norway, in the midst of a blizzard, he
 was met by his launch—an open fishing boat—
 and he trans-shipped to it with his camera
 and films. After an eighteen-hour voyage in
 freezing weather he reached the coast where
 his dog team and guide were waiting. After
 an eight-hour mush across barren country, he
 reached the nearest railroad and flagged a
 train which two days later landed him in the
 nearest city where he could hire an airplane.

Thence he flew to Berlin and Paris and on to
 Cherbourg, where he just managed to get his
 films on the steamer for the United States.
 Off the American coast the steamer was met
 by a seaplane, and the films, carefully cased in
 a buoyed watertight package, were dropped
 overboard. The pilot of the seaplane picked
 them up and flew them to New York. By the
 time the steamer itself docked and just about
 the time the rival cameramen were reaching
 Paris with their films, Dored's pictures were
 being exhibited in Broadway theatres, a clean
 "scoop" by days. But it had taken Dored's
 ingenuity and a relentless race of over six
 thousand miles to accomplish that scoop.

If a cameraman loves to scoop his rivals on a straight news story, however, he loves still more to "steal" a rival newsreel's "stunt" picture. These pictures, while they are not "spot news" stories, are happenings of indubitable public interest which have come into being through the creative minds of the individual newsreel men. One of the first pictures of a dirigible transferring mail and packages to a steamer at sea, for instance, was not just a chance news story, but the whole project was conceived and put through by a resourceful and enterprising newsreel company. The newsreel men

conceived the idea, and negotiated for the services of the steamer and the dirigible that were used.

The dirigible was "loaned" by the United States Government which, recognizing the value of the publicity, as well as the practical training for the dirigible's personnel, also agreed to provide a trained landing crew, as well, to be aboard the steamer and help in landing the dirigible on deck.

For its part the newsreel company engaged the cooperation of a regular ocean steamship on the South American run, and had built on its deck at no little expense the necessary gear for landing the dirigible. The dirigible, according to plan, was to contact the steamer thirty or forty miles off the tip of Long Island, make its landing and hop off again, after which the borrowed "landing party" was to be taken off the steamer and brought back to New York by a special tug which the newsreel company had also chartered.

Inasmuch as the whole project was quite expensive, the newsreel company wanted to make sure of getting good pictures from all angles and, consequently, arranged for two cameramen in airplanes to fly out and meet the dirigible and steamer at the rendezvous and make pictures of the landing from the air.

On the morning of the stunt, when everything was in readiness and the steamship already cleared on her way to the rendezvous with the landing party aboard and the tug following, the two cameramen who were to take the views from the air were standing around at the Long Island flying field waiting for their planes to be warmed up.

Suddenly, to the cameramen's consternation, onto the landing field wandered a cameraman from a rival newsreel who had just happened to look in at that field on the vague chance of picking up some little spot news picture of general flying.

The moment he saw the two other camera-
 men and their planes, though, he scented some-
 thing unusual in the wind. Without waiting
 to telephone his home studio even, he rushed
 into a nearby hangar and hired another plane

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 47)

M	O	A	T	S					H	E	A	D	S				
A	P	T	A	L	P	S			G	A	M	E	N	O	T		
R	E	L	A	Y	L	E	M	U	R		R	A	N	G	E		
C	R	A	M		M	A	R	I	N	E	R		S	A	G	E	
H	A	S		P	I	N	E		S	N	A	G	L	E	D		
T				M	A	T	E		F	A	C	R	E	R			
I	M	A	G	E		L	A	C		L	A	C	E	R	I	E	
C	O	N	E		C	A	N	A	L		E	A	R	L			
T				A	W	A	Y		B	E	A	T	A				
E	T	O	N		R	E	F	I	T		I	N	T	O			
M	O	U	T	H		R	U	N		S	N	E	E	R			
B				T	R	E	E		N		P	A	G	E		I	
O	R	A		Y	E	A	R		S	O	N	S		A	G	O	
M	A	I	L		D	R	A	I	N	E	D		S	L	I	D	
E	C	L	A	T		E	T	N	A	S		P	I	A	N	O	
G	E	E		A	I	D	E		P	Y	R	E		M	A	R	
A	D	D	E	R									T	O	O	L	S

which was already warmed up. Climbing aboard with his camera and equipment, he ran alongside his rivals and called cheerily "Well, where do we go from here, boys?"

