

The Elks

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Magazine

MARCH, 1932



Reginald
Fairfax
1932

In This Issue: Sport — Adventure — Romance

Announcing the NEW INTERNATIONALS

Models A-7 and A-8

POWERFUL
MODERN
FAST
BIG



TWO new Internationals are now available—Heavy-Duty Models A-7 and A-8. Big, yet fast! Powerful, yet unusually easy to handle. They are Harvester's answer to present-day demands for moving heavy loads with speed and unfailing dependability!

These two new Internationals are built in 160, 180, 200 and 225-inch wheelbases. They are adaptable for dump and tractor-trailer service and the heaviest kind of cross-country hauling. Cross-continent hauling, for that matter, for they have at their service the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

The engines of both these new models are 6-cylinder, valve-in-head

type, with removable cylinders—an International feature that makes for remarkably low maintenance cost!

There are five speeds forward—two reverse.

There are four rear springs instead of the conventional two. These are of dual, semi-elliptic type, one mounted above and one below the rear axle on each side—assuring improved cushioning, and greater strength to absorb the enormous torque and driving stresses of the rear axle.

See the Models A-7 and A-8 now. Have the nearest International showroom arrange a demonstration. In no other way can you get a true picture of the new truck—value these two new trucks represent!

Models A-7 and A-8 Features

Rated Capacity: (Both A-7 and A-8) 5 tons. Maximum Capacity, including cab, body, equipment, and payload: 24,000 pounds.

Wheelbases: 160, 180, 200, and 225 inches.

Engine: Both models, 6-cylinder valve-in-head type. Model A-7, 4½-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Model A-8, 5-inch bore x 5½-inch stroke. Engine features include removable cylinders, full pressure lubrication, oil filter, oil-type air cleaner, fuel pump, and downdraft carburetion.

Clutch: 15-inch, single-plate type.

Transmission: 5 speeds forward, 2 reverse.

Final Drive: Full-floating double-reduction gear type.

Steering Gear: Irreversible cam-and-lever type.

Springs: Semi-elliptic front and dual semi-elliptic rear.

Brakes: 4-wheel, mechanical, internal-expanding type service brakes with vacuum booster. Ventilated disc type emergency brake on propeller shaft.



INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

606 S. Michigan Ave.

OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)

Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Discontent

your first step to greater Success!

IF you're contented—satisfied with your lot—merely hoping for things to come your way, the chances are you'll stay where you are.

If you're dissatisfied—discontented—studying over what the future holds and how you're going to get ahead—that can be your first step to success.

Be dissatisfied with yourself but don't stop there—let your dissatisfaction stir you to constructive action.

Analyze yourself and your ability, find out why you aren't going ahead, see what successful men have done to deserve success.

You'll find that there's an easy way out—a short cut to bigger ability and larger success—if you are really in earnest.

It lies through the field of specialized business training—that's where the big rewards are paid. That's where you should be.

* * *

Listen a moment to what other men who were in the same position you are today have done.

These are not unusual cases—similar reports come over our desks every day in the year.

For instance, W. A. Day wanted more money but he didn't wish to change employers—he made up his mind to get more money *right where he was*. That meant he must make himself worth more money to his employer, and that, in turn, meant *training*. LaSalle training was the answer—in two years, his salary increased 73.3%.

Mr. Paul F. Bourscheidt was Assistant Actuary of the Peoria Life Insurance Company. Eleven months after enrolling with LaSalle, he was promoted and his salary increased 30 per cent. Since then he has been made Assistant Secretary and Office Manager of this great company, and today he is being entrusted with larger and larger responsibilities.

These are men who grew without seeking new employment. On the other hand, you may want to be in business for yourself.

In that case, consider W. R. MacNeal and Charles T. Spencer. Mr. Spencer was a salesman—traveling over western Canada—at a very modest salary. Today, he is head of the Spencer



Agencies with a very successful business. Mr. MacNeal was a mature, successful executive, vice-president of an old established company. Today, he is owner, president and general manager of Knadler & Lucas of Louisville, Ky.

If you believe that your future success lies in a new field or with a different employer—

Read the experiences of C. J. Farris, of Tennessee, U. S. McIntyre of Alabama, and Zura E. Bells of California.

Mr. Farris, at 45, was a Credit Manager at a small salary—now he is a Certified Public Accountant and head of a highly successful accounting firm. Mr. McIntyre was rate clerk for a western railroad—today he is operating a traffic bureau for three southern cities with an income increase of several hundred per cent. Mr. Bells was manager of a music goods store—now he is vice-president and sales manager of a prominent real estate firm and earning several times as much as when he enrolled with LaSalle.

* * *

We could cite hundreds and thousands of similar cases of discontent leading to success through LaSalle training but these should be enough. What you need now is to *act*.

We have prepared a special, new 64-page book for you. It tells in detail about the new LaSalle spare time training under the unique LaSalle Problem Method. It analyzes and discusses your field of business in a very interesting, vital way. It will be valuable to you for that information alone—if, in addition, it leads you to take advantage of LaSalle training, only your future can ever measure its real value to you.

The coupon will bring this book, and another, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," to you quickly and without cost or obligation.

And—in your spare hours at home—at low cost and easy terms—you can turn discontent into success if you are the right man.

Measure the real meaning of your discontent by what you do with this coupon **NOW**.

La Salle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

Tell us which of the following courses of home-study training interests you most.

Business Management: Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
Higher Accountancy: Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
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C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.
Modern Business Correspondence.
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Railway Accounting.
Paper Salesman's Training.

NOTE: If you are undecided as to the field which offers you the largest opportunity, write us a brief outline of your business history and education, and we will gladly advise you without obligating you.

----- Find Yourself Through LaSalle! -----

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 Dept. 3328-R Chicago

I would welcome full particulars about the opportunities in

(State subject in which you are interested)
 Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of the new LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.

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Present Position.....

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"I SAVED SIX ORDERS and MADE \$90 in ONE DAY . . . Thanks To This Pocket Volume!"

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

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

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

Naturally I wrote for it—it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when there arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expecting was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—men—who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesmanship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," was the one I could



long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours, but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up, just by my own experience.

Today, I find amazing increase in the volume of my sales now over what they were a year ago. Then I was selling only about 40% of my quota—this month, with a quota twice as high as it used to be, I'm 50% over! And you know what quantity production means when the bonus checks roll around.

Today any man who wants to see how to end some of his biggest sales weaknesses can learn from this book some of the most fre-

first get practical use from.

Right in the first few pages, I saw some examples quoted. They were things I had

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

The next morning, I sallied out, bright and early to see if I couldn't save those sales, using the tips given me. Before noon, I had put the practical suggestions of that little book to work—and sure enough, in every case, I made the sale which I had thought was gone glimmering. Six sales saved—at \$15 commission apiece, that was \$90 made, by one morning's work, plus the advice of a little book that cost me nothing!

Of course that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me \$90, how much would I make out of having all the knowledge which the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take

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

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

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

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

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

Name

Address

City State

Age Occupation

A NEW and FINER EDITION

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



Something About This Number

A well-known editor once said that he never sent his magazine to press without at least one picture of a ship in it, for to his mind ships, and the sea, held a universal appeal. And we believe he was right, for where is there a man or a boy who doesn't feel a quickening in his blood at the sight of a giant liner, blowing her way downstream to the open ocean; a rusty, sea-roving tramp steamer in from the far places of the world, or, best of all, a great, deep-water wind-jammer with her glorious spread of sail trimmed to the winds? It is of these last that A. J. Villiers writes, in this month's opening article, with a knowledge and an appreciation bred of years of sailing in them as foremast hand and officer. Mr. Villiers is a young man, but as a sailor and an author he is widely known. His books, "Vanished Fleets," "Falmouth for Orders," and "Cape Horn," have been published in this country and in England, while, as you read this, he is battling the giant rollers of the Horn as third mate and half-owner of the four-masted barque *Parma*, Europe-bound from Australia.

IF "The Library of the Lawless" doesn't boom the trade in cotton gloves, at least, it cannot be said that we haven't done our best to revive agriculture and industry. Anyway, we'll wager that the next time you see the prints of your fingers on a window-pane or a polished table top, you'll look at them with a new interest. In this article David McKevitt has some remarkable tales to tell of the efficacy of finger-print records in running down malefactors, and of the great collection of two and three-quarter million sets of prints on file in Washington.

"STAIRWAYS," by Ferdinand Reyher, is a short story which covers the whole span of a man's life. From his departure into the noisy rapids of the world until his return as an old man to deep, quiet waters, Ned Lyman's career follows the inexorable demands of his destiny, and only when at last he meets this destiny face to face do we realize how tense has been our awaiting of the final working out of his story.

"THE Comeback of Francis Ouimet" is the last article we shall publish from the pen of Sol Metzger, for that fine sportsman and gallant gentleman died not long after completing it. An able writer, a widely-respected authority, a staunch battler against the forces threatening the integrity of the sports he loved, his untimely passing is one to be mourned by all sportsmen.

"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 Ten

The Elks Magazine

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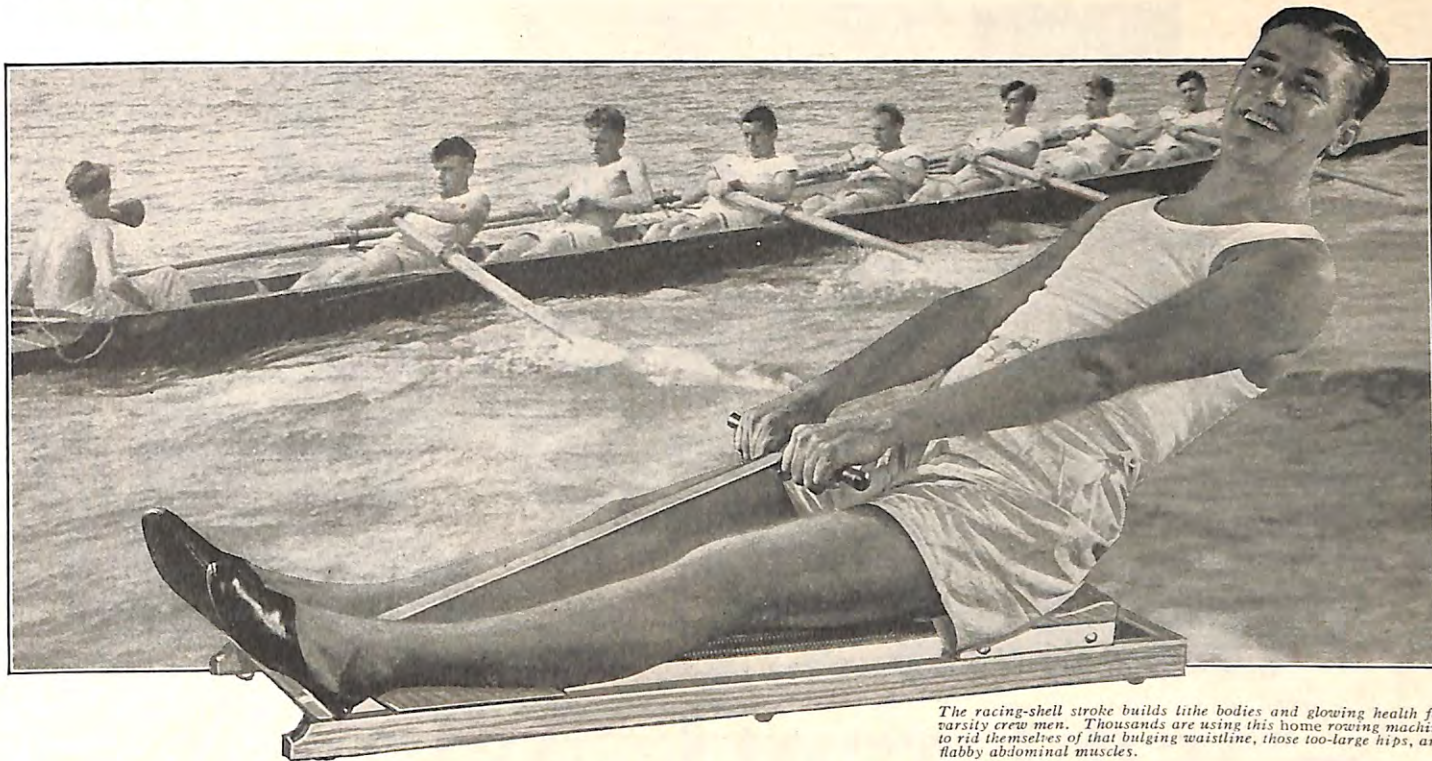
Charles S. Hart
Business Manager

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.

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The racing-shell stroke builds lithe bodies and glowing health for varsity crew men. Thousands are using this home rowing machine to rid themselves of that bulging waistline, those too-large hips, and flabby abdominal muscles.

There Never Was a Finer Way to Keep Fit and Slender!

HAVE you ever seen an oarsman who wasn't slim, fit, hard-muscled, and in the pink of condition? Did you ever hear of a varsity crew man who was overweight, or who had no appetite, no vitality?

Of course not. There's just *nothing* like Rowing for making a person feel like a new man or woman! No other form of exercise develops *every* part of the body and keeps it in perfect trim, in just the right proportions, the way ROWING does. And everybody enjoys Rowing so much! As children, we all loved to row for the pure fun of it. And now thousands of men and women are turning the fun of rowing into renewed health, strength, and slenderness—in five daily minutes right in their own bedrooms.

"Exercise Drudgery" Banished

Most men and women have always hated the very sound of the word "exercise." So, even though they realized they were "letting themselves go," they just didn't DO anything about it. But NOW that the *Flexroll Rowing Machine* has taken the work out of "workout" thousands are regaining pep, vitality and the figure and fitness of youth.

For *Flexroll* puts Nature's own tonic—healthy, happy exercise—into every inch of your body. It awakens those sleeping, lazy muscles that now tire so quickly. Arouses that sluggish

circulation. Puts the tingling joy of life back into your whole system. As you roll backward on the rolling seat, pulling against the lively tension of *Flexroll*, arms, legs, thighs, hips and shoulders grow supple—feel as though you were "back in your 'teens" again!

5 Daily Minutes of Sport

The *Flexroll Rowing Machine* now makes it possible for every man, every woman, every family to get in shape and KEEP in shape! No longer is there any excuse for being overweight, run-down, tired out, nervous, ailing. It's really FUN to reduce, increase strength, and improve health. To prove it, let us put the *Flexroll* in your bedroom for a week's TRIAL! Examine and try it without risking a cent!

See for yourself that five

minutes' daily ROWING with the *Flexroll Rowing Machine* is the 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.

Send No Money—Examine the Flexroll FREE

Merely mail the coupon. It is not necessary to send money in advance unless you care to do so. When the Express Company delivers the FLEXROLL you have the privilege of examining it. Note its strength. Note how easily the rolling seat glides. Try the tension of the springs. See how beautiful the FLEXROLL is in appearance. Then pay delivery charges and DEPOSIT the purchase price (only \$7.95) WITH THE EXPRESS COMPANY. They are instructed to hold your deposit for 6 days, subject to your command. If within 6 days you are dissatisfied with it for ANY REASON (or for no reason at all) simply telephone the Express Company and they will call for the FLEXROLL and refund your money. NO SALESMAN WILL CALL ON YOU. You do not need to write US for a refund. We do not receive a penny unless you are satisfied. What could be more fair? With your FLEXROLL we will send a complete chart of interesting and enjoyable exercises. Act NOW. Address The Steelflex Corporation of America Dept. 43, 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

A JOY-RIDE TO HEALTH AND SLENDERNESS

Strengthens arms, legs, thighs, back, chest, neck. Flexes dormant muscles, peps them up; stimulates circulation, drives out waste products, tones up vital organs! Dissolves harmful fat from abdomen, hips—builds natural corset of muscle to replace sagging muscles! Massages liver, stomach, bowels, kidneys, so they function properly!



Keep Fit! Reduce! Gain Strength! Try the *Flexroll Rowing Machine* in your own home. PROVE that rowing is the most beneficial and most enjoyable form of exercise known! Mail coupon—without money—NOW.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON—MAIL NOW!

THE STEELFLEX CORPORATION OF AMERICA
Dept. 43, 1785 East 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Please send me a FLEXROLL ROWING MACHINE, delivery charges collect. I am to have the privilege of FREE EXAMINATION upon arrival. If pleased with its appearance I will deposit the purchase price (\$7.95) with the Express Company, to be held by them for 6 days pending my final decision after trying the FLEXROLL. If I do not notify the Express Company to return my money and return my rowing machine, they are to remit to you. It is understood there are no further payments of any kind.

Name

Address

City .. State ..

NOTE: Our finest rowing machine, the ROWFLEX HEALTH GLIDER, has aluminum yacht-shaped prow and other superior appointments. If desired, place X in square at left. Price, \$11.85, and well worth it. Canadian and Foreign Prices on Request.

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Five

February 10, 1932
 Sterling, Colorado

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

March brings to a close the fiscal year of Elkdom, yet the month is one of the most vital and important of the annual period.

March witnesses the annual Lodge elections, the time of leadership selection.

Repeatedly during my administration I have made the statement that the average subordinate Lodge prospers in the measure that its leaders give of sacrificial service and enthusiastic effort.

I consider the Exalted Rulership of every Elks Lodge as a position of extreme dignity and importance. No finer opportunity for service can come to any man. No greater chance for self-development.

May the membership at large in the exercise of its judgment bestow the privilege of leadership with deepest consideration of the responsibility involved, and may leadership be accepted with a sincerity of purpose that will insure continued achievement.

One of the apparent weaknesses of our present plan of Lodge administration has been the pronounced lull in fraternal activities during the summer season.

I urge upon all newly elected officers immediate planning of a well rounded program for April, May, June, July, August and September.

Start your year with determined objectives.

Let there be in every Lodge in April and in May:

Reinstatement of lapsed members.

Initiation of new members.

Charity and welfare activities.

Entertainment that will engage and retain the interest of the individual Elk.

Do not permit June, July and August to be a time of siesta.

Promote inter-Lodge visitations and renewed relationships during this period. Remember always that the successful Lodge brings its membership within the Lodge quarters.

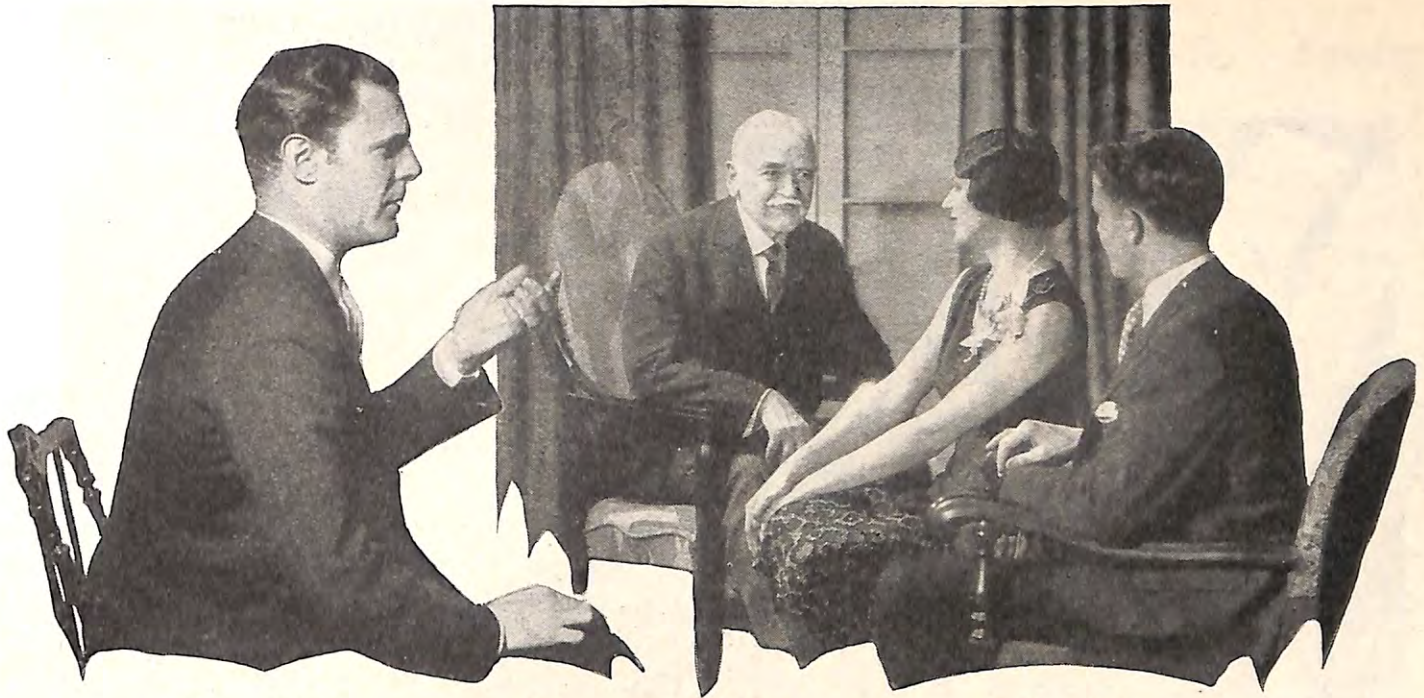
Enter upon the duties of office with the firm resolve that 1932-33 shall and will be the greatest year in the history of Elkdom.

My heart thrills with pride as I examine the reports relative to the initiation of George Washington Prosperity Classes, and of other activities incident thereto. There is no limit to the possible accomplishments of the subordinate Lodge.

In the measure that the leaders give of sacrificial service so will the Lodges and our Order prosper.

Most sincerely

Grand Exalted Ruler.



As Usual... There I Sat – No One Was Listening to Me But Today I Can Make One or Thousands Listen

It was maddening! Yet I knew that it was no one's fault but my own if I seemed unable to talk brilliantly and interestingly. I knew I had as many ideas and was as well-posted as anyone in that room—yet tonight, as on every other occasion, I was "left out." Every attempt to join the conversation was met by looks of polite boredom—or, as now, by undisguised breaking up of the conversation!

I HAD always been shy. Not shy with people I knew well, or when I met them singly. But in a crowd—well, I was a washout, and I knew it. The most discouraging part of it was, that every effort I made only seemed to make things worse. People had come to think of me as speechless and stupid—and their attitude of boredom only made me shyer and more silent.

It was on the way home from that party, though, that Ralph Hansen gave me the lecture and the help that changed my life completely. We were getting close to my house when he burst out:

"See here, Larry, I wish to thunder you'd learn how to talk in company. Can't you see how you're hurting yourself, socially, in business and every other way by your habit of either shutting up like a clam, or of failing to talk coherently?"

I grunted—and lied: "A lot of difference it makes to me," I said. "Just because I wasn't born with the gift of gab—can't hand out a smooth line—that's no reason for anyone to look down on me. If anyone judges me by my talking ability, they're mighty poor friends, I think."

"Nonsense," replied Ralph, sharply.

"Whether you like it or not, people are going to make their first judgments of you by the way you talk and act. And don't tell me about 'not being born with the ability to talk freely.' The men who really know say that seven out of every nine men have a hidden knack of speech that could make successes out of them—if they would only develop it.

"Now, see here," as we neared the door of my house. "I'm coming in." In the library he leafed through a magazine. "That's what I want." He tore a piece out of one of the pages and wrote my name and address. "I'm going to mail this coupon to the North American Institute for you. They'll send you a booklet that will explain far better than I can what your weakness is—and how easily you can turn that shyness and stage-fright into charm and real conversational ability."

Nowadays I look back on that night of embarrassment and misery and laugh. Today I can dominate any crowd I'm in, whether it is a social group or a business gathering. That night when Ralph Hansen wrote for that little booklet for me proved to be the turning point in my life—changed my way from one of loneliness and unpopularity to one of social and business success. I am not only a drawing-room favorite, but a popular and frequently-called-

on after-dinner speaker. More than that, my new-found ability to speak forcefully and convincingly has won me two promotions in my firm, in the last year.

Yet there is no magic—no mystery—no trick about becoming a forceful, effective speaker. You, too, can conquer timidity, stage-fright, self-consciousness and embarrassment, winning advancement in salary, popularity, social standing and success. Right now an amazingly interesting little booklet will show you how only twenty minutes a day, at home, has accomplished these things for thousands—and now you, too, can take advantage of this simple, yet effective home training.

Send for This Amazing Booklet

This booklet is called *How To Work Wonders With Words*, and it is now being sent free to every person making the coupon below. In it you are shown how to conquer stage-fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear. It explains how easy it is to become a dominating speaker and brilliant conversationalist. And it reveals a short cut to advancement in position and salary, social popularity, personal influence, power and real success. Simply mail the coupon and get this booklet free—without cost or obligation.



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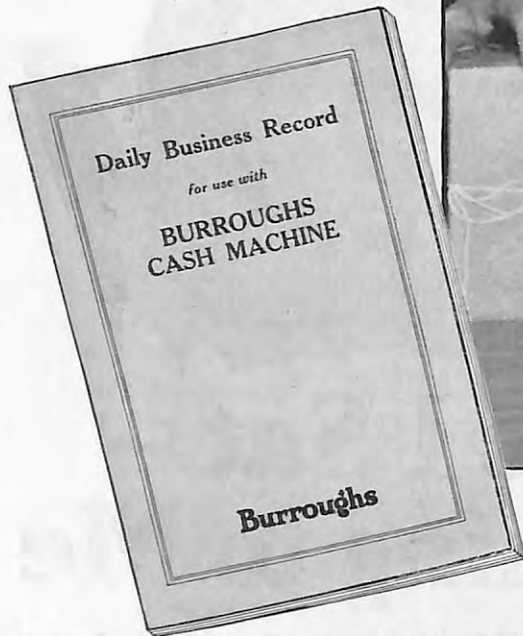
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Please send me, free and without obligation, my copy of your inspiring booklet *How To Work Wonders With Words*, and full information regarding your Course in Effective Speaking.

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- How to address board meetings
- How to propose and respond to toasts
- How to make a political speech
- How to tell entertaining stories
- How to make after-dinner speeches
- How to converse interestingly
- How to write better letters
- How to sell more goods
- How to train your memory
- How to enlarge your vocabulary
- How to overcome stage-fright
- How to develop self-confidence
- How to acquire a winning personality



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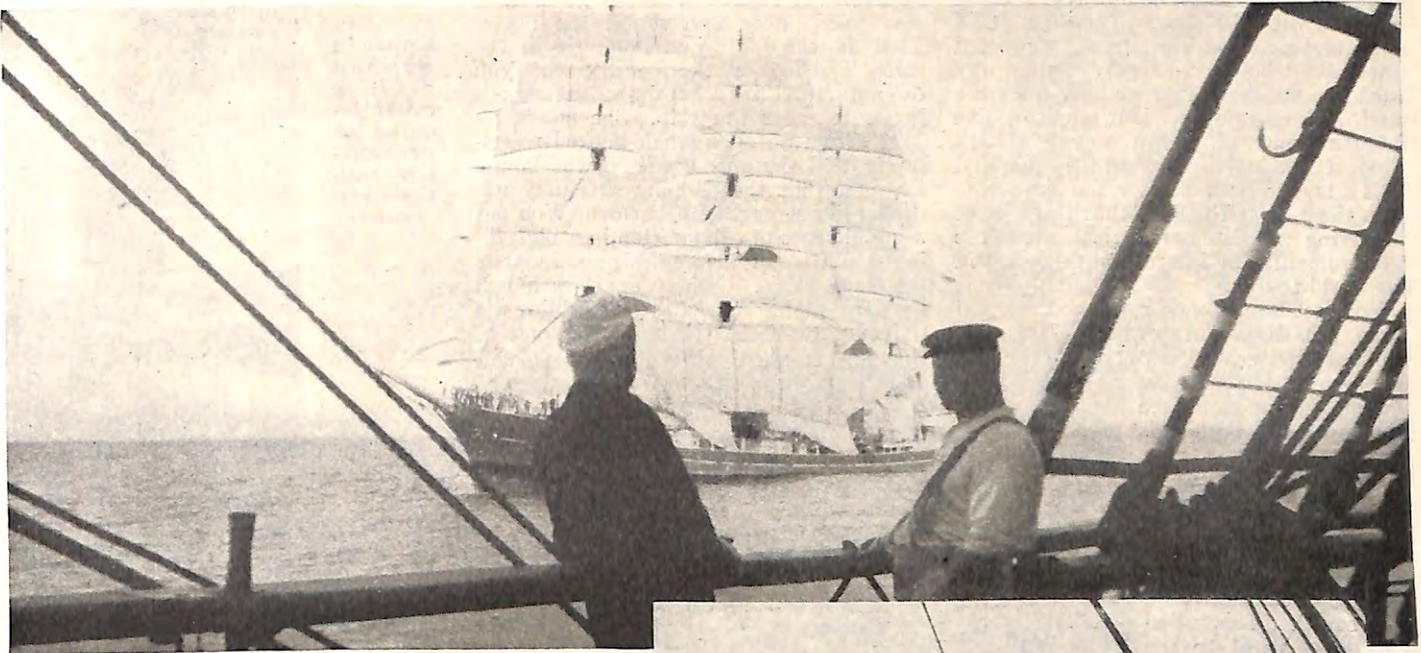
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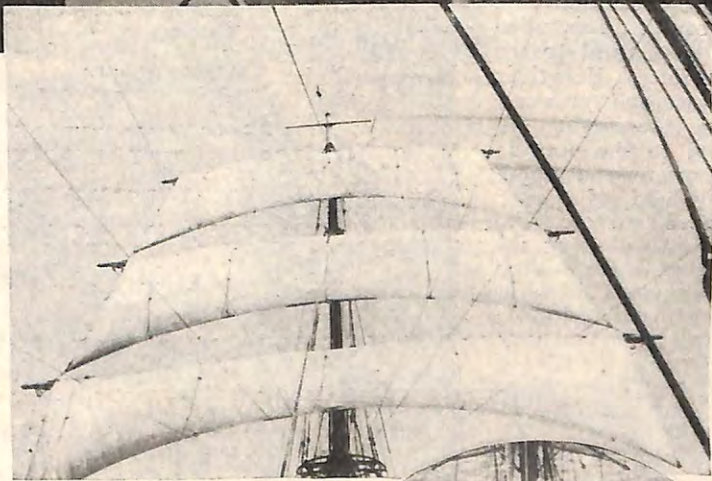
Name

Address

B U R R O U G H S
C A S H M A C H I N E



The glory of old sails. The stately Swedish four-masted barque "C. B. Pedersen" meets another of her kind, running up the English Channel



The main t' gallants and the royal of the "Herzogin Cecilie," from the foremast



A sea-gull's view from the top of the mainmast of the beautiful "Herzogin Cecilie," looking down onto her trim foredeck

Sails Off Cape Horn

By A. J. Villiers

Photographs by the Author

WHILE you sit, in armchair or Pullman, comfortably reading this, twenty-one big windjammers are battling for Cape Horn on one of the grandest sea races of this century. True, the race does not compare with those glorious ding-dong classics which the tea clippers sailed, nor can it be spoken of in the same breath with the races of the wool clippers from Australia or the many great contests between those speedy wooden ships from down-East yards that used to fight their way around the Horn to the west'ard twice a year. Maybe there were better races from Frisco, too, toward the late 'nineties, when there were still many beautiful square-riggers in commission.

But now it is the only race of its kind there is, and it is the best the world has. The ships are not clippers, but long, low-sided steel four-masted barques, barques, and full-rigged ships. The youngest of them is nearly thirty years old. Many of them are nearly fifty; some of them have been around the Horn a hundred times. They are manned by small crews now, and run upon the lines of strictest economy;

Copyright, 1932, by A. J. Villiers

they carry insufficient lamp-oil for their kerosene sidelights, and, upon occasion, not enough to eat for their small crews. Steel to the trucks, with brace-winchies, halliard winches, wheel-houses, they are poor ships, maybe, compared with the swan-like beauties of a bygone era. Beside the *Glory of the Seas* the *Herzogin Cecilie*, crack ship of the racing grain fleet, would look a poor thing. . . .

But she is game, and she has no engines. Not one of these ships has engines.

It is something of a shock to the average landsman to be told that there are sailing-ships remaining in the world at all. There aren't many—about thirty all told, I should say, disregarding yachts and auxiliary training-ships. Nearly all are under the Finnish flag. The German Laeisz Line still holds to some of its powerful nitrate-carriers, those mighty four-masters of Hamburg whose names all commence with "P." There are three Swedes. There are no Norwegians, and no Danes. Neither are there any British, since the last one was lost in 1929. But the Finns still stick to sailing vessels, and they make them pay.

The ships sail out to Australia in ballast,

load bagged wheat in small outports where loading takes six weeks or more, and then sail away for Cape Horn and Falmouth for their orders. They have no wireless, no power of any kind, no means of keeping in touch with the shore. They call at no ports and make no deviations. They sail direct the whole long, lonely route, away from the steamer lanes and far from the land. Three months, four months, five months they sail, blown only by God's wind. It is a long, hard road they sail, and it is a trying, hard life for the boys who man them. Yet I believe that this race of the dying windjammers is just about the most romantically interesting thing left in the world to-day.

You get some knocks, of course, and there are disadvantages, but I cannot think of a better way of putting in the first few months of 1932 than sailing with the grain race from Australia. Which is one of the reasons your humble servant is now at sea, as third mate and half-owner of the four-masted barque *Parma*.

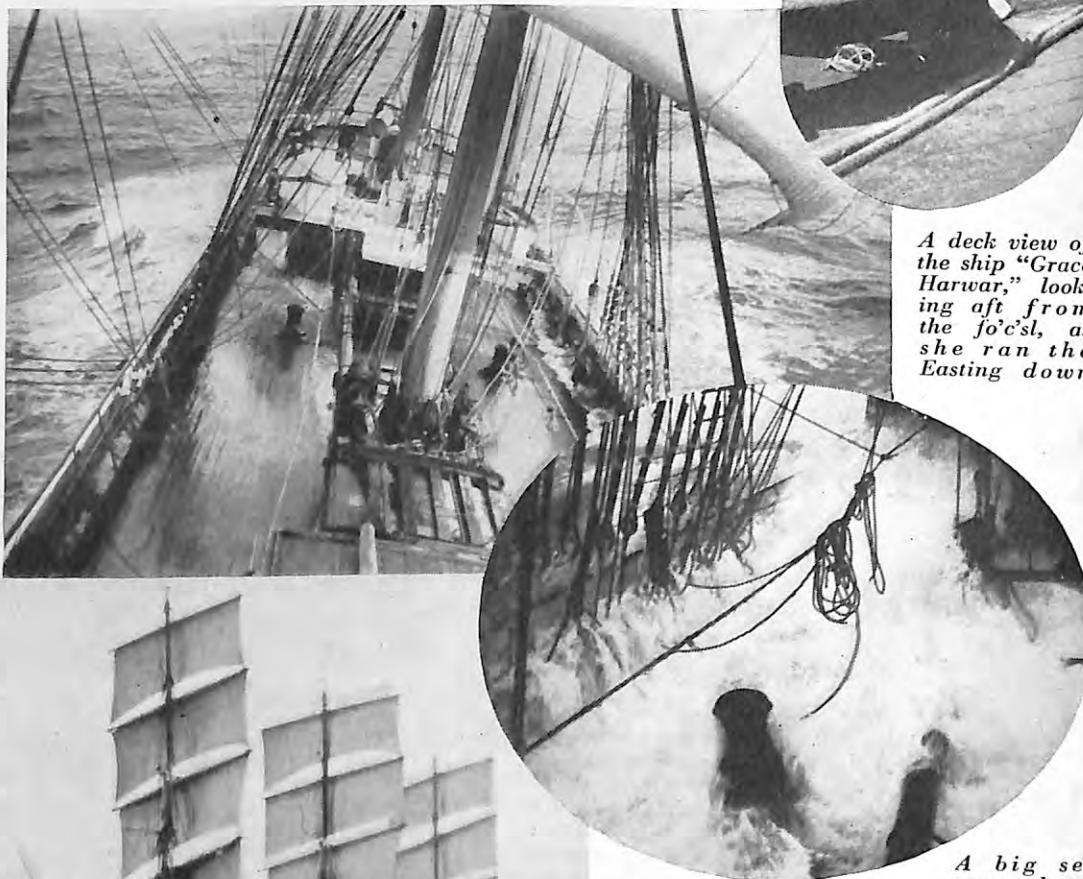
Half-way round the world the big ships sail, from southern Australian ports, southward to the roaring forties. Here their steel masts and yards and their wire rigging are strained to the utmost; here they are driven! But not too hard, of course; they have no spare sails, and such small crews, indeed, that often if they do not shorten down in time, when a blow threatens, they know that they

may never be able to shorten down at all. The ships require the more careful attention as the years pass; but they can still step out when the wind roars in their old rigging and the gale-lashed seas sweep neck-high round the decks. That is the life! You don't sit in the galley and look at the foaming seas; you do not stand in a steam-heated wheelhouse to steer the ship. She steers by hand, from an open whale-backed wheelhouse, and she only carries a wheelhouse in order that the pooping seas may not drown her struggling helmsmen. You get a grand sense of exhilaration in a big sailing-ship, running before a big sea and gale for Cape Horn. Gaily she flies along, with the mighty roar of the wind filling the universe; overhead the low grey dome of the sky is filled with stormwrack and

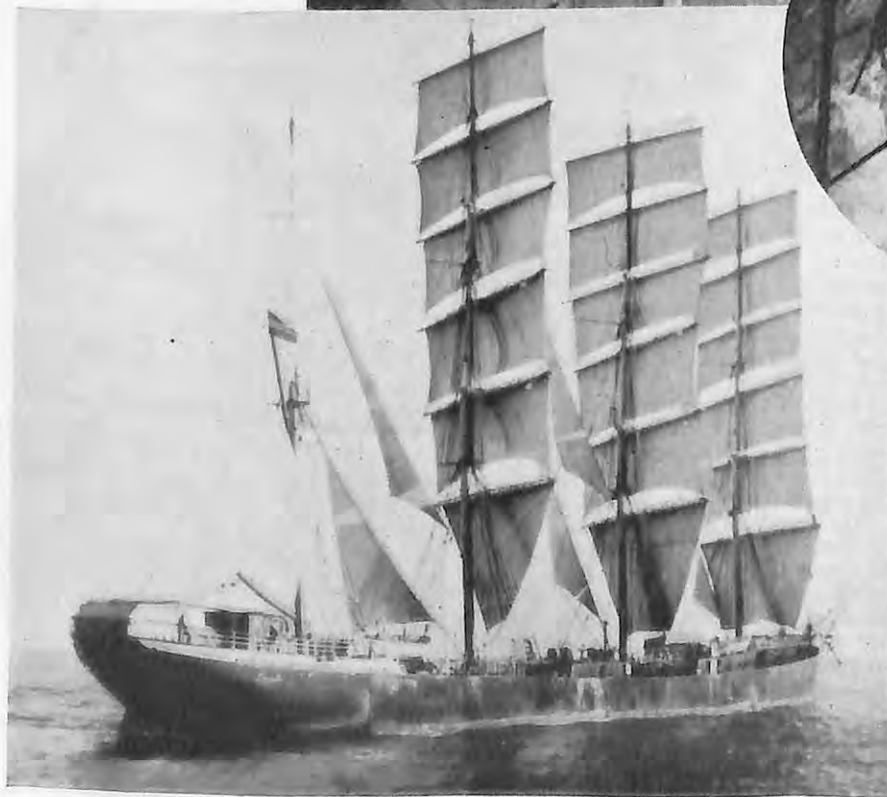
Captain Reuben de Cloux most famous of present-day sailing-ship masters



A deck view of the ship "Grace Harwar," looking aft from the fo'c's'l, as she ran the Easting down



A big sea comes aboard



The four-masted barque "Parma" owned by Captain de Cloux (see above) and the author of this article. She is now battling the storms of Cape Horn with Mr. Villiers aboard as third mate, half-owner and chronicler of her voyage

scurrying clouds; along the ship's deck the big seas break, green, right over her. See her put her lee rail right under! Then up again, main deck awash, ready for the next one. These ships can move—ten knots, eleven, twelve, fourteen, sixteen! When a big four-masted barque is hurling her three thousand tons of steel and her five thousand tons of grain cargo through a boiling sea at sixteen knots, she presents a spectacle that would stir the blood of a tortoise. The land holds no life offering so much of the pure thrill of adventure or of sport, as guiding such a ship upon her destinies.