Recognition had been mutual. The two cameramen from the original company were dismayed. If the rival were to follow them, he could get plenty of good pictures of the dirigible's landing on the steamship, and the rival newsreel company at no expense to itself would be able to exhibit identical pictures of a stunt which was costing the originating company a whole lot of time and money.

IN THIS dilemma one of the two cameramen partners rushed to the nearest telephone and called up his assignment editor in the New York studio:

"Hey, this is Williams, speaking from Curtis Field. That darn guy Black, of X-Y-Z Newsreel—you know him!—has just stumbled onto me and Smith out here and he knows something's up. And he's hired a plane himself and is all set to follow us and steal our picture. What'll we do?"

The editor in New York thought quickly; he had to. He knew that Black was the crack cameraman of a rival newsreel; also he knew that dirigible and tug and steamship were already all under way, and the project could not be postponed even for a few hours. The pictures had to be taken on scheduled time or not at all—in which case somebody was going to have to answer for a lot of money spent to no purpose whatever.

The editor jerked the transmitter to him and yelled back at the waiting cameraman:

"All right, Williams—and now be sure and get this. You and Smith are both ready, aren't you, and Black is waiting to trail you? All right; just one of you will take the pictures—the other will have to decoy Black away. Now you hop off in your plane and head straight north. It that pirate Black follows you, you keep on heading north: fly to Albany—fly to Montreal—hell, fly to the North Pole if necessary. And tell Smith to hop off ten minutes later, if Black follows you, and for him to go out and meet the dirigible and get the pictures. But if Black doesn't follow you and waits around to trail Smith instead, then you circle way around after you're well out of sight, and you go out and take the pictures while Smith decoys Black toward Albany. But one of you has got to get those pictures, and the other has got to see that Black doesn't get them!"

Five minutes later Cameraman Black of X-Y-Z Newsreel was the one who was in a quandary. One of his rivals, Williams, had just taken off and was flying steadily north in a most direct and businesslike way. His other rival, Smith, was waiting alertly around as if he might start out any moment for somewhere else just as important. And as Cameraman Black gloomily realized, there was only one of him to watch two rivals.

Cameraman Black did the only thing possible; he tossed a coin, and then hopped off and chased Cameraman Williams in the first plane for all he was worth. He had a lovely ride all the way to Albany and back, but he didn't take any pictures, for there were no pictures to take.

And all the time Cameraman Smith, alone and undisturbed, was out at the rendezvous, merrily taking "the first and exclusive" pictures of a dirigible transferring mail and packages to a steamship underway at sea.

Not always do newsreel men use such open and aboveboard methods in outwitting each other, though, according to rumor around the studios. Wherever newsreel cameramen congregate you can hear tell tales of the dark and devious methods of rival newsreels, even as you can hear sagas of the intrepidity and acumen of their own camera artists. And one of the classics is the story of how one quite well-known aviator and mail pilot, in the early days of his commercial flying, was victimized by an unscrupulous cameraman.

There had been a bad flood in the mid-West, and the various newsreel companies had all rushed cameramen to the scene. One river town had been completely swept away, and the newsreel companies were striving particularly for the first pictures of the tragedy.

But although the cameramen all managed to reach the flooded town and make their pictures, the flood spread while they were about it, and completely cut them off from communication with the outer world.

Eventually, one daring cameraman did manage to fight his way through the flood to a telephone that was still in commission, and there call up the Chicago office of his company.

"Say, I got those flood pictures, and they're knockouts," he yelled over the phone. "But the only way to get them out is by airplane. So hire a ship and hustle it down here right away."

"Right-o," was the reply. "But how will the aviator find you? What's your address?"