The ships do not sail together. Early in January the first of them goes, and from then until the end of March they sail, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs. In March ten of them have sailed, and now they are ramping on together along the stormy road that leads around Cape Horn.

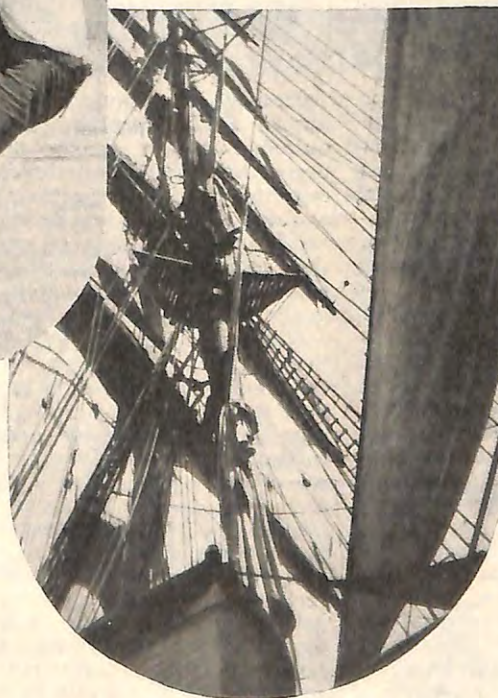
The famous four-masted barque "Herzogin Cecilie," (right) the fastest of the deep-water windjammers left afloat, and the favorite to win this year's epic race half way around the world



These big ships are worked with crews of boys. A group is pictured below working aloft on a topsail yard of the "Herzogin Cecilie," photographed from the cross-trees



Over the cross-trees (left). A close-up of a young Swedish boy going aloft to work on the big sails



Looking aloft on the main-mast, with the sails hanging lifeless in the Dol-drums—the bane of the windjammer's existence

Often they do not see each other all the voyage, and then pick each other up, picturesque clouds of canvas, off the Chops of the Channel after a four-months wind-blown romp of 16,000 miles; neck and neck up-Channel they race, eager to be the first to anchor.

You will rarely see them from a steamer, though if you are crossing the Atlantic in June, July, or August, nearing the English coast it will pay you to keep a weather eye out on the broad ocean for a glimpse of a racing sailer. If you see one it will repay three weeks' seasickness. The ships should be coming up to the Channel mouth in June and July. The race is no heart-throbbing thrill that is over in a few moments, depending on split seconds for victory. It means concentration day after day, for weeks and weeks and months and months on end, to get the very best she has out of the old ship without driving her too hard, without straining her, without losing any of her crew over the side, without killing anybody aloft and without carrying away too much of her gear. It

means four months of constant effort and ceaseless vigilance, never knowing whether the competing ships are ahead or astern, rarely seeing any of them—perhaps not one the whole long way.

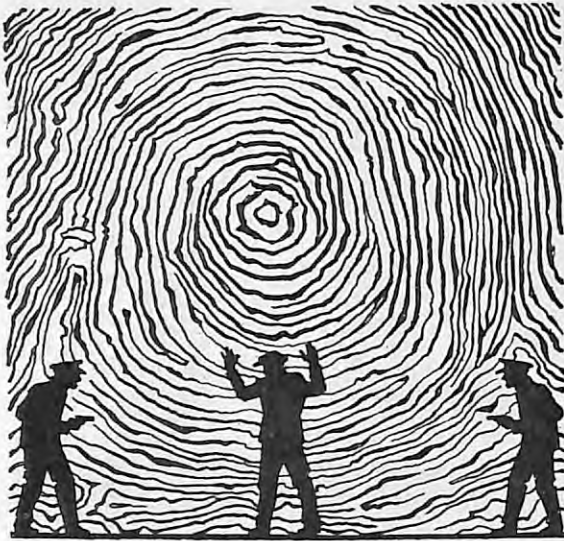
Each year the number of the surviving

sailing-ships decreases. This is their last trade, their last great stamping-ground. When they are driven from the grain trade it will be the end. For years the Germans have clung to big sailing-ships for the carriage of nitrates round the Horn from Chile; but now so much nitrate is made artificially that cargoes from Chile have to be strictly rationed, and the sailing-ship gets a poor share. France was a big market for nitrates, but Chile increased her tariff against a few French goods, and France threatened to shut the nitrates out. Economics, politics, science, "progress"—these things have dealt the big sailing-ship foul blows before which she is surely dying.

But she still can carry grain. It is a long haul, and she can do it cheaply. She can load in small ports where there are no towboats and no cargo-handling facilities. Time is of little account to her, since she makes but one voyage a year (and that takes nine or ten months). If she goes to small ports her own crew can help to load her. She needs no towboats; they cost money. She warps out from the wharf to her anchor, dropped coming in, and then she gets under way with her sails, from the anchorage. She wants no help from the chimney-pots of steam.

Once she gets away to sea, she is not consuming anything. She has no bunker coal to buy, no engine oil to use, no ports to call at. She hires no donkeyman, no fireman, no engineers. All she uses are her

(Continued on page 54)



The Library of the Lawless

Two and Three-Quarter Million Sets of Finger-Prints in Washington Infallibly Identify an Army of Criminals

By David McKevitt

Drawings by Harry T. Fisk

TWO and three-quarter million signatures all carefully indexed in a rather prosaic-looking building on the famous Pennsylvania Avenue of the nation's capital! A social register? Well, after a fashion. At least the mysterious group represented by this impressive list of signatures knows quite a little about night life. And some of them have a playful habit of mixing only with the best society—they won't have anything to do with poor people. If, by chance, you met one of them yesterday it would be useless to try to remember his name to-day—he probably has adopted a new one. But the signatures of these mysterious people that are kept in Washington don't change from day to day. The reason is they are not written in the way we ordinarily sign our John Hancocks, with a little ink on the end of a pen, but with a whole smudge of ink on the end of each of the ten fingers. Yes, these signatures, so nicely indexed, are finger-prints.

Though most of the Government's activities are widely press-agented throughout the country, the average citizen is quite ignorant of the fact that Uncle Sam is building up a clearing-house for information on crooks that is already the biggest thing going. We must have the biggest of everything, even to crooks and crook information. Scotland Yard, so long a synonym for detective mystery and efficiency, has only a paltry half-million finger-print cards compared with the 2,757,182 already bulging from the files at Washington on December 1, 1931. The number is increasing at the rate of 1,700 cards every day. They come from every corner of the U. S., and some from the principal foreign countries. These 2,757,182 prints represent about 1,750,000 men and women.

Almost everybody is to-day inquiring what is to be done to get the upper hand on the criminal class. One big answer to this question is beginning to come from the Division of Identification and Information of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice, as this finger-print unit is technically known. The ease and speed with which a criminal can move a thousand miles from the scene of his latest crime, across a dozen State lines, has been one of the big handicaps for the police. Perhaps the criminal may be booked by the police of a city in some distant State merely on suspicion. Their own city or State

records may reveal nothing about the man. Consequently he is freed. Or if he were booked on some minor offense, he would but serve the brief jail term and be on his way. You can't hold a man simply because your intuition tells you he is a fugitive from justice, has been practising every morning before breakfast with a machine gun, and has jumped his bail in three States. You have to have evidence. And that's where this finger-print bureau at Washington comes in. A police office can send in there for a crook's rating much as a business firm can send to a central commercial clearing-house for a man's financial standing.

SIMPLE, isn't it? So simple you wonder why such a clearing-house hasn't been operating at full speed since the advent of finger-printing. The facts are that it made its first small beginnings but seven years ago. Before this the International Association of Police Chiefs had maintained by voluntary contributions a finger-print bureau at Washington. They had acquired a total of 350,000 prints. They urged that the Federal Government take over the work, offering their prints as a nucleus. This offer was accepted. At the same time a collection of prints kept by the Federal Government at Leavenworth, was brought to Washington. This was in the closing months of 1923.

However, it was not until May of 1924 that an appropriation was obtained from Congress to make possible any real functioning of the ambitious plan for a nationwide Scotland Yard for America. Here enters Mr. J. Edgar Hoover, who, by every rule of language, is still a young man. One of his first steps on becoming Chief of the Bureau of Criminal Investigation of the Department of Justice in 1924 was to obtain this needed money from Congress. It is under this Bureau that the finger-print division operates. With a skill for organizing and for winning support Mr. Hoover rapidly proved to police officers over the country that the Federal Government could really be of immense help to them. As a result, there are to-day 4,223 contributors to this Federal finger-print clearing-house. It is now the routine procedure in most police offices to send prints to Washington.

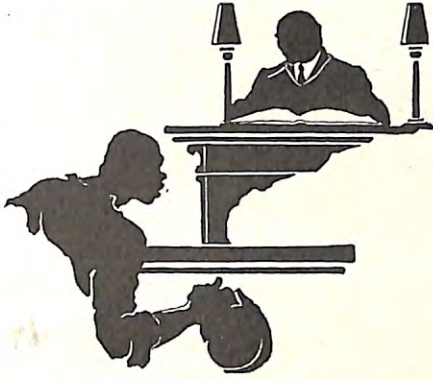
However, it was not until the clearing-

house had been operating for six years that it finally proved sufficiently to Congress its right to a separate identity with all the inherent claims on appropriations that any regular government unit has. On June 11, 1930, there was approved "An Act establishing under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice a division of the Bureau of Investigation to be known as the Division of Identification and Information." That's really how recent our Scotland Yard is.

Mr. Hoover could not promise police chiefs that at the first his Identification Division would be able to send back very frequently any report from its files regarding the crook's past activities. But the very increase of cards soon began to raise the percentage of positive reports sent back to police offices. The crook held for a little time in one city showed up in another, on some other charge. The second city could learn through Washington of the crook's activities in the first city. Mr. Hoover points with pardonable pride to the steadily rising average of positive reports sent back to police offices—it has risen now to 37 per cent. That means that of every 100 individuals whose prints are



Jake Fleagle, bank robber and murderer, identified by the print of one finger left on the wind-shield of a car



sent in, Washington can send back more or less information as to the past life of thirty-seven of them.

Just what this really means in practical law enforcement is humorously illustrated in the case of a colored defendant in a State court. After making the usual protestations of a law-abiding past, he was suddenly confronted with the long criminal record that had been drawn from the Identification Division in Washington. His eyes bulged, his jaw sank. Mustering up what suavity remained, he addressed the court: "Boss what you-all say we just let that go and you give me what you was going to give me?"

But that colored chap is not the only one whose claims of a peaceful past have been shattered by the steady and deadly rise in the number of positive reports. If you want to hear some stories that stack right up with Conan Doyle's, and are true besides, persuade Mr. Hoover or one of his aides to talk to you. A sinister story of the war times unrolled itself one day when there arrived at the Bureau the fingerprints of a vagrant in the custody of a Texas sheriff. Perhaps he was only a harmless vagabond, but the sheriff was taking no chances, or perhaps instinctively he felt that this suspect had a past. Routine search in the voluminous files revealed a card bearing identical prints. The data on the card revealed that this vagrant had been a soldier in the World War, that while stationed in France he had killed an officer in the American Army, had been tried and sentenced to life imprisonment in the Federal penitentiary, but had escaped before being committed to jail; that later he had fallen afoul of the law in Spain, and while in jail there had killed a guard and once more made his escape, not to be heard from again until he dropped off a freight-train in a quiet Texas town.

EVERY now and then a suspect, who has nothing but vagrancy charged against him, turns out to be a murderer wanted in some other city or State. That is why the fingerprint office at Washington is encouraging the sending in of prints of every person arrested.

Not only do police offices ask for the past history of men in their custody, they often ask Washington to keep on the lookout for a man they wish they had in their grip. Take the case of the chief constable at Winnipeg, Manitoba, who was seeking the apprehension of an individual wanted for the murder of a Winnipeg citizen. The constable had in his files the finger-prints of the individual who he suspected was



When the doctor had finished his professional task he was hurled over a precipice and his car then pushed over after him

the murderer. These were forwarded to Washington. They were filed with the notation that the possessor of those fingerprints was wanted in Winnipeg. Not long afterward there came in the prints of a man just committed to an Indiana jail for a sixty-day stretch for petty larceny. The routine search began. Out came the Winnipeg prints. Indiana's petty thief was a Canadian murderer.

It was one of these "wanted notices," as the Winnipeg card would be called, that uncovered the slayer of Eleanor Quinn, the "Broadway Rose." The police suspected a man known as Gormley, who left the city the morning of the murder. His finger-prints, already in the possession of the police, were sent to Washington. They happened to be very poor prints, so that accurate filing of the card was impossible. And that is a desperate handicap when you have a couple of million cards to compare with. But despite this handicap, a little more than three years later one of the finger-print experts noted that this blurred print was identical with that of a Thomas O'Donnell who had just been committed to a State penitentiary on a five-to-ten-year sentence for assault. When

O'Donnell, alias Gormley, walks out of that penitentiary, a few years hence, he will be promptly rearrested on the charge of murder. That's efficiency for you!

But, speaking of uncanny skill in running down a crook when the prints submitted are not only blurred, but consist of the print of only one finger, there's the story of the Jake Fleagle case that will go down



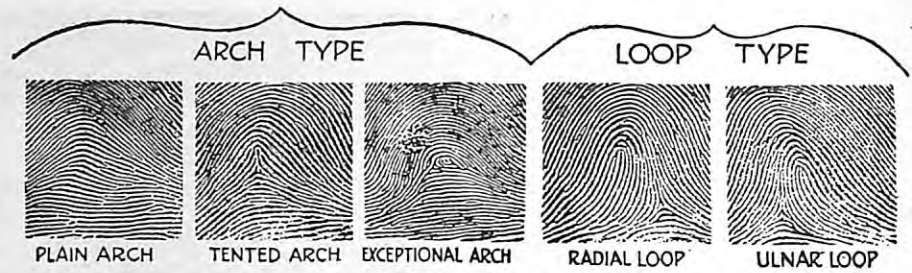
in criminal history as a classic. If a search of cards is to amount to anything more than a blind hunting for a needle in a haystack, the prints of all, or almost all, the fingers is necessary. Especially is this true of the Washington files where the collection is so enormous.

ONE day there arrived at the Bureau a photograph of the rather smudgy mark left by the impress of one finger on the windshield of a car—the only definite clue to the identity of a brutal quartet of bank robbers and murderers. On May 22, 1928, four bandits robbed a bank in Lamar, Colorado, and killed three officers of the bank. After speeding into Kansas they prevailed upon a doctor of Dighton, Kansas, to care for the wounds of one of the quartet who had been shot. When the doctor finished his professional task, he was murdered and his body hurled over a precipice. His car was pushed over after him. One of the bandits was so careless as to let one of his fingers press against the windshield. It was that lone impression that reached the Bureau.

What was to be done? Obviously nothing in the way of a routine search of files. But the finger-print personnel possess that elusive something in its makeup—perhaps the same something that won for the Canadian Mounted the reputation of always getting its man—that makes them determined to score on every case if it is humanly possible. They each took a good look at the smudgy finger mark. Every now and then they looked again, until the distinctive markings of that print were etched in their memories.

About a year later there came in from California the finger-prints of a suspect giving the name of Holden, who had been held by the police of Stockton for a few days, but later released. The finger-prints had gone to the Criminal Identification Bureau of the State, and from there had been sent to Washington. These prints were identified as the same as those of a Jake Fleagle who had served a year's sentence for robbery in another State some years before. But there was something familiar about the markings on the right index finger. It was the long-looked-for print that tallied with the finger mark on the windshield.

This information was sent not only to California and Colorado, but to Garden City, Kansas, where, from the data on the



This chart, and the one below, show the classifying of various types of finger-prints

Fleagle card in the files, it was discovered he had lived. The authorities there knew the family, the old homestead was just outside the town. A carefully staged raid netted Jake's brother and father. The brother admitted complicity and indicted two others, who were soon caught, all

lars that had been offered for the discovery of the murderers. He did get a raise—the best possible under the civil service rules.

If Jake Fleagle had realized the deadly value of finger-prints, he might have been more careful. But here's another case, with a more humorous turn, that shows how some people fail to sense that the finger-prints are a sure identification. A man wanted for burglary attempted to flee the country. He was unable to obtain a passport because he could not offer satisfactory identification or proof of his whereabouts during the preceding five years. The facts were that he had been spending part of the time in Auburn penitentiary. About five years before he had been finger-printed and had served a short sentence in Houston for some petty offense. The bright idea occurred to him that if he could have the Houston authorities identify him, he would solve his difficulty.



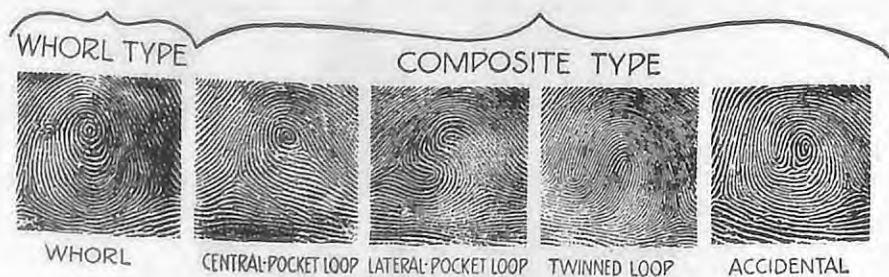
Which was Will West and which William West? This classic case of confused identity was settled by finger-print records

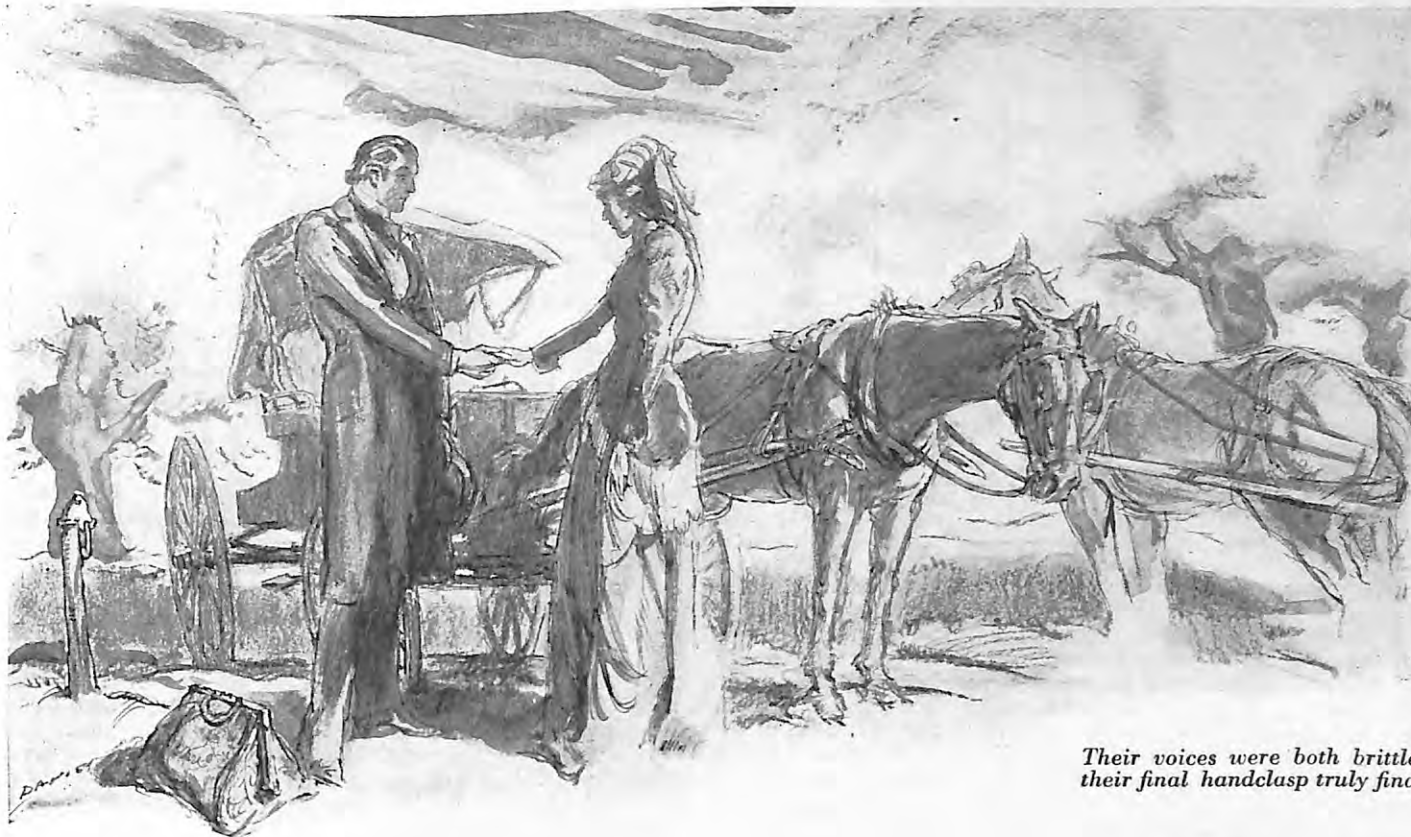
three being condemned to death. Jake himself eluded the law until an evil day, months later, when he walked into the midst of a group of Federal officers as he boarded a local train in Missouri. He died the following day from wounds received in the gun duel. Thus all four were brought to judgment because of the acuteness of a member of the Identification Division personnel, working away on a modest salary. Government rules forbade his accepting the multiplied thousands of dol-

HE TOLD his troubles to a Washington policeman, who mentioned the incident to a detective. The idea impressed the detective as peculiar, and, striking up a conversation with the man, assured him that if he had been finger-printed in Houston, the prints would probably be in the government bureau and could quickly be found. Together they went to the Identification Division, the man boldly telling his story and giving the alias under which he had served his sentence in Houston. Apparently he reasoned that inasmuch as he had used a different alias in connection with every arrest, the similarity of the various finger-print cards would not be discovered. The Bureau searcher went to his alphabetical file of names, found there a card with this particular alias, and the classification number of the particular finger-print card it tallied with. This quickly led him to the cabinet containing the Houston card. But immediately his eye noted that right beside it there were several other cards containing prints of the same individual and that one of them carried the notation that the individual whose finger-prints these were was wanted for window-breaking.

Casually the expert brought out one of these other prints and asked the crook if the prints were his. He denied they were. Another card produced brought a similar response. Finally the Houston one was shown to him. This set of prints bore the alias the crook had given on entering the bureau and, of course, he acknowledged it as his. It took only a moment to show the detective that the finger-prints on all the cards had been taken from the same individual, and off the window-breaker was marched to jail.

(Continued on page 58)





*Their voices were both brittle,
their final handclasp truly final*

Stairways

By Ferdinand Reyher

Illustrated by Henry B. Davis

DESPITE himself Ned Lyman's fingers trembled slightly as he took the check. Eighteen hundred and fifty dollars. "Too bad you were in such a hurry to sell, Ned," said Mr. Osgood. "The property should have brought more."

"I said I'd sell to the first that wanted it," the boy gulped, "and I meant it."

The banker regarded him curiously.

"You always wanted your father to go to the city, after your mother died, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir. But he wouldn't."

"He was born here, you see," reproved the man gently.

"I was, too," the boy retorted defensively, "but I wouldn't spend my life on a place somebody else built for me. I want to build my own home."

"You'll find it isn't so easy to build a home, Ned," the other replied.

"I'll build one," the boy promised doggedly. He rose and held out his hand.

"Goodby, Mr. Osgood, and thank you for everything."

"I won't see you again then?"

"No, sir. I'm leaving at one o'clock."

"Good-luck in the city, Ned."

"Thank you, sir."

The man hesitated, "Will you see Marjorie before you go?"

The youth shifted uneasily. "I don't think so," he answered hurriedly, "I saw her a minute last night."

Lyman strode out of the bank and climbed into the sulky that was a relic of his father's crowning glory, a trotting entry in the Gorham Fair, September,

Copyright, 1932, by Ferdinand Reyher

'57, the year before he was born. He clucked the mare into a pert gait and did not spare her after he struck the gravel pit, but put her smartly up Ginger Box Hill and over the long bad road which wound through the spruce, maple and birch woodlots to the farm. He crossed the ledge over which the road dropped sharply into the farmyard. Cove, river and ocean displayed themselves with a new lavishness before him.

A tender haze softened the hills of Northport, but the proud sullen pines stood with accusing clarity erect on Squall Island. His gaze dropped from them to the manifold squares of his father's fields, lying each on a different plane, straight or tipped, and divided by alders or young oaks or dainty files of birch. It hung to the great orchard, aflame with the intense white, avid beauty of spring. He stared with a look of triumph over all the tangible and intangible encumbrance which had been willed down upon him. Almost eight hundred acres, an island, and some miles of surf-rolled barrens.

HE STALKED through the old house, happy in knowing that everything he would take with him lay snugly packed in the carpet bag on the huge table in the kitchen. The old, impractical table which had come out of the tavern fort in 1742,

when the house was built. He felt merely good-humored contempt for the homely severity of the antique pine and out-moded wall paper, mellow lithographs in stark frames, samplers and windsors, sea chests, art squares and patch-quilts of the lethargic Lymans who had preceded him. He idled between the house and the mammoth barn, with its spread eagle weather vane carved by his great-grandfather, waiting for the new owner to arrive, then wandered down to the orchard. It was from there that he heard the arrival of another vehicle. Walking back to the house a queer need made him bend his direction to the front of it. He stared a moment at the massive two-cross door, and pushed it open.

The early spaciousness of the hall had been hemmed in with partitions. The stairway ran six treads to its first landing and vanished behind sheathing boards and a niggardly sheathing door. The passage leading to the parlor was similarly sliced off at the stair's edge into a second dreary vestibule. The cordial old thoroughfare giving to the heart of the house was blocked off at its beginning.

The hospitality of a century shriveled and forbidden by three penurious doors and covered with a splotched coat of muddy paint. He dimly remembered his grandfather recasting the generous girth of the old hall into this present arrangement of boxes within boxes; he was five or six at the time. Of an entrance had been made a buffer. Still, who ever used it as an entrance? It had stood sealed summer and winter. In winter yet another door was added to the outside, and hay piled half



way up against it. He could not recall passing in or out this way a dozen times.

Nevertheless, he now stepped back, vaguely discomfited. For the first time the hall's meanness hurt his pride. He was about to close the big door upon it when the sheathing door on the stairway opened, and Marjorie Osgood appeared in its frame and stood looking down at him with her gray eyes, her hand on her bosom.

He felt tricked, as though it were a slight of malicious sorcery put forth by the old house to hold him back. The shoddy door incompletely framed her, a ridiculous lid of a box that popped.

Something hardened in him. Their voices were both brittle, their final hand-clasp truly final when, a few minutes later, the new owner arrived, and Lyman again climbed up behind the mare, which he would leave in the livery stable opposite Lymanville station, and never drive again.

LYMAN'S first domicile in New York was a furnished room in the third floor rear of a boarding house on Broome Street. The wall paper was a bilious yellow relieved by contemporary representations of sentimental and reflective subjects in frames anything but stark. The carpet was also modern if not new, and the chairs fairly exuded the pulse of the present. The fireplace had been sealed, leaving only a hot air register through which no hot air came. He was hugely satisfied with it.

The third day in New York he got work in a warehouse, which afforded him a sensible transition from the known to the unknown. He realized that he would acquire more valuable knowledge of the city rolling trucks, spinning barrels and hoisting crates for a time, than in sauntering the sidewalks or reading Mr. Greeley's newspaper in the lobby of the Brunswick Hotel.

In this warehouse, which was situated on Chambers Street, near the North River, worked a youth named Richard Tradler. Tradler possessed fingers that played witchcraft with machinery. He had taken apart and reassembled virtually every bit of mechanism in the warehouse. He evinced the same ingenuity in investigating what made Ned Lyman go. He geyed him over the books he read, he roared at the solemnity with which Lyman pored over the market reports in *The*

Tribune, and burlesqued the earnestness with which Lyman drank in the bookkeeper's pompous analyses of the current Exchange. He also borrowed small sums from him.

One morning a bale hook slipped and pierced the waist of one of the men. The next day Tradler produced a bale hook which could not work loose.

"Lend me two dollars, Parsnips!" he said to Lyman the same afternoon.

Lyman consulted a diminutive note book.

"You owe me \$6.35 now," he said coolly. "Give me that hook and a drawing of it, and I'll let you have \$1.65 more. That makes \$7.50, and we're even."

"Done!" whooped the other. The warehouse echoed with his laughter.

A fortnight later Lyman sold half his rights in the original hook and application for patent to a small pulley and tackle manufacturer on Duane Street for \$150. He said nothing about it to Tradler.

The oracular bookkeeper had inherited a parcel of ground in the remote wilderness of present West 91st Street, and adroitly schemed to foist it off on Lyman. One Sunday Lyman set out to find it.

The Sabbath parade rustled by him in overskirt and habit basque, airiest fabrics of silk gauze and crêpe, and a lavender frou-frou of bourette, muslin and grenadines. In addition, not a little open-meshed material was to be seen by a young man who kept his eyes open. At Fourteenth Street young Mr. Lyman was abruptly halted. A barouche, all but rolling over his toes, drew past him, a vision in fine bronze brown of French bunting. Bonnet and parasol were nothing short of bewitching, and the high gods even vouchsafed him a glimpse of tiniest shoetip. It was 1878; could any young man ask for more?

He stood rooted, gaping. Her gray eyes had crossed his, precipitating him into upheaval. She was gone. He still stood, dumbly staring, landslides crashing inside of him.

Abruptly he beheld her again. Palatial stairs had sprung directly out of the horse cars' right of way. Stairs of alabaster and porphyry with Circassian walnut trimmings and a fashionable garnet carpet. Down this stairway she was, as it were, floating towards him, hand on bosom, a gossamer scarf backward idly, but, ah, so beautifully, flowing. A second barouche, bearing a Hartford cattle dealer, swerved just in time, and, pursued by an inconsequential cloud of irreverent verbiage, young Mr. Lyman skipped across the street and bounded northward, lost in a paradise of flickering mirage and variable, though always imperial, staircases.

He had already begun to see the house he was going to build on that lot before ever he saw it. The central member in every way to be a staircase, down which a girl descended floatingly.

He stopped short once more, his eyes narrowing as he strained every strand of memory and imagination to envisage her, panic darting through him. Her countenance was a blur; the harder he tried the vaguer each feature grew. The incompleteness haunted him, goaded him up the brownstone corridor of Fifth Avenue and past any number of demurely tangible maidens worth any young man's eye this summer day. It tormented him for days. He ravaged the bookkeeper of the lot, in the end paying down \$1,000 on what was indubitably a bargain. He had to make no effort to adapt himself to city values, handing over more than half of what he had received for his ancestral acres for a particle of ground measured in feet. An inborn adaptability told him no bank could guard his capital as safely or advance it as advantageously as this rubbly patch of clay on which only brick and mortar could bloom.

A FEW days later Tradler tried to borrow from him again, and again Lyman brought out his tiny note book.

"You owe me \$10.90," he answered. "Perhaps you got something you've made I could let you have a little more on."

"Why don't you set me up in a shop and get first call on everything I turn out," Tradler laughed.

It was a chilly evening. A fine drizzle sifted through the streets as Lyman made his way to Tradler's house after supper, and up to an amazing attic. The place was littered with contraptions and models; locomotive, sewing machine, pile driver, windmill, hogtrap, elevator, knob latches, lathe chucks, sash fastener, potato masher, wringer and mangle, cake machine. Lyman saw the chaos, not only of Tradler's attic, but of his nature. His eyes held unenthusiastically on an open metal box in which burned several jets of blue flame that threw out a surprising quantity of even heat.

"What's that?" he asked. "Oh, a little thing I made last winter. A gas heater, I guess you'd call it. Look at this burglar alarm I'm working out."

"Want to sell that heater?" "Sure," said Tradler; "sell anything. It's only a box with holes in it. But look at this. You see, when a door is forced open this sliding trigger—"





Down this stairway she was floating towards him, hand on bosom, a gossamer scarf idly, beautifully flowing

"How much d'you want for it? With a drawing?"

"Twenty-five dollars. The toothed plate has a hinged extension—"

"You owe me \$10.00 now. I'll give you \$4.10 more, and we'll call it \$15 for this heater."

"Make it \$9.10 cash and I'll wrap it up."

"No, it's not worth that much to me."

"Oh, all right then," said Tradler carelessly, "hand over the four-ten. Now you watch when I open this door."

The door opened; a bell brayed raucous distress as though indeed a burglar had entered. Lyman started slightly.

"If I do anything with this," he said uneasily, "I'll give you something."

Tradler grinned. "You know, Parsnips," he confessed, "I tried to sell that thing myself."

Tradler suddenly stepped out of character completely.

"Listen, Ned," he said, repeating seriously his earlier facetious proposal, "why don't you set me up in a shop? With my knack for tinkering and your knack for cash and carry, we'd make a go of it. I

got to have a place of my own to potter round in my own way. I'd be happy in my own place," he said wistfully. "You could depend on me all right. I'm steadier than you maybe think for. Why, I've been down at that old warehouse over two years now."

"I'll think it over," said Lyman tensely.

HE WENT so far as to inspect a small shop in Leonard Street that might be just the thing. On the other hand Tradler in his own shop—what would it lead to? Perhaps only a clutter of unredeemable ingenuities, of which at best he might salvage one or two vendable contrivances a year. Well, he was doing that now, without the bother of overseeing a shop. He thought of the girls and random acquaintances so frequently waiting for Tradler when the day was over. No matter how much money he had it would dribble through his fingers in bar rooms and

pleasure resorts. He could let himself in for a pretty peck of vexation. As things were Tradler was dependent on his job, and the recorded dollars which Lyman was prepared to advance him from time to time probably kept him more reliably tethered than any more liberal allowance of rope would.

He approached Lyman seriously once or twice again but Lyman put him off. "I'll think it over!" And then, Lyman had something else to think over. He was promoted to foreman.

The day following his promotion he left the warehouse at noon, after noticeably tidying himself. He walked down Broadway to Wall Street, and across to Broad. He stopped before the banking house of Morton Dexter & Company, and after a moment's hesitation entered that august institution.

"What is it?" a personage demanded of him, inclining without bending over a black walnut barricade.

"I want to see Mr. Morton Dexter," said Lyman.

He was favored with an incredulous stare.

(Continued on page 44)

Behind the Footlights

The combination of Philip Barry, author, and Leslie Howard, actor, in "The Animal Kingdom," is a very happy one. In this pleasant, beautifully acted comedy, Mr. Howard is a sensitive young publisher of independent judgment and a fine zest for new discoveries. Daisy Sage, the young artist pictured with him at the left (Frances Fuller), has a lot to do with his success; more than he suspects until he takes a lovely but selfish wife and loses Daisy's inspiration



VANDAMH



"The Devil Passes," by Benn W. Levy, is notable not only for the fact that it is an unusually interesting and finely written drama, but also because of the exceptional brilliance of its cast. There is Basil Rathbone in the satanic title rôle and Diana Wynyard, a lovely new-comer from England pictured at the right; and then there are Arthur Byron, Cecilia Loftus, Robert Loraine, Ernest Cossart, Ernest Thesiger and Mary Nash. At an English country house party where all the above players are assembled, Mr. Rathbone, as the silent and mysterious Rev. Mr. Lucy, suggests the game of "Truth." Each person must tell his or her most secret and cherished ambition. The spirit that prompts the reactions, when each in turn is shown a path by which the desired goal can be attained, is the kernel of the drama



MAURICE GOLDBERG



WHITE

The group at the left: William Gaxton, Lois Moran, George Murphy and Victor Moore, figure prominently in the bright musical satire entitled "Of Thee I Sing." This burlesque of the American political machinery, including the president, the senate and the judiciary, is authored by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind, with music and lyrics by the brothers George and Ira Gershwin. Their field for satire is fertile and they make the most of it, depicting a presidential campaign and election in which the candidate runs on a platform of "love," and makes a capital campaign speech in Madison Square Garden in the manner of Mayor James Walker. All in all, the proceedings are very merry and the music very good

And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

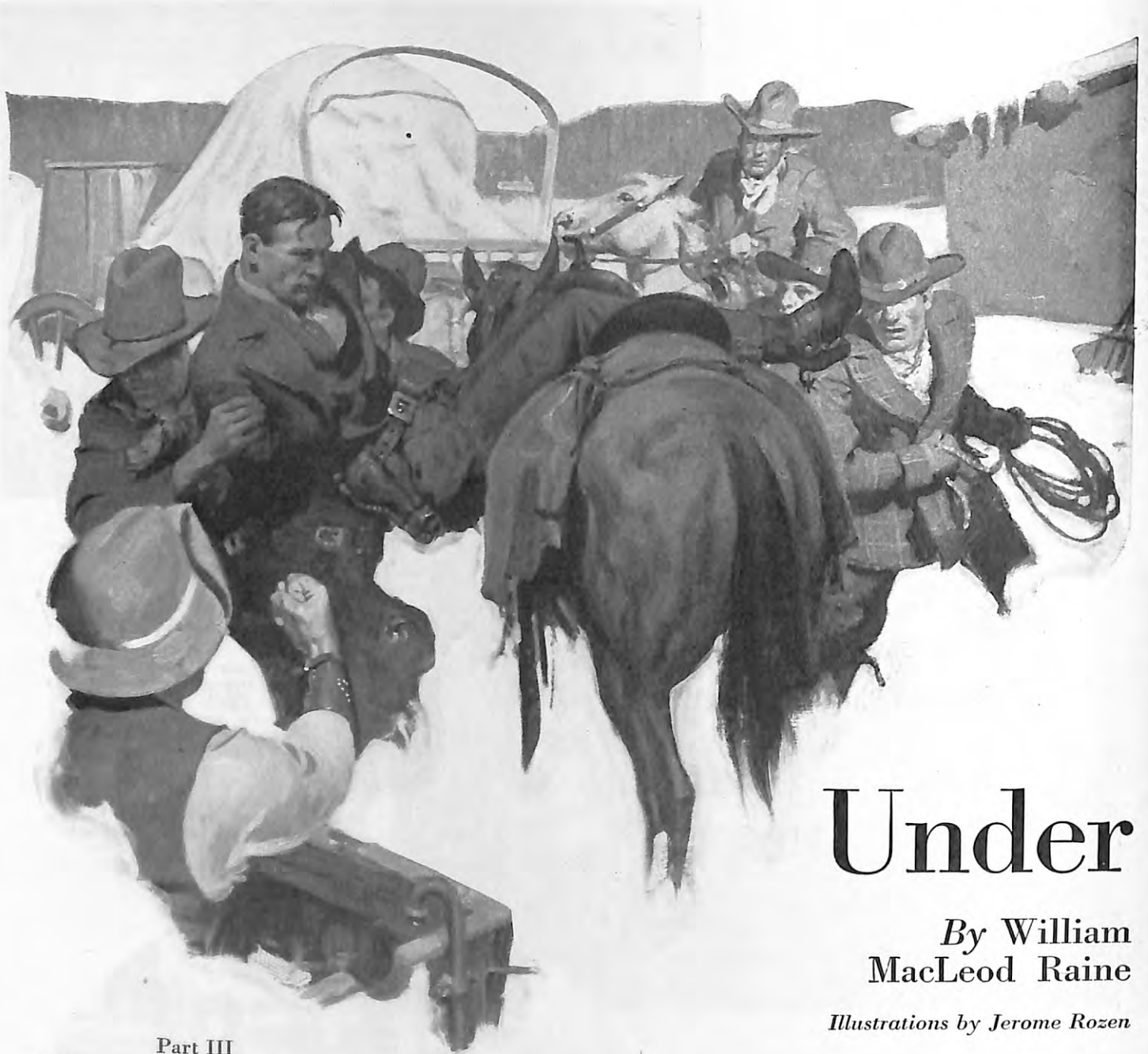
In "The Lost Squadron" Richard Dix is a dare-devil of the air, Capt. Gibson. The picture follows the fortunes of four world-war flyers, who, finding employment and excitement hard to come by in peace times, organize themselves into a stunt squadron for an autocratic and thrill-crazy film producer, Von Furst. Erich Von Stroheim plays the treacherous Von Furst, and he is pictured at the right with Mr. Dix and Mary Astor, the lovely lady who inspires his jealousy of Dix



Edward G. Robinson (left), who has given the screen its most authoritative and exciting versions of the genus racketeer, translates this familiar character into its Chinese equivalent in "The Hatchet Man." As vengeance-taker of the Lem Sing Tong he finds himself in the unhappy position of having to exterminate a life-long friend. The friend quite understands Wong's dilemma and makes a pact with him to cherish his little daughter and marry her in due time. The little blossom tucked under Mr. Robinson's right arm is this same wife, played by Loretta Young, round whom the drama centers

The model married couple making faces at each other in the glass are Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald in their soon-to-be-released picture "One Hour With You." The irrepressible Maurice is a doctor and very much in love with his beautiful wife, but he is terribly susceptible. Finding himself alone in a Paris taxi with a lovely stranger he gets out to avoid temptation, only to find a little later that the stranger is his wife's best friend. The best friend won't leave him alone and complications ensue that get Mr. Chevalier into some pretty warm water





Under

By William
MacLeod Raine

Illustrations by Jerome Rozen

Part III

AT BREAKFAST Walsh listened to Clint's story of his failure to cut sign. The rest of the Prescott family were present.

"I can hardly believe even now that this Mr. Taylor is a criminal," Aunt Jane said, wide-eyed at what she had been told.

Bob was as excited as his aunt but not so shocked. "Say, Steve, where do you go from here? If you're looking for a posseman, I'll sashay along with you to round up this bird."

"First, I have to find out which way he's heading," Walsh said, helping himself to bacon. "Then I'll take out after him, probably with one other fellow. You're a mite young yet, Bob. Now Jim is just the right age."

"I don't know as I've lost any outlaws," Jim replied. "Besides, I'm busy."

"I'm not," Clint said. "How would I do, Steve?"

"You'd do fine, if I find I need anyone."

Copyright, 1932, by William MacLeod Raine

Soon as the telephone is working I'll have to do some long distance calling. We'll cut him off in every direction."

From the window of her room Molly watched her father and the sheriff as they rode out trying to pick up the trail of the escaped prisoner. It was two hours before she saw them again. The two men stood and talked for a few minutes in front of the house. Her father came in. Steve moved toward the creek.

The sheriff stopped his horse on the trail his party had made coming back from Seven Mile Camp. He swung from the saddle and scrutinized something that held his attention.

The girl watching him felt the muscles beneath her heart give way. She knew that he was about to start toward a discovery.

Half an hour later she saw him loping up the trail to the house.

Prescott had gone to look after some stock. Molly went down stairs. She was pretty sure Walsh would want to see her.

He did.

"Let's go to your father's office where we can be alone," he said.

She led the way. Steve closed the door after they had entered and looked at her. His smile derided and yet admired.

Molly had perched herself on her father's desk. She was swinging a slim silk-clad leg jauntily.

"You're pretty good," he told her.

"Aren't I, as they say in English novels?"

"But not quite good enough."

"Will you have me put in jail?" she asked him saucily.

"Clint told me you went out with him last night and got tired."

"So I did."

"Before you got home I'll bet you were." His quizzical grin was not unfriendly. "I don't get you, young lady. Last night you told your father you were through helping this fellow. And you went right out and fooled him to a fare you well."

The light went out of her face as the



"Go easy, boys. This is no free-for-all. Let go, Slim. He's been wounded in that arm"

Northern Stars

The Fugitive Changes Captors Twice but Sinks Yet Deeper Into the Toils of the Law

flame does from a blown candle. "Yes," she admitted bleakly.

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why did you do it? This doesn't seem like the Molly I know. You'd helped this fellow escape. You'd paid your debt in full—if you owed him any. So you said yourself. Then you went out and did it all over again. Broke your word to do it."

He could see the color mounting beneath her steadfast eyes.

"You're too polite, Steve," she told him bitterly. "Why don't you tell me I'm a dirty little liar?"

"You're not. I've never known you to tell a lie. You think straight, too." His narrowed eyes gave her a long scrutiny. "There's something in this I don't understand, unless—"

"Maybe I'm possessed by a devil; the way folks used to be," she suggested moodily.

Yet underneath her saturnine despon-

dency was alarm. Steve's mind was treading very close to her secret.

"Unless you're in love with Taylor," he continued.

To hear her ignominy put into words sent the blood pouring into her face. She was so distressingly aware of it that she felt she must be hot to the touch.

"You use your imagination, Steve," she said, with a scornful tilt of the chin.

"Not as much as you do perhaps," he answered, his appraising eyes watching her steadily. "A girl might become interested in him, if she was thrown a lot with him . . . alone."

"You ought to write stories," she advised derisively, sure that he knew her ridicule was a fraud.

"She wouldn't know at first he was a blackguard," he went on evenly. "What she would see would be his strength, the masculine vigor of him."

"I'll tell you something I've never told a soul, Steve," she broke out impulsively, in a fury of scorn at herself, as one bites on a

sore tooth in protest at the pain. "He whipped me when we first met—with a quirt, brutally."

"Whipped you?" repeated Walsh, incredulously amazed. "But, good Heaven, why?"

Already she could have bitten her tongue for telling, but she had to go through. "I was in Levis. He took me for a boy and thought I had shot at him."

"What made him think you'd shot at him? And how could he mistake you for a boy?"

"I didn't mean to tell you, Steve," she pleaded. "I don't know why I did, unless it was to make you see how impossible it is I could like this man. You must promise me never to tell . . . never . . . not anybody."

"You can forget that you told me, Molly."

"The storm had started and Jim and I were hurrying home when we saw him on that C O sorrel. Jim thought he was Clem Oakland and shot at him."

"And Barnett thought you were the one who had shot him?"

"HE DIDN'T see Jim at all. I ran for Gypsy and didn't make it. I had been cutting a switch and had a knife in my hand. So when he laid hands on me I struck out at him, not thinking about cutting him. But the blade went into his shoulder. So he whipped me, till he found out I was a girl."

"Where was Jim all this time?" her friend asked, harshly.

"Jim had ridden away. He thought I was coming right after him."

"I see," Walsh commented with grim dryness.

"He came back afterward, but we had gone then. Mr. Taylor, or whatever his name is, fought hard to get me to shelter. After he had saved me he treated me with as much consideration as even you could have done. I want to be fair to him."

"Even though you hate him."

A pulse throbbed in her throat. He read in the blue eyes what he was not meant to see.

"Or love him," he added.

"Could any right-minded girl . . . care for him . . . after he'd treated me the way he did. Wouldn't I have some decent pride?" she demanded, in self-scorn.

"This love business isn't always reasonable. It doesn't go by merit like a civil service examination. But I hope you don't care much for him. It couldn't bring you any happiness."

"I know that as well as you do. I'm a fool, Steve—just a plumb fool."

"Maybe you're just a little bit romantic," he suggested, with a cheerfulness that declined to take the matter too seriously. "I've had a case on a girl one week and the next was clear over it. You'd be surprised how quickly the human heart recovers from a solar plexus wallop."

"Do I have to take anything? Or do I recover automatically?"

"The best way to forget is to get interested in another fellow."

"Who, for choice?" she asked, playing up to his friendly attempt at diversion. "The best friend I have—the nicest man I am acquainted with—knows what an idiot I've made of myself, so he's out of the question."



An almost buoyant greeting startled him. "Welcome to our city, Mr. Barnett"

"Don't be so sure of that," he differed gaily. "It's human nature to want what you can't get. If I'm that nicest man, I'll probably begin losing sleep over you right off. You'd be a real sweet girl if you had a better disposition."

"Thank you, kind sir," she said, curtsying.

"I might do a lot worse than you, though I'd hate to swap a good friend for a wife."

"Couldn't she be both?" Molly asked. "That's a general question, Doctor Walsh. I'm not going to hold you to any rash answer you may make."

"She might be both—if she was Molly Prescott before she became Molly Walsh."

"Aren't you paying me a compliment?" she said doubtfully. "You don't have to do that while you're treating my case."

"I don't do it because I have to. I think I'm starting to slip already. Help, help!"

She shook a small finely modeled head of wavy copper. "You don't need any

help. I can look through to that decorously concealed grin of yours."

"In revenge for that I'll go hunt down my rival. *Adios, carissima.*"

He had cleared the atmosphere for her, momentarily at least. After looking at the situation through his viewpoint she had discovered that her fault was not so dreadful.

Walsh found Prescott superintending the loading of a sled with hay. It was necessary to get feed to stock cut off from the home ranch.

"I've cut sign," he announced. "My bird flew to Seven Mile Camp last night."

"By jacks, I'll bet your guess is good. Figured he could outfit himself there with grub, though there can't be much left."

"I'm not guessing. He won't be there now of course. I'll have to take a pack horse. Liable to be out several days. I'd

think you would hate to leave your stock right now."

"I do. Fact is, I want to boss this job of looking after them. You can have one of the boys."

"Suits me. Which one?"

"Dug Peters is good, if he wants to go."

The bald-headed young Hercules jumped at the chance. Prescott gave him instructions about packing a lead horse with supplies. This the puncher did while the sheriff tried again, as he had unsuccessfully done several times before, to reach Tincup over the wire.

His deputy, Owen Martin, answered the call.

Walsh explained how he had been held up by the blizzard and then gave an edited version of his news. He instructed Martin to establish contact with every town in a radius of a hundred miles and to spread the information that Webb Barnett, Somerton, Texas, bank robber, had been seen at the Quartercircle X Y ranch but had escaped.

(Continued on page 39)

Radio Rambles —Tune in!

By Gladys Shaw Erskine



This inviting smile belongs to Jane Carpenter, crowned queen of Chicago's Radio Fair, who but a few years ago was merely a piano student under a famous master. She now applies her classic training on the piano to more popular balladry. She is a recent find of Columbia's. And as far as we are concerned she doesn't need to play the piano at all, with a smile like that



Modernistic study of a most modern young radio and television actress, Nan Dorland, one of the N. B. C. stars of the newest seen-and-heard development of radio. This is the kind of smile that keeps the television set manufacturers working Sundays and nights



This intense study shows Madge Tucker, the winning "Lady Next Door," and a few of her "visiting family" from The Land of Make-Believe. This is one of the most popular of N. B. C.'s juvenile features. Jimmy McCallion stands back of The Lady Next Door, while little Winifred Toomey, with the golden curls, sits at her feet to learn wisdom



These two frail kitchen kuties are the Sisters of the Skillet. Ed East (left) is heroically tasting some Portland Cement Pancakes made by Ralph Dumke (right). The enjoyment on Ed's face is tempered by the obvious fear of sudden death



This is Alex Gray (Columbia), who might be called the Singing Seaman since his voice was first discovered—of all places—aboard a ship. He has the look of the sea about him, clear and fresh, and a really masculine voice, the true baritone Voice that Satisfies. He says that crooners do not live long aboard ships



The Comeback of Francis Ouimet

By Sol Metzger



As favorite upon favorite fell in the battle of blades at Beverly a certain name, albeit one to conjure with, flashed over radio and wire

ALL PHOTOS BY
EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y.

WHAT would happen to American golf? There was no satisfactory answer to this question on the eve of the 1931 season. Our links supremacy, first gained in 1913 by the memorable victory of Francis Ouimet at Brookline, seemed lost beyond hope when Bobby Jones, the greatest shot-maker of all time, announced his retirement from competition shortly after his unparalleled feat of winning the Open and Amateur titles of the United States and Britain in 1930.

Our critics, scanning the roster of young stars, found no one to replace him. As to the old guard—Ouimet, Evans, Gardiner, Sweetser, Marston, Herron and Johnston—we were told they were through. All lacked that rarest of golf's qualities—a consistency of performance with which Jones had so long kept America in the van.

Golf news, if such it might be called, confined its columns to the glorious past and was besprinkled with continual reference to the absent Jones. On the eve of the National Open, according to the press, his loss seemed a near national calamity. The high interest aroused by this event in former years, so we were repeatedly informed, was apparently lacking. Yet in the face of a local depression that was staggering to say the least, the good citizens of Toledo attended the epic duel between Billy Burke and George Von Elm to the surprising tune of a \$25,000 gate. Whereupon we were told by the experts that the impending National Amateur at Beverly, lacking its supreme figure this same Bobby Jones, would flop so far as public interest was concerned.

As veteran upon veteran and favorite upon favorite fell in the battle of blades at Beverly, a certain name, albeit one to conjure with, flashed over radio and wire as it began dominating the field. Francis Ouimet, the gangling youth who had arisen to glorious heights at Brookline eighteen years before, the oldest veteran in the field and the sole one of all those entered whose chances were deemed so slim that his portrait was omitted from the official program, kindled public interest in golf to a high pitch when his trusty old putter downed little Billy Howell, a grand shot-maker from the Old Dominion, in the semi-finals. Like a roaring flame it swept every fairway where golf is golf when this same gallant old war-horse crashed through to victory over Jack Westland in the final round.

Old man psychology, in the person of the bespectacled Bostonian of thirty-eight winters, hair turning to silver on the temples, had saved a situation. The

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recrowned champion had suddenly linked a bright future in a glorious past. No other victory could have done this or proven more popular. Not even Bobby Jones' quadruple triumph of the preceding season had been received with more huzzahs. And when all facts are weighed, Ouimet's conquest in the 1931 National Amateur Golf Championship must go down in sport annals as the outstanding achievement of last year, "Pepper" Martin, Ellsworth Vines and Southern California's great football team to the contrary notwithstanding. It was beyond belief!

What hypodermic had aroused the long thought dormant hero of Brookline? What magic had accomplished the astounding metamorphosis of this mashie-wielder long since believed impotent? Not in seventeen years had Ouimet so brilliantly banged his irons to the pin or so calmly stroked his putter with such amazing sureness. In short, what is the story behind his comeback? And, lest we have forgotten, what golf legerdemain of long ago was it that has since endeared his name to a sport-loving nation?

There were, as we will now see, more good reasons for the unanimous cheers for Ouimet than the mere fact that an old horse had suddenly come to life to outrun the field. Go back with me to a season long since past — 1913 — and consider American golf to find the cause. Excepting 1911 and 1912, when little Johnny McDermott, homebred pro of the Country Club of Atlantic City, had captured the National Open titles, this trophy had fallen either to the more skillful play of touring pros from England or to those from the land of rolling R's who had responded to our call to teach their royal and ancient sport to a nation that was

then just beginning to feel the lure of sunlit fairways.

But McDermott's victories were more than offset by a happening in our simon-pure ranks. Harold H. Hilton, ranking British Amateur, had won this title in 1911 from our best at Apawamis in a weird extra-hole match with the late Fred Herreshoff. Although we had developed such outstanding players in this infant period of the game in America as the late Walter J. Travis and Jerry Travers, Travis alone stood out in international competition, due to his amazing victory in the 1904 British Amateur at Sandwich. But so much water had swept by since as to indicate that this sole triumph was the exception that merely proved the rule of British dominance.

This was the situation when Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, ranked as the world's best, came from England to play in our National Open at Brookline that September, 1913. Between them they had held six British Open titles. Vardon, too, had carried back our 1900 trophy following his previous American visit. That was why Robert Watson, president of the United States Golf Association, began rallying all

(Continued on page 52)

Ouimet in 1913, when his great display of golf legerdemain endeared him to a sport-loving public



Heavy-shouldered Ted Ray, a tremendous hitter and Vardon's companion in the English invasion of 1913



With the trophy after his amazing victory in the 1913 U. S. Open

The famous English professional, Harry Vardon, master stylist and great medal player



EDITORIAL

IT IS NOT TOO LATE

■ Have you contributed your share of personal interest and active service to the upbuilding of the membership of your Lodge for this year, in accordance with the specific appeal of the Grand Exalted Ruler? If you have not, it is not too late to do so. The results sought are to be reflected in the annual reports of the subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge. These deal with the period ending with the last day of this month. So there are a few weeks remaining in which you may register your loyalty and devotion.

There are probably some members of your Lodge who have not yet paid their dues and are in danger of being dropped from the rolls. A word from you to such a brother with whom you are in close touch may prevent this in his case. If you will speak that word and accomplish that end, you will have performed a service comparable to securing a new member.

Perhaps there is a member who, for reasons he now thinks are compelling, contemplates requesting a dimit, and whose mind may be changed by an earnest talk from you. Why not seek out such a member and encourage his lagging enthusiasm, urge his renewed activity in Lodge affairs and appeal to his sense of fraternal loyalty to his Lodge and the Order? Your prompt action may save another member to the Lodge.

Have you secured that new application you were particularly requested to seek? Why not go about that definite service right now? Surely you believe in the Order. Surely you regard the work it is doing as worthy of support and added assistance. Why not bestir yourself a little to bring in that additional strength?

It is so easy to regard these activities as the particular duty of others, the officers, the committeemen, the individual enthusiasts. As matter of fact, and in all good conscience, they are your own also. You can not disregard that duty without a feeling of fraternal discomfort, if not of real shame.

If those of us who have so far neglected to perform our part in the special "Pull For Prosperity in Elksdom" program, will only undertake to do it now, its success will be assured. It is not too late.

DISARMAMENT

■ As this is being written the international conference on disarmament is about to convene in Geneva. Quite probably, when it is before the eyes of the reader, that conference will be still in session, with its conclusions yet undetermined, for there are many problems involved in the subject under consideration.

It is natural to assume that the representatives of the several nations participating will approach those problems with preconceived ideas, based upon the special interests, real or imagined, of their respective governments. And it is undoubtedly true that there is a great diversity of individual opinion throughout our own country as to what should be done about the

matter of armaments. Perhaps there is like diversity of individual views in other countries. So that it will be difficult for the conference to reach any unanimous conclusion, or one satisfactory to everybody.

But it would be unfair to assume that any member of that body has any desire other than to assist toward an international concord that will meet the recognized need for economy, and will promote the cause of world peace. To do so would be unjustly to question the good faith of their appointment as well as their own integrity of purpose. And whatever may be the views of any individual as to the extent to which limitations should be applied to expenditures for, or the physical proportions of, national armaments, surely every right thinking person must desire that some relief be afforded from the growing budgets for armies and navies; and that the peace of the world may be made more secure.



Thus all will share in the hope that the conference will be able to reach an agreement; one that will be universally recognized and accepted as wisely and effectively promotive of the objects sought to be attained.

It will be interesting to Elks to note that one of the American Delegation, Senator Swanson, is, and for many years has been, a loyal member of Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227.

NOT MORE, BUT MORE ACTIVE, AGENCIES

■ Everyone recognizes the fact that existing conditions present social problems, the proper solutions of which require the entire strength and all the available resources of every community in the country; and there is a natural temptation to set up new instrumentalities to deal with those problems. But there is no real need for additional agencies. There are already in existence a sufficient number of organizations, clubs and purposeful societies to administer every dollar and direct every individual available for service in any community.

What is needed is the more effective functioning of those already existing, in carrying forward their object and purposes; a willingness to tackle the job that lies before them; and above all the readiness of their members and patrons to do their individual share, not only in contributions of money but in deeds of personal service.

Each subordinate Lodge of Elks should set a good example to other benevolent organizations in its jurisdiction by assuming a generous proportion of the community load; and by carrying that load on its own shoulders. Contributions to general funds and to other particular social service agencies are helpful and fine.

They should be made when such donations can thus be better administered; but only in such cases. Wherever it is possible, the work itself should be done by Elks in the definite application of their own funds.

There never has been a time when the Order has been more needed than it is now. It should meet the opportunity presented by its best endeavors to answer that need directly, not by letting some other organization take its place, and perhaps with less effectiveness.

It will be recalled how many thousands eagerly knocked at our doors when the Order was so splendidly proving itself during the World War. The same result will follow if the same enthusiasm be displayed by the Lodges in dealing with the demands of the existing situation. The country is full of men who are eager to share in the good work that is being done with effective zeal and earnestness. Active Lodges have no real difficulty in maintaining their membership, when that activity is directed toward a worthy end.

The need of the day is not for more, but for more active, agencies of service.

MENTAL HAZARDS

■ Every one who plays golf, and that includes a large and increasing percentage of our people generally, knows what is meant by a mental hazard. A shot, which is not difficult in itself, presents some diverting aspect of which the player is unduly conscious. His attention is directed too intently to that particular aspect, and prevents his proper concentration upon the essentials of the stroke itself. This attitude creates a mental hazard comparable with any physical difficulty and almost invariably causes a disappointing performance.



So in the affairs of life, too many of us permit imagined difficulties to absorb our thoughts to the natural distraction of our consideration of the true job in hand and the real difficulties which attend it. We approach the

task in a frame of mind which constitutes a decided handicap. It prevents the effective exercise of one's full capacity, because of his divided attention.

And just as in the game of golf it is recognized as the part of wisdom, and essential to good play, to rid one's self of mental hazards by such concentration on the physics of the stroke as will put all else aside, so in all the problems of every-day life, it is wise so to limit one's attention to their actualities that imagined difficulties will not present themselves.

It has been said that most of our troubles never really happen; they are only anticipated and worried over in prospect. It is easy to form this habit of mind; and it not only brings discomfort and unhappiness but it also curtails efficiency. Any attempt to disregard real conditions is, of course, folly. But we should be

careful to distinguish between the real and the imaginary. Most of life's problems have enough actual difficulties involved in their solutions without creating others which do not necessarily attend them.

It is easy to draw many apt comparisons between a game of golf and the game of life, for it is a game which we all must play. But none are more significant or contain a better lesson than the one based on mental hazards.

Keep your eye on the ball and your mind on the shot.

CONTACTS

■ We are quite apt to get erroneous ideas about people of whom we only hear, or read. The impressions of them which we form are based upon information derived from others. Naturally that information is given something of its own coloring by the transmitting agency. We are influenced to a marked degree by that coloring and the manner in which, designedly or by chance, it may be applied. Consequently the mental picture created is not entirely our own. Frequently it is not a correct one.

But when we have personal contacts with others, and have opportunities to observe their acts, their bearing and demeanor, as well as to hear their words, our conclusions about them are at least our own; and they are much more likely to be accurate and true.

Of course the rule also works the other way about. The impressions which others gather about us, to be soundly based, must be the result of direct associations.

Men truly know each other only after they have been thrown together again and again in circumstances which permit their true characters and dispositions to be displayed.

Members of a Lodge, banded together for common purposes, should really know each other. This is true not only because of the greater effectiveness with which those purposes may be promoted when that knowledge of each other exists, but also because it materially adds to the pleasure and happiness of the individuals. You can not know another Elk well without finding much about him to admire and like. And the more men you know and like, who also know and like you, the wider your range of interests, the broader your scope of influence and usefulness.

Since these conditions can only be created through personal contacts, those contacts should be purposely sought. The opportunities for them among fraternal brethren are many. It is a duty to avail of those opportunities which do exist and to make as many others as possible. That is one of the most valuable, as well as most pleasing, features of attendance upon Lodge meetings.

A true Elk does not live to himself. He does not withdraw from contacts with his fellows, but seeks them. Many valuable friendships in life have been missed because the contacts upon which such friendships must be builded have been neglected.





San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Does Fine Charity and Boy Scout Work

REPORTS submitted to San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, by John J. Van Nostrand, Chairman of its Social and Community Welfare Committee, and by C. Fenton Nichols, Chairman of its Antlers Investigation Committee, disclosed recently a record of unusual achievement for 1931 in charitable enterprises and in Boy Scout activities. During the year just past the Lodge has expended through its Social and Community Welfare Committee more than \$4,000. Half of this was devoted to scholarships for deserving students in the University of California and Leland Stanford University. An equal amount was expended in furnishing food to needy families; and in gifts and entertainment for children in San Francisco's orphanages and other institutions and for patients in the city's hospitals. In summarizing the work of Troop 18, which is sponsored by San Francisco Lodge, Mr. Nichols records that it conducted a Pioneering Merit Badge Booth at the Scout Exposition, winning fifth prize; participated in the Elks Flag Day exercises at the Auditorium; acted as guard of honor at the Independence Day ceremonies; held a three-day camp at La Honda, and later was awarded a pennant by the American Legion for taking part in Armistice Day exercises. The Scout Master of the Troop is Harold A. Tobias, a member of No. 3 and a former member of the Antlers.

Former Congressman J. W. Fordney, Of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, Is Dead

Former Congressman Joseph Warren Fordney, principal author of the Fordney-McCumber tariff bill of 1922 and a life member of Saginaw, Mich., Lodge, No. 47, died recently at his home in Saginaw at the age of seventy-eight. He had been in poor health for several months, as a consequence of a severe illness last fall. Mr. Fordney, who represented the Eighth Michigan District in Congress for twenty-four years, became a member of No. 47 in 1898 and a life member in 1919.

Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge Sponsors Plan for Vacant-Lot Gardens

To provide vegetables for the needy and work for the unemployed of its community, Goldsboro, N. C., Lodge, No. 139, recently sponsored a plan for the cultivation this spring of the city's vacant lots as gardens. The Lodge will supply seed, fertilizer and implements.

Rice Lake, Wis., Elks Provide School Children With Clothes

In addition to their regular charity enterprises, Elks of Rice Lake, Wis., Lodge, No. 1441, recently organized a committee to inspect the clothing of the school children in their city. It is the committee's duty to see that the

children are not absent from school because of the lack of proper clothing, and thereafter to supply any necessary garments.

Two Distinguished Visitors at Dallas, Texas, Lodge

Two notable occasions took place at the Home of Dallas, Texas, Lodge, No. 71, recently; the first when Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs visited the Lodge; and the second when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. Hockwald made an official call. In honor of the Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, an exceptionally numerous gathering of Dallas Elks assembled at the Home. Prominent among the distinguished guests, besides Mr. Downs, was President Harry A. Logsdon, of the Texas State Elks Association. At the business session the officers initiated a group of candidates for No. 71. A program of music provided entertainment at the close of the meeting. On the occasion of District Deputy Hockwald's official call upon the Lodge, another group of candidates was

initiated into the Order. This class was designated the "Charles A. Mangold Class," in honor of Past Exalted Ruler Charles A. Mangold, of Dallas Lodge. Preceding the regular meeting a dinner was served to the three hundred Elks gathered there.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Adds 600 New Members in Two Weeks

Within the first two weeks of its campaign for new members, Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, recently added 600 to its roster. In addition to this, 1,500 applications were received. No. 22 has set as its goal 5,000 new members, to bring its total up to 22,000. The membership campaign has the support of the leaders of both major political parties in the county: John H. McCooey, for the Democratic party, and Frederick J. W. Kracke, for the Republican.

District Deputy Albano Institutes New Lodge at West Orange, N. J.

In the presence of over five hundred Elks, representing many Lodges of New Jersey, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano recently instituted, at West Orange, Lodge No. 1590. Assisting the District Deputy were Past District Deputies William H. Kelly, Thomas F. Macksey, Frank Strasburger, Thomas J. Dunnion and Edgar T. Reed, Members of No. 1590 elected George V. McDonough Exalted Ruler, and William M. Sheldon Secretary. Thirty-one charter members were inducted. A class of thirty-five candidates will be initiated at the next meeting of the Lodge. West Orange Lodge's temporary Home is in the MacIntosh Building, on Northfield Avenue.

Adams, Mass., Elks Sponsor Essay Contest for High School Pupils

Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, recently made plans for the sponsoring of an essay contest for the pupils of the C. T. Plunkett Junior High School. The contest will be open to both boys and girls. The Elks will award prizes to the authors of the three best manuscripts.

District Deputy Perry Visits Puyallup, Wash., Lodge

Puyallup, Wash., Lodge, No. 1450, recently welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Stewart E. Perry, on the occasion of his official visit. Coincident with the District Deputy's call Puyallup Lodge held a party for over five hundred children. Gifts of candy and fruit were distributed by the Elks.

Mt. Vernon Elks Oppose Changing Name of Santa Claus, Indiana

Mount Vernon, Ind., Lodge, No. 277, recently adopted a resolution opposing the effort to change the name of Santa Claus, Indiana.



The display in the lobby of the Home of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge at the outset of the Lodge's campaign for 5,000 new members

This is the post-office of a small community in Spencer County. To it thousands of children every year send their Christmas letters; and many of their parents arrange, at the Christmas season, for letters of reply to be mailed back to the youngsters from there so that they may have, in the post-mark, proof of the fact that Santa Claus really has responded. Arguments for the retention of the name are set forth in the resolution of Mt. Vernon Lodge. Copies have been sent to the Post-Office Department, and to Senators and Congressmen.

Governor White Sees 85 Become Members of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge

Governor George White of Ohio was one of many men of prominence in the State who attended a meeting recently of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, upon the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Charles L. Haslop, when a class of eighty-five candidates was initiated. This group of new members was notable not only for its numbers but also for the importance of those among them. The initiates comprised the mayor and the chief of police of Columbus; the assistant attorney-general of the State and three judges. In the course of the meeting Governor White spoke over the radio from the Lodge room.

One Thousand Attend Charity Ball Of Burlington, Vt., Lodge

One thousand persons attended recently the annual Charity Ball of Burlington, Vt., Lodge, No. 916, held in the Memorial Auditorium. The substantial sum earned from the affair made its financial success as pronounced as its social.

Charity Record of Monticello, N. Y., Lodge Discloses Results

The report of the Charity Committee of Monticello, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1544, submitted recently, disclosed that within the last year food has been supplied to 125 needy families of the community. Other successful enterprises of the Lodge for the relief of the needy were the establishment of an employment bureau, with offices in the Home; and the distribution of a quantity of clothing and shoes.

Past Exalted Ruler Durschmidt, Of Derby, Conn., Lodge, Is Dead

Max A Durschmidt, Past Exalted Ruler of Derby, Conn., Lodge, No. 571, died recently at his home in Derby. For a number of years Mr. Durschmidt was a member of the Past Exalted Rulers Association of Connecticut, serving, at one time, as its President. Large delegations of members of both Derby Lodge and the Past Exalted Rulers Association, as well as many of his other friends throughout the State, attended the funeral and assisted at the Elks service at the Home.

Natives of Aruba, Dutch West Indies, Entertained by Elks

In a letter written from Aruba, Dutch West Indies, L. E. Robbins, a member of Tonopah, Nev., Lodge, No. 1062, reported recently that he and a number of other Elks living at Aruba had entertained over fifteen hundred native children and their parents at a Christmas-tree party. Gifts of clothing, toys and candy were distributed among the little guests by the Elks.

District Deputy Visits Piqua, Ohio, Lodge; 350 Elks Present

Approximately 350 Elks attended one of the most successful events ever held by Piqua, Ohio, Lodge, No. 523, at its Home recently, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clifford E. Libbee. Representatives of Lodges from all parts of the State were present. Prominent



The seven hundred and fifty underprivileged children who were the guests a short time ago of Sarasota, Fla., Lodge at an outing

among the visitors, besides the District Deputy, were Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Max Friedman, and President Ernst Von Barga, of the Ohio State Elks Association. The Degree Team of Hamilton Lodge assisted the officers of Piqua Lodge at the initiatory ceremonies for a class of candidates. A delicious banquet was served to the guests in the ball-room of the Home before the meeting.

Middletown, N. Y., Lodge Is Host to Vice-President DeNyse

Members of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097, recently received a visit from Vice-President Ray L. DeNyse, of the New York State Elks Association. A large delegation of Catskill and Kingston Elks, accompanying the Vice-President, augmented the number of members in attendance. Mr. DeNyse delivered the principal address of the program.

Wabash, Ind., Elks Receive Visit From District Deputy Bowers

On the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee M. Bowers to Wabash, Ind., Lodge, No. 471, a numerous gathering of the members and their guests assembled at the Home. The District Deputy witnessed the initiation of a class of candidates. In his address which followed, he complimented the officers for their performance of the ritual. Delegations from Warsaw and Huntington Lodges attended the meeting.

Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge Has Active Season

During the past few months Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, No. 1564, has accomplished several interesting undertakings. Among these were the redecoration of its recently acquired Home, a series of card parties for the benefit of its charity fund and the organization of a committee to conduct a special selective membership campaign.

Many Elks at Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge for District Deputy's Visit

More than two hundred Elks, representing almost every Lodge in the North Central District of Pennsylvania, recently gathered at the Home of Lock Haven Lodge, No. 182, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James P. Dennehy. Notable among those present, besides the District Deputy, was Vice-President Henry L. Coira, of the North Central District

Association. During the course of the meeting a class of candidates was initiated by the officers of the Lodge. Following the ceremonies the members and their guests enjoyed entertainment and refreshments in the grill room.

Ralph S. Nelson, Treasurer of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, Dies

Members of Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, No. 702, are mourning the loss of their Treasurer, Ralph S. Nelson, who died a short time ago at his home in Waukegan. Funeral ceremonies for Mr. Nelson, who was also Commander of the Homer Dahringer Post of the American Legion, were held from the Lodge Home with full military honors. Mr. Nelson's popularity, his kindly and efficient interest and work in his community were attested by the presentation of resolutions of condolence by not only the members of his own Lodge and Legion Post, but by members of many other Lodges and Posts in the State. He is survived by his widowed mother, Mrs. Caroline Nelson, of Waukegan.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Elks' Charity Praised by District Deputy

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 346, was host recently to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Swalbach on the occasion of his official visit. Mr. Swalbach was accompanied by a large delegation from his own Lodge, Rochester Lodge, No. 24. Delegations from neighboring Lodges also attended. An enterprise that claimed the attention of the District Deputy was the activity of No. 346 a short time ago when it purchased clothes, shoes, and blankets from surplus Army supplies and distributed them to the needy of Niagara Falls. The acquisition of these supplies was arranged by Col. Charles H. Morrow, Commander of the 28th U. S. Infantry at Fort Niagara, and a veteran member of the Order. Marvin I. King, Esteemed Leading Knight and Chairman of the Charity Committee, acted for the Lodge.