"Address?" yelled the cameraman. "Say, there ain't an address left in fifty miles of here; flood's washed 'em all away! You just tell your aviator to fly down stream till he sees a scattering of planks and dead mules in a bend of the river; that's what's left of the town. But there's a high meadow a mile west where he can still land. Tell him to land there and then wade over into the middle of the ruins and just yell for Eddie Johnson!"

The aviator was hired, and in due course located the ruined town and landed in the meadow. Then, obedient to his instructions, he waded through mud and water to the edge of the ruins and called: "Eddie Johnson, Eddie Johnson!"

Almost immediately an unshaven individual with a camera on his back emerged from a wrecked house and eyed the flyer questioningly. "Yeah? Watcha want?"

"I'm the aviator your company hired to fly down here and pick up those flood pictures you telephoned about," elucidated the flyer.

"Oh, you are—! Well, wait here just a second; I'll have 'em ready for you in a jiffy, just as soon as I can wrap 'em up good and safe," said the stranger with the camera, looking hurriedly about him.

HE VANISHED behind his heap of planks only to reappear shortly with several metal film magazines which he carefully wrapped in an old sack, tied the sack up with a stout cord, and delivered it to the aviator. "Hustle 'em right along; Chicago's waiting for 'em. And be awfully careful that them cans don't get jarred open or anything; if the light gets into 'em it'll ruin every foot of negative inside there!"

Back the aviator flew to Chicago, being extra careful that none of those priceless cans of film came open even the slightest bit. And in Chicago, at the studio, he sat in the office and waited in pleasant anticipation for his money while the Chicago studio man rushed with the films to the dark room for a hurried job of developing.

A moment later the studio man was back, looking very wild and haggard. "Where are those flood pictures? Where are those films?" he demanded, raving. "You can't play any damn jokes like that on me! Gimme them pictures!"

"But—but you've already got 'em!" stammered the aviator dazedly. "I just gave 'em to you—just as I got 'em! They haven't been out of my hands even once!"

"Films? Those things?" yelled the studio man. "There aren't any films here! There's nothing but brickbats and old rags in those magazines!"

It hadn't been Eddie Johnson at all who had answered the innocent aviator's hail. It had been an unscrupulous rascal of a rival cameraman who had come, had heard—and had resolved that Eddie Johnson's pictures should never reach the public first! Not as long as there was a brickbat and an old rag and a rival cameraman in town to prevent it, anyway!

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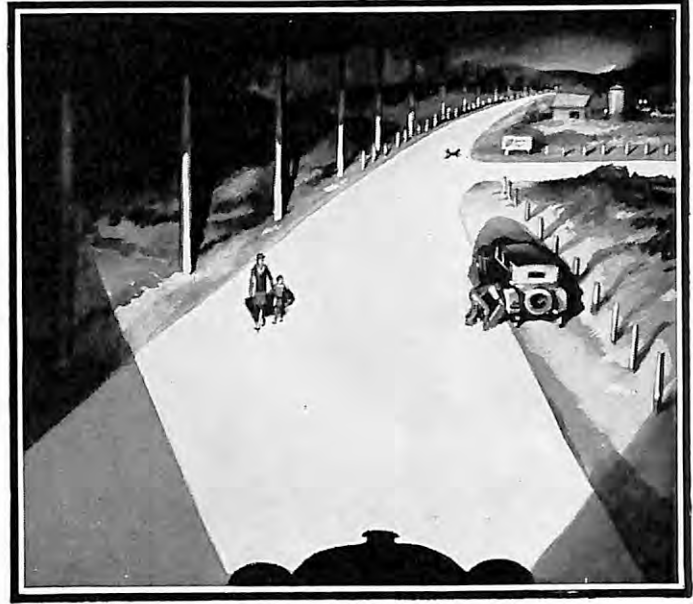
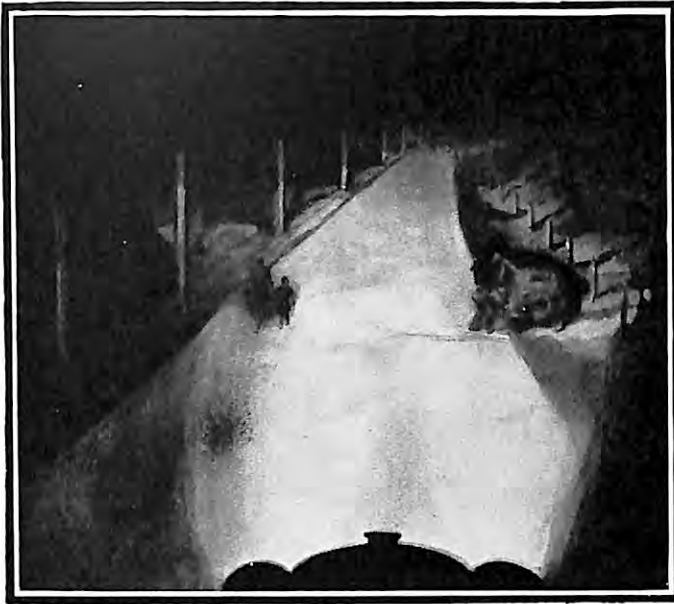
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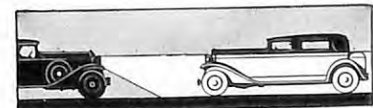
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Absolutely no glare to oncoming cars. Unique double-reflected, "infused" light beam cuts through every light on the road. Even lights distant objects with daylight clearness.