Aurora, Ill., Elks Aid Banks During Financial Crisis

During a financial crisis in its city, Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, through its members, recently brought about a remarkable recovery. Inasmuch as most of the prominent financiers, city officials and business men are members of No. 705, it was possible to cooperate; and by means of an order issued by Mayor Conrad Bjorseth, a member of the Lodge, to close all places of business, except those indis-

pensable to the public, for a five-day moratorium. Every depositor in the banks was then called upon to sign a pledge to make no withdrawal during this period. Confidence was restored through advertisements and news-stories in the local paper. When the moratorium was lifted and the banks reopened, over a million additional dollars was deposited in the banks.

Remodeled Home of Cambridge, Md., Lodge Dedicated by District Deputy

Before an attendance of more than one hundred and fifty members of Cambridge, Md., Lodge, No. 1272, and their guests, its newly remodeled Home was dedicated recently by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Taylor Morrison. Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge, including the first three to hold that office, assisted the District Deputy in conducting the dedicatory ceremonies. Mr. Morrison opened the exercises with the reading of a congratulatory telegram from Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. Following the exercises the officers of No. 1272 initiated a class of fourteen candidates.

Ridgewood, N. J., Elk Performs in Ritualistic Contest on Stretcher

In spite of a broken knee-cap, which so incapacitated him that he was forced to resort to the use of a stretcher, Fred W. Hoerschgen, Esteemed Leading Knight, of Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, recently took an active part in a ritualistic contest held at the Home. Mr. Hoerschgen's performance, witnessed by 450 Elks gathered in the Lodge room for the contest, was considered by the judges to be 100 per cent. perfect. Among the distinguished visitors present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover E. Asmus and Vice-President Walter Mahnken, of the New Jersey State Elks Association.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Elks Initiate Large Class

More than two hundred members of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Lodge, No. 552, recently attended one of the most enthusiastic meetings ever held at the Home. During the session Past Exalted Rulers occupied every chair. A large class of candidates was inducted into the Order by the officers. Following the meeting the Elks enjoyed an entertainment program and a delicious supper served in the Lodge's dining-room.

Hickman, Ky., Lodge Is Host to District Deputy and Fulton Elks

Coincident with the official visitation of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leland O'Callaghan to the Home of Hickman, Ky., Lodge, No. 1294, a fraternal call was made there by a large number of members of Fulton Lodge, No. 1142. Notable among those present, besides the District Deputy, was President Roger L. Neff, Jr., of the Kentucky State Elks Association. The members of both Lodges received with enthusiasm the interesting addresses of District Deputy O'Callaghan and President Neff.

Liberty, N. Y., Lodge Receives Visit from District Deputy

When District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter T. Hawkins made an official visit recently to the Home of Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, he was accompanied by about sixty members of Middletown Lodge. Among the distinguished guests present besides the District Deputy, were Vice-President Ray L. DeNyse, of the New York State Elks Association, and Otto Hillig, the trans-Atlantic flier. Preceding the meeting, the officers of No. 1545 entertained their guests at a dinner. A class of candidates was initiated at the busi-



The Glee Club of Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge. It has won wide recognition

ness session. Following those ceremonies, short addresses were made by District Deputy Hawkins, Vice-President DeNyse and Mr. Hillig. Mr. Hillig then presented the Lodge with a flag he had carried in his plane, *Liberty*, on his flight to Copenhagen.

Card Stolen from Member of Reading, Pa., Lodge

Secretary Charles E. Speidle, of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, reports that the membership card belonging to R. S. Weber, of that Lodge, was stolen recently. The number of the card is 1069, and the member's number is 492.

Roland Ellis, Senior Past Exalted Ruler of Macon, Ga., Lodge, Dies

Members of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, are mourning the loss of Past Exalted Ruler Roland Ellis, an attorney prominent both in his city and his State, who died recently at the age of sixty-one. Mr. Roland, senior Past Exalted Ruler of his Lodge, was both a charter and a life member. From the time of his admission to the bar many years ago, he had been an outstanding figure in the political and social life of his community. In particular he possessed a wide reputation as an after-dinner speaker. He is survived by his widow and his son.

Las Vegas, Nev., Elks Support Plan for Washington Plaque

At a special meeting called by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Roy W. Martin, Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468, voted to participate in a project to place a flagpole and flag, and a plaque made of Utah copper, at a point near the Hoover Dam site, in commemoration of the bi-centennial anniversary of the birth of George Washington. The Lodge reached its decision after conference with Exalted Ruler Harry S. Joseph, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, and United States Senator Key Pittman, a member of Reno, Nev., Lodge, No. 597.

Pottsville, Pa., Elks Are Hosts To 350 Children

Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, gave an entertainment recently to 350 poor children of the city. One hundred of these were from St. Francis Orphanage and the same number were charges of the Pottsville Mission. To the inmates of the Children's Home, who were quarantined, the Elks besides sent a supply of hot chocolate and candy.

Uniontown, Pa., Elks Give Dinner To 1,273 Needy of City

Twelve hundred and seventy-three needy persons were recently the guests of Uniontown,

Pa., Lodge, No. 370, at a venison dinner in the Home. The dinner is an annual affair and represents but one of the many charitable enterprises of the Lodge. Another and important one is a contribution to the city's milk fund. Through this, in the course of two months and a half, nearly twenty thousand half-pints, 67 pints and 222 quarts of milk were supplied to the school children of Uniontown.

New York Daily Praises Bronx, N. Y., Elks' Glee Club

The Glee Club of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, recently gave entertainments, consisting of a concert and vaudeville performances, to the inmates of two hospitals, the Seton Hospital and the Home for Incurables. Comment upon these affairs was made in the editorial columns of the *New York Evening Journal*, which remarked: "When the Bronx Elks start out to do something, they do it right. . . . This thoughtful effort by the Bronx Elks to cheer inmates of institutions and hospitals sets a good example for the other clubs."

Niles, Mich., Lodge Initiates Class Of Twenty-eight New Members

Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322, recently initiated twenty-eight new members. Efforts for an increase in membership have been made for the last two months. A total of forty-four applications has been received.

Elks of Pennsylvania Northwest Plan Big District Initiation

Plans for the reception of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and for the initiation, in honor of the event of his visit to that part of the State, were formulated recently by the Northwest Association of Pennsylvania Elks, in session at the Home of New Castle Lodge, No. 69. Sixty delegates, representing twelve Lodges of the District, were present. They voted to make an effort, when Mr. Coen should be received at the Home of Warren Lodge, No. 223, to have delegations from every Lodge in the Northwest District; and to initiate a class of 100 candidates, to be known as "The John R. Coen George Washington Class." President Frank J. Lyons, of Warren Lodge, presided at the meeting. Prominent among the Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Bohlander, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph Riesenman, Jr., and Ralph C. Robinson; and President M. F. Horne and Past President John F. Nugent, of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association.

Marion, O., Lodge Holds "Daddy Wark Night" for Chaplain

James Wark, Past Exalted Ruler and for the last twenty-two years Chaplain of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, was the guest of honor at

a meeting of the Lodge recently, upon the occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday. The event, an annual one, was designated this year, as in other years, as "Daddy Wark Night." Prominent Elks who spoke in tribute to the guest of honor included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. S. Brindle, and Mayor W. C. Phillians, of Marion.

Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge Celebrates Its Thirtieth Anniversary

Coincident with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Gerald Nolan, Peekskill, N. Y., Lodge, No. 744, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its institution a short time ago at a banquet and at a Lodge session thereafter. The attendance of delegations from the neighboring Lodges of Ossining, Yonkers, White Plains, Mt. Kisco, New Rochelle and Port Chester; and the presence of such prominent Elks as Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Course, and Vice-President Peter W. Soetemon, of the New York State Elks Association, were features of the occasion.

Norfolk, Va., Lodge Inducts Its Largest Class in Several Years

Before a gathering of Elks notable for its numbers and its distinguished guests, Norfolk, Va., Lodge, No. 38, initiated recently one of the largest classes of candidates to be inducted in several years, comprising twenty-five members. Two hundred and forty-three members of the Order attended a dinner before the Lodge session, and three hundred and twenty-five assembled later in the Lodge room. Prominent among these were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank D. Epps. The Degree Team of Hampton Lodge, No. 366, conducted the initiation.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Mourns Loss Of Trustee Ben E. Weekes, Sr.

After a prolonged illness, Ben E. Weekes, Sr., for the last eight years a Trustee of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, died recently at his home. He was sixty years of age. His passing removed from his Lodge one of its most beloved and active members. From the date of his initiation into the Lodge, July 30, 1907, until the onset of the infirmity which ended his life, Mr. Weekes had taken an energetic part in the furthering of many enterprises of the Order, both within the range of his Lodge and beyond it. At the time of his death, he had served



LOCKE PHOTO SERVICE

The cast of the Minstrel Show given recently by Grand Island, Nebr., Lodge

three years of his second five-year term as Trustee. He had acted, too, as Chairman of the Credentials Committee and of the Good of the Order Committee of the New York State Elks Association; and upon several occasions had been a member of the Grand Esquire's staff at Grand Lodge Conventions. Elks services were conducted by officers of No. 1 at his home upon the evening before his funeral.

Stockton, Calif., Lodge Earns \$5,000 from Charity Ball

From its annual Charity Ball, given a short time ago, Stockton, Calif., Lodge, No. 218, earned \$5,000. This sum will be devoted to the relief and welfare enterprises of the Lodge. Report of the profits from the ball was made to the Lodge by Ed Vollman, Chairman of the ball committee.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Elks Sponsor Prosperity Parade

Efforts to dispel depression were made recently by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22, when it sponsored a "Prosperity Parade." More than ten thousand citizens lined the sidewalks as the marchers, representing many fraternal and social organizations of the city and nearby places, passed in review. Notable among the features were the mock trial and execution of "Old Man Depression." Brooklyn Lodge was represented in the parade by its Band, its Mounted Squad and group of Old Timers. Other entries in the parade included the Kings County American Legion Bugle and Drum Corps and a delegation of Elks of Freeport Lodge, No. 1253.

25 Children Are Given Medical and Dental Aid by Salinas, Calif., Lodge

Through its Social and Community Welfare Committee, Salinas, Calif., Lodge, No. 614, rendered, during a year's period recently ended, medical and dental assistance to twenty-five children in Monterey County. This was disclosed in a report made to the Lodge a short time ago. The cost of this assistance amounted to several hundred dollars.

Waterbury, Conn., Lodge Shocked By Death of Secretary E. F. Moran

After a brief illness, believed to have been aggravated by the closing of the banking institution of which he was an official, Edward F. Moran, for the last twenty-eight years Secretary of Waterbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 265, died recently at his home. His passing proved a shock not only to the members of his own Lodge but to others in his State; and, as well, to city officials and to officers of the banking houses of Waterbury. At the funeral and burial services were present Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John J. Stone, Exalted Ruler Charles K. Ahearn and his entire staff of officers, who served as active pallbearers; thirteen Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge and every one of its Trustees. Mayor Frank Hayes, Commissioner Charles Jackson, Tax Collector William J. Ennis and former Mayors William H. Sandland and William B. Hotchkiss were representatives of the municipal government. Upon the evening before, the officers of Waterbury Lodge conducted services, according to the Elks ritual, at Mr. Moran's home, and subsequently, at the Lodge Home, held a Lodge of Sorrow. Mr. Moran, initiated into No. 265 on March 1, 1901, became a life member later in the same year. He thereafter was chosen Treasurer of the Lodge, serving two years; and in 1904 was elected to the post of Secretary, which he retained until the time of his death.

Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks Take Oath as Supreme Court Justices

Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert were among the many Elks who attended a short time ago the induction into office of Past Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Vice-Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; Frank F. Adel, Past Exalted Ruler, and Henry G. Wenzel, Jr., Esteemed Loyal Knight, as Justices of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. These three justices, elected last fall, are all members of Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878. The ceremonies of induction were held at the Queens County Court House. Justice Leander R. Faber administered the oath of office.



BROWN STUDIO

Eight trophies won within a recent period of time by members of Huntington Park, Calif., Lodge for proficiency in fraternal contests and in sporting events

News of the State Associations

Arizona

SIXTY children from the Arizona Children's Home and, upon a later occasion, one hundred from St. Joseph's Orphanage were the guests during the Christmas holidays of the Arizona State Elks Association. Both parties for the youngsters were held at the Home of Tucson Lodge, No. 385, and at both each child was given two presents of his own choice, besides candy, nuts and fruit. Buses carried the boys and girls from the Children's Home and the Orphanage to the Lodge Home. The funds for these entertainments, amounting to about \$1,000, were subscribed by the Lodges of Arizona. Tucson Lodge, because of its location in the same city as are the two institutions, was chosen to act as host for the Association.



Children arriving at the Home of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge where they were entertained as the guests of the Arizona State Elks Association

Massachusetts

AT THE third meeting of the officers of the Massachusetts States Elks Association, held recently at the Home of Boston Lodge,

No. 10, President Charles S. Riley appointed a General Committee for the banquet and reception to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, at Boston. Among those named were Bernard S. McHugh, Watertown Lodge, No. 1513, Chairman; Bernard E. Carbin, Lynn Lodge, No. 117, Treasurer; Joseph F. Mellyn, Boston Lodge, Secretary; Past Grand Exalted

Ruler John F. Malley and E. Mark Sullivan, Member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, Members of the Speakers and Invitation Committee.

Nebraska

UNDER the auspices of the Nebraska State Elks Association's Crippled Children's Committee two new clinics were conducted recently by McCook Lodge, No. 1434, and Nebraska City Lodge, No. 1049. On the first day of the new clinics over a hundred and fifty children were examined and, where required, given treatment by the doctors. United States Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, attended the clinics and commended the Elks for their splendid work. It is reported that the Crippled Children's Committee of the Association through its various clinics has examined more than 400 little patients during the last few months.

New Jersey

THE second quarterly meeting of the New Jersey State Elks Association was held recently at the Home of Irvington Lodge, No. 1245. Fifty-one Lodges of the State were represented by 174 representatives. At the (Continued on page 62)

Candidates for Grand Lodge Office

FOUR subordinate Lodges have announced their endorsement of candidates for the offices of Grand Exalted Ruler, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, and Grand Trustee, election to which will take place at the Grand Lodge Convention to be held in Birmingham next July. From information in the announcements circulated by their Lodges we are publishing the following brief digests of the careers of these candidates.

Moline, Ill., Lodge Presents Floyd Eugene Thompson For Grand Exalted Ruler

Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556, announces that it will present the Hon. Floyd Eugene Thompson as a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, to be filled at the 1932 Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, Ala., next July.

Mr. Thompson was born at Roodhouse, Illinois, December 25, 1887. While teaching school he prepared himself for the bar, and was admitted in 1911. He is now engaged in the general practice of his profession in Chicago. In 1912 he was elected State's Attorney of Rock Island County, Illinois, and was re-elected in 1916. Three years later he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois and served until 1928, when he resigned to become the candidate of his party for Governor of his native State.

In 1913 he became a member of Moline Lodge, and in 1931 was elected to honorary life membership for distinguished service to the Order. He served his Lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1917-18, and in various capacities before and since. He was a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary in 1926-27, a Justice of the Grand Forum from 1927 to 1931, and its Chief Justice at the time of his resignation, when his candidacy for Grand Exalted Ruler was announced by his Lodge.

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge Presents J. Edgar Masters For Grand Secretary

Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494, announces that it will present Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters as a candidate for reelection at the 1932 Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham next July.

Mr. Masters has been an Elk since 1903, when he became a member of Charleroi Lodge. He was elected Exalted Ruler in 1908 and was Representative to the Grand Lodge in 1909. In 1911-12 he served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee. He was elected a Grand Trustee in 1915 and acted as Chairman of the Board for three years of his term. In 1920-21 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1922. From that year, when he was a member ex-officio, to 1927, Mr. Masters served on the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Commission. He was appointed Grand Secretary in September, 1927, and was subsequently elected to that office at the 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931 Grand Lodge Conventions in Miami, Los Angeles, Atlantic City, and Seattle.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge Presents Lloyd Maxwell For Grand Trustee

Marshalltown, Iowa, Lodge, No. 312, announces that it will present Lloyd Maxwell as a candidate for the office of Grand Trustee, to be filled at the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham next July.

Mr. Maxwell has been an Elk since 1899 when he became a member of Marshalltown Lodge. He served for two years as Esteemed Leading Knight and was elected Exalted Ruler for two terms. He was elected Grand

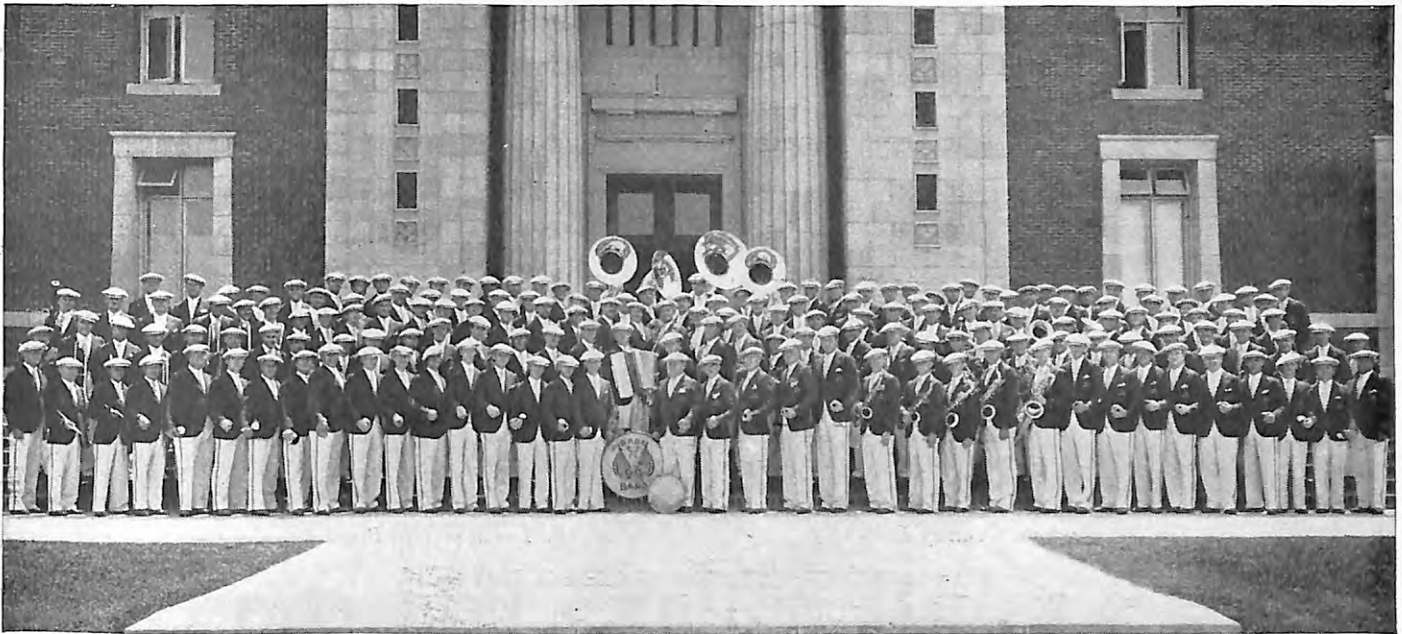
Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1912 and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1914. For five years, 1921-25 inclusive, he served as a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare. In 1926 he was appointed Chairman of the Grand Lodge New Activities Committee, and in 1927 was appointed Grand Esquire. At Los Angeles in 1929 he was elected Grand Treasurer; re-elected to this office in 1930 at Atlantic City, and again reelected last year at Seattle.

Mr. Maxwell is Senior Past President of the Iowa State Elks Association.

Providence, R. I., Lodge Presents James F. Duffy For Grand Treasurer

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, will present James F. Duffy as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer, to be filled at the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, next July.

Mr. Duffy is a native of the city of Providence, and became a member of Providence Lodge on November 20, 1907. He was elected Esteemed Lecturing Knight in 1910; Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1911; Esteemed Leading Knight in 1912, and Exalted Ruler in 1913. He served as Lodge Treasurer from 1914 to 1916; in 1923 he was elected Trustee to fill out an unexpired term of two years, and was re-elected to that office in 1925, 1928, and 1931. During the past nine years he has been Chairman of the Board of Trustees. On September 24, 1913, he was elected a life member for distinguished service to the Order, and was the Lodge Representative at the Grand Lodge Convention in Denver in 1914; he was appointed District Deputy of Rhode Island in 1916, and a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials in 1919. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight at Chicago in 1920, and was elected Grand Esteemed Leading Knight in 1921.



The Band of Los Angeles Lodge, winner of the Class A Championship at the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle

Three Fine Musical Organizations Of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge



MURILLO

Lieutenant Harold W. Roberts, director of No. 99's musical organizations and leader of the Band



DON MILTON



J. Arthur Lewis, director of the distinguished choral organization, the Elks No. 99 Chanters

The Orchestra of Los Angeles Lodge is shown at the right and above, as it appeared when assisting the success of a minstrel show given not long ago by the members of No. 99. For its contribution to the pleasure of such entertainments as this and other affairs, at the Lodge Home and elsewhere, the Orchestra has come to be an indispensable institution. Harry Freedeen and William Wallis are its co-directors



FREDERICK BURKETT

What the Band and the Orchestra are to the musical life of Los Angeles Lodge in the instrumental field, the Chanters, shown at the left, are to the vocal. Under the able direction of Mr. Lewis, the more than a score of excellent voices have been admirably trained as a unit. Independently, or in company with the Band and the Orchestra, the Chanters have given concerts widely applauded

Some of Birmingham's Country Clubs



The Birmingham Country Club



The Mountain Brook Country Club



The Highland Park Country Club



The Cahaba Golf and Country Club

1932 Grand Lodge Convention At Birmingham, Ala.

Bulletin No. 2

FEW cities in the Nation are so fortunate as Birmingham, the scene of the 68th Grand Lodge Convention, to be held the week of July 10, 1932, for in this 60-year-old city are found the pleasures of the old South and its hospitality, the glorious scenery of the mountains, the picturesqueness of a cotton growing section and the modernness of a thriving and progressive metropolis. In Birmingham, industry and beauty have been wed and a rare combination of interesting atmosphere has been born. In this magnificent setting a program is being arranged that should please the most exacting and beckon to the most uncertain as bewitchingly as the Sirens.

"Real Southern Hospitality" is the slogan on every Birmingham citizen's tongue as interest in the forthcoming convention rises. Everyone in the city is anxious to take part in making this convention the most unusual and unforgettable that Elks have ever had. Birmingham was flattered when she was selected as the 1932 convention place and she has determined to show the Elks of the Nation what a great and mighty city Birmingham is and how her people extend warm greetings and the hospitality of her homes.

Last June, Birmingham gained a national reputation when, on opening her million-dollar municipal airport, she entertained thousands of out-of-town visitors. At that time, Birmingham held a real open house as only a Southern city can, and those who were guests went away with a unanimous opinion: the best time they had ever had. Everyone, from the greatest of her capitalists to the everyday office worker, extended himself to make the visitors happy and welcome.

If that was an indication of what Birmingham can do on such an occasion, then the 1932 Elks convention visitors should carry away an even more impressive picture of Birmingham's hospitality.

The program of entertainment is already being shaped. Of first line attraction will be Birmingham's splendid golf courses and country clubs, which have been called by many the most pleasurable they have ever visited. When the Grand Lodge officers were in Birmingham in November and were taken to the various municipal and private clubs they were enthusiastic over the opportunities offered for the golf tournament to be held during the convention. Birmingham has two splendid municipal courses, Highland Park

and Roebuck, both with 18-hole links. Both of these courses were built by private clubs, Highland Park being the old Country Club and Roebuck being an elite private club, both of which the City of Birmingham purchased within the last five years. They have wonderful, sporty links on which many an exciting tournament has been played and it was on Highland Park that Bobby Jones, when a lad in knickers, won his first major golf victory.

In addition to these outstanding municipal courses, there is the North Birmingham municipal course, a 9-hole links. Mountain Brook course, 18 holes, is considered probably the prettiest in the Southland, and the magnificent Birmingham Country Club has two 18-hole courses, the west course being just recently completed. Woodward and Hillcrest clubs also have excellent courses.

Golf is played the year round in Birmingham. The municipal courses are constantly watered and kept in fine shape in the summer months, as are the private courses which, of course, will be open to convention visitors.

Much has been said about Birmingham and the South in summer time. Contrary to the general belief, July is not the month when the

(Continued on page 53)



At the left, Mr. Coen at the Elks Country Club of Shawnee, Okla., Lodge; at the right, at the Home of Blackwell, Okla., Lodge

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

Mr. Coen Calls Upon Lodges in Many States

OFFICIAL visits to subordinate Lodges carried Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen into central, southwestern and western States during December.

Upon the 10th of the month he was the guest of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. When Mr. Coen arrived in the city, he was met at the station by a large delegation of welcome, including District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. M. McQuillen, Exalted Ruler John R. McCabe, Gen. Edward H. White, a numerous group of members of No. 4 and a representative of Mayor Cermak. These formed an escort for the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Chicago Lodge, where he made his headquarters. Later in the day Mr. Coen conferred with President J. C. Dallenbach, of the Illinois State Elks Association; and with the members

of the Association's Ritualistic Committee, whose Chairman is Past Exalted Ruler N. H. Millard, of Aurora Lodge, No. 705. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet tendered by the officers of No. 4. At the Lodge session which ensued, after witnessing the initiation of twenty candidates, he was presented with an honorary life membership in the Lodge, for distinguished services rendered to the Order. Present at the meeting were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Chief Justice of the Grand Forum Floyd E. Thompson; Louie Forman, former member of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Mr. Dallenbach, and delegations from every Lodge in the Northeast District of Illinois.

The following day the Grand Exalted Ruler spent at his offices in the Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building. He left in the evening for a series of visits in Oklahoma.

The first two of these calls were made December 13, upon the membership of Alva, Okla., Lodge, No. 1184, and of Enid Lodge, No. 870.

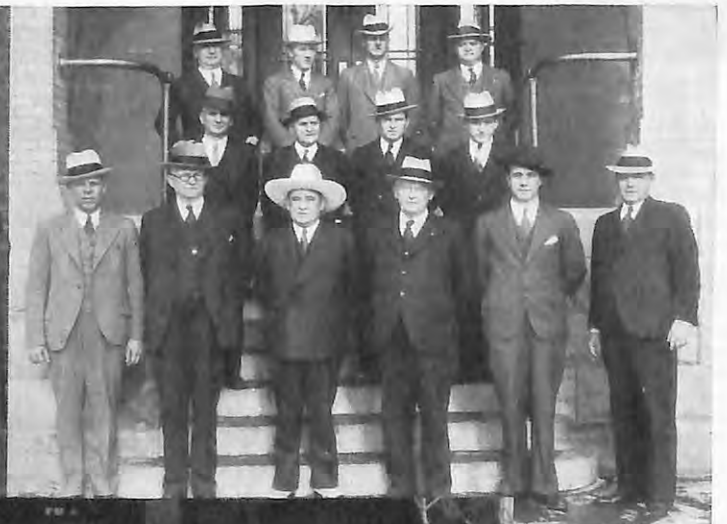
At noon the next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at luncheon of Hobart Lodge, No. 881; and in the evening made an official visit to Mangum Lodge, No. 1169. Noteworthy incidents of this occasion were the banquet in Mr. Coen's honor and the Lodge session which followed, at which two hundred members of the Order were gathered. The attendants comprised a numerous representation of Mangum Elks and visiting delegations

(Continued on page 62)



NEW GARDEN STUDIO

Nearly four hundred members of the Order were present at the Home of Fargo, N. D., Lodge when the Grand Exalted Ruler—shown above with some of his hosts—made his official visit there



FULLER STUDIO

Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge presented Mr. Coen with the rancher's hat he is wearing in the photograph above. At the left: the scene at the Home of Trenton, Mo., Lodge, when he called



REX STUDIO



ELKDOM OUTDOORS

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

J. H. Hamilton and Wilbur B. Hart, Associate Field Sports Editors

A Home for Mountain Trout

By Eben G. Fine

Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566



Typical trout stream in Boulder Canyon

LONG years ago, before Mr. Volstead was introduced to the American people, there flourished in Boulder for many years an institution whose product was known and became famous far and wide because of a wonderful spring whose crystal waters entered into its composition.

The Crystal Springs Brewing Company of Boulder, Colo., boasted of the quality and the purity of its beer because made with the waters of the famous Crystal Spring.

Then came Prohibition, followed by the closing and dismantling of this popular and prosperous institution.

But the spring continued to flow—fifty gallons per minute of clear, cold water as pure as the distilled product and varying in temperature scarcely one degree winter or summer, registering 46 to 47 degrees the year 'round.

Before the automobile came to annihilate distance, every stream flowing through the canyons in the adjacent mountains to the west was a trout stream, alive with the speckled beauties, and one did not need to go far to find good fishing.

Estes Park, now only an hour and a half distant by auto, was then a day and a half's journey by horse-drawn vehicles and the numbers of fishermen following the streams into the high country were comparatively few; therefore nature was able to preserve the balance of life in the streams.

And then came the auto that brought the

streams within reach of large numbers who enjoyed this fascinating sport to the utmost. Tourists and sportsmen came in large numbers from other States, lured by the promise, not only of good fishing but also by the promise of delightful summer days away from the excessive heat of lower altitudes; with crisp nights for sleep under blankets and with wonderful scenery to inspire and satisfy the soul—and then as the years went by, we who had invited the world to come and enjoy all these things with us, awoke to the fact that nature could no longer maintain the balance, and hatcheries were established by the State and other agencies in order to replenish the streams.

But even these have not been able to keep pace with the ever-increasing numbers of fishermen, and experience has demonstrated that only a very small percentage of the small "frys" planted in the streams from the hatcheries survive the ravenous appetites of the larger fish.

Some years ago the Boulder Fish and Game Club was organized for the purpose of restocking the streams and lakes of the Boulder mountain district, and after much research and experimentation, the Club decided to purchase land and establish "developing ponds"

where they proposed to feed the small frys from the hatcheries until they were large enough to care for themselves in the stream.

Some far-visions member or members of the Club conceived the idea of buying the famous Crystal Spring, together with adjoining land where they would be assured an abundance of pure water of just the right temperature for the natural development of the trout.

The purchase was made and the Club now has four ponds of concrete construction and four earth ponds, each with a capacity of 25,000 trout and has expended, to date about \$3,000 for lands, ponds, etc., and is feeding a fine lot of Loch Laven, salmon and native brook trout each year.

Liver, oatmeal and wheat meal constitute the principal food on which the trout thrive and grow rapidly, and though the cost of feeding is no small item, it is justifying itself in the development of fine, healthy trout that are held in the ponds until they are seven to ten inches in length, or of legal size to take with hook or fly and line.

"Dad" Tobey, who knows and loves his fish as other men love their dogs and other pets, is constantly employed as caretaker—and the death of a fish is a source of real grief to him.

Now, when you hear that "fishing is good" in the lakes and streams near Boulder, you will understand, "there's a reason."



The "developing ponds" maintained by the Boulder Fish and Game Club



Big Game in New Mexico

"Why go to Africa for big game?" writes J. V. Waldrop, Silver City, New Mexico, Lodge, No. 413. "We hunt mountain lion, lynx, bear, etc., and have plenty of thrills doing it. New Mexico can furnish any big-game hunter with plenty of sport at very little expense." The mountain lion pictured above measured 7 feet and 2 inches in length, and was killed in the Gila National Forest, New Mexico, after being treed with a pack of twelve lion- and bear-hounds.



Seeing Is Believing

The boys of Mount Vernon, New York, No. 842, have told so many stories to your editor on frequent visits to that Lodge about the prowess as deer hunters of Charlie Weber and Howard Weaver, that the proof of the pudding was urgently requested.

The above photograph certainly is proof unless the guide who took the picture killed the deer. At least we can not get this kind of photograph work done at Coney Island.

The DeForest Angling Association, made up of sixty Elks living in Westchester County, New York, twenty-odd of whom are pictured at the right, owns two lakes and a large stream of water with 18,000 acres of woodland stocked with wild game, in the central Adirondacks. Hon. Sidney A. Syme, P. E. R. of Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842, is president



"COME ON, MEN," load your camera and shoot some pictures for "Elkdom Outdoors." Hunting, fishing, golf, etc. This department is for all Elks who love outdoor sports. Pass on to them little tricks of fishing and hunting that will be useful in making their pursuit of fun in field and stream more interesting. 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.



An All-American

We select Chas. F. Long, of High Point, N. C., Lodge, No. 1155, for All-American bringer-back of the Elk tarpon fishers team, and until we get further tarpon pictures, Brother Long will act as Captain. The fish pictured is a Silver King tarpon, caught at Boca Grande, Florida, measuring six feet five inches in length, and weighing one hundred and forty-four pounds. Send in your tarpon pictures. Let's see what the rest of our team looks like.

Dry Weather Protects Quail

Continued warm, dry weather is one of nature's greatest protections for quail against hunters, as these conditions make it exceedingly difficult for dogs to find birds. Quail hunters above the Mason and Dixon line are seldom bothered in this respect and are surprised in most cases to learn that bird dogs are handicapped when hunting in bone-dry cover on hot days. This is due to the fact that without moisture in the grass there is nothing to absorb the quail scent that is left by both the feet and breast feathers as the birds move about in feeding. When the weather remains sultry, quail leave the better feeding grounds and take to the swamps where shooting is most difficult.



Quail in Mississippi

In a recent letter from Brother M. M. McCallum of Greenwood, Mississippi, No. 854, he states there are plenty of quail, but the cover is the heaviest in years.

Last year just the reverse was the case in most sections of Mississippi—birds were few and cover very thin.

The picture shows Brother McCallum with a brace of his hunting dogs. The setter is Eugene M., and the pointer pup—Tip of Joyeuse.

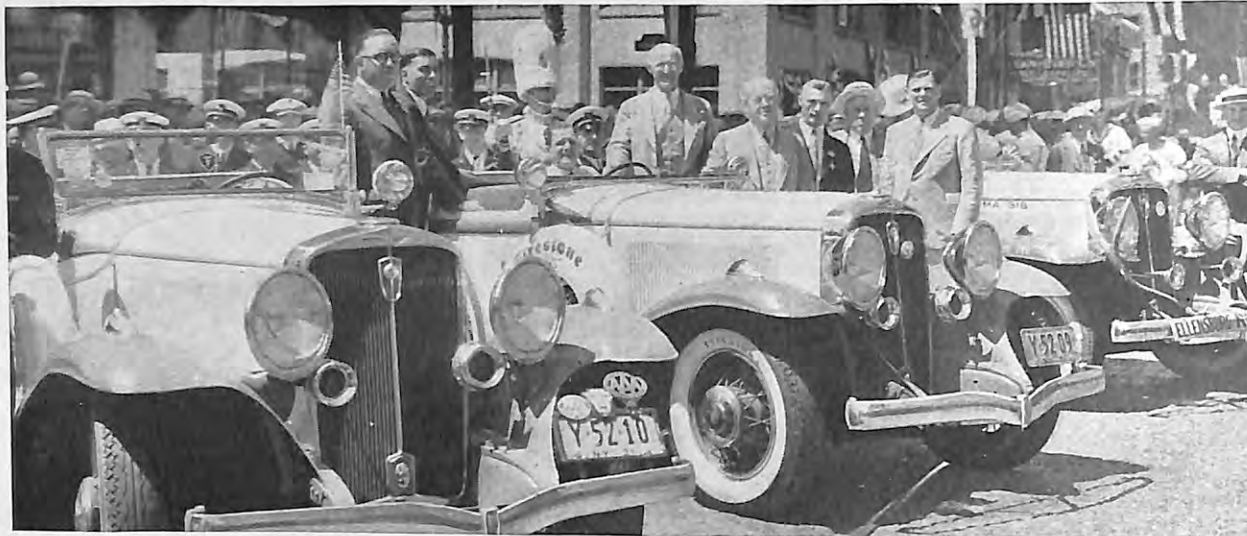


Good Pickings at Fort Pickens

The above picture is of Sergeant Brown and Russell J. Villar, of Pensacola, Florida, Lodge, No. 497.

The fish shown are Redfish, and produced forty-five minutes of extremely fine sport. They were taken with cut bait on regulation deep-sea tackle, and averaged around fifteen pounds each.

Top row—J. Rowland, Sr., C. Merrill, L. Bedell, F. Galbina; Second row—L. McWitt, C. Dick, W. C. Clark, P. Belles, L. Dick, F. McGuire, H. Peters, T. Basso, B. Huerlander, L. V. Bateman, W. Schweickert; Third row—J. Rowland, Jr., J. Buckley, D. Belles, C. Weber, Sr., J. Fee, C. Cassidy, M. Young, J. Perroney, S. Syme, J. Garrety, and B. Stillings



The Good-will Fleet Prepares for 1932

Three Purple and White Studebakers to be routed from Boston, Chicago and Seattle to the B. P. O. Elks Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham week of July 10th

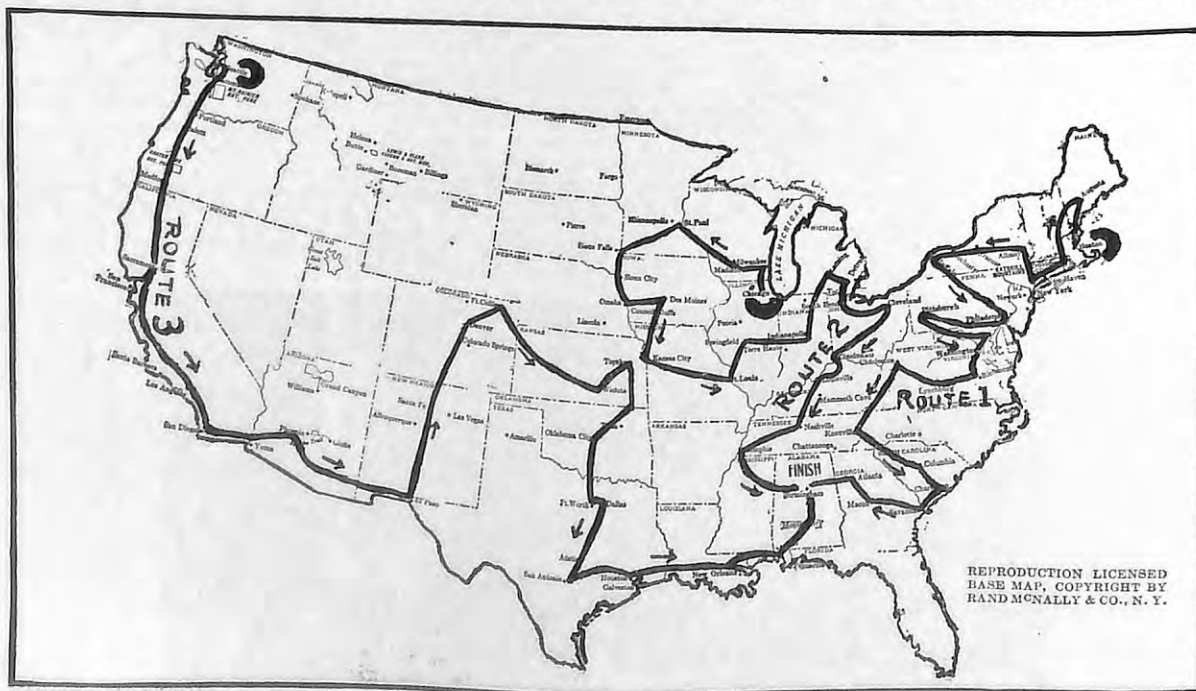
ONCE again the B. P. O. Elks official Purple and White Good-will Fleet weighs anchor for the Grand Lodge Convention, to be held this year at Birmingham, Alabama, the week of July 10th. Three Studebaker convertible sedans have been chosen for this, the fourth annual good-will tour. The cars, pending a more detailed checking for time and distance, are scheduled to cover the following transcontinental paths, all three cars of the Fleet leaving on May 15th. Car No. 1 starts from Boston, Mass., proceeds into Maine and returns through Eastern Massachusetts to the Connecticut shore and on to New York City, from where it goes to Buffalo by way

of Albany. Returning, it goes through Binghamton, on to Philadelphia, from there to Pittsburgh, back to Baltimore and on to Charleston, W. Va., by way of Washington and Richmond. It proceeds to Knoxville, Tenn., then drops down to the Seaboard cities of Charleston, S. C., and Savannah, Ga., turns northwest to Atlanta and on to Birmingham. Car No. 2 leaves from Chicago, Ill., goes to Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Omaha, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Detroit, back to Nashville, Tenn., to Memphis and to Birmingham. Car No. 3 starts from Seattle, Wash., follows the West Coast to San Diego, to El Paso, turns north to Denver, Colo., visits Grand Exalted Ruler

John R. Coen's home Lodge at Sterling, Col. Turning East it proceeds to Topeka, Kan., takes a middle course through Oklahoma, to Dallas, Texas, from there to Houston, New Orleans, Mobile and Birmingham.

Each car of the Fleet will be handsomely painted with the Purple and White of the Order, and will carry equipment of de luxe Firestone tires and Atwater Kent automobile radios.

For three years the fleet has used Ethyl gasoline exclusively, establishing new mileage records under the severe driving conditions encountered on these tours. Its added power was found to be essential to the satisfactory, economical operation of these modern high compression cars.



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Under Northern Stars

(Continued from page 22)

"I'm going after him myself with one of the ranch boys," he concluded. "Don't know when I'll get back. If you learn anything important, call up Clint Prescott and tell him. Good-by."

Standing on the porch half an hour later, Molly watched the sheriff swing to the saddle of his Buck. She waved a hand in farewell.

CHAPTER VI

TAYLOR did not doubt that Clem Oakland had come into Quartercircle X Y territory to do harm to his enemy. In what way he could not guess. Presently he would find out.

Just now Oakland lay sprawled at ease on a cot in the cabin at Seven Mile Camp. He did not take the trouble to keep his muddy boots from soiling the blankets. That was characteristic of him. Taylor soon discovered. He was clean neither in body nor mind.

To Flannigan he told a story of how he had treated a woman and her young spineless husband. The tale certified him for what he was, a bully and a brute. The broken-toothed man with the shifty eyes grinned appreciation. "I'll bet that held 'em," he said.

His boss dismissed in a sentence the subjects of his story. "The galoot had no guts and the Jane no jingle."

Taylor gathered that they were in no hurry. Someone was to meet them here, and he would have a report that would probably precipitate action of some sort.

To miss the bitterness of Oakland's feeling toward Clinton Prescott was impossible. It expressed itself in almost every reference made. The two men had been enemies ever since the owner of the Quartercircle X Y had thwarted the ambition of the other to go to the State Senate. That had been the first of many clashes.

Since Oakland had taken on the importance that comes with power and large holdings, most men of his acquaintance, aware of the man's ungovernable temper, trod softly in his presence and took care not to oppose him openly. Clint Prescott alone had treated him with scornful contempt. This had infuriated Clem without intimidating him. He had his sly, ingratiating side, as well as his ruthless one. Somehow, by bribery Clint claimed, he had made himself solid with the office of the forest supervisor. The owner of the Quartercircle X Y brand was gradually being forced to the poor grazing of the dry lands.

He had spent a large sum building a dam to irrigate alfalfa lands, and though he had gone through the necessary preliminary formalities to get permission to do this Oakland was challenging his legal right. It began to look as though the challenge would be effective.

Most of this information Taylor picked up from the boastful and rancorous talk of Oakland. He hated, and he let his hatred boil out of him.

In one of his outbursts Clem told more than he meant to tell. His present visit had to do with the dam. They were waiting here for a man they called Dean, who had been up to the reservoir investigating it. From a jubilant threat flung out by Oakland, the Southerner gathered that he intended to ruin Prescott without waiting for the slow process of law.

"I'll put him out of business so quick he'll think the whole Missouri has flooded down on his damned Quartercircle X Y," the big man bragged.

On one of his periodic trips to the door Flannigan flung information over his shoulder. "Three fellows heading this way along the creek."

The big man got up from the bed and walked to the door.

"Two men and a pack horse," he corrected.

He walked to his saddlebags and got a pair of field glasses.

Taylor leaned back in his tilted chair. He had not even glanced out of the window. "I can tell you who one of 'em is," he said coolly. "Mr. Steve Walsh, sheriff, on the trail of an escaped prisoner who wiped him on the bean last night with a gun barrel."

"Correct," agreed Oakland, after a long look through the glasses. "I don't know as I recognize the second fellow. It's not Prescott."

The Texan brought the front legs of his chair to the floor and rose. "Time I got out of here," he said briskly.

"I'm not so sure about that," Oakland demurred, his eyes narrowing. "Hold your horses, Mr. Taylor, if that's what you call yourself. Plenty of time."

"Walsh will be here in twenty minutes." "Maybe so. Maybe not." The voice of the big man had become almost a purr, his manner foxily sly. "Looks like you get a break. Are you a pretty good shot with a rifle, fellow?"

Taylor looked at him, startled. He did not need a diagram drawn of this man's meaning. At the Quartercircle X Y he had heard talk of Oakland's threats against the sheriff. Now Clem intended to use him as the instrument of his revenge.

That his captor was serving an ultimatum Taylor knew, though he was not certain just what the consequences of refusal might be.

"Not so good," he answered.

"Then you'd better be lucky," Oakland said, with a cruel smile. "If I was to lay this rifle down close to you, and if you grabbed it up quick, I wouldn't have time to prevent you from shooting Walsh with it, would I? But if you missed, naturally Ed and I would get over our surprise right off and pump bullets into you, the same as any good citizens would. Understand?"

Taylor flung out a gesture of protest. He looked frightened, the weak and impotent drifter before the law who had not nerve enough for murder.

"Listen, Mr. Oakland! I don't want to get into trouble gunning this fellow. He ain't done me any harm. Lemme jump a horse and beat it. I still got time," he urged.

"Don't make any mistake, fellow," the big man said ominously. "You'll do as I say. If you don't, Ed will bump off Walsh and I'll give you the works soon as he has done it. I'm boss here."

Oakland drew his revolver and let the barrel point toward the floor. He looked at the prisoner, his jade eyes gleaming.

"One or the other, Mr. Taylor," he went on with suave menace. "Which is it to be?"

The Texan played for time. "Seeing as I'm druv to it, I'll have to do as you say. Gimme the rifle. I hate to do it. I'm no killer." His voice was trembling. His hands shook.

"Listen," Oakland told him harshly. "I'm doing you a favor. You gun this bird that's after you and light out of the country. What could be fairer?"

"I c-can't go around killing every officer I see."

"Up to you," Oakland answered cruelly. "I've told you how it will be."

"W-what about the other man?"

"He'll pull his freight soon as you've got Walsh. Don't worry about him. Would a drink steady your nerves?"

"My nerves are all right," Taylor boasted. "If it's neck meat or nothing I can get this man for you."

"Not for me. For yourself." The big man grinned wolfishly.

The mind of the prisoner worked coolly and actively to find a way out. The weak front he had put up was a blind. They would keep him covered every moment, but their vigilance might relax if they thought of him as one with no courage.

"I didn't ask him to come here looking for me," Taylor went on, plainly working himself up to an edge for the crime. "He knew mighty well he wasn't going on any picnic. If I fight back he's got no legitimate kick."

"I should say not," Flannigan cajoled, at the same time easing a revolver out of its holster.

Oakland stepped to the corner of the room and picked up one of the rifles leaning against the wall. He made sure that it was ready.

"I'll certainly get him," the Texan cried, excitement riding in the words. "He's through, that fellow is."

At the same time he was ransacking his brain for a plan. No use attempting to turn his rifle on these men. Bullets from their revolvers would crash into him before he could make a move.

With his left hand Oakland passed the rifle to Taylor. A six-shooter was in the right. He gave instructions coldly.

"Stand behind the door there. Keep your back to us. I'll give the word when to let him have it."

Taylor peered through the partly open doorway. The men with the pack horse were not more than three hundred yards away.

"If I don't get him first shot I'll keep on fannin'," the man with the rifle promised. "I'll fix his clock. Don't you worry."

The three horses were strung out on the trail, about a hundred and fifty yards from the house.

"Now, I reckon," Taylor said in a high excited falsetto.

"Wait."

"Doggone it, they're getting close." Apparently the Texan's nervousness overcame him. He was squinting along the barrel of the gun as he took aim. The rifle roared.

Buck's feet went into the air. The crash of the weapon sounded again.

"I've got him, by gum," Taylor shouted, and dashed out of the house to run down the slope. "He can't get away from me now."

So it appeared. With the flash of the second shot the body of the sheriff was lifted from the saddle. It lay sprawled on the ground a moment before Walsh made any attempt to save himself. Then the man rose and in an odd lurching fashion stumbled to the bank of the creek and plunged down. As he disappeared a boom came from the house and a bullet hissed through the bushes.

The pack horse was plunging wildly in the snow. Peters had got a revolver into action and was firing at Taylor. A moment later his startled horse bolted and crashed through the cherries on the rock-rim. The roan stumbled and flung the big puncher over its head into the creek.

The first shot from the house had missed Taylor. The bullet from the second tore through his forearm like a red hot knife. He raced through the snow with the long reaching stride which had carried him first to the tape in high school days.

CHAPTER VII

THE branches of the young cherry trees whipped Taylor's face as he jumped through them from the rock-rim to the creek. His right foot landed on a round stone and flung him into a snowbank when the ankle turned.

An almost buoyant greeting startled him. "Welcome to our city, Mr. Barnett."

A gay white-toothed smile flashed at him from the brown face of Steve Walsh.

Taylor's rifle lay on the edge of the stream six feet beyond his reach. He glanced at it and at the Colt's .38 in the hand of the officer. Strategically an armistice seemed indicated.

"You're not hurt," he said.

Walsh pretended to misunderstand his

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meaning. "Hurt! Because you hurried so to join me? Not at all. I'm delighted."

"When you took that fall from the saddle I was afraid—"

"Touching solicitude. Let me reassure you. That fall was sheer melodrama, though it seemed called for under the circumstances. By the way, if you're through borrowing my revolver I think I'll have to reclaim it. No, don't trouble yourself. I'll get it."

"I haven't it here."

The sheriff assured himself that this was true. He did not quite understand this, so he asked a question.

"Are you a magician, Mr. Barnett? You had a six-shooter and no rifle. I find you with a rifle and without a revolver. Presto, change. How come?"

A shout reached them. "Hello, there!"

"Dug Peters," the sheriff explained.

HE PICKED up the rifle and started to climb the bank, still with an eye on the recaptured prisoner.

"Keep cool in the snow bank, Mr. Taylor," he advised cheerfully. "I'm not leaving you. As your host, I—"

Taylor interrupted, to call a startled warning. "Stop! For God's sake! Clem Oakland is—"

He was too late. A shot rang out. Walsh staggered, swayed on the rim, and pitched forward to the ground.

Taylor clambered up through the brush and stooped to pick up the fallen man. He heard the crash of guns but paid no attention. With Walsh in his arms he stumbled down to the bed of the creek.

A second time he went up the short slope. From just above his head a small limb dropped, snipped off by a bullet. As he picked up the rifle which the sheriff had dropped Taylor could see Oakland firing at him. He took the bluff in one sliding jump.

Yet only to climb back cautiously through the bushes. First of all Oakland must be stopped. The big cowman was straddling down the hill confidently.

The warning Taylor gave Oakland was in the form of a shot. It brought the man up in his stride. He turned and ran, parallel to the creek, for the cover of a small gully. Taylor took a swift aim at the speeding figure and missed a second time.

In another moment he was back in the creek. A stone's throw farther up there was a bend in the stream that would offer a better defense position.

He staggered along the rough bed of the creek, carrying both Walsh and the rifle. At last he reached the bend and under an overhanging ledge put the lax body of the sheriff.

From the screen of a brush tangle he searched the snow field for his enemies. Neither of them was in sight. Motionless he waited, with the patience life in the open had developed. It was several minutes before a black mass crept out of a snow furrow and moved cautiously in his direction. Taylor recognized Oakland.

He took a careful aim before his finger pulled the trigger. He saw the cowman stagger and drop his rifle. For a moment Clem stood helpless, as though dazed, then he stooped, recovered the weapon, and went lurching toward the barn.

Presently he and Flannigan came out. The third horse trotted after them.

They rode toward a low line of hills rising against the horizon. Taylor saw them disappear over a cowbacked rise, appear again silhouetted against the sky, and drop out of sight into a gulch formed by two spurs abutting the range.

He knew he would see no more of them. Oakland was too busy with trouble of his own to have any pleasure in making it for others.

Taylor turned his attention to the wounded sheriff. The wound in his side was not bleeding

much externally, but it was impossible to tell from a casual examination whether any vital organs had been injured. Brought back to consciousness by the ice-cold water from the creek, the brown eyes of the officer rested upon the other man.

"You got me," Steve said faintly.

"I'm not going to do you any harm," Taylor assured him. "Listen. I'm going down the creek to find your friend. We've got to get you to a doctor."

The officer shut his eyes. He had not enough energy to take much interest in what was being done for him.

Rifle in hand, Taylor moved cautiously along the stream. He had no desire to stop an unexpected bullet.

Rounding a clump of bushes, Taylor came face to face with Dug Peters. The cowpuncher had evidently been working his way up the creek.

Dug threw up his arm swiftly. As Taylor dropped back of the brush he heard the roar of the other's revolver.

"Don't shoot," the Texan cried. "We've got to look after Walsh."

As evidence of good faith he tossed the rifle into the open.

There was a moment of tense silence before Peters ordered harshly, "Come outa there with your hands up."

Taylor did as told.

"Whadja mean, fellow, about Steve?" the lank bald-headed cowboy demanded.

"He's been hurt. You'll have to go to the ranch for help. He can't travel on a horse. Tell Prescott to send a sled for him—and to get a doctor soon as he can."

"Where is Steve?"

"Come on. I'll show you."

Peters followed at the heels of the other.

"The point is for you to catch a horse and get back to the ranch soon as you can," Taylor went on. "I'll take care of Walsh while you're away."

"Why would you take care of him after shooting him?" the puncher asked suspiciously.

"I didn't shoot him. Clem Oakland did." The Quartercircle X Y man had seen nothing of Oakland. He had pitched into the creek on his head and been knocked unconscious for a few minutes. This barefaced falsehood made him angry.

"What's the use of lying, fellow? I saw you knock Steve off that Buck horse of his."

"All right. It doesn't matter now. We've got to do the best we can for him."

They had reached the bend. Peters knelt on one knee beside the sheriff, at the same time keeping an eye on his prisoner.

"How goes it—Steve?" he asked.

The wounded man did not open his eyes.

"He's dead. You've killed him," the cowpuncher gasped.

The eyelids of the officer flickered. "No," he denied faintly.

"Listen to me," Taylor urged. "You've got to catch a horse and ride hell-for-leather to the ranch for help. Forget about who did this. I'll stay with him. The rest is up to you."

Peters was full of suspicions, but he could not think of a better plan. That the fugitive did not intend any further harm to the sheriff he was convinced.

"What's the matter with you going to the ranch for help?" he wanted to know.

Taylor smiled, sardonically. "I'm supposed to be Webb Barnett, wanted for bank robbery in Texas. I wouldn't feel comfortable at the ranch."

"All right. All right." Peters surrendered abruptly. "I'll see if I can catch a horse."

From the bank Taylor watched Peters approach and mount his roan. The buckskin of the sheriff and the pack horse had joined it on the edge of the creek a hundred yards below the house. After Peters struck the trail he took a short cut down the bed of the stream and reached the trail in time to head off the buckskin and the pack horse.

He caught Buck, swung to the saddle, and

drove the other animal back to the bend where he had left his patient. Here he loosened the lash rope and put into a sack of provisions, a frying pan, and a coffee pot. The sack he tied to the back of the saddle on the buckskin. This done, he fastened the sheriff's horse to a sapling.

Taylor had been too busy to attend to his own hurt until now. He stepped to a small sand-bar and removed his coat. The shirt sleeve he rolled up. The bullet had passed through the flesh of the forearm.

He washed the wound and bound it with a handkerchief. Barring the chance of blood poisoning, healing ought to be only a matter of time.

Certainly he took the prize for bad luck, Taylor reflected somberly. He had risked his life to save Walsh, yet both the sheriff and Peters believed he had tried to kill him and that he had fired the shot which struck down the young officer. The cowpuncher evidently did not know Oakland was within a hundred miles of the scene. If Taylor was captured there would be no way to clear himself of guilt. The outlook was an ugly one. In case Walsh died there would be another murder charged to his account. The testimony of Peters, that he had seen him come out of the cabin firing at the sheriff, would be conclusive enough for any jury. The truth as a defense would be so unbelievable as to help convict him.

Well, they could not hang him twice, Taylor told himself bitterly. Either Montana or Texas would have to bear up under a disappointment.

The Southerner returned to his patient. Walsh lay with his eyes shut, breathing heavily. There was not much to be done for him. Taylor did what he could.

CHAPTER VIII

AS TAYLOR waited out the hours beside the wounded sheriff, dark thoughts marched raggedly through his mind. He bathed the face of his patient. He climbed occasionally the little bluff above the creek, to make sure that Oakland was not slipping back to complete his vengeance and that the rescue party was not in sight. He made and discarded plans. But mostly it was Molly who filled his mental vision.

It was like a knife thrust to him that she would be done with him now finally and completely. She would think that he had stayed at Seven Mile to kill her friend. What else could she believe?

And he cursed the evil fate that had thrust them apart forever. She would hate him bitterly, implacably. That would be a necessary solace to her self-esteem, since he had been proven once more a villain.

Early winter dusk was falling over the white wilderness when he caught sight of a little cavalcade moving toward Seven Mile Camp from the Quartercircle X Y. It was time for him to be gone.

He swung to the saddle and rode away in the growing darkness. To escape observation he kept close to the creek for some distance. The wild cherry trees would conceal him from sight.

That a posse would pursue him at once seemed to him unlikely. Prescott would be concerned first with the safety of Walsh. If the telephone was in order again the officers of every county within a hundred miles had already been notified. The hunt would close in upon him before the next sunset.

Not twenty-four hours earlier Taylor had left Seven Mile with hope in his heart. A girl had inspired it. She had freed him, given him largess of her love, sent him on his way warm of soul as he had not been for many days. All that was changed. He had been wounded, thrust deeper into trouble, convicted of gross ingratitude. He had lost her sympathy. His chance of escape had dwindled almost to zero. He would be captured or shot down, he did not greatly care which.

He no longer had any expectation of escape,
(Continued on page 42)

Shear Nonsense

Scotch Gangster:
"Na, then, laddie,
ye'd better pay up
or I'll be taking ye
for a—a—walk."
—Humorist.

"Gus," said Bill,
as he caught up
with Gus on the
way back to camp,
"are all the rest of
the boys out of the
woods yet?"

"Yes," said Gus.
"All six of
them?"

"Yes, all six of
them."

"And they're all
safe?"

"Yep," an-
swered Gus,
"they're all safe."

"Then," said
Bill, his chest swell-
ing, "I've shot a
deer."—*Wall Street
Journal.*

"Delighted to
have met you.
Come over one
evening soon and
bring your husband."

"Thank you so much, but we never go
anywhere. You see, my husband is
paralyzed."

"Don't mind that, dear—my husband's
that way half the time himself."
—*Tit-Bits.*

Art Jarrett's new invention—a combina-
tion egg-and-wife beater!—*Walter Win-
chell in the Daily Mirror.*

They laughed when I started to make a
new kind of dynamite, but when I dropped
it, they exploded.
—*Cornell Widow.*

"Well, as I live and breed," said the
rabbit.
—*College Humor.*

"Was your friend in the habit of talking
to himself when he was alone?"

"To tell the truth, Judge, I never was
with him when he was alone."
—*Idaho Blue Bucket.*

A rooster and a tame fox have become
great friends on a farm near Colchester.
The inevitable combination of comb and
brush.
—*Humorist.*

"I hear your aunt saw a specialist about
her attack of kleptomania."

"Oh, yes. He said she should take
things more quietly."
—*Legion Weekly.*

"Men will wear brown this winter," says
an expert. They will if they did last win-
ter.
—*London Opinion.*

A London lad was charged with attempt-
ing to injure his cousin by throwing him



through a window. Youth must have its
fling.
—*Humorist.*

"And when I opened the closet door,
there was a moth in my dinner-coat!"

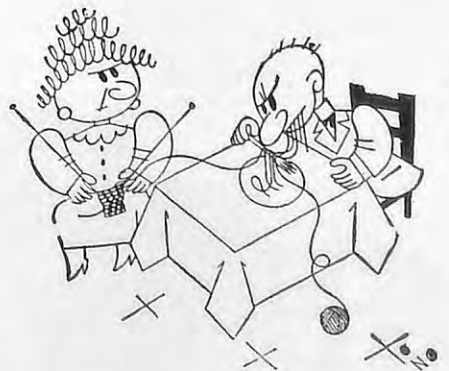
"Ah! His evening out!"
—*College Humor.*

Ace: "What's Mabel Burlap doing in
jail?"

Deuce: "Oh, she was tried and found
wanton."
—*Oklahoma A. & M. Aggrevator.*

He bought a new suburban house, and
oh, did he get stucco!
—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

Operator: "Number, please."
Drunk at Pay Station: "Number, hell;



"I've asked you time and again not to knit
while I was eating spaghetti!"
—*Wisconsin Octopus.*

I want my pea-
nuts." —*Wabash
Caveman.*

A novelist de-
clares that the best
cure for hysterics is
a kiss. The only
problem now is
how to give a girl
hysterics.
—*Humorist.*

"My fadder runs
a clinic."

"He must be a
doctor, then."

"Oh, no—dry
clinic and pressic!"

—*Wisconsin
Octopus.*

There once was a
man who saved
up for the Fu-
ture.

And put in his
money-box all he
could spare.

But, ah! for the
poor, economical
moocher,

The Future ar-
rived and the
—*Dublin Opinion.*

man wasn't there.

A book is to be published setting out
well-known people's favorite color. A
sort of who's hue, so to speak.

—*London Opinion.*

"Dar is always sumpin' to be thankful
about," said Uncle Eben. "When de
watermelon fades away, de pork chop is
right in its prime."
—*Washington Star.*

Over a hundred gallons of whisky were
poured into the sea off the coast by Pro-
hibition officials. It is said that salmon,
herrings, sardines, and eels in the vicinity
became respectively canned, sousted, oiled,
and stewed.
—*London Opinion.*

The dictates of fashion are said to have
decreed the return of the bustle. Will our
women take this sitting down? —*Life.*

Ad in Ohio paper: "New hosiery for
Easter and a new pair of shoes—that's all
you'll need."

It may be all you need in Ohio, but
not in Massachusetts.
—*Boston Transcript.*

"Drink," said the Irish preacher, "is
the greatest curse of the country. It
makes ye quarrel with yer neighbors.
It makes ye shoot at yer landlord. And
it makes ye miss him."
—*Prince Rupert News.*

Crusty Golfer (to chatty caddie):
"When I want advice I'll ask for it."

Caddie: "Ah! But I'm not always in the
mood to give it." —*Passing Show.*

(Continued from page 40)

though he had to keep going because of the flinty will in him that would not quit.

Again he bore to the direction which led from Tincup and Meridian. The reasoning which had moved him then still seemed good. If he had any chance it lay to the south and west.

His camp was on the bank of a good-sized stream. He lit a fire, cooked, and ate, not because he had much appetite but because he had to keep up his strength. The wound in his arm pained a good deal. It throbbled continually, except when he got snatches of sleep.

As soon as day broke he dressed the arm, making sure the bandage was not too tight. He drank some coffee, ate a little bread and bacon, and broke camp.

ALL MORNING he traveled without seeing anyone. About noon he got a scare. He was crossing a ridge back of a prong when he looked down into the valley below to see five men. They were on horseback and armed with rifles. He knew for whom they were looking.

Hurriedly he drew back from the ridge to the valley on the other side. When he reached the summit of the next hill without sighting the posse he felt relieved. Apparently they had not seen him.

But the hunters had cut him off from the west, for the present at least. He had to bear eastward, to make sure of not running into them again, and every mile he took in that direction was lost ground which later would have to be retraced if he was not captured in the meantime.

Darkness found him still free. He picketed the buckskin in good grass. At a camp fire he made coffee and heated a can of pork and beans from his store of supplies.

Although the wounded arm still pained a good deal he slept well and awoke in the morning with a real appetite.

Early in the day Taylor came on a mountain corral where three men were working stock. One of the men caught sight of him before he could retreat. He jogged on down to the inclosure and told a story of a brother in Meagher County.

A long-jawed man with dead eyes brushed the perspiration from his face with the sleeve of a shirt. "What's your brother's name?" he asked.

Taylor looked at him indifferently. No apprehension was observed in the traveler's unshaven face. "Brown. Jack Brown," he said.

"Don't reckon I know him. I worked for an outfit in Meagher County last year."

They smoked cigarettes companionably and Taylor departed, having been given directions which he could not use.

He had left the corral without stirring any suspicion, but ten minutes after he had ridden out of sight two others stopped for a word with the cowboys. One was a gangling boy, not yet out of his stringy teens. The second was in his late forties, a large bullnecked man, tanned, shaggy-browed, keen eyed.

"Morning, gentlemen," the older of the two said crisply. "Seen anything of a fellow on a buckskin horse? A rather heavy set fellow about thirty—gray eyes—good-looking."

The lantern-jawed man stared at him. Both of these strangers were armed with rifles. That told the story.

"He went over that hill not five minutes ago."

The boy gave a little whoop.

One of the cowpunchers, his arms on the top rail of the fence, asked a question. "Who is he?"

"He's a criminal wanted by the law. We're after him," the big man answered.

"Jiminy!" The lantern-jawed man exclaimed. "If we'd only known it. What's he done?"

"Wounded our sheriff and robbed a bank in Texas. Killed two men while he was doing it. Did you get any line on where he is going?"

"Said to Meagher County. Claims he's got a brother living there named Jack Brown. I reckon maybe he was stringing us."

"Let's go, Dad," urged Bob excitedly. "He'll get away if we give him a chance."

Clint smiled grimly. "Right you are, son." The two riders followed the fugitive over the hill. A wooded creek wound deviously into a valley.

"He's following it," Clint decided. "Must be. It's the only cover he could find on these bare hills."

They traveled fast, but warily. After they had followed the stream for a mile or more they pulled up to make a decision. A small tributary had come down from a fold in the hills to join the creek. Had Barnett remained in the valley or taken the up trail along the brook?

At the junction horses had recently milled over the ground. It was impossible to read signs. There was only one way to make sure, and that was to follow both forks.

Clint thought the chances ten to one that Barnett had stayed in the valley. He made up his mind to let Bob scout the tributary.

"Be careful, boy," he urged. "If you see him, get under cover and fire a shot. Don't try to arrest him. I'll cut across and come a-running. Understand?"

"Yes, Dad."

The ranchman rode slowly forward, his gaze sweeping along the stream to catch a glimpse of the buckskin horse. More than once his eyes searched the fringe of bushes bordering the upper fork.

CHAPTER IX

WHEN Taylor saw the two horsemen dropping down over the hill into the valley he knew that trouble, overdue by several hours, was following him on a hot trail. He would have guessed it even if he had not caught the gleam of the sun on the rifle barrels. These men had stopped at the corral. They had asked a question and had been answered. Wherefore they were here.

Taylor dared not trust to speed alone. This was open country, except for the wooded creeks, and he would soon be run down. He had to stick to the brush, at least until his pursuers had descended to the creek. At the junction of the streams he swung to the left, on the chance that those on his trail would take the more heavily timbered one in the valley.

From a brush screen he watched the two stop to consult. He saw them separate, one to take each fork.

The Texan's bitter grin flashed for a moment. His usual bad luck! There was no brush above him. He would have to fight or let himself be pushed into open country, unless he could persuade the manhunters that the discretion of retreat would be wisdom.

A moment later he recognized Clint Prescott and knew this last hope was vain. He would never quit and let his prey get away without a battle.

Prescott caught sight of him about the

same time. The ranchman let out a shout and sent his horse pounding across the open hillside at a canter.

Already Taylor was crowding the buckskin toward the hill fold through which the little brook ran. A barbed wire fence intervened. He swung sharply to the left up the hill. At the summit a cross fence ran at a right angle to the first. Once more the Texan was driven to the left.

He was trapped. There was no time to stop and cut wire. If he turned back he must face Prescott. If he kept going forward he must meet the other man.

The shout of the ranchman came to him. "Look out, Bob."

A bullet struck a rock in front of Taylor. Young Prescott had fired.

The Southerner pulled up his horse. "You're bucked out, fellow," Clint called. "Reach for the sky or I'll drill you."

The ranchman had slipped to the ground. He held his rifle in both hands, ready to take aim if the outlaw made a move. What surprised him was that the fugitive had not once reached for the Winchester strapped beside the saddle. Now the man rested both hands on the horn in front of him. Even yet Clint could not believe he meant to give up without a struggle. If he was such a tough hombre, why had he not made a fight for his freedom as he had against Walsh? Was there some trick about it?

"Don't move!" Prescott ordered, and walked slowly toward his prisoner, watching him warily.

Bob's horse came up on the lope. "We've got him, Dad," the boy cried excitedly.

"Slide down from that horse," the ranchman snapped. "With your hands up. Don't you lower them, or I'll pump lead. That's right. Turn your back this way. Take any hardware he's got on him, Bob."

Young Prescott searched the Texan. His father tied the hands of the man behind him and fastened the other end of the lariat to the horn of Clint's saddle.

"I reckon Walsh or Dug Peters did this," the ranchman said, indicating the wound in the forearm.

"No."

"What you mean . . . no?" Clint demanded.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you," Taylor said.

"I s'pose you shot yourself by accident," Bob said derisively.

"No. Clem Oakland shot me."

"Clem Oakland!" repeated Clint, surprised, and also suspicious. "When did you meet him?"

"Morning after I escaped from the ranch." "Just happened to bump into him, eh?" the older Prescott said with sarcasm.

"Yes," Taylor answered quietly. "I said you wouldn't believe me."

"You were right. I don't," Clint laughed harshly. "That's a good one. Clem did it. And I reckon Clem shot Steve too. Might as well go the whole hog with your story."

"He did," the Texan replied evenly. "You won't believe that either."

"Do you take me for a plumb fool?" the ranchman asked. "Where do you get all this stuff about Clem? You claimed you didn't know him."

"I didn't, then."

"Your story is not even plausible. Why, Dug Peters saw you come running out of the cabin with your gun smoking. He saw you fire and knock Steve out of the saddle."

"He didn't see me do that last. Walsh threw himself out of the saddle to make a play he was wounded. It was later Oakland shot him."

"Don't believe a word of it," Clint exploded. "I got some sense. Maybe you know Oakland. I'd expect you and him to be friends. But you can't shove this off on him."



"Tell me one thing," Taylor said. "Why did I hunt up Peters and send him to the ranch for help? Why did I stay with Walsh for hours, if I shot him? Why didn't I just light out?"

"You didn't hunt up Dug. Probably you were trying to make a getaway when he got the drop on you. Then you persuaded him to go to the ranch, so you would have a chance to pull your freight. And if you ask me, you didn't stay with Steve one little minute after Dug left."

"Is Walsh badly hurt?" the prisoner made abrupt inquiry.

"Yes, damn you, he is, and if he dies you'll be hanged right here in Montana," Bob cried angrily.

Taylor lifted his shoulders in weary resignation. Any sane, hard-headed jury, if it accepted his story that Oakland had been with him when Walsh was shot, would conclude that two bad men had thrown in together to destroy the man who had become a menace to them both. The admitted facts, fitted one to another, made a perfect case against him, no less damning because it was false. There was something diabolic in the way details could be built up into a structure that was a colossal lie.

The Prescotts took turns guarding the prisoner that night. They camped in the open, with the stars close and the rustle of the pines in their ears.

At breakfast they untied the hands of the prisoners to permit him to eat. One of his captors watched the Texan every moment.

"Know a fellow called Ed Flannigan?" Taylor asked the ranchman as they smoked cigarettes before packing.

"Ought to know him," Prescott answered. "Worked for me. Stole my stock. He went to the pen for holding up a stage."

"He was with Oakland."

"No news. He threw in with Clem soon as he got out."

"They mentioned another fellow named Dean. I didn't see him. I gather he was up at the Feather-head dam looking things over."

The hard eyes of the Quarter-circle X Y man bored into his captive. "So?" he grunted.

"Maybe you're not interested," Taylor said.

"I'm listening."

"You'll believe only what you want to," the Southerner went on. "You're a stubborn fool. But you'd better believe this: Clem wasn't at Seven Mile on any picnic. He was there for business."

"Meaning what?"

"He didn't say, but he's one of these bully-puss fellows that run off at the mouth. Says he's not going to wait for the law to ruin you. There might be a slip-up."

"What's he aim to do?" Clint demanded brusquely.

"I'm guessing. I'll tell you what he said. Then you can guess, too. He said you'd think the whole Missouri had flooded down on your ranch."

Taylor felt sure he had struck home, that the spirit winced behind the hard leathery face and the grim resolute eyes.

It was the son who put that fear into words. "God! If he blows up the dam." He added, swiftly: "Maybe he's done it."

"No," Taylor said.

"No what?" Clint asked, harshly.

"I mean he hasn't done it. He's gone home to take care of his wound."

"What wound? Did Steve wound him?"

"No." Taylor smiled again his bitter smile. "Another fairy tale you won't believe. I shot him."

"You? Why?"

"No need to go into that. I'm a big enough liar already by your way of it. Point is, whatever devilry he had in mind has been post-

poned. You can tie to that, unless the man Dean went ahead on his own. And that didn't seem to be the plan."

"It's the most balled-up thing I ever heard of," Bob said, frowning. "Why would you stick around looking after Steve, like you claim you did, when he'd come to get you and it was up to you to beat it out of the country as fast as you could?"

"Doesn't seem reasonable, does it?" the Texan scoffed. "Though, naturally, I'd stick



When he looked up at the window, Molly's heart beat faster

around at Seven Mile from midnight until three or four o'clock next afternoon waiting for a chance to kill Walsh after I had made a getaway. A lawyer ought to get me off for insanity if I did that, don't you reckon?"

"You either stayed there or you came back. Neither one looks sensible."

"Unless I didn't come back of my own choice."

"You were a free man, weren't you?"

"No more than I am now."

Clint Prescott was puzzled. He knew the Texan was not cutting a lie out of whole cloth. There was undoubtedly a substratum of truth in his story and Clint was not satisfied he had got to the bottom of the thing.

"What you mean you weren't a free man?" he asked.

"I bumped into Oakland and Flannigan. They asked questions about that C O sorrel I was riding. My explanation did not entirely satisfy, so they collected me and took me along with them back to Seven Mile."

"Clem giving you his rifle to carry," Clint said incredulously. "You being a prisoner."

"He gave me the rifle later."

"Do you surrender every time some bird yells for you to stop?" the ranchman jeered. "Thought you were supposed to be a fighting man."

"Just a quiet, law-abiding citizen maligned by the newspapers," Taylor answered satirically. "Give a dog a bad name, you know."

"And hang him," Bob added viciously. He could not get Steve Walsh out of his mind. The sheriff had been a hero to him, and this ruffian had perhaps murdered him, had certainly tried to do so.

The Texan looked at the boy and his eyes hardened. The strong jaw of the prisoner clamped tightly. Since that was the way they felt he would tell no more. Let them think what they pleased.

CHAPTER XX

TO MOLLY the news brought by Dug Peters about Steve Walsh was a shock.

She was responsible for what had occurred. Bitterly she blamed herself, for if she had not released the man Barnett this could not have happened.

Molly hated the fugitive for what he had done to Steve. His crime had been so dreadfully deliberate. There was no way to explain it except that he had waited for hours under cover to assassinate the sheriff. On any other hypothesis he would not have been at Seven Mile but a day's journey distant.