AMAZING PROFITS OFFERED TO AGENTS

This unquestionably opens up one of the most amazing money-making opportunities ever presented in America's richest industry. Here actually IS that chance for \$8 to \$14 your FIRST hour, \$6,000 to \$10,000 THIS year, with no limit. WHATEVER for Distributors. Fleet Owners buy quantities. A real self-advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Start full-time or spare time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and get full details of Exclusive Territory, etc. Sales Guaranteed. Mail Coupon QUICK!



\$1,400 IN ONE WEEK Davis, Pa., reports profits of \$1,400 in one week.

Fits Any Headlight

This new lighting discovery is called Perfect-O-Lite. It is not merely an improvement over old methods. Not a mere "attachment." It is a little invention that replaces the "bulbs" in your automobile headlights. No extra wiring or installation. Millions of motorists have invested from \$10 to \$25 or more in so-called "Spot" Lights and "Driving" Lights which at best are only makeshifts. This new lighting

PERFECT-O-LITE

Hachmeister-Lind Co.

Dept. B-1150

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hachmeister-Lind Co., Dept. B-1150, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Rush details of your Free Test Offer, also send facts about agent's money-making opportunities, without obligations.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Are they as good as when the ruffles came down to the ankles?

GOOD? . . . You bet they are! Maybe the girls are even better. Anyhow, cigarettes are a whole lot better. No doubt about that.

They used to be made by hand—

Now it's machines.

They used to be packed in expensive, highfalutin' cardboard boxes—

Now the quality is in the cigarettes.

The U. S. Revenue Tax used to be a penny a package of twenty—

Now it's six cents a package of twenty.

Tobacco used to be dried by air—

Now Liggett & Myers alone has thirty-five drying machines of the latest type, with a daily capacity of over 2,000,000 pounds—and over four miles of warehouses for tobacco storage.

BETTER—they're *miles* better! Everything used in the manufacture of Chesterfield cigarettes is the best that money can buy or that Science knows about.

CHESTERFIELD TOBACCOS—both Turkish and Domestic—are mild and ripe, the best that money can buy.

AND THE WAY Chesterfield tobaccos are blended and cross-blended is like making a new and better-tasting kind of tobacco, with greater smoothness, more mildness and a more pleasing aroma—a fragrance and flavor not to be found in any other cigarette.

CHESTERFIELD gives you the benefit of all the world knows about the production of better cigarettes. Nobody smokes a better cigarette than Chesterfield.



New songs for old . . .

Popular modern music beautifully played by Nat Shilkret and his Chesterfield orchestra—every night except Sunday at 10:30, E. S. T.—Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