Her heart failed when they brought Walsh in. There seemed such a tiny flicker of life in him. It might wink out any moment. She wished desperately the doctor would hurry, though she knew he could not arrive for hours. After Steve had been looked after, she prayed wildly.

As she sat by the bedside watching Steve, his eyelids quivered and opened. He lay looking at her, a ghost of a smile in his brown eyes. His lips moved. She leaned forward to catch what he said.

"I didn't get him this time," he murmured faintly. "Walked into a trap like a fool kid."

"Don't talk, Steve," she begged.

"No. Only I'm going to make the grade."

It was a promise, she felt, made because he had read the fear in her face. He was trying to make it easy for her, who had betrayed him. The words were like a dagger thrust, and yet they comforted her.

It was not only that he understood and forgave. He had said he would get well and she clung to his promise as a prophecy.

She was called out of the room by her father.

"We're going after this Barnett, Bob and I," he told her. "Starting to-night, inside of fifteen minutes."

"Must you go?" she asked, unhappily.

He did not discuss that. From the window she watched her father and brother ride into the night. It was zero hour for her spirits. She hoped they would not find the man they hunted. At least three other posses were already in the field. Let one of them take him if someone must. She wanted her men folks to come home safely.

Dr. Wagner arrived late at night. Jim brought his saddlebags to the door of the room. The physician was a fat, cheerful man, and he had fought many a battle with death for those who lived in his territory. At sight of him Molly felt renewed confidence. He went about his work efficiently and swiftly.

Molly followed him from the room when he went to wash his hands.

"What do you think?" she quavered.

"Can't tell yet. Not sure how much damage

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the bullet has done inside. I'll know better in a day or two. But men like Steve take a heap of killing."

"Save him, Doctor," she begged.

He was by nature a gossip, interested in the affairs of a hundred people. Now his round eyes twinkled with curiosity. Was she in love with the sheriff? Nothing would be more likely.

"Maybe you can do more than I can," she said slyly. "Make him want to live."

She was looking at him through a film of sudden tears. "If he doesn't get well . . . it will be terrible."

"We'll do our best," he said cheerfully. "I'll stay right here until the crisis is past. There's no sense in you worrying. I'll save him for you if I can."

Molly did not take the trouble to correct any wrong impressions he might have. She was not sure they were wrong. It seemed to her now that nobody mattered but Steve. She would have given up anything in the world for him.

CHAPTER XXI

FROM the Lost Dog ranch word came to the Quartercircle X Y that Clint Prescott and his son were bringing in the escaped outlaw Barnett. They expected to reach home before nightfall.

The punchers at the Quartercircle X Y were jubilant.

"I done knew Clint would get the son of a gun," Buck Timmons cried with a whoop. "The old man is a top hand on a trail. A guy sure has to keep faggin' to make a getaway from him."

Her cousin Jim broke the news to Molly that the outlaw had been captured by her father. She did not share the pleasure of the ranch riders in the triumph of the Quartercircle X Y. Her dearest wish, as far as the Texan was concerned, she told herself, was never to see him again. He had been the inspiring motive of the most distressing and humiliating episode of her life. Why did they have to drag him back to the ranch?

During the past forty-eight hours Steve had more than held his own. He was not yet out of danger. Doctor Wagner would not make her any definite promises, but she was convinced he felt far more hopeful than he had at first. Her interest was centered in the wounded man. She told herself so with convincing energy.

Yet she could not keep away from the window of the room as the day began to draw to a close. She discovered that her interest was

shared by everyone at the ranch. Some of the punchers rode out to meet the returning trio.

The sun was setting when the group of horsemen reached the ranch-house. At first Molly could not make out which was the prisoner, but the mass opened and she saw him. He was riding Steve Walsh's buckskin, his hands tied behind him, a rope fastening him to the horn of her father's saddle. When he looked up at the window of her room, as though expecting to see her there, Molly's heart was like a drum answering the call for quicker time.

In the long hours she had told herself many times that he was a villain, and she had half expected to see evil written on his face, since now she would view him with eyes not blinded by folly. He would be abashed and crestfallen, a ruffian stripped of all pretense of decency. So she had thought.

And he was not like that at all. One lifted look had been enough to tell her his soul was unshaken, that though they had dragged him back at the end of a rope he carried himself as only the undefeated can. The bitter, mocking smile she remembered so well had flashed up at her, and in an instant it had shaken all the well-schooled precepts out of her mind. She felt herself trembling and was unable to control the weakness.

They took him from the horse, roughly. She heard her father's voice.

"Go easy, boys. This is no free-for-all. Let go, Slim. He's been wounded in that arm."

Molly could almost feel the heat of the cow-punchers' hate beating up to her. Steve was popular, and this man had shot him from ambush. If her father had said the word they would have strung the outlaw to a cottonwood. She saw fists shaken in the saturnine face, heard the sound of low, savage curses. The fury appalled her.

"Ought to hang him right here and be done with it," Slim cried.

"Y'betcha!" another voice assented, excited anger vibrating in it.

Prescott turned on them, swiftly. "That'll be enough from you buzzard heads," he told them harshly. "When I need any advice from you I'll ask it. There won't be any hanging unless it's a legal one. This man is Steve's prisoner, and I'm going to see he gets to Tincup safe."

They took the captured man to the bunk-house. Clint left Peters in charge and came into the house. Molly met him as he entered.

"How's Steve?" he asked.

"He's doing very well, Doctor Wagner says. I'm almost afraid to say so, but I believe he is going to get well."

"Bully for Steve. We can't afford to lose that boy. He's one in a thousand."

"Yes, Dad. Are you and Bob worn out?"

"No. I reckon we'll sleep round the clock when we start in. Had to take turns riding night herd on this fellow."

"Did he make any fight before you took him?"

"Not none. Gave up like a lamb."

"You said he was wounded in the arm?"

"THAT was done in the fight with Steve." Clint blurted out a confession. "I don't understand this fellow Barnett. He quits soon as you throw down on him. Yet I've got a hunch that he's dead game. You saw him when the boys got notions a minute ago. Or did you? Anyhow, he never batted an eye. When they were yelping to hang him he just turned that impudent grin of his on them. How does he get that way—soft as putty one time, hard as hammered iron another?"

"I don't know. What are you going to do with him?"

"Phone in to Tincup to Owen Martin to come and get him. The sooner I'm shet of the fellow the better pleased I'll be. How long till supper? I want a bath."

"About three-quarters of an hour, I think. I'll find out."

Prescott stopped on the landing before he turned into his room. "Better ask Doc Wagner to take a look at this fellow's arm," he said.

"Yes," she promised.

Molly was glad her father had suggested this. She had meant to get the doctor to do it anyhow, but she preferred to be merely a messenger.

"Didn't know he was wounded," Wagner told the girl, his beady eyes twinkling. He was delighted to be brought professionally close to this notorious outlaw. "Certainly I'll look after him."

The doctor departed with his bag. From the window she watched him waddle across the court to the bunk-house. Molly wished fiercely she was a boy and not a girl. She longed to walk into the bunk-house and to see the prisoner, to hear the drawling mockery of his voice. Perhaps if she could listen again to the sardonic irrision with which he flouted honest folks she could whip her scorn of him to a heat that would destroy the ridiculous feeling in her heart.

She was one of those silly sentimental women who send flowers to brutal murderers condemned to death. The hot blood of shame poured into her cheeks. It seemed that even yet she was not cured of her infatuation for this villain.

(To be continued)

Stairways

(Continued from page 17)

"Have you an appointment?"

"No, sir."

"It will be impossible. What is the nature of your business?"

The country boy replied, "That is what I came to discuss with him."

"Out of the question," snapped the other.

"If you'll tell me your business perhaps someone else will see you."

"No," said Lyman, turning abruptly away.

He went back to the banking house of Morton Dexter & Company each noon. Once a junior partner endeavored to talk to him, but he insisted on having an appointment with Mr. Dexter. He was quite aware that he had aroused notice.

"But my dear boy," said the man kindly, "don't you realize you can't get an appointment with Mr. Dexter until he has some idea of the nature of your business with him?"

"Mr. Osgood the banker was the most important man in our town," replied Lyman slowly, "and he was always glad to see me. Mr. Dexter isn't the most important man in

this town, and it's dern funny I can't get to see him."

The reply penetrated into clubs which were deaf to the weightiest utterances of Henry George. Dexter ordered the boy sent in to him.

"Well, young man, what do you want?"

"I want your advice on making an investment," was the unexpected answer.

Dexter regarded the boy, half angry, half amused.

"What have you got to make an investment with?"

"I've got a job, the rights to a practical invention, a house, lot, and money in the bank," was the still more surprising retort.

"It seems to me," the banker said, "you've done quite well without me."

"This investment is different," said Lyman.

"The day before I called here the first time I got my first promotion. It seemed to me that was the time to leave a job I didn't expect to spend my life in. I want your advice on investing my life in a position I want to keep all my life."

The banker looked at him long and searchingly. He rang a bell.

"I am going to give you a position," he said simply.

The greatest day in his life! He was to know excitement aplenty, and most of the emotions men are heir to, but never again the pristine fervor of joy in life which coursed through him and played about him like an aura as he walked out of the magnificent banking house to return briefly and for the last time to the malodorous establishment which he had outgrown. He remembered this day to the end of his life. And to the end it remained associated with both victory and loss.

He returned to the warehouse to publish his grand news and sever his connection with it. He walked on air, his feet on the treads of a seven-league stairway. Bending considerably in order to enter the warehouse's mere ten-foot portals, he found the place in an uproar. His first impression was that his tremendous tidings had preceded him. But what had preceded him was Dick Tradler's de-

parture. Tradler was gone! In the course of one noon he had quarreled with the owner, gone to the docks and signed up in the engine-room of a ship about to sail, driven pell-mell home to pack a box, rushed back to the warehouse and pummeled the owner, and vanished in a cloud of blasphemous farewells. Lyman felt curiously frustrated. Also, he had the sense of something unfinished in this slap-bang break-up of his association with Tradler. He felt darkly brushed by the wings of something that had passed him by. He stood perplexed and alone at the foot of the unlovely stairway in the rear of the building and for a moment went through the unsettling hallucination of watching Tradler descending it, bearing in his hands . . . something.

Lyman changed his dwelling place, and moved twelve blocks north and one flight down. His room now faced the street, and contained a pier mirror and a writing table. When he left the warehouse behind him he swore no one should ever call him "Parsnips" again. He never communicated again with Lymanville, nor did he ever mention it. When asked where he was born he answered Boston. He was put on the bench, as the office called it. The bench was occupied by a few young men who were lower in the scale of immediate importance than office boys, but with preferred opportunities that might mysteriously crystallize into substantial preferment. Two graduates of Harvard, one from Yale and another from Princeton, moved over to make room for him.

HE NARROWED his interests to one sphere of action. Wall Street. Despite his unlimited confidence in self, Lyman had a tendency to believe in nothing except the failures of men. He jumped into the market the first time on his own behalf selling short, and to the end he remained a bear. He was adroit at disguising his operations, and Morton Dexter & Company, which would not have countenanced his speculations, was none the wiser. At the end of his first year they had netted him more than twenty-five times the sum of his annual wage.

One day a young blood named Christopher Stanton Torrey sauntered into the office. He was the nephew of Franklin P. Stanton, of Stanton & Hughes diagonally across the street, and was insinuated into the house of Morton Dexter & Company to learn his business letters in a neutral atmosphere. To the end he was considerably better at driving a coach than a bargain, but he was the first person with whom Lyman chose to be companionable since entering Wall Street. Although his sojourn in Morton Dexter & Company was extremely evanescent they kept in touch afterward. The hail-fellow gallant swept the plebeian toiler into a ball or two, and now and then into one of his clubs. As he never appeared to go home he only failed to introduce Lyman there. Lyman learned much from him, and looked for a pair of gray eyes that had once conjured stairs leading to ethereal realms out of a crosstown street.

One Sunday he was passing St. Thomas's when he heard his name called. He turned and saw Torrey, accompanied by two ladies. The younger faced him. For an instant he

could not breathe. He had found the gray eyes again.

Corinne Earling was Torrey's second cousin. He presented Lyman the following week at her home. The first time Lyman saw her descend a veritable stairway she came down bearing three handboxes piled one on the other, obliterating her from the waist up. It was a dream turned grotesque, as of a monstrous pasteboard cylinder bizarrely animated.

up. While it was impossible for him yet to build the kind of home which was the only kind he would build, he had nevertheless an extremely comfortable house, off Lexington Avenue, to take her to.

Lyman's belief in himself was sterling. On the day he returned from his honeymoon Corinne's uncle tendered him an offer to come into the Stanton & Hughes office. He refused. In his new home the refusal was characterized as criminal folly. For the first time he detected the fine edge of a shrill in Corinne's trill. Downtown, however, the refusal rebounded to his credit. Whereupon he did something really drastic for a bridegroom with any sense of responsibility whatsoever. He resigned from Morton Dexter & Company and formed his own firm, Lyman & Walters.



"And stay out!"

It was peculiar, well as he came to know Miss Earling, he still had his old difficulty in visualizing her the moment he left her presence. When he tried to evoke her image the features invariably blurred and tantalizingly dissolved, as on that Sunday after he had just seen her for the first time. Or, worse still, he not infrequently had an image of her truncated by those infernal handboxes.

One year later, to a day, he asked for her hand, and was ambiguously deferred for further consideration. His self-esteem was so shaken by the rebuff that he almost came a cropper on the market. However, by the second summer following he was able to go to Saratoga with Torrey at the height of the season, and do himself justice at the Grand Union, adorning the millionaire's piazza, indulging in whist and taking advantage of the full moon.

Undoubtedly, moonlight aside, Miss Earling saw him a different man in Saratoga. He was not frugal when frugality served no purpose, and if he spoke to her of the kind of house and stairway it was in his mind to build, as inevitably he did, she must indeed have been harder than masonry to resist him. At any rate, she began earnestly reconsidering his suit. They were married on October 10th, 1885, the day the Hell Gate rocks were blown

IT WAS an unsettled period that tested his mettle. He could feel the market giving; money tightened. He sold his lot on 91st Street, and held every penny he could garner, customers' as well as his own, in readiness. At exactly the right moment he leaped, and pounded the market with a ferocity that lifted his firm into prominence overnight and permitted his wife to wear gloves that buttoned all the way.

When his daughter Virginia was born the following year he procured a site on Fifth Avenue, facing the Park. He joined a clique which included his wife's uncle and a half dozen of the most alert operators on the street. They cornered a railroad, of which he was made treasurer, and he emerged the leader of the group. Then he told Corinne he was going to build a home.

"Where?" she queried ironically. "On the Stock Exchange?"

The Street was in his bones, day and night. He had a box with the Stantons at the opera. "Chris, do me a favor; take Corinne to that

opera, whatever it is, to-night." Chris was piqued by Corinne married where Corinne single had moved him not at all. She could do as she willed with him, and the emotions pent up through the frustration of her will with Lyman found in him a grateful vent. Lyman tried to discuss his house plans with her.

"Stairways! Stairways!" she burst out. "Whatever is the man forever talking about stairways for? Don't you realize the best people are putting in elevators?"

The stairway rose, eight feet wide, with undeniable majesty from the reception hall. And, completed, it was disappointing. Something, somewhere, was wrong. Perhaps it was his wife's elevator right behind it. At first he would not use the elevator. He felt self-conscious on the steps, however. He tried the elevator, and after that used it exclusively.

The 90's gained headway. Half-doors swung hospitably on solace and companionship. A Democrat was elected President. He saw the Chicago Exposition. Barnum died. Bryan was loose on the world with his panaceas, more closely approximating perpetual motion than the Keeley motor. The reservoir in Bryant Park gave way to the library. Long-acre began its transformation into Times Square. He bought a few oil paintings; they were all doing it.

February 24th, 1898, Ensign Powelson
(Continued on page 46)

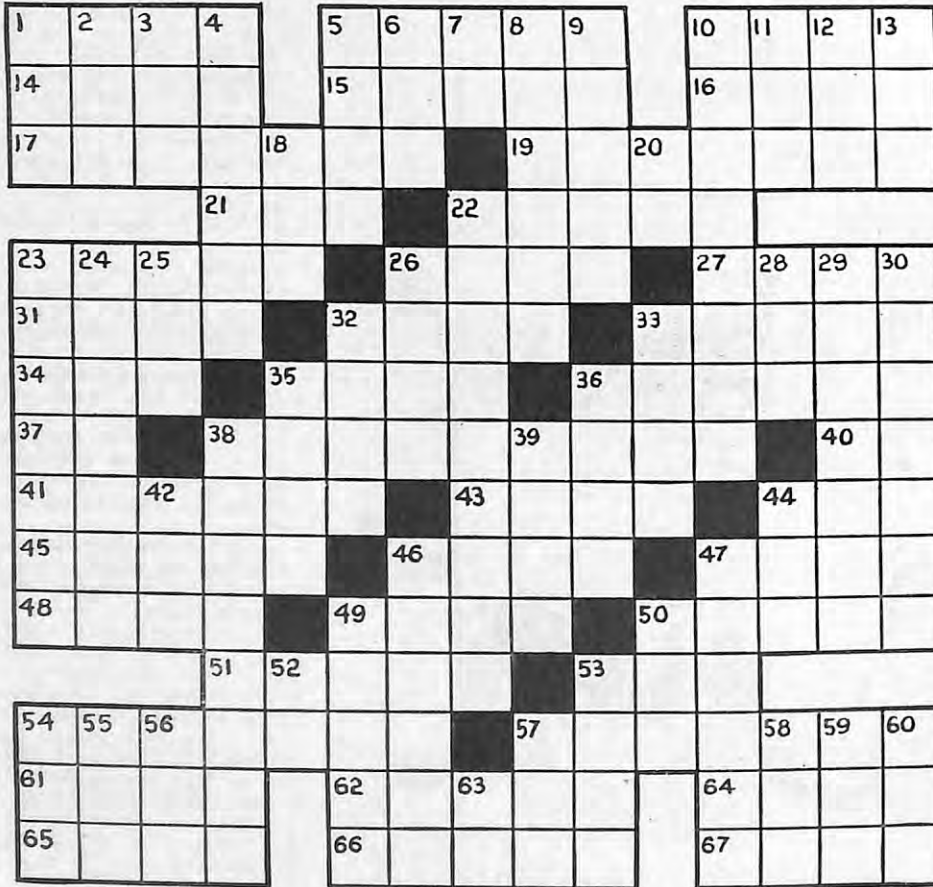
Cross-Word Puzzle

By George Carlson, Chicago, Ill.

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Across

- 1—Powdered antimony
- 5—Small mat-like napkin
- 10—Disgusting
- 14—Conception
- 15—Set free
- 16—In order
- 17—Sorrow for sin
- 19—Tax
- 21—Eviscerate
- 22—Rope for catching
- 23—Seize by violence
- 26—Covert allusion
- 27—Empty declamation
- 31—Higher than
- 32—Multitude
- 33—Anchor
- 34—Censure
- 35—Mere trifle
- 36—Descend abruptly
- 37—In proximity to
- 38—Like lightning
- 40—Roe
- 41—Thin sheet of solid material
- 43—Attraction
- 44—Kind of fish
- 45—Mountain nymph
- 46—Scourge
- 47—Wading bird
- 48—Coarse-textured rock encountered in mining.

- 49—Make threadwork by hand with a shuttle
- 50—Gang
- 51—Elevate
- 53—Polish by friction
- 54—Resinous balsam
- 57—Wanderer
- 61—On
- 62—Upper part of hip bone
- 64—Weird
- 65—Original words of an author
- 66—Ultimate particles
- 67—Anger

Down

- 1—Untanned skin
- 2—Lyric poem intended to be sung
- 3—Fowl
- 4—Camp
- 5—Passage for fluid
- 6—Single unit
- 7—Pronoun
- 8—Supplicatory prayer
- 9—Ferment
- 10—Intrepid
- 11—Man's name
- 12—Ship's diary
- 13—Female sheep
- 18—Variety of pigeon
- 20—Exists

- 22—Having the shape of a tongue
- 23—Muscle with power of circular motion
- 24—Embodiment
- 25—Annoy
- 26—Suspend
- 28—Bristle-like appendage
- 29—Of the black race
- 30—Lever operated by the foot
- 32—Cast feathers
- 33—Color
- 35—Petitioned
- 36—Small opening
- 38—Heinous
- 39—Undersized person
- 42—Implore
- 44—Balloon basket
- 46—Igneous rock
- 47—Plunderer
- 49—Leg bone
- 50—Low buzzing
- 52—Three-toed sloth
- 53—Instruments for crushing by heavy blows
- 54—Sever
- 55—Open
- 56—Eruptive disease
- 57—Beverage
- 58—Grassy plain
- 59—Unit of work
- 60—Grain
- 63—Satellite of Jupiter

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 55

(Continued from page 45)

found the Maine keel bent upward. March 7th, Mr. Lyman, the noted bear, cashed in on the shrinking of stocks. On the morning of Santiago a man came into his office, unkempt and bleary. He swayed silently before his desk. Suddenly, with a start, Lyman recognized him. It was Dick Tradler.

"Hello, Ned," said Tradler.

Something warm responded within Lyman, but the pitiable dignity of his youth still sat too heavily on him to let it show.

"You're Tradler, I believe," he said.

The other jerked up at the tone, then leaned ingratiatingly nearer.

"Listen, Ned," he grinned, "lend me a fiver."

Lyman's hand stopped on its way to his pocketbook. The man seemed done, but a humane straitening might reclaim him, else this would be only the first of an endless begging for drink.

"Perhaps," he said slowly, "you've got some little invention started that I could advance you a bit on?"

A brazen bray dashed against him.

"Parsnips, I wouldn't give a bent pin for a million dollars and your soul thrown in. In Lorenzo Marques I saw a nigger using my bale-hook. Up on Broadway I saw my heater in a window. You cashed in on them both. I ask you for a fiver and you say, 'Show me a gadget for security!' Pull out your damned note-book, and you'll see I still owe you forty cents. Well, I got something in my room that would be worth this building to you, but I'd sink it in the Bay before I'd let you in on it. Good-bye!"

HE LET him go without a word. He sat impotent in his stupefaction, and frozen in his pride. He had one delirious impulse to rush after him, thrust in his hands the profit and accounting on bale-hook and heater, a harrowing yearning to throw his arm about him friendly . . . friendly. But his ears were ringing with changes on the word "Parsnips" in an immemorial derision. He sat frozen.

Two weeks later he read of Tradler's death in a barroom. Genial doors swinging on solace and companionship. . . He sent to the hospital for the body. He sought to find kin, and the place where Tradler had been living. He found neither. There was not a clew in Tradler's pockets, save the empty envelope bearing his name, an English stamp and a general delivery address on one side, and a faded sketch of a machine and some notations on the other. He had him buried in Greenwood Cemetery.

Perhaps, he had been lying about that great invention. Probably, undoubtedly, he was lying. But, perhaps, not. He was of a sudden tormented by a certainty that Tradler had not been lying. He examined the sketch on the envelope hopelessly. Anything could come from that strange brain and those wondrous fingers. Again he felt brushed by great shadowed wings of something passing him by.

The century ground to a close in an unclosed terminal in nowhere like a wild locomotive, bells clanging, the new air brakes screaming, and an ominous glow playing on horizons. Aginaldo at Bongabong, Kruger at Mafiking, Kitchener at Khartum. Armenian revolt, Japan at Kian-Chau. Russia maneuvering in Central Asia. Christmas. Peace on earth. Old Mann of Town Topics scooped the town with the news: Mrs. Edward J. Lyman secures decree of divorce in chambers in Westchester County. Sails instantly with daughter for France. It is well known that a certain . . .

The *World* evidently caught her on the instant, and well known or not, made fresh news of the statement it secured from the lady, that she intended marrying Christopher Stanton Torrey. The *World* and the rest thereupon assaulted the resident member of the muddle

(Continued on page 50)

THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT THRIFT TO MILLIONS

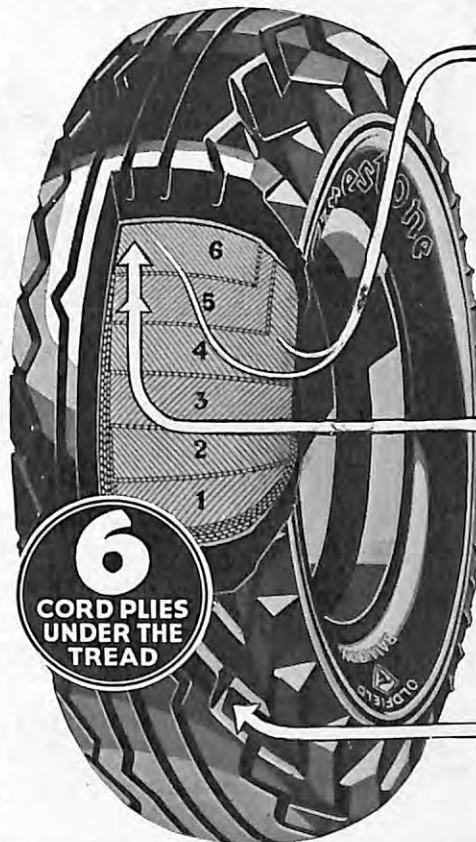
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Firestone do not manufacture tires under special brand names for mail order houses and others to distribute. Special brand tires are made without the manufacturer's name. They are sold without his guarantee or responsibility for service.

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Tough, thick rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Effective non-skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet performance.

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION, QUALITY and PRICE

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type		Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type		Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type		Truck and Bus Tires		
		Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair			Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair			Heavy Duty	Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each
Ford.....	4.40-21	\$4.79	\$9.30	Essex.....	5.00-20	\$6.75	\$13.10	Chrysler..	6.00-18	10.65	20.66	30x5.....	15.45	\$29.96
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38	Nash.....	5.00-21	6.98	13.54	Studeb'r..	6.00-19	10.85	21.04	32x6.....	26.50	51.00
Chevrolet	4.50-21	5.43	10.54	Essex.....	5.25-18	7.53	14.60	Hudson....	6.00-20	10.95	21.24	34x7.....	36.40	70.60
Ford.....	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Nash.....	5.25-21	8.15	15.82	Hup'b'ile..	6.00-21	11.10	21.54	36x8.....	51.65	100.20
Ford.....	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Buick.....	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	La Salle..	6.00-22	11.60	22.50	6.00-20	14.50	28.14
Chevrolet	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Studeb'r..	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	Packard... Arrow	6.50-20	12.65	24.54	6.50-20	16.30	31.62
Whippet...				Jordan....				Pierce...	6.50-21	12.65	24.54	7.50-20	26.45	51.60
Whippet...				Reo.....				Arrow....	7.00-20	14.65	28.42	9.00-20	46.50	90.40
Erskine....				Studeb'r..				Buick.....				9.75-20	61.65	120.00
Plymouth..				Gardner...				Stutz....						
Chandler..				Marmon...				Stutz....						
De Soto...				Oakland...				Cadillac..						
Dodge.....				Peerless..				Lincoln...						
Durant....								Packard...						
Gr. Paige..														
Pontiac....														
Roosevelt..														
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Birmingham, Alabama

July 11 to 15, 1932

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By winding routes, with many stopovers, these three Champion cars will carry the Elks Magazine good-will pilgrims swiftly, safely and surely on their various ways.

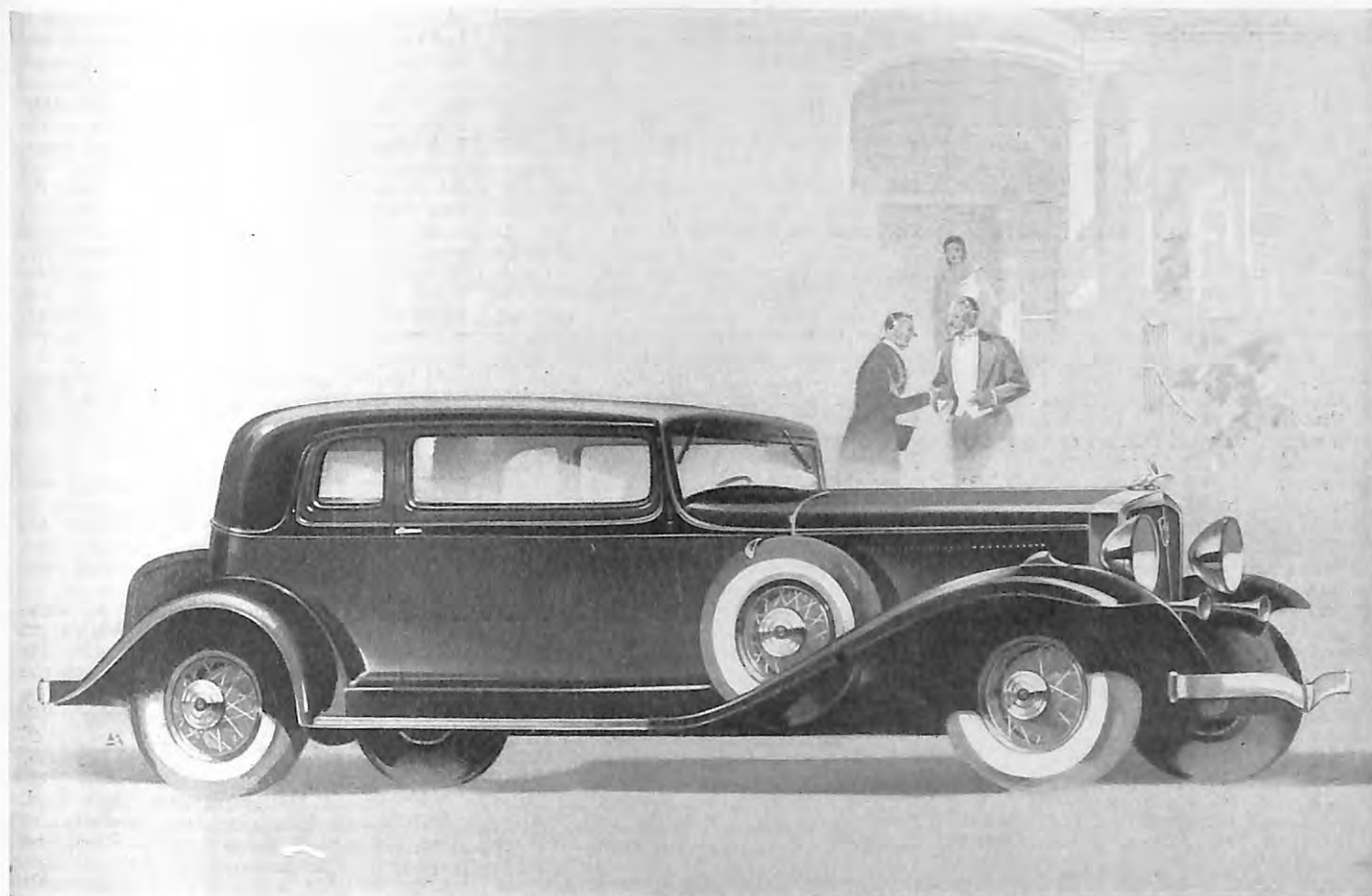
They will prove again, for the third year, the travel comfort, the "on time" railroad-schedule dependability, and the enduring stamina which Studebaker, pioneer and pacemaker, builds into its motor cars.

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(Continued from page 46)

and secured absolutely nothing from him, not even a point on the market.

He shut himself up in his study and refrained with all his might from thinking. The picture of that untenanted stairway a few steps down his hall came to his mind once, and he shook his head to get rid of it. Fortunately he was unused to thinking. All he was used to was a certain recapitulating memory process and a forecasting sense that composed his peculiar talent for making money the way he made money. A half notion, that was merely a primitive reflex and not really mental, of gunning after Torrey in the market bothered him a moment. But when he got it up clear before him he dropped it instantly. There was a perspicacity and human understanding in one part of his brain, now that he came to it, to keep him from expending energy on old failures or paying the irredeemable out in mock retaliation.

He sat at his window and watched the century pause, recoil, and go on. There was no break. It went on. Victoria died eleven days before her era, proving there were no gaps; that history, man, pain, expectations, boasts, wrongs, rights, all were but a fluid continuity, out of always into ever. McKinley was assassinated. Into the White House came Roosevelt, "wielding immeasurable power with immeasurable energy." Port Arthur fell. A match was applied to emery paper in the Balkans. The marines charged in Vera Cruz. A man was shot in Sarajevo. War opened its slaving jaws wider and the world jumped in.

HE WAS a famous and tired man when the war was over. But there were so many famous men when it was over. And so many more tired ones. Still, he had a claim to distinction. In all the rest world there was not one more alone.

He sat in his home and at last thinking began in him. The man sloughed off the rigmarole of mercantile formulæ which had stood him for thinking until now and crammed a life's lack of thought into an hour. His home! A gruff noise broke out of his throat. Like a torrent laughter rolled out of him, dashed against the walls of his room, filled it to overflowing, so that it ran over into the

corridor and reached further empty rooms and splashed back, in queer gagging echoes. Home! His wife the wife of another man, and his daughter he had not seen for a year.

An overwhelming distaste for everything he had ever prized seized him. He bounded out of his chair and stalked about the room, clenching and unclenching his hands, muttering gibberish. And suddenly he was old. It had come on him. He had never thought about his age either one way or another. If anything, he had always felt himself to be young. But now he was old. He was one of those old men hobbling downtown on the eve of panics; one of those ominous old men "as certain to be seen on the eve of a panic as spiders creeping stealthily and noiselessly from their cobwebs just before rain."

Rain. Spring rain, it strummed a gavotte on the window-glass. Far off he heard a door banging emptily. He wasn't old, he was dead! He was immured in a mausoleum. He ran along the hall, and down the great stairway. He slipped, and pawed crazily for the balustrade. But he had built a little too magnificently. His fingers fell short, and he plunged down, tripped up by a vision.

He had been aware of being picked up, exclaimed and moaned over. He had been aware of nothingness. Aware of the coming of his daughter. Of making an ass of himself in delirium. A harsh voice, making no concession to any bedside proprieties whatsoever, said: "As soon as you can get this man out of this city!" When he awoke he had his senses about him, and called for Virginia.

"I don't want to go away. Stay with me and I'll be all right. I'll give you this house if you won't leave me."

"Course you're all right, old boy. Course I won't leave you." Very casually she appended, "I'll take this den of horrors off your hands. We'll trade houses. Bought a place of my own last summer. Drive you up to see it soon's you're fit."

"Where is it?"

"Maine. Here, must take your milk now."

He didn't know how he felt as they approached her place. He existed in a state of slumbrous rigidity. The automobile crossed the ledge and his greatgrandfather's eagle flashed from the huge barn. He felt a flutter

of indifferent victory for a moment that it had not changed, while he had gone out and on. He alighted, and walked steadily through the side door into the house. He barely paused in the big center room, but, lifting the stair-latch, mounted, and opened the door of the little room at the head of it. The same paper, the same mirror with the same boat picture, the same lowboy, the same bed, and the Pine Tree rug his grandmother had hooked. A little cleaner, a little fresher than he had ever known it, but everlastingly his own room. The phantasmagoria of two decades of nineteenth and two of twentieth centuries was wiped out in an instant. He shook his head, and returned downstairs. Cupboard, hearth and oven, ship model, all the same.

"I heard they used to have a wonderful old table in the kitchen and I tracked it through four States. Look here."

SHE opened the door to the kitchen and there, a Japanese chef beating a sauce on it, stood the table which he had wanted his mother to get rid of half a century ago. Scraped and rubbed down, renewed and good for God but knew how many centuries yet.

"They got time on their side," he whispered. "In the end they beat you with time. There's no uncertainty about time." He turned to her. "It's all . . . all just the same," he said, a little dazed.

"I should hope so. I paid enough for it."

"What did you pay for it?" he asked bluntly.

"Seventy-five."

"Seventy-five hundred dollars," he mused.

"Thousand! Where have you been all these years, old boy? This is Fort Harbor shore property. The automobile gentleman is putting together a four-million-dollar castle on that little island over there. You can see from the window. Look."

Between the prideful pines on Squall Island a blur of white marble reared exotically. Another man, following another vision.

"The furniture was extra, of course. You're not strong enough yet to hear what I paid for that, but if we tossed it on the auction block it would bring more than all we've got in that museum of ours on Fifth Avenue."



Old City Gate, San Juan, Porto Rico

He rattled some coins in his pocket. But it was not a dime, a nickel, a quarter and two pennies he was jingling together. It was all his eleven millions. Anyhow he had not stayed and let a lot of fields overtake him in value. Suddenly he bent forward. A parade of new buildings marched along the Northport shore. The eaves of a home glittered at him through a thin birch grove at the right. He blinked rapidly. The orchard itself, it was gone!

"How much land came with your seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"About nine acres. But you couldn't touch anything like it in Fort Harbor for the price now."

Fort Harbor. It had a ring of fashion incongruous to Lymanville. He recalled the superb road unwinding from an invisible gray spool, and mentally clicked twenty minutes off the mare's time over going such as that. Ginger Box Hill, that he had remembered as a modest mountain, nothing but a faint rising gesture to a motor drowsing over it on high. Those stone pillars flanking the old leaf-buried wood roads resurrected in crushed stone, they all guarded lanes to new houses.

"I heard the place once belonged to folks named Lyman," said Virginia. "I imagine they must have been remote relations of ours. Anyhow the moment I saw it I felt some relation of mine must have built it. They once owned over a thousand acres here, besides that island and the whole beach. The poor old dears," she said, pressing his arm, "if they'd only had sense enough to hold onto it, it would have made our little grub stake look sick, old boy, wouldn't it?"

It made him a little sick certainly. He went up to his room and lay down. What made one sever ties and go out and try the issue with life rovingly. It wasn't envy of others, or sickening lust for excitement, or even ambition alone. It was, well, life, perhaps. Life hit on certain chaps like that. They just had to go, that was all. It was part of a scheme; their part in it. Then, the tumult, the braying and the grime; frenzy and selfishness, the rooting meanness. . . . And while he was away they had cut down his orchard. There was an awful burden of weariness in this thinking, though, once one got into the habit of it.

Virginia brought him a luncheon tray herself. Just once could he remember his mother bringing a tray of food to his room. And then it was the same tray.

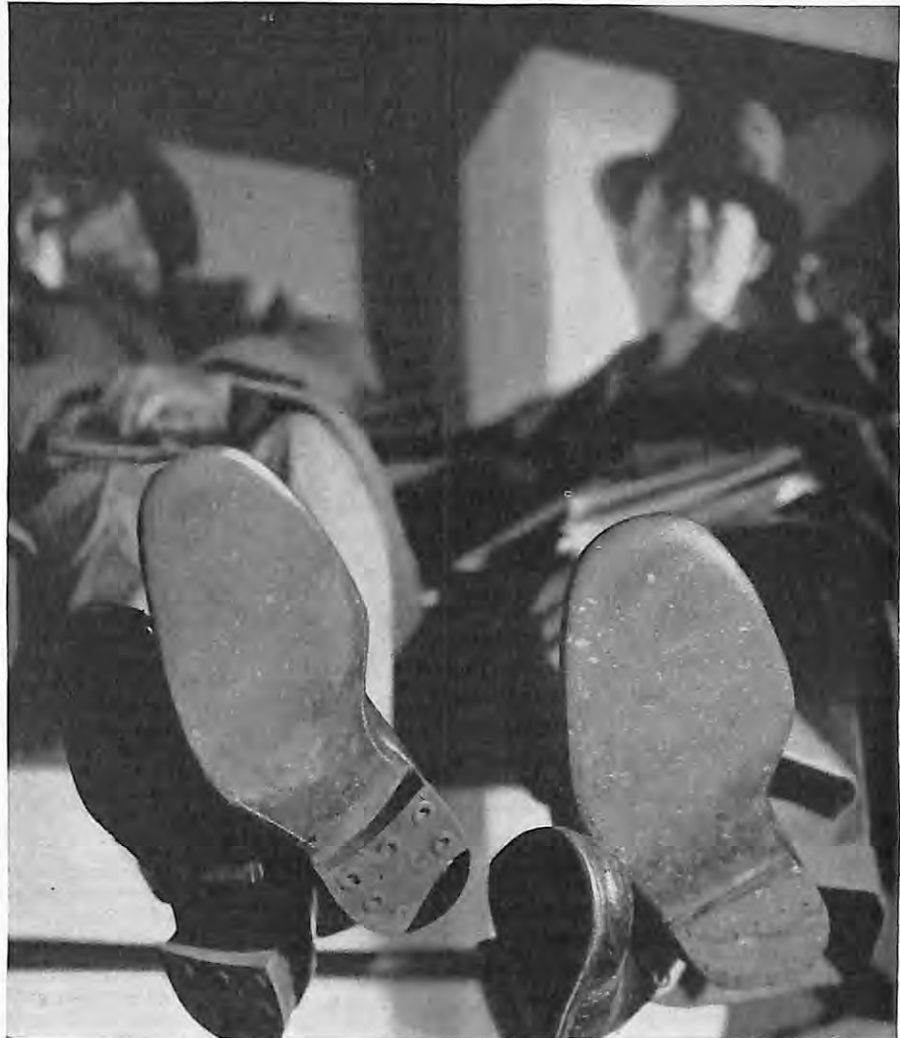
"Virginia." It came through dry lips. "I was born here."

She looked pityingly at him. "I thought so," she said, gently.

SURELY everybody didn't get trapped like this. He wouldn't take anything from his father, and then had it given back to him by his daughter. After all the torment, the sweat, the strain, the fierceness of striving, everything was the same anyhow. And bitter understanding. Tradler. Vainglorious country bumpkin though he had been, he had recognized even back there that Tradler was a being a little bigger, a little finer, a little rarer than himself. Something burned in that youth which was only a reflected flame in himself. Only he had fought the recognition down. And the thought now, that he, who had been always so alert for opportunities, had had just two that were really great; and missed them both. His home, and his friend.

He heard Virginia driving away; she was going to an auction sale. He had received seventeen hundred and fifty dollars for the farm, and one hundred for the furniture. She had paid more for just that table in her passion to bring back sameness. Life was using her, too. Making an instrument of her to get back everything as it was. He started. By God, he could lend a hand at that game, too.

He got up and, opening his door softly,
(Continued on page 52)



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listened. The house was silent. He stole down and found a hammer and pry in the barn. He hastened to the front of the house. He gripped the handle and abruptly opened the great two-cross door. He stood stupefied.

On the stairway, one hand on her breast, the other half-extended towards him, stood Marjorie Osgood, looking down at him with her gray eyes. So they remained, staring at each other. He was crushed beneath the slow grinding beauty of her on that stairway, which was already freed of all sheathing and niggardly confinement. The exquisite grace of it. A palatial stairway with Marjorie floating down to him. Had he seen this stairway ere his grandfather boarded it up, when he was too little to remember that he could remember? Was the sole meaning of his life the desire to rip the partitions out of his own front hall? God! The unutterable silliness of life.

"Ned, you've been a long time coming home."

"I have that, Marjorie."

The Comeback of Francis Ouimet

(Continued from page 25)

our available forces in opposition. Here is where Francis Ouimet, just turned twenty, enters the picture. A few weeks before the event, Mr. Watson convinced the youth it was his patriotic duty to compete. Francis had not intended to, although he had played some fine rounds at Brookline, because of a modest idea that he would but clutter up the course.

Came the tournament. When Vardon and Ray finished in a tie for low at 304 strokes, four under the medal of our main hope, Johnny McDermott, the expected British triumph was believed to have taken place. Then it was discovered that young Ouimet might have a chance. At the thirteenth tee he was informed he could tie the British. Six holes to go, 22 strokes left to tie—2 under even 4's. Nothing in golf's annals quite matches what follows. A birdie on No. 13, pars on the next three holes—that on No. 14 due to a mashie recovery so daring the experts gasped. He was 40 yards short of this green on his second with two traps to span and the pin just beyond the far one. The boy was using a mashie—there were no matched irons then. It seemed he faced an impossible shot. His ball held a yard from this pin.

Still two holes to go, par 4's, and but 6 strokes left. The dog-leg No. 17 of 360 yards found Ouimet's second 18 feet past the pin. An admirer, Jerry Travers, himself a great golfer, catching the magnificent spirit of the boy at this point, offered to bet he would hole the putt. None took him. None had heard, so taut were nerves. Calm ones sunk the putt. Their possessor, sensing the ecstatic tumult that followed, glanced up, caught the eyes of his mother and smiled.

Anti-climax followed, even to the play-off next day. The night before the youngster was abed at nine o'clock. Rain fell that September morn as Ouimet went forth to meet these British super-linksmen. But the disturbing factors of his dreams the preceding night—the mighty Vardon and Ray, the big galleries, the forlorn hope—vanished when little Johnny McDermott, 1911 and 1912 titleholder, said to him, "Play your own game, Francis." No sounder advice for any golfer. It turned Ouimet's thoughts to his own play, to memories of pitches and putts mastered in an old school of boyhood. With mind concentrated solely upon his own game he played oblivious of titled opponents, their shots, the rushing crowds. Again No. 17 was the high spot. Ouimet played it as on the day before—a poke, a pitch, a putt. While Vardon's effort to overcome the boy's stroke lead here by cutting the corner landed his ball into a trap set there for that very purpose, since known as the Vardon trap, and albeit about as famous in American golf annals

"Have you a home in New York?"

"No, I have a house."

He went away and sat down on a bench. He looked across the sloping terrace, over the villa-cluttered strand, seeing it all as it was once. No, it wasn't the same. God help him, there was no sameness, no restoration, no pause. He fumbled blindly for a hand that wasn't there, and gripped it fiercely.

"What is the meaning of life? Maybe when we're all through, to get on our knees and ask forgiveness of life."

He closed his eyes and he could see her perfectly. No blurring of features now. Marjorie slowly descending old familiar stairs to him. For sixty years that was what he had been seeing and did not know. Another opportunity. And of the three he had missed, this he now felt to be the greatest.

There was something like honey in the thickening afternoon light, only headier, and deeply sufficient. He quaffed deeply of it. He sat there a long time. A solitary old man, only not quite so lonely as he had been.

as is nearby Bunker Hill in American history.

Drama! Ouimet became a national hero overnight. Golf became a rage. Youth, which had hitherto viewed this sport as a gentle pastime for declining years, rushed to the links to find it as nerve-wracking and thrilling as any game. Ouimet had not only popularized it in America but at one and the same time placed us at the top in international competition, just as he has again this last season pulled it out of the doldrums caused by Jones' retirement.

But why, you may well ask, has he failed to maintain that dazzling skill in the intervening seasons down to 1931, except in 1914 when he won the National Amateur? Rumors giving all manner of odd reasons as to the cause have been broadcast. One such attributed his many lean years to poor health. Let me spike that in his own words:

"As far as my health is concerned, I might say this: I have never been beaten, as many of my friends have liked to believe, because of lack of physical stamina. Rather those defeats came because of superior play on the part of the opponent."

IS THIS statement of his a mere sporting gesture? Let us examine the facts. Starting with 1920, Francis has been runner-up or semifinalist in five National Amateur title events. And in each of these defeats, with the exception of Jones' victory over him in 1926, the year George Von Elm won at Baltrusol, the competitor who disposed of Ouimet became the champion. Such facts lead to the conclusion that there must have been some strength in his elongated figure to survive to such points. We must look elsewhere for the reason. In so doing perhaps we may find food for thought.

Briefly, Ouimet's lean years were due to the most natural of reasons—lack of practice. Our failure to note that his sudden rise to fame came at the end of youth, which we may rightly devote to play, and on the eve of manhood, which we should dedicate to the work of the world, gave us our misconceived ideas concerning Francis' failures in national competition from 1914 to 1931. His early and clear-cut recognition of this distinction between the activities of boyhood and of manhood stamps him as a personage of rare judgment and sound character. Indeed, the repeated failure of budding manhood to so differentiate is the cause of the downfall of far too many sport celebrities, just as a like lack of discrimination by so many of us is the reason for all the misunderstanding that exists concerning the amateur problem in sport.

Lack of practice! As a result, the long

irons that split the pine and the steady, even strokings of the putter that spelled the doom of British links supremacy at Brookline lost their sureness. The boy who loved his golf, who first swung a brassie at five, who enthusiastically built a short hole at home for play in summer and pitched mashie shots into buckets set in the corners of an old barn in winter, who stole daybreak rounds at Brookline, just across the road, ere the greenkeeper awakened, and who later served as caddy on the course where fame was eventually to find him—this boy foreswore all the glory so gained to make his way in the world. It is small wonder Francis Ouimet never had an alibi for defeat, never quailed in a pinch and never had a big head over victory. "... these defeats came because of superior play on the part of the opponent," sums it up so clearly and gives us the key to the widespread popularity of the genial gentleman from Boston.

Came 1931 and the business depression. As a result, Francis found more time for golf than at any period since 1914. His game picked up. It soon struck a consistent vein. In the six weeks prior to the National Amateur he had eight rounds on testing courses between 66 and 69, to say nothing of a flock of others ranging from 70 to 72. The old skill came back. Thus, when Ouimet went to Beverly, he was more determined to win than at any time in his career. And he was the least surprised person in the world when victory came to him at the thirty-first hole of his final round with Westland.

The stories about his lack of stamina are poppycock. Ouimet is always physically fit. They still laugh in England about his drinking all toasts with water instead of the customary Scotch and soda. Probably what has contributed most to his physical well-being is his habit of going to bed early and getting a good night's rest. Remember, he retired at nine the night before his memorable play-off with Vardon and Ray. This past summer ten o'clock was the hour. Ask any athletic trainer what is the most necessary part of conditioning. He will tell you regular sleep and plenty of it. In golf, perhaps more than in any other sport, this is the one factor most necessary to success, due to the nerve strain.

These are the facts behind the comeback of Francis Ouimet. Add to them an ideal temperament that permits him to play his championship rounds just as he would a friendly match; affix to this his keen analysis of the psychology of the game; mix in an ability to concentrate upon each shot—and you have the ingredients that produced one of golf's greatest competitors and unquestionably the figure that, more than any other, has popularized this sport throughout America.

I RECALL his long-ago prediction that our professionals would never out-play Britain's until we adopted some form of all-year-around competition for them. As a result of our doing this, Americans, with one exception, have won every British Open since 1921. I recollect his telling me in 1920 that Bobby Jones would never reach the high pinnacle that his shot-making ability warranted until he learned two controlling facts. First, to play for par rather than strive to outshoot each opponent; second, to play each shot in relation to the one to follow. His sound judgment as to life is reflected in his analysis of this game, it would seem.

"Traps are placed on courses to make the game a scientific test, and not to arouse your ire," he once said to me. "You're bound to make mistakes," he added at another time. "I figure at least four to a round. That's golf. The perfect player will never exist."

I arise to dispute with Ouimet this last statement. Somewhere back in my addled, aging brain, the hero of Brookline and of Beverly stands for more than just a champion and all the glamor thereunto belonging. As I see it, he is the true sportsman, a quality, I take it, that in its full meaning makes him the perfect golfer.

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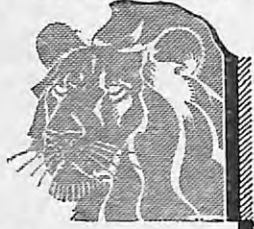
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. Who is Speaker of the House of Representatives?
2. What does the letter R on druggists' prescriptions stand for?
3. What is Gene Tunney's son's name?
4. Next to Texas and California, what is the largest State in the Union?
5. How many men compose a Rugby football team?
6. What is the present capital of Russia?
7. What was the largest diamond ever found?
8. Who is our ambassador to France?
9. What kind of cannon is a mortar?
10. To whom is Gloria Swanson now married?
11. Who said, "The pen is mightier than the sword"?
12. Who designed the Statue of Liberty?

(Answers to The Monthly Dozen on page 58)

Sails Off Cape Horn

(Continued from page 11)

sails and the wind. Her crew is composed of boys. Her captain is young. They are paid very little, choosing to go in sail for the experience, for the lessons it teaches them. Compared with training in sail, time spent in steamers is wasted. The sailing-ship is the best school of the sea there is, and all the Nordic governments still insist that boys who wish to become sea officers must spend at least one year in deep-water square-rigged sail. The Germans, the Danes, the Belgians, the Swedes, the Russians, the Finns, and even the Japanese are very strict on this. Sail training they regard as the real thing; steam training they rate as nothing at all.

THE boys in the ships have often paid premiums of 150 or 200 dollars to serve. This money they receive back as wages. It costs about 25 cents a day to feed them, each. That compares with 51 to 55 cents a day in American ships. Yet we give the boys good, wholesome food. They get no ham and eggs on Sunday mornings, but they get flapjacks and jam, and they have sweet soup, plum duff now and again, plenty of good, honest bully-beef and salt horse, potatoes and cabbage, and canned carrots and tomatoes.

Canned whale-meat is the best meat that can be got, and in a ship where this is served the crew is fat and happy. Canned tomatoes and lime-juice keep scurvy at bay, though sometimes it still rears its ugly head. When the little Finnish barque *Favell* made a passage of over 200 days from Australia to England in 1928, she had to land half of her apprentices into hospital with scurvy. In the four-masted barque *Olivebank*, bound from the Seychelles Islands to New Zealand, the same year, scurvy broke out badly and several of the boys died. But this is unusual. The mortality is not high. The ships have good records, and only two have been badly wrecked since the war. More boys are killed playing football than lose their lives for the tall Cape Horners. The greatest tragedy overtook the big Danish five-masted barque *Kobenhavn*, which put out to sea and was never heard of again. That was three years ago. No trace has ever been found of her, and she was manned by seventy fine young boys. . . .

We have twenty-six boys in the *Parma*. Captain de Cloux and I bought her as she lay in Hamburg, laid-up, last November. We got her for 10,000 dollars, and she is a beautiful big four-masted barque, built in 1902. As the

Arrow, sailing for the Standard Oil Company in the days before tankers, she was well known in New York and Philadelphia. Ten thousand dollars is little more than her scrap value, and if we had not bought her she would have gone to the scrap heap to be converted into razor blades and steel suspender buttons. We guessed that there were plenty of steamers which had much greater claim to that menial fate. So we raked together the dollars, bought the old ship, dry-docked her, put her under the Finn flag (as the most economical), and sent her to sea.

We bought her one Friday morning and on the Saturday we had a charter for Australian grain. Chartering was good, that week; if it hadn't been our luck would have been out. She loads about 5,300 tons, and our charter was seven dollars a ton. That gave us over 35,000 dollars for the one freight, leaving a margin of 25,000 dollars to operate the ship. We think we can work her on that without going into Woolworth's to buy any red ink; we hope we can, anyway, and we will do our best. We don't pay the boys much. Their average pay is about five dollars a month. That is enough for a boy. He can't get any bad habits on that. The second mate gets twenty dollars and the chief twenty-five. Up-keep and depreciation are nil; we have no overhead and we have no office. We are the office, walking the poop and sailing the ship.

It costs us about 5,000 dollars to store and provision the ship for the round voyage. We get that from a ship chandler in London on twelve months' credit, and pay him out of the freight. It is a rule in Scandinavian ships that one partner in the little owning syndicate is always a ship chandler. Therefore our friend the ship chandler in London has an interest in the ship. He has an interest in a dozen such vessels. We have, therefore, before we started to load the cargo, spent 15,000 dollars. But that is all we shall spend (we hope); and that isn't much. With the other 15,000 dollars we ought to pay for the loading costs in Australia and discharging costs in Europe, and maybe have a dollar or two to spare besides. In any case we should have paid for the ship on her first voyage.

There are still about a dozen fine square-riggers laid up on the West Coast—including the *Golden Gate*, *Annie M. Reed*, *Mary Dollar*, *James Rolph*, *Stars of Zealand*, *Alaska*, *Shetland*, *France*, *Finland*, *England*, and *Holland*—all grand ships in their day, and some of them still fit for service. I wish these were in the

race. The *Star of Alaska* is a beautiful old full-rigger, and the *Annie M. Reed* can step on it. When I was in America I received more letters than I could answer each week from boys—aye, and from girls, too—who wanted to have a sniff at Old Man Sea from a real ship, upon a Cape Horn voyage. The *Parma* had her crew; I was sorry, but I could do nothing for them. One of them—a student at Yale—took an apprenticeship in Captain Erikson's four-masted barque *Hougomont*; another lad, at Milwaukee, wired me one day to give him the name of the agent for the Erikson fleet in Port Lincoln, as he was going there straight away. That was action! He was a fine adventurous American boy of the very best type. It is significant that he did not want to go to sea in steam. Might it not be that the American merchant marine loses some of the best possible recruits, just because there is no sail training available?

I HAVE found many times that boys of all nationalities who care nothing for wandering round the ocean in a power-driven ship, thrill at the very mention of a chance to serve in sail. The way to build a great merchant service and a great seafaring tradition is through sailing-ships. There were no ships better than the Americans' when they had those grand down-East square-riggers, when all the best families in Maine, in Vermont, in Massachusetts were in the shipowning, shipbuilding, and shipsailing business. Some of those old New England ships still survive but they are not in service. . . .

Well, we shall see how the *Parma* gets along in the race. We ought to sail about March 20, and be home first week in July. The "field" is a good one this year, with a number of dark horses that have not come up to the starting-line before. Our own *Parma* is one of them; Captain de Cloux is the best shipmaster now sailing out of Finland. Captain Erikson, the little old man of Marichamm, who owns almost all the sailing-ships left in commission in the world, has recently acquired the big *Pamir*, sister of *Parma*. He has sixteen ships in the race. We will have to go all out not to be jammed in somewhere by that bunch, and left behind.

The famous *Herzogin Cecilie* is the favorite. Built as a school-ship for the Norddeutscher-Lloyd, even the Imperial German Navy was proud of her in the days before the war. The war found her in a South American port and she was interned there, afterwards being handed over to France. Captain Erikson bought her for 20,000 dollars in 1921, from the French, and she has paid for herself four times since and is still going strong. Each of Captain Erikson's big square-riggers in the grain trade showed him a profit of at least a thousand dollars in 1931. That is a good profit from
(Continued on page 56)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 46)

K	O	H	L		D	O	I	L	Y		V	I	L	E
I	D	E	A		U	N	T	I	E		A	R	O	W
P	E	N	A	N	C	E	T	A	I	L	A	G	E	
			G	U	T		L	A	S	S	O			
R	A	V	E	N		H	I	N	T		R	A	N	T
O	V	E	R		M	A	N	Y		B	O	W	E	R
T	A	X		S	O	N	G		P	L	U	N	G	E
A	T		F	U	L	G	U	R	O	U	S		R	A
T	A	B	L	E	T		L	U	R	E		C	O	D
O	R	E	A	D		B	A	N	E		R	A	I	L
R	A	G		G		T	A	T		H	O	R	D	E
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C	O	P	A	I	B	A		R	A	M	B	L	E	R
U	P	O	N		I	L	I	U	M		E	E	R	Y
T	E	X	T		A	T	O	M	S		R	A	G	E

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(Continued from page 55)
shipping these dull times. . . . Captain de Cloux was master of the *Herzogin Cecilie* for nine years, and while he had her she was the fleetest ship in the grain fleet.

She won four years out of five, against fields of from seven ships to seventeen. In 1928, when we raced the old *Beatrice* to Falmouth from Port Lincoln, we were 96 days and sailed from south of New Zealand to Cape Horn in seventeen days. That is 5,000 miles; that was sailing! I would like to see the tramp steamer that would make such time—or, indeed, any other kind of a steamer excepting the liners. The big sailer thrives in the storms which she deliberately seeks to speed her on: not for her the torpid, lifeless calms in which the steamer excels! Head winds are not her bugbear, but no wind; with any kind of wind at all she can do something, but in a calm she is lost.

There is a spot in the South Atlantic, in about 30 S, nearer the South American continent than the African, where the *Herzogin Cecilie* always has a spell each voyage. There is a belt of calms down there she seems to like, and she always has a rest in them. Nobody bothers; nobody gets mad or bad-tempered about it. They just know she likes her rest there and they let her have it. She will make up for it later on. Sailing ships all have funny habits like that. That is why they call them "she"; when ships were likened to females, sailing-ships were meant, and not steamers. The sailing-ship has stays, crinolines, and bad habits, so men call her "she". The steamer they call plain "it". . . .

There are fourteen four-masted barques in the race, with one full-rigged ship, a four-masted barquentine, and four barques. Schooners don't count. Ships with engines don't count, either. The German four-masted barque *Magdalene Vinnen* has an auxiliary engine, but in 1931 she sailed to England in 91 days while the engine-less *Herzogin Cecilie* was 93 days, the *Archibald Russell* was 94 days, and the *Ponape 99*. So why bother about engines? The screw only drags, and gets in the way.

We ought to be about five weeks to the Horn—five weeks of storm. That is the life! We want wind—plenty of it; the stronger the better, so long as it is fair. The roar of the gale is music in our ears, so long as it is from the west'ard. Gleefully we watch the landmarks fly by (hundreds of miles from our sight, of course); we clear Tasmania, New Zealand, the Antipodes Islands; we cross the 180th meridian and get an extra day in the week; we run on, and in two weeks or so from there, have come

around the Horn. Wet decks and storm and bitter cold have been our lot until now; we have not reckoned the ship as bound to England but only "round Cape Horn." No one speaks of the voyage until the Horn is weathered. . . . And then the beat up through the South Atlantic, passing between the Falkland Islands and Patagonia to take advantage of the favoring current that goes that way (the sailing-ship master must know his ocean), and so out into the South Atlantic horse latitudes, and then the South East Trades and up to the Line and the sweltering Doldrums there, the North East Trades, the northern horse latitudes, the Western Islands and the last romp before the North Atlantic westerlies to the Channel-mouth and home. . . . Storms off the Horn, calms under the Line, weed in the Sargasso Sea, months without sight of land, fishing for albacore from the bowsprit end, lazy days in the Trades when you may sleep in your watch on deck at night (with one eye open), cheering passengers from a passing trans-Atlantic liner at the journey's end—here is adventure! Here are Romance and Life!

As the years pass it becomes increasingly necessary to draw one's adventure from books. But here, in this last remnant of the old square-riggers sailing round Cape Horn, some true adventure may still be found. And it is left to boys—young boys and old ships, young masters and old owners.

Uninsured, unlit, undermanned, the old wind ship staggers on her way with her tiers of canvas rising cloud-like into the Trade wind sky—beauteous sight! She was one of the noblest creations of man, brought back to a brief spell of life by a passing depression, spreading her wings to God's winds, soon to pass from the face of the ocean for evermore.

Let her pass with a cheer. Let her race to the very end, game old wanderer, noble old sea-battler! Ten-thousand shades of hoary mariners from the real clipper era turn restlessly in their ocean graves as she furrows her way above. Poor descendant of the glorious ships they sailed, yet she is in a direct line from them and she carries on their tradition. Aye, sir, a poor race it may be in the year of Our Lord 1932, compared with those thrilling battles of sixty years ago. But we feel the spirit of our ships no less, and of our calling. Our old wall-sided steel wanderers nobly give us the best they have and will do so while they float, and we shall do our best to serve them well and, at the voyage-end, bring them safely to their anchorage.

Answers to Your Radio Questions



Herewith Mr. Pain of aviation as well as radio fame . . . from all reports of fan letters he seems to be a popular guy

front and back pages, and the first thing I hunt for is your answers to questions. Listen Lady, I take my hat off to you, for the way you sling the bull in the air. I especially liked your letter to Jack in the Bean City. I am not going to ask any questions, I don't want any pictures. I am old and salty, having traveled the seven seas for over forty years, so there is nothing new to me in this blessed world of ours, but I just felt this morning like I wanted to tell you something. . . .

And THEN . . . if you please . . . you salty old rascal, you disagree with what I say about Ed. Whitney in Harbor Lights. And as to my making a trip with you . . . say, listen, Capt. Jack! . . . I'd only made 36 trips across the Caribbean by the time I was twenty . . . not to speak of a good many others, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific Ocean . . . the South Seas and the West Indies are no strangers to me . . . so I know whereof I speak when I say, Capt. Jack, be lenient to the limitations of radio . . . and try to remember that Captain Jim (of Harbor Lights) is spending his last days on a *FERRY*, crossing the Hudson River, where he can at least sense the dip and the swell as she catches the stream . . . for it is not given to all of us to scan far horizons. . . .

Lee Valdetar, Port Washington, N. Y. Fraternal greetings, Lee! As you know, I'm by way of being your first honorary member . . . of that there Frank Parker Fan Club of you girls . . . you will have seen his picture ere now in the Magazine. Not any harder to look at than to listen to, is he? Eh, what?

Capt. Jack, S.S. Yorba Linda, Beaumont, Texas. I can't resist quoting some of your letter . . . you write . . .

"Lady Glad Eyes,
"We have a damn fine magazine, I am always in a stark hurry to see what is between the



"Oh, come, come, Fritz! Try to pull yourself together"

So . . . listen in again, Captain Jack, and try to put up with that awful racket on the Ferry, for the sake of the salty tale old Captain Jim (Ed. Whitney to you) will tell . . . and I'd sure admire to hear from you again . . . right soon!

J. B. Barberton, Ohio. Certainly, I'll veil you in the deepest secrecy, my dear . . . and only use your initials. Did you see Baby Rose Marie in Radio Rambles? By the way, I was in the studio when Baby Rose was rehearsing for her guest appearance with Rudy Vallee. You would have laughed to see Rose Ride Rudy Roughshod, and make him toe the line with his famous baton. Baby Rose wants . . . and gets . . . everything "just so!" . . . and perhaps that is why she is "just it!" But never overlook the fact that artists that YOU may not like personally are the apple of the eye to other fans . . . and believe me, Rudy is just that. Let me hear from you some more—your letter was most interesting. Oh! by the way . . . as to my having had experience with that lowest form of animal life . . . *kid brothers* . . . HAVE I? . . . Oh me, oh my! . . . have I?

Leonora Greer, 802 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. You are one of many who wish to write for the air waves and want assistance in that field—interesting news about this will be forthcoming soon—I am not at liberty to divulge it at the moment. The poem which sets the color for Arabesque, and opens that program, is read by David Ross, and I know of no other voice on the air-waves to-day that has more warmth or charm. Myra, as you must know, is played by none other than Georgea Backus, who also writes the plays. At the same time there is Adelaide Klein and Reyn Evans, and Bert Cooksey . . . AND Frank Knight . . . all always among those present when Arabesque parts the veil and comes through the mists of the desert to you . . . and . . . hold your breath . . . Miriam . . . Miriam is now played by your own Gladys Shaw Erskine!

Robert M. Harris and admirers, Boston Chapter Order of de Molay Mass. Well brother Harris and admirers (not of Mr. Harris but of Sidney J. Paine) at long last I have found out quite a lot about the object of your admiration. His picture heads this colyum. Mr. Paine is an eagle whose voice has fluttered even further than the spread of his wings through the air. He must be the original of the saying "air-minded." He is chairman of the "International Signposts of the Air Campaign." He's on the air with his Airenautical programs over WBZ, WBZA, WLEX, WLOE, WDAG, KGRS, WGH, WTAR, and other stations. Lots of other letters besides yours about Paine.

Couldn't answer them—hard to get info. as he is not here in New York. . . . Mr. Paine is the Director of the Jordan Marsh Company, Boston Travelers Junior Aviation League, Boston, Mass.

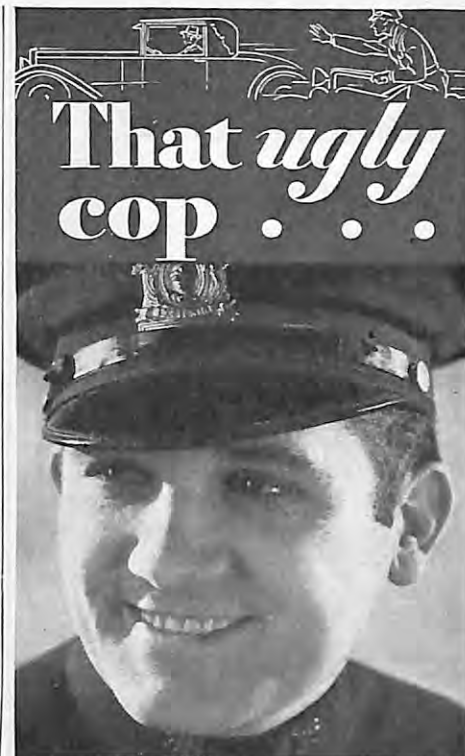
Helen Linaberry, Belvidere, N. J. Thanks for your letter, and just look at the picture you asked for of the Sisters of the Skillet, in Radio Rambles. Ain't that sompin'? If their own mothers could recognize Ed and Ralph in this get-up as the famous sisters, they would hardly care to admit it. I will try to print a picture of Jasper and Tony as soon as I can manage to get a photo of one man as two. You see Jasper and Tony both are (or is) Raymond Knight of KUKU fame . . . he's a two-timer if there ever was one. . . .

Dorothy, Throggs Neck, N. Y. The person you refer to as "the gorgeous-voiced person who sings on the Rameses Program," is Curt Peterson, supervisor of announcers for the N. B. C. in New York. He's been married twice . . . to the same girl (secretly before graduation from college and more ostentatiously after he had the good old diploma) . . . They live in Jackson Heights, just outside of New York City, with their eight-year-old Stephanie and five-year-old Janette.

Alvina Bengston . . . Fargo, North Dakota. Arabesque is now on, Monday nights at nine o'clock, only over the Dixie Network of the Columbia System. . . . It's created quite a lot of talk, as this program is very popular and the favorite of many fans, and like yourself they fear that they have lost it . . . be of good cheer . . . it is not gone . . . it's just being shifted about . . . and while we are talking about shifting about . . . Reyn Evans who plays Achmed in Arabesque is out on tour with Walter Hampden's company of *Cyrano* . . . Reyn plays the part of De Guiche, and he's liable to be in your town, as it is a coast-to-coast tour.

Arthur Winthrop, West New Brighton, S. I. Thanks for your letter. The broadcast you heard on WOV was the first of a new series, in which a prominent Staten Islander took actual part. It was called "Flashes of the Criminal Trials of New York." Little Winifred Toomey was the child witness, whose voice you liked. The writer of the script was Willie Perceval-Monger (late of N. B. C.), and the Sunday *Mirror* sponsored the production made by Major Ivan Firth.

Note: For lack of space the answers to several letters have had to be omitted and will appear in a later issue.

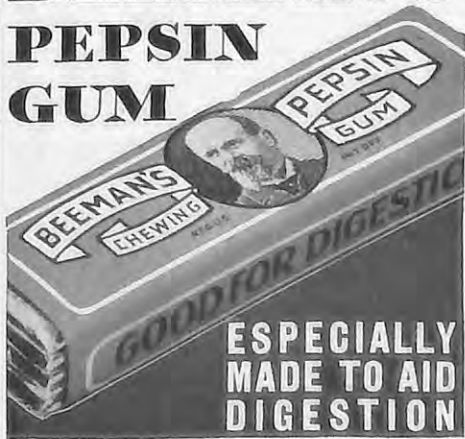


That ugly cop . . .

grinning!
Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indignation.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he originated this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew
**BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM**



REDUCE Waistline 2 to 4 Inches in 10 DAYS or Your Money Refunded



Gone—That Bulging
Waistline

"Director Belt reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches," says R. A. Lowell of Des Moines, Ia., "I tell all my friends about it."

If your waistline is too large you surely ought to test Director Belt. If it doesn't reduce your waistline from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days we will return your money immediately. Director is easy and comfortable to wear. It applies a gentle, changing pressure upon the fat at the waistline and produces results similar to a massage. Director Belt has been successful in reducing the waistline of so many thousands of men that we can make this unusual offer and have you test it at our expense.

You will be pleased with the appearance of reduced girth which Director gives you immediately you put it on. Then you will find it a simple, easy way to reduce. No exercises, diet or drugs.

Send for FREE FOLDERS

These folders tell the complete story of Director Belt and just how it works. Find out what thousands of men in all professions say about results obtained for them by a Director Belt.

10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Landon & Warner, Dept. G-44
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligation on my part please send me free folders telling complete story of Director Belt and give full particulars of your 10-day trial offer.

Name

Address

City State

100 Shaves from EACH Blade

The Master-Hone puts a hair splitting edge on the duldest razor blade—ANY blade—in 5 seconds. Many get 100 shaves per blade. W. P. Walsh, Windsor, Ontario, used same blade daily, 3 months. Only honing can give a NEW edge on a blade. This patented, accurately bevelled hone of special abrasive makes each blade worth \$2.00 in service. MONEY REFUNDED if not delighted.



YOURS FREE We will send you a luteley free WITH FIRST ORDER of 12 for \$3.00, or send 50c for 1 or \$1 for 3. POSTPAID. Or, send no money and pay postman plus postal charges. But send today. These are Agents' prices. Regular retail price \$1.

Agents
net up to \$30 a day.
Mr. Earl Smith made \$59 in 8 hours.

WISCONSIN ABRASIVE COMPANY
Station A Dept. 7203 Milwaukee, Wis.

Let me pay you

A daily income of quick, cash commissions in advance by representing me in your locality. My prices are sensationally reduced on all-wool, tailored-to-measure suits. Amazing values—\$19.50—\$24.50—\$29.50—make orders easy to take.

Lowest Prices in 24 Years

UP TO \$75 A WEEK

100% co-operation, liberal bonus to producers who show my big selling, well known line. No special experience required. Big FREE outfit of large swatches puts you in business. Write now.

W. Z. GIBSON, Inc.
500 Throop St., Dept. Q-444, Chicago

\$50 Weekly for Women

Take orders for 3 dresses for \$1.89—one of our unusual values. Hundreds more. Stunning Paris styles—Amazing low prices. Earn own dresses free. No experience. No investment.

FREE—Rush name and address for marvelous automatic sales equipment and liberal free dress plan.

Fashion Frocks Inc., Dept. C-125, Cincinnati, Ohio

3 DRESSES \$1.89

Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 54)

- John N. Garner, of Texas.
- Recipe, the Latin word for "Take."
- Gene Lauder Tunney.
- Montana.
- Fifteen.
- Moscow.
- The Cullinan diamond, in South Africa; it weighed more than a pound.
- Walter E. Edge.
- One which fires high, dropping its projectile upon the target.
- Michael Farmer.
- Edward Bulwer Lytton.
- Bartholdi, a Frenchman.

1932 Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 34)

hottest weather occurs in Birmingham. This does not come until September. Also, the nights are cool, the mercury often showing as much as a 10 degree drop during the evening, so that refreshing sleep is a nocturnal compensation for the heat of the day.

Birmingham is built on the top of Shades and Red Mountains and in the valley between them and is constantly being gifted with breezes over the cool slopes of the mountain-sides. Atop the mountains, within the city limits and just outside them, are many havens where the sun never reaches. Through the piney woods and through the rocky passes and through the beautiful residential sections the visitor is offered unsurpassed motor drives.

Placed in this setting, the flavor of Dixie will permeate the atmosphere during the convention. Elks from everywhere will be given a taste of the ante-bellum South, as well as the modernized South of today. In Birmingham there is an immense opportunity to make everyone feel happy and at home. The spirit of informality is Birmingham's and will be the order of the day during the convention. But nothing will be left undone to make the visitors happy and particular attention will be paid to the wives, sisters, mothers and other women who attend. It is patent with the South and a

tradition that the ladies must receive every attention and full advantage of this opportunity will be taken.

Headquarters have already been set up at 320 North Twenty-first Street, and work on details of the Grand Lodge gathering is under way. Early reservations are coming in and from present indications the 68th Convention will be among the outstanding ones of the Order. Lodge committees are being appointed and local committees are already hard at work fashioning their extensive plans for the program.

Birmingham Lodge, No. 79 is gaining strength daily. The coming of the convention has proved a stimulus for many formerly outside the ranks to join in Elksdom. Among the many recent initiates is the Honorable J. M. Jones, Jr., President of the City Commission, who has taken a great personal interest in the forthcoming convention.

Not a thing is being overlooked and when convention time comes, everything will be in top shape to welcome the greatest gathering of Elks ever.

ELKS 68TH NATIONAL CONVENTION.

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

The Library of the Lawless

(Continued from page 14)

The unusual part about this story is that it is so unusual—for the denizens of the underworld in general have a terrible fear of fingerprints. They will try the most unusual stunts to avoid being finger-printed. A certain prisoner escaped from a Federal penitentiary. The warden sent in the finger-prints of the missing man, from the file kept in the penitentiary. A check-up at the Bureau revealed that these prints did not tally with a set of prints for the same man that had been sent in by a Pennsylvania city some time before. Now, if there is one thing certain above all else, it is that an individual's finger-print pattern never changes. He may become pug-nosed, knock-kneed, cross-eyed, or cauliflower-eared, so that even his own mother wouldn't recognize him. But the distinctive markings on his finger-tips will ever remain the same.

The reason why the two sets failed to agree was because the trustees who finger-printed the prisoner at the penitentiary had substituted prints of two of their fingers. An examination of the finger-print cards of all the trustees who had worked in the identification department of the prison finally disclosed the identity of these two substitute finger-prints. They belonged to two men who were then on parole. The result was that they were returned to prison. The escaped prisoner was also soon caught. Such is the uncanny power of this modern method of labeling criminals.

But the value of finger-prints is not confined to discovering the identity of the living. Unidentified dead have often proved a most baffling problem to the police. Here finger-prints step in and speak for the dead. Take this hair-raiser, for example: An evidently demented man, carrying a small valise, walked to the cashier's window in a Pittsburgh bank

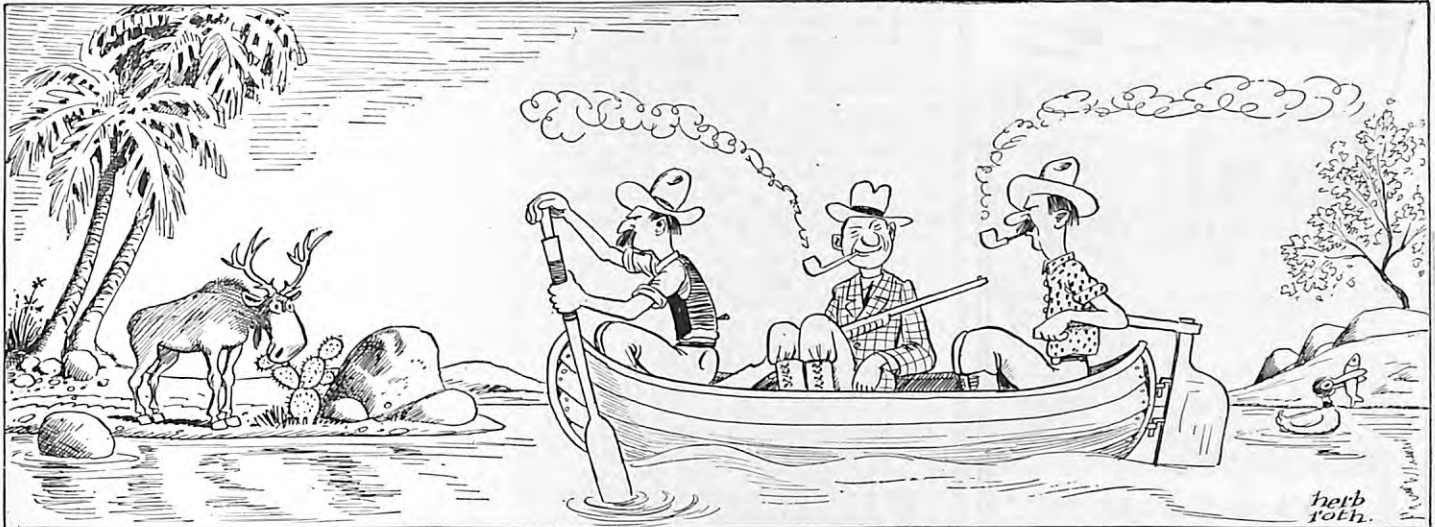
and declared that unless the contents of the cash drawer were given to him he would drop the valise and blow up the bank. The cashier refused, the valise was dropped, and when the dust had settled and the panic was over, the only parts of the crank that could be found that were available for identification purposes were an ear and a hand. The print of these five fingers was sent to the Bureau. Though the possession of only five fingers was a tremendous handicap, the experts succeeded in identifying it with a card already in their files of a man named William Chowick, who had been arrested in Milwaukee some years before. The mystery of the demented man who sent three others into eternity with him would have always remained a mystery if the Milwaukee police had failed to send in prints to the Bureau when Chowick fell into their hands, years before.

Or take this bit of sinister drama: An unidentified member of the criminal world died in Salt Lake City. A woman dressed in mourning arrived from the Pacific Coast, claiming the body as that of her husband and giving the name of a certain notorious Pacific Coast crook. The police were suspicious and took the prints of the dead man's fingers. These were sent to the Bureau and compared with the prints of this particular crook, which were on file. They proved not to be the same. Doubtless this California criminal had hired this woman to pose as his widow at the Salt Lake City morgue, thinking that if the police believed him dead, they would relax their search for him, and that his card or cards would thus be taken out of the Bureau files—the only way possible for them to be removed.

Not only do the finger-tips give to the individual his most distinctive marks, but, singu-

What Eleven Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 61)



larly enough, the skin on the fingers seems to retain its distinctive markings for quite a period after the rest of the body has decomposed. More than one defunct lawbreaker at the morgue has had his hands artificially warmed that the fingers might be supple enough to allow finger-printing.

A criminal was surprised in the very act of robbing a store. Told to throw up his hands, he took a pot shot at the officer instead, and then ran toward a near-by river. It was the middle of winter. The ice broke when he was half way across the stream. The next spring they recovered his body. Finger-prints were

taken, and though a little blurred they were sufficiently clear to permit of identification. He proved to be a deserter from the army.

Let us turn from the recital of these thrillers to look for a moment into the routine working of this Identification Division at Washington. You enter the offices of this Division to find the most drab collection of furniture, only long rows of filing cabinets. Standing by each cabinet is a quiet, businesslike sort of man—in many a case a young college graduate—with a finger-print card in one hand and a microscope in the other, comparing prints. The 1,700 cards that come in one morning are all re-

ported back by the next night. The Division promises forty-eight-hour service. It often beats this. When the cards come in they are given a filing number in harmony with an accepted formula of numerical and alphabetical equivalents for certain kinds of markings on each of the fingers. This filing number is the name of the crook, so far as the Division experts are concerned. When this finger-print name has been placed on the card, it requires, on the average, only from three to five minutes to search the files for a possible duplicate print.

A card comes in from Los Angeles bearing
(Continued on page 60)

There's more chicle in it
... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and the quality of the CHICLE used that makes such a big difference in chewing gums—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. That explains its greater chewing quality and smoothness. That's why Beech-Nut Gum stays fresh and smooth-flavored far longer than any ordinary gum—that's what makes all the difference between a good gum and *the finest gum you can buy.*

**Beech-Nut
GUM**

Riding to greater smoking pleasure

"You get more enjoyment from smoking than anyone I know."

"Of course, I use Beech-Nut Gum between smokes . . . and it certainly makes the next smoke taste better."

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING

WINTER GREEN
BEECH-NUT GUM

SPEARMINT
BEECH-NUT GUM

MINT
BEECH-NUT GUM

"Makes the next smoke taste better"

PEPPERMINT · SPEARMINT
and WINTERGREEN flavors



Cash or Sympathy?

Would you prefer \$25 Weekly or SYMPATHY? In case of accidental death would you give your family \$10,000 Cash or SYMPATHY?

Sympathy will not pay bills!

A \$10 BILL

will protect you for a whole year under our limited

ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS POLICY

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
 Anyone 16 to 70 Years Accepted
 Oldest and Largest Exclusive Health & Accident Company in America.

\$10,000 Principal Sum
 \$10,000 Loss of Hands, Feet or Eyesight
 \$25 Weekly Benefit for Stated Accidents or Sicknesses
DOCTOR'S BILLS, Hospital Benefit and other attractive features to help you in time of need, all as shown in policy

GET CASH—Not Sympathy!

in case of automobile, travel, pedestrian and many other common accidents. Can you afford to have your salary stop, pay doctor and household expenses, in case of illness such as lobar pneumonia, appendicitis operations, etc., or any of the many common sicknesses covered in this strong policy? Protect yourself! Get Cash instead of Sympathy!

Don't wait for misfortune to overtake you.

--- MAIL THE COUPON NOW ---

North American Accident Insurance Co. [Chicago]
 208 Wallach Bldg., Newark, New Jersey.

Gentlemen:
 At no cost to me, send copy of your booklet
FREE:

"CASH OR SYMPATHY"

Name

Address

City

AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

(Continued from page 59)

the finger-prints of a man caught safe-breaking. A search may fail to reveal any past record. If so, the card is filed away in its proper place and a negative report returned. But perhaps the files do contain a card, or cards, of him. On them will be a record of the criminal's past activities so far as Washington has been able to learn of them. Los Angeles is immediately notified that their safe-breaker has been, let us say, convicted once in New York for robbery, and once in Chicago for petty larceny. At the same time letters are sent to the New York and Chicago police offices telling them of this crook's arrest in Los Angeles for safe-breaking. Thus the record of a crook can be kept up to date in every police office he has ever been in. This is very important when it is remembered that criminals have a way of returning, in time, to the scenes of their former operations.

But perhaps the files reveal that this safe-blower has not only run afoul of the law in New York and Chicago, but is wanted in Cleveland for some crime, and that Cleveland is to be notified by wire immediately if he shows up anywhere. Off goes the wire. Within a day Los Angeles and Cleveland can be in correspondence as to who shall have possession of the Angel City's undesirable guest. That speed and efficiency doesn't leave much to be desired, does it?

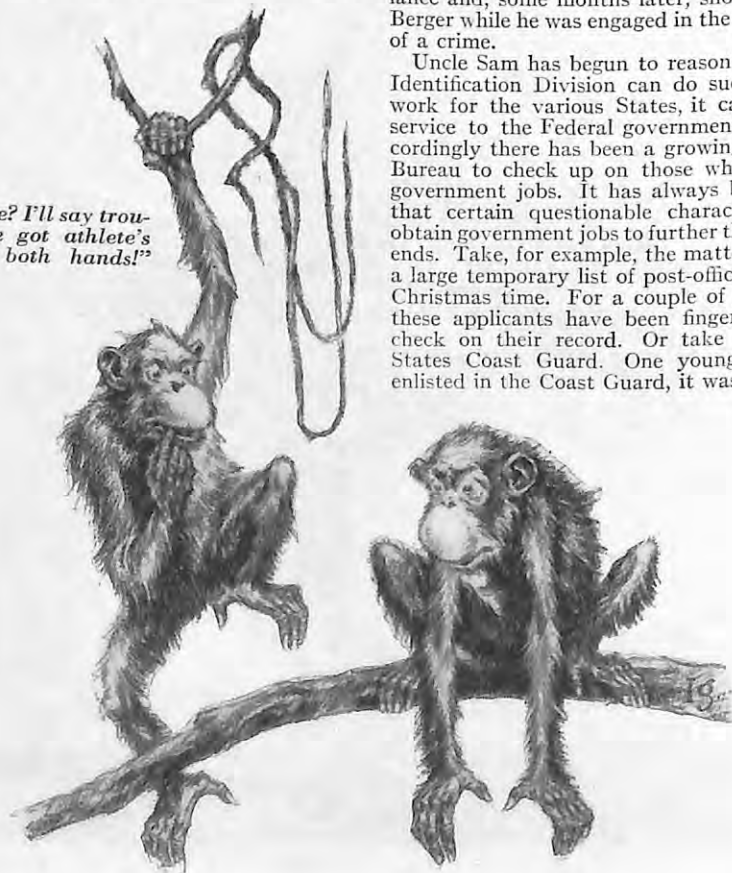
WHILE the primary records of criminals are in terms of their finger-print names, a separate, alphabetical card index is also kept. This contains the names the criminals are using at the time of their arrest, along with their criminal record. There are over 3,500,000 of these cards. Some of them contain a whole list of aliases, one original chap has 114 to his credit, or discredit. A finger-print card comes in bearing the name of Jake Smith, arrested, say, in New York for burglary. This print is properly filed, and a separate card bearing the name "Smith, Jake," and the date of his burglary, is separately placed in the alphabetical file. Perhaps next year a finger-print card comes in from San Francisco bearing the name of Steve Brown, arrested for arson. The

search of the print file reveals that this chap who gave the San Francisco police the name of Steve Brown is none other than our old friend Jake Smith. The Brown print is placed beside the Smith print and the "Smith, Jake" card in the alphabetical file adds the notation "alias Steve Brown," and a record of his last arrest. In the "B" section of this file a new card is made out, bearing the name "Brown, Steve, alias Jake Smith," with a notation of both crime charges. Sounds a little complicated, doesn't it? But it's deadly effective. If the finger-print file can't give any light, perhaps the alphabetical file can. Here's a story that proves it:

The chief of police of Berkeley, California, sent to the Bureau the smudgy impressions of two fingers, with the information that they were the only clues left by a local burglar who had preyed upon the community at a certain season for the past several years. A distinctive method of burglarizing that earned for this unknown crook the title of "hole-in-the-wall" burglar, enabled the Berkeley police to know that this particular criminal whose two finger-prints they found, had been carrying on for years in their city. The two prints were accompanied by the names of thirty persons from the Berkeley police files, who were generally in the city at the time of the year these burglaries occurred and were customarily absent after the depredations ceased. Now, the possession of the prints of only two fingers made impossible a direct search of the regular finger-print file. So the Bureau approached the problem via the alphabetical file by comparing these two prints with the finger-print cards of all individuals with names similar to those on the list of thirty furnished. As a result, the Bureau was able to inform Berkeley that the two prints they sent in were the impressions of the middle finger of the right hand and the middle finger of the left hand of one William Berger, who had served a year's sentence at one time in San Quentin. Berger was known locally as one of considerable prominence, and had on certain occasions even chided the police for their failure to solve these very crimes. Armed with the positive knowledge of the burglar's identity, the police maintained constant vigilance and, some months later, shot and killed Berger while he was engaged in the commission of a crime.

Uncle Sam has begun to reason that if this Identification Division can do such excellent work for the various States, it can prove of service to the Federal government also. Accordingly there has been a growing use of the Bureau to check up on those who apply for government jobs. It has always been known that certain questionable characters try to obtain government jobs to further their crooked ends. Take, for example, the matter of adding a large temporary list of post-office helpers at Christmas time. For a couple of years, now, these applicants have been finger-printed to check on their record. Or take the United States Coast Guard. One young man who enlisted in the Coast Guard, it was discovered

"Trouble? I'll say trouble! I've got athlete's foot in both hands!"



when the finger-print report came back, was an escape from the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta.

Beginning with July 1 of this year, all applicants for civil service jobs must have their finger-prints taken as a part of their routine test for a position. For many months previous to this, however, the civil service had made increasing use of finger-printing. From the thousands of such prints that have already passed through the Bureau, it has been discovered that one out of every fourteen applicants for a U. S. job has a criminal record of some kind. With the exception of the navy and the marine corps, the various Federal units are now using this Bureau extensively. The army first tested out the value of this finger-print service by sending in prints of 1,000 enlisted men. The Bureau reported back a criminal record for fifty-five. The army considered the record sufficiently bad in half of the cases to discharge the men. The navy sends in the prints of deserters only. These are often found to be crooks.

The finger-print cards of civil-service applicants and government workers are not kept in the Bureau's files, but are returned to the respective government departments. This frees law-abiding citizens from the haunting thought that their finger-prints might be nestling alongside those of Scar-face Al or some other notorious character. Finger-printing has been so definitely related to crime that the value of such identification for honest citizens is not generally realized. If you talk with the experts at the Bureau, they will assure you that there is nothing more criminal attached to finger-printing than photographing you. They will tell you the story of the police chief in a Western city who sent in the prints of his two daughters and asked that they be kept in the Bureau files, explaining that the girls were going on a transcontinental auto trip, that summer, and he wanted to be sure that in the event of any accident, they could be easily identified.

A man and his wife who were starting on a novel round-the-world hike came to the Bureau to have their prints taken and safely kept while they were on their journey. They were taking this simple and certain method of assuring an incredulous world, when they returned to their starting place, that although perhaps changed in face and form, they were, nevertheless, the same individuals who started out years before. However, the Bureau does not make a practice of keeping finger-prints of others than law-violators.

More than one innocent man has been saved from a jail sentence, thanks to finger-prints. If your pet theory is a belief that innocent men are sent to jail because of mistaken identity, here's a story for you. I got it directly from one of the Bureau men. In a certain city, a man with a criminal record bought a car and paid a small amount down. Soon after, he and the car disappeared. A general description of the fellow was broadcast. In a few days a man answering this description was brought in. The garage men who sold the car identified him as the culprit. Others involved in the deal added their statements, until a total of nineteen had sworn that the person in custody was the thief. On the strength of this, he was remanded to jail on failure to post heavy bond. Leisurely the prison authorities proceeded to finger-print him. Remembering that they had the prints of the crook who had stolen the auto, they compared the cards. They were not alike! The innocent man was freed. A little later, the real thief was captured.

Here's something in a lighter vein to illustrate the value to an individual of finger-prints

to identify him. A man came to Washington in tramp's clothes and attempted to cash a government check from the Veteran's Bureau. The banks refused to cash the check until he could prove his identity. He thought of his record at Leavenworth, where he had served five years for robbery, and so called at the Identification Division to have them identify him. He got his check cashed.

Finger-prints are the only absolutely fool-proof method of identification. Two men may be almost identical in facial appearance and in physical measurements, but the finger-prints will be different. Take the classic case of the West Brothers. After twenty-eight years' time it is still without a parallel. In 1903, one Will West (colored) was committed to the Leavenworth Penitentiary, a few days thereafter being brought to the office of the record clerk to be measured and photographed. He denied having been in the penitentiary before, but the clerk, doubting the statement, ran his measuring instruments over him, and from the Bertillon measurements obtained, went to his files, returning with the card the measurements called for, properly filled out, accompanied by the photograph and bearing the name William West. The name and photograph and physical measurements were virtually identical with those of the prisoner standing before him. But Will West continued to deny that the card was his, whereupon the record clerk turned it over and read that William West was already a prisoner in that institution, having been committed to a life's sentence, two years previously, for murder! It is not even known definitely that these two Wests were related, despite their remarkable resemblance. That was in the days when police still relied quite largely on a series of physical measurements, known as the Bertillon system, to identify crooks. Finger-printing was only beginning to be used. The finger-prints of these two Wests were sharply different.

When the real culprits in the Lamar, Colorado, bank robbery were apprehended, it caused the release of four men. They had been held for the crime because a number of citizens had "identified" them as the quartet who robbed the bank!

THE taking of finger-prints is a simple operation. An experienced police officer can take a set in about a minute. Each finger-tip, in turn, is covered with a film of printer's ink, by rolling the finger from one side to the other on an inked surface. Then the finger-tip is pressed on a standard size, 8 by 8, card, again rolling the finger to insure a full outline. Each particular finger-print is impressed in a certain space in the card. There are ten squares on the card, labeled for each of the ten fingers.

If you look carefully at the tips of your fingers, you will find that the patterns on them probably differ in their general outline. These different patterns come under one of eight main divisions, though there are 1,088 possible groupings of whorls, arches, and loops, as these finger-print patterns are known.

The experts at the Bureau will tell you very frankly that universal finger-printing is the ideal. They explain that it would bring to an end the present state of affairs where 40,000 unidentified persons are buried annually in the potter's field. So, who knows what the future may hold for all of us? The Bureau men have already taken this present writer's prints—at his request, be it known! These prints are filed away, not at the Bureau, but with the writer's private papers in the safe. Step up, gentlemen! Next!

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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

Answers to "What Eleven Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 59)

1. There are no palm-trees in moose country.
2. The moose has horns like a deer.
3. The moose has hoofs like a horse.
4. Moose don't eat catcus.
5. Canoes are not clinker-built.
6. Canoes don't have rudders.
7. The paddler is sitting too far forward.
8. The paddler is paddling with an oar.
9. The passenger is sitting wrong in a canoe.
10. The passenger is pointing his gun at the guide.
11. The smoke is blowing two ways at once.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 32)

suggestion of Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther, who was among the distinguished guests attending the meeting, the Association requested each New Jersey Lodge to send a cash gift of at least one dollar to the superintendent of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., to be used toward Christmas entertainment for the residents there.

Illinois

REPORTS from the Illinois State Elks Association have disclosed recently that, with the addition, since last August, of five new clinics for crippled children, the organization now is providing medical and surgical treatment for the State's disabled boys and girls in seventy-one centers. In many instances two clinics a month are held. Since the inception of this work of rehabilitation two years ago, the Association has had examined 9,226 children, has had discharged as cured 291 and has, at present, virtually ready for discharge, 393.

Indiana

OFFICERS and Committeemen of the Indiana State Elks Association gathered recently at the Hotel Antlers, Indianapolis, at the annual mid-winter session. It was the largest meeting ever held in the history of the Association. President Frank E. Coughlin, of South Bend Lodge, No. 235, presided. Preliminary conferences were held upon the evening of the first day by the several committees relative to their work for the coming year; and plans were laid for the annual convention, to be held at Huntington, June 15 and 16. The meeting the following day was

preceded by a luncheon served to the forty guests present. The reports of all committees were adopted at this time. The most important of the several resolutions passed at this meeting was that relative to the George Washington Prosperity Class. This the Association heartily endorsed and pledged cooperation in. The reports of the District Deputies indicated that all Lodges in the State are making an increased and encouraging effort to promote activities of all kinds. The Association's plan of organizing the State into District Associations, it was disclosed, has been complied with. All Districts either already have held their preliminary organization meetings or will have done so soon. The Transportation Committee reported its arrangement of a short trip for Indiana delegates to the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham. An attractive itinerary has been decided upon. The train will leave Indianapolis July 9, with stopovers at Cincinnati, Ohio, and Chattanooga, Tenn. State Convention plans were discussed by General Chairman J. L. Brenn. They include many items of interest, with a feature boxing program, a reception and banquet for Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, a ritualistic contest, a golf tournament, a parade, and an outdoor picnic. Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wiecking made the principal address at the meeting. He emphasized particularly efforts for increased membership.

Oregon

OFFICERS and other members of the Oregon State Elks Association, who met a short time ago in Portland, decided to hold

their next session, in April, at Eugene. Prominent among those present at the meeting in Portland were President E. H. Jones and Past President J. L. Tucker, of the Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. A. Ekwall and A. C. Van Nuys; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers J. R. McKy and J. H. Pickles.

Washington

REPRESENTATIVES of nineteen Lodges of the State of Washington recently attended a meeting of the Washington State Elks Association, at the Home of Tacoma Lodge, No. 174. Among the distinguished visitors present were Walter F. Meier, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Stewart E. Perry and J. J. Schiffner; and Past Presidents Russell V. Mack and Robert E. Evans, of the Association. The morning session was devoted to a meeting of the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the Lodges. In the afternoon, short talks were made on the George Washington Prosperity Classes by Mr. Meier, District Deputies Perry and Schiffner; and Past Presidents Mack and Evans.

Texas

PRESIDENT HARRY A. LOGSDON, of the Texas State Elks Association, recently issued an official circular in which he notified members of the Association of the committees appointed. The circular also covered the preliminary plans for the Association's convention, to be held in Laredo on May 26, 27 and 28.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

from Altus Lodge, No. 1226, Duncan Lodge, No. 1446, Chickasha Lodge, No. 755, and Hobart and Alva Lodges.

The Grand Exalted Ruler visited three Lodges on December 15. In the forenoon he called at the Home of Chickasha Lodge and at noon was the guest of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417. Three hundred Elks attended the luncheon. This number included several officials of the capital city and the State who later conducted Mr. Coen to the capitol building for a reception. Shawnee Lodge, No. 657, entertained the chief executive of the Order in the evening. After a tour of inspection of the splendid Elks Country Club maintained by the Lodge, he was the guest of honor of the Lodge's officers and other members at a banquet.

One hundred and fifty Elks greeted Mr. Coen at luncheon at the Home of Tulsa Lodge, No. 946, on December 16. The Drill Team of the Lodge escorted its notable guest into the banquet room. At the conclusion of the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler delivered a stimulating address. In the evening he was the guest of honor at a dinner at the new quarters of Pawhuska Lodge, No. 1177, in whose dedicatory ceremonies he later participated. Present upon the occasion were delegations from Nowata Lodge, No. 1151, Bartlesville Lodge, No. 1060, Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347, and Enid and Tulsa Lodges. Prominent among the guests, in addition to Mr. Coen, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers R. W. Moreland and Harry Tucker and President E. R. Walcher, of the Oklahoma State Elks Association.

After a morning visit to the Home of Blackwell Lodge on December 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler, in the company of President Walcher and a group of members of Blackwell Lodge, motored to Wichita, Kansas, where at the Home of the Lodge there, No. 427, he con-

ferred in the afternoon with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of Lodges in the State. The officers of Hutchinson Lodge, No. 453, were hosts to Mr. Coen in the evening at a banquet at the Bisonte Hotel. At the Lodge meeting after the dinner, W. Y. Morgan, a charter member of No. 453, and publisher of the *Hutchinson News*, in behalf of the two hundred and fifty Elks present, welcomed Mr. Coen. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. B. Greenwald and President Fred M. Brown, of the Kansas State Elks Association, were part of the Grand Exalted Ruler's escort from Wichita to Hutchinson.

Mr. Greenwald continued with him upon his journey, December 18, to Dodge City Lodge, No. 1406, where Exalted Ruler M. Dale Gonder and fifty other members greeted him at noon. With an escort of Dodge City Elks, Mr. Coen motored in the afternoon to Garden City for the dedicatory ceremonies of the new Home of the Lodge there, No. 1404. At a meeting thereafter he witnessed the initiation of thirty candidates and later was the principal guest at a banquet, attended by two hundred Elks and their wives.



Coconut palms, Porto Rico

A Lodge of his home State, Colorado, welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the following evening. This was La Junta Lodge, No. 701. After being entertained by the officers of the Lodge at an informal dinner, Mr. Coen attended and spoke at the formal session ensuing. Besides the large number of La Junta Elks, there were present at the meeting delegations representing Lamar Lodge, No. 1319, Rocky Ford Lodge, No. 1147, and Pueblo Lodge, No. 90, whose number included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. P. Keating. From La Junta Mr. Coen proceeded to his home in Sterling, Colo., for the holiday season.

THE first visit of the New Year made by Grand Exalted Ruler Coen was that to Sheridan, Wyo., Lodge, No. 520, on January 6. The principal incidents of the occasion were a banquet at the Sheridan Inn and the Lodge meeting later at the Home, where, together with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James G. Wiederhold and 300 other members of the Order, Mr. Coen witnessed the initiation of a class of 27 candidates. Visiting delegations from Casper and Greybull Lodges were among the assemblage. Upon his tour during the month, the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Mrs. Coen.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain and George F. Corcoran, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, were among the many Elks to welcome Mr. Coen two days later at Omaha, Nebr., Lodge, No. 39. A delegation headed by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James M. Fitzgerald met the distinguished guest at the railroad station and conducted him to the Lodge Home. There Mr. Coen was the guest of honor at a dinner and later at a meeting of the Lodge. At this,

(Continued on page 64)

Every
Good
Boy
Deserves
Fun
LOOK!



Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are. Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is *e*. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is *g*.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is *f*. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is *a*.

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No "tricks" or "secrets"—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

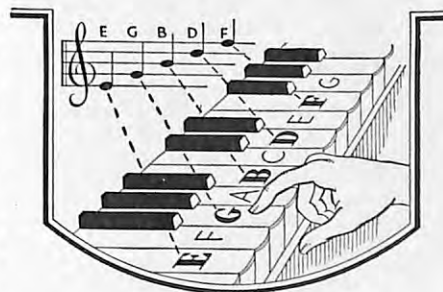
You don't need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, and enjoy every minute of it.

You learn from the start—Previous training unnecessary

So clear and simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at an average cost of only a few pennies a day.

Pick Your Instrument

- Piano
- Organ
- Ukulele
- Cornet
- Trombone
- Piccolo
- Guitar
- Hawaiian Steel Guitar
- Sight Singing
- Piano Accordion
- Italian and German Accordion
- Voice and Speech Culture
- Harmony and Composition
- Drums and Traps
- Automatic Finger Control
- Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
- Juniors' Piano Course
- Violin
- Clarinet
- Flute
- Saxophone
- Harp
- Mandolin
- Cello



You'll be amazed at your progress! You "get on" so quickly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don't be just "another one of the guests" at the next party you go to. *Be the center of attraction!* The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you'll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a *capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibis now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it.

Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once.

Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this newly perfected method.

Send for our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3623 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

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Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane. Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You
..... Instrument?

Name.....

Address.....

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

(Continued from page 62)

besides the membership of Omaha Lodge, there were present members of Fremont, Columbus, Nebraska City, Norfolk and Plattsmouth, Nebr.; and Council Bluffs and Davenport, Ia., Lodges.

Traveling northward from Omaha, the Grand Exalted Ruler on January 10 reached St. Paul, Minn., where, at the Hotel St. Paul, he was the guest of the officers of Lodge No. 59 at luncheon; and later conferred with District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. A. Ingerson upon the affairs of his jurisdiction.

Nearly four hundred Elks, comprising members of six other Lodges, entertained Mr. Coen when he called, on January 11, upon Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260. After a reception at the home of Sam Stern, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a banquet and at a subsequent formal session of the Lodge. Music by the Elks Purple Band of Fargo Lodge enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

The official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to his own Lodge, Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336, came four days later and coincided with its observation of "Sister Lodge Night." Many of the 350 Elks present upon the occasion came from the near-by Lodges of Denver, most of whose eighty representatives traveled by special train; and of Fort Morgan, Greeley, Longmont, and Loveland. A dinner in Mr. Coen's honor preceded the Lodge meeting. Those who spoke, besides Mr. Coen, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Byron Albert; President George L. Hamlik and Treasurer William R. Patterson, of the Colorado State Elks Association; and State Supreme Court Justice Wilbur M. Alter.

Upon January 17, after his reception in the afternoon at a meeting, marked for its enthusiasm, at the Home of Kansas City, Kans., Lodge, No. 440, the Grand Exalted Ruler visited Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, in the evening. Among those to welcome him were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Harry R. Garrison and President M. E. Gouge, of the Missouri State Elks Association.

Those two prominent Missourian Elks accompanied Mr. Coen when, upon the following evening, he called upon Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673. After a dinner in his honor at the Hotel Estes, the Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed at the Lodge Home by two hundred and thirty members of the Order. Among this number were delegations representing Sedalia, Kansas City, Clinton and Lexington Lodges; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. B. Shea. A reception and dance followed the meeting.

Trenton Lodge, No. 801, greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the evening of January 19 at a banquet at the Hotel Plaza. One hundred and twenty-five Elks, from Trenton and other Lodges of the Northern District, attended the affair. The speakers were Mr. Coen, Mr. Gouge and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. B. Burns.

The Elks of Kentucky were the next to receive official calls from the Grand Exalted Ruler. His first visit in this State was that to Madisonville Lodge, No. 738. The gathering upon this occasion, the evening of January 21, was notable for the presence of one hundred and thirty members of the Order and for its inclusion of Elks of

such prominence as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leland O'Callaghan and President Roger L. Neff, Jr., of the Kentucky State Elks Association. Of note among the membership of Madisonville Lodge to greet Mr. Coen were Exalted Ruler Harry Boyd and eighteen Past Exalted Rulers.

Accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leland O'Callaghan and by President Roger L. Neff, Jr., President of the Kentucky State Elks Association, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen was the guest at luncheon, on January 22, of Princeton, Ky., Lodge, No. 1115. Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge composed the reception committee. Mayor W. L. Cash delivered the address of welcome.

A reception later in the afternoon of the same day and a banquet attended by 150 Elks, at the Hotel Irvin S. Cobb in the evening were features of the entertainment of Mr. Coen by Paducah, Ky., Lodge, No. 217. The officers and the committee of welcome of the Lodge, and the high school band of forty pieces greeted him upon his arrival.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's second visit in Kentucky, made January 23, was to Louisville, Lodge, No. 8, and coincided with the Lodge's celebration of its fifty-fifth anniversary. A noteworthy part of this event was a banquet in Mr. Coen's honor at the Henry Clay Hotel. Two hundred Elks attended the affair.

In the early afternoon of January 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended a dinner at the Home of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, in honor of the eighty-fourth birthday of the Lodge's Secretary, George D. Bostock; and in the evening Mr. Coen was himself the guest of honor at a banquet given by Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50. There three hundred Elks welcomed him, among whom were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Trustee John K. Burch, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. Dickson Brown, Leo J. Wykkel and Deland A. Davis and President George C. Ackers, of the Michigan State Elks Association. A reception to the Grand Exalted Ruler at the home of Claude C. Carney, father of Exalted Ruler Hershel W. Carney, followed the banquet.

The Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of two Lodges the following day, visiting Detroit Lodge, No. 34, in the afternoon and Pontiac Lodge, No. 810, in the evening. At Detroit Lodge an informal reception was held, whereafter Mr. Coen was conducted to Pontiac Lodge. There, after a banquet early in the evening, he was greeted at the Lodge meeting by five hundred Elks. Mr. Masters, Mr. Brown, Mr. Wykkel and Mr. Ackers accompanied him to Detroit and Pontiac. Features of the Pontiac gathering were the presence among it of the Exalted Rulers of

seven neighboring Lodges; and the performance, in the course of the evening, of the male quartet of Lansing Lodge, No. 196.

Governor George White, of Ohio; Mayor Henry Worley, of Columbus, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward J. McCormick, Grand Trustee James S. Richardson, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles L. Haslop, Clifford E. Libbee, T. S. Brindle and J. M. Mariner; and President Ernst Von Barga and Past Presidents J. C. A. Leppelman and James R. Cooper, were among the six hundred Elks to welcome the official visit of the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Home of Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, upon the evening of January 27. For the number of Elks present, as well as for the distinction of so many of them, the event also was exceptional. Six hundred in all attended the Lodge meeting. Of these two hundred were members of Lodges in southern and central Ohio. Prominent among the events of the session were Mr. Coen's address and the initiation of sixty-two candidates, the second large group to be inducted by Columbus Lodge within the last few months. The Elks Chorus and the Patrol of the Lodge assisted in the initiatory ceremonies.

After breakfast upon his train with a welcoming delegation of members of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, No. 53, Mr. Coen arrived in that city in the forenoon of January 28. He was greeted, in behalf of Mayor A. Q. Thacher, who was out of town, by Vice-Mayor Charles D. Hoover, and thereafter escorted to the Lodge Home. With him were Dr. McCormick, Mr. Mariner, and Mr. Leppelman. A luncheon at the Home, a quiet afternoon spent as the guest of Dr. and Mrs. McCormick, a banquet in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor in the evening, and a session of the Lodge subsequently, were the principal other events of Mr. Coen's visit to Toledo Lodge.

Ninety-five candidates were initiated at the Lodge meeting at which the Grand Exalted Ruler paid his official call to Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, the evening of January 29. This memorable session followed a banquet in his honor at the Hotel Cleveland. Prominent among the Elks present, besides Mr. Coen, were Grand Esteemed Leading Knight E. J. McCormick, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Edward T. Fogo and James E. Breen.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, arriving in Buffalo, N. Y., on the afternoon of January 30, was escorted to the Home of Buffalo Lodge, No. 23, by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. LeSeur, and Vice-President Herbert A. Colf of the New York State Elks Association. At the Lodge meeting later, marked by one of the largest attendances in the history of Buffalo Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Swalbach and Past President D. Curtis Gano, of the New York State Elks Association, as well as many officers and members of neighboring Lodges, were present.

Traveling south from Buffalo, Mr. Coen became ill. When he reached Clarksburg, W. Va., his physician ordered him to forego all activity until the tenth of the month, when he planned to go to the national capital for the fiftieth anniversary celebration of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.



Grand Exalted Ruler Coen with members of St. Paul, Minn., Lodge



Should she have been frank?

THIS is a case where a woman paid a high price for silence. Like so many other commendable people she kept small irritations to herself. It was hard for her to speak out—even though a frank discussion might have smoothed trouble away.

Little things continually cropped up to mar her happiness. Possibly she should have overlooked them entirely. Certainly it was a grave mistake to harbor bitter thoughts. She allowed petty annoyances to pile up until her patience was almost exhausted. Then her husband grew a bit careless in his appearance—even failed to shave as often or as carefully as he should. She called this the "last straw" and left him.

Is a woman correct in assuming a man is losing respect for her or himself when he becomes careless about shaving? We think not—discomfort is a more likely reason—although stubble is a handicap in almost every business or social contact. May we suggest today's Gillette blade is the answer in cases like this.

This blade is far keener and smoother—invites frequent, close shaving. Once or twice daily use will not irritate the tenderest skin. We urge you to try this remarkable blade on our positive money-back guarantee. If you don't agree every shave is by far the cleanest and smoothest you have ever enjoyed—return the package to your dealer and he'll refund the purchase price.

Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES

"You like them FRESH?"

So do I!"

You don't have to tell the woman who has switched to Camels the benefits of a *fresh* cigarette.

She knows all about it—that's the reason she switched.

She has learned that the fine, fragrant, sun-ripened choice tobaccos in Camels have a perfectly preserved delicate mildness all their own.

She knows by a grateful throat's testi-

mony what a relief this smooth, cool, slow-burning *fresh* cigarette means to sensitive membrane.

Camels are fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack because they are *made* fresh, fresh with natural moisture and natural flavors—they are never parched or toasted.

If you don't know what the Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat so as to avoid parching or toasting means to the smoker—switch to Camels for just one day—then leave them—if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

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

PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network.

See radio page of local newspaper for time



● Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack can be depended upon to deliver fresh Camels every time

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CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH