

The Elks

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Magazine

MAY, 1932



George Creel — Courtney Ryley Cooper — Jack O'Donnell



Announcing

a new and higher standard

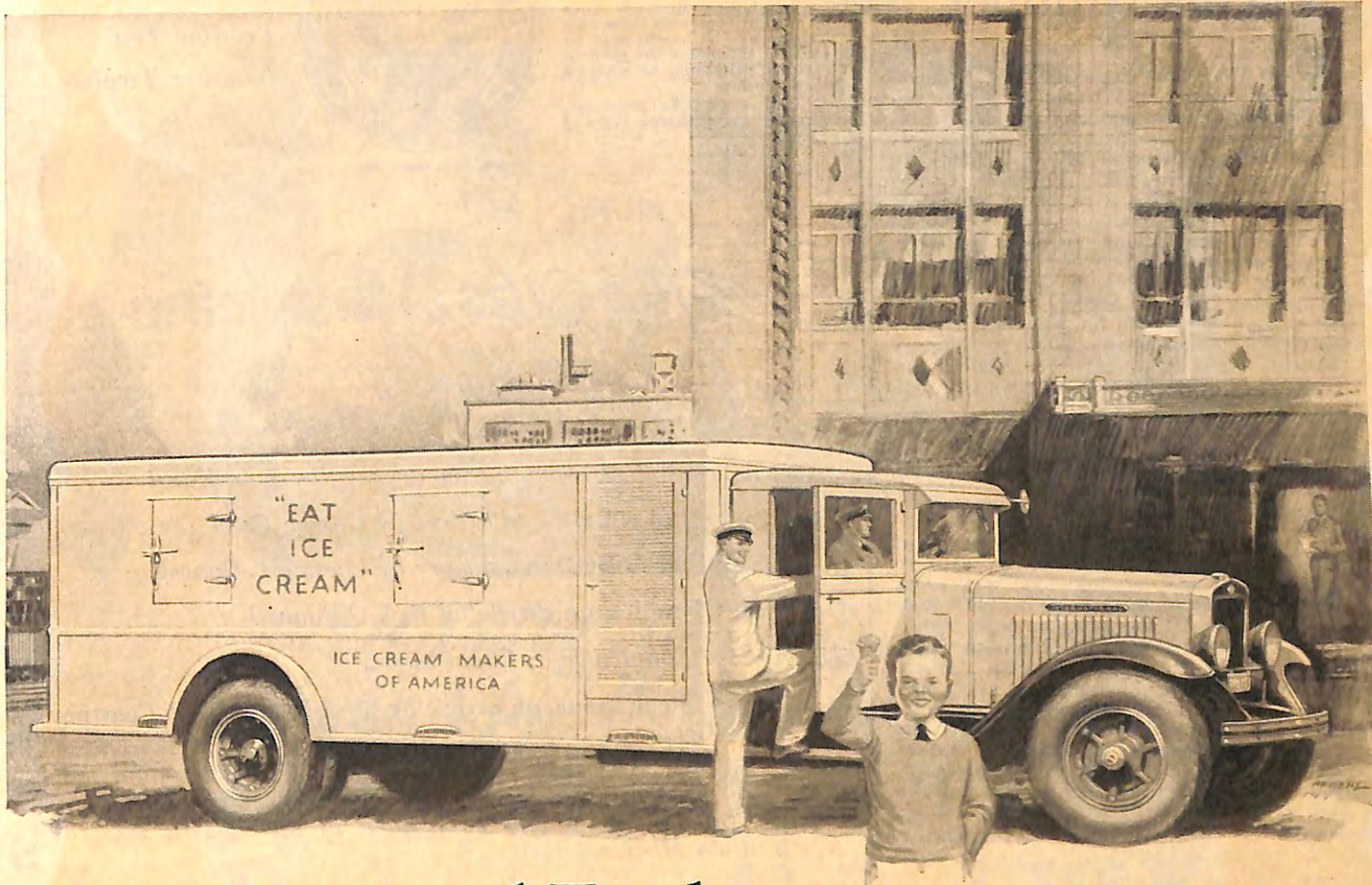
for **ETHYL
GASOLINE**

AS YOU read this, gasoline pumps throughout North America bearing the Ethyl emblem are being filled with an even better Ethyl Gasoline. **Q** The anti-knock standard and all-round quality of Ethyl have been raised still higher. For two reasons: (1) to give you more for your money, (2) to meet the requirements of automobiles the motor industry has brought out to take full advantage of Ethyl's universal distribution. **Q** The new cars with high compression engines require fuel of Ethyl's anti-knock standard, and in turn give more power from every gallon used. Older cars find Ethyl a real economy because it prevents harmful knock, overheating and power-loss. **Q** The new standard widens still further Ethyl's margin of superiority over ordinary gasoline. Though it costs oil companies more to produce this higher quality, the price of Ethyl today is less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline only a few years ago. Try the new standard today. Feel the difference Ethyl makes. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York City.

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Ice Cream Is Good For You



and International Trucks are good for the Ice Cream Industry

Illustration shows 3-ton Model A-5, 190-in. wheelbase chassis with mechanically refrigerated body.

HATS off to Dolly Madison, the fourth First Lady of our land! For she it was who returned from London one fine day with news of a delicious dish called "ice cream"... and the recipe for making it.

Our countrymen welcomed the new dessert with open mouths, and today ice cream is typically American... far more popular than in any other country of the globe.

Thanks to the high standards and progressive methods of the Ice Cream Industry, this one-time luxury is now a most wholesome and healthful food, of which our per capita consumption is about 72 good-sized helpings a year.

The growth of the Industry has been sure and steady... and easily understandable. And one of the biggest contributing factors has been the successful solution of its distribution problems.

International Trucks render a significant service to Ice Cream Manufacturers. Often they are the *deciding factor* that turns loss into profit. The Ice Cream Industry knows it can rely on Internationals under any conditions... be assured of low operating and upkeep cost on every route.

The rugged reliability of International Trucks... their great reserve of power... their speed and ease of handling... their impressive good looks... their time-tested and job-tested economy... these things indicate that what they have done for the Ice Cream Industry they can also do for you. And the International Line is so complete that the chassis and body requirements for any job in any industry can be met exactly.

Arrange for a demonstration with the nearest International Branch or dealer.

Ask for demonstration of the 1½-ton, 4-speed Model A-2
Now reduced to

\$615

for the 136-inch Wheelbase Chassis f.o.b. factory.
Other sizes from ¾-ton to 5-ton.
International branches at 183 points.



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

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*S*PRING is a whisper in the city street,
Calling the dusty wanderer along
The shining roads, to orchards blurred with white—
Where May lifts into high, triumphant song.

M. G. W.



Cornelius Vanderbilt. The thing that had driven him forward was a fierce determination to make the name Vanderbilt "mean somethin', b' God"

IN THE long and bizarre list of America's money masters, there is no parallel for Cornelius Vanderbilt, that violent old man who added some \$100,000,000 to his wealth after he was seventy, and at eighty still straddled the country like a Colossus. Plodding John Jacob Astor, subterranean Gould and miserly Russell Sage were colorless compared to him, for he was a creature of volcanic passions, and charged through life with all the headlong fury of a bull moose in the rutting season.

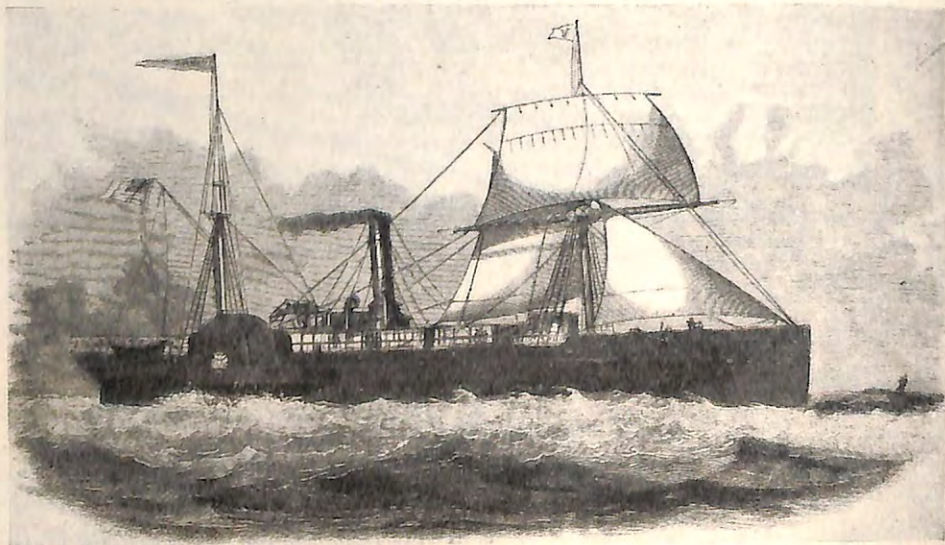
At every point Vanderbilt defied those precise rules for success that are laid down in primers. He spurned education, never even reading a book until he was seventy-five; his ungrammatical speech was ever that of a longshoreman: boastful, swaggering and domineering, he seemed to take a delight in giving offense, and as for honesty being the best policy, sometimes it was and sometimes it wasn't. Against these lacks, however, he matched tireless industry, an almost superhuman energy and the courage and tenacity of a bulldog.

At fourteen young "Corneel" was a better man than his father, a poor feckless Dutchman, and at sixteen he was running a sailing boat between Staten Island and New York, fighting with fists, teeth and feet for ferry traffic, and more than holding his own with the rough gentry of the water front. At twenty-three, due solely to his efforts, and his ability to work eighteen hours a day, he was operating several

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The Vanderbilt homestead on Staten Island, young "Corneel's" early home

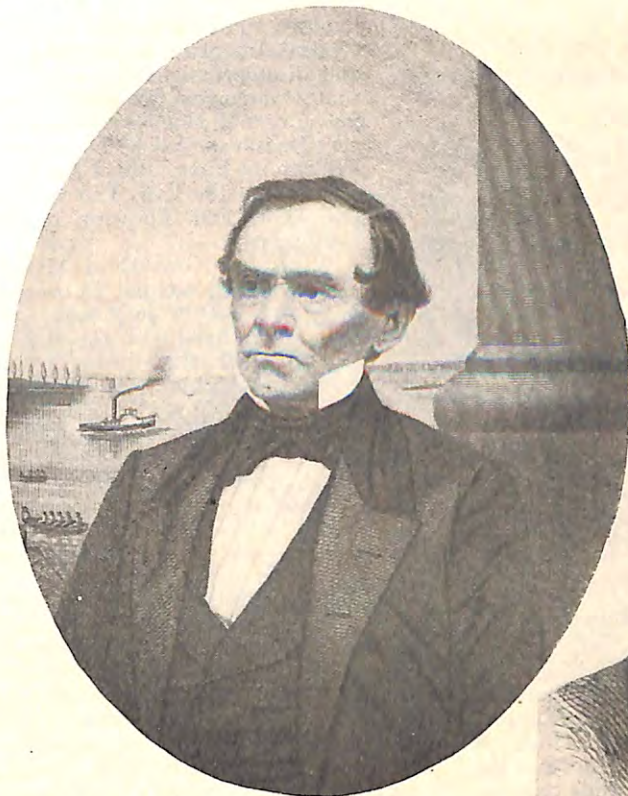


The steamship "Champion," of the Vanderbilt lines. Vanderbilt's victory over a rival company cost his country the control of the Atlantic and turned it over to British interests

"Bust in an' Raise Hell"

By George Creel

Cornelius Vanderbilt, violent, headstrong, profane, knew what he wanted, saw it... and took it.



"Uncle" Daniel Drew, arch-enemy of grim old Commodore Vanderbilt



William Aspinwall, whose rich business brought Vanderbilt down upon him

to the end of the chapter. First find out where the biggest money was being made, then bust in on the game and raise hell. Make things so goldnered hot for 'em that they'll either quit or else buy you out. A piratical scheme of life, and one made possible only by the man's physical and temperamental equipment.

millions behind him, he drove out competitor after competitor, and finally controlled the Sound trade between New York and Boston. Ten years passed—fat years—and the period of his withdrawal being up, he moved back to the Hudson, and built huge steamers that were the pride and glory of the day.

In 1846 Vanderbilt was a millionaire, able to treat himself to a high beaver hat and fast trotters, but wealth did nothing to refine or soften. He remained as swaggering, unmannerly and profane as in the ferryboat period, and success merely added to his arrogance and aggressive egotism. His wife had borne him twelve children—three sons and nine daughters—but he looked on her as an irritation, and despised his offspring because none had been cast in his own iron mould. Rejoicing in his own strength and ruthlessness, weakness was ever a thing that he loathed.

Fifty-two years old, and "cock of the walk," as he loved to boast, "Corneel" felt that he had attained every ambition, and might well have settled into a groove but for the California gold rush of 1849. Various hated rivals caught him napping, and before he realized the possibilities, "Bill" Aspinwall, George Lawing and "Marsh" Roberts were doing a rich business in the transportation of gold seekers, carrying them from New York to Panama by steamer, packing them across the Isthmus by mule train, and herding them on boats again for the Pacific voyage to San Francisco.

A gold-mine in itself, for besides the charge of \$600 per passenger, and the income from freight and gold shipments, the steamer lines enjoyed a government subsidy of \$1,000,000 a year for carrying the mails. High postal rates made the service more than self-supporting, to be sure, but it was a day when any powerful group, with the right

staunch vessels in the coastwise trade, and had \$8,000 in cash.

At this time the steamboats of Robert Fulton were puffing up and down the Hudson, but Vanderbilt stuck to his wind-jammers, profanely confident that "bilers" could never beat sail. Always a stubborn man, but never a fool, he saw his mistake in 1817, and sold out overnight, taking the captaincy of a steamer plying between New York and Jersey points.

"Goin' to larn the business," he confided to his mother, "an' then I'll show 'em somethin'."

Twelve years he sweated, cursed and bullied for the Gibbons Line, and then arrogantly confident that he knew every trick of the trade, quit the employment to strike out for himself. Due to his wife's efforts as well as his own, for all the time she had been slaving away as a tavern keeper, he was now worth \$30,000, but that worked no change in hard-bitten, tight-fisted "Corneel." He needed every goldnered cent for the plans he had in mind, and jamming the poor woman and her "pack of brats" in a cheap New York tenement, he looked over the field to see where the "pickin's" were richest.

THE profitable Hudson River trade made largest appeal, and buying boats cheaply on credit, he started to "bust in." On the job day and night, driving his men as furiously as he drove himself, and a master hand at drumming up trade, Vanderbilt's rate slashing and hammer-and-tongs competition soon drove one company out of business, and inside of a few years, the powerful Hudson River Association, operating a line between New York and Albany, paid him a handsome sum to get off the river for ten years.

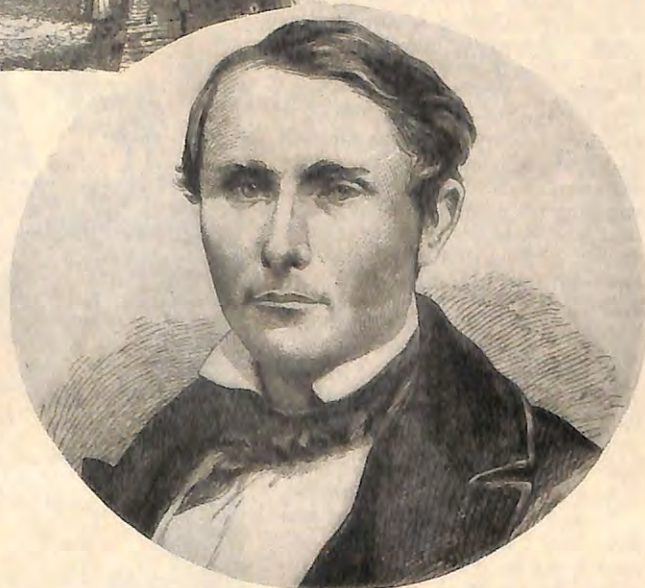
That was to be the "Vanderbilt way"



The port of Aspinwall, where gold seekers were landed and sent overland

He loved fighting, never knew the meaning of fatigue, and together with his strength and courage had the cunning of a wolverine.

Quitting the Hudson, "Corneel" turned to Long Island Sound and followed the same tactics in bucking established lines. He built finer boats, gave better service, cut prices to the bone, and bluffed with a confidence that paralyzed more timid souls. What with his rate slashing and his loud talk about the



William Walker, soldier-of-fortune, "gray-eyed man of destiny," who fought more than one bloody war against Vanderbilt-inspired attacks

political backing, could tap the national treasury. One Collins, for instance, a favorite of the Postmaster General, received a million a year in subsidies for his trans-Atlantic steamers.

As Vanderbilt gazed on the juicy profits being garnered by the Aspinwall crowd, his cold blue eyes shot sparks, and away he scurried to see what chance there was of "bustin' in." Panama proved hopeless, for the combination was airtight, but "Corneel," tenacious as a staghound, refused to be beaten off. Pulling up anchor, he cruised around the Caribbean for a bit, and soon had an idea. For years there had been talk of a canal across Nicaragua, but inasmuch as engineers figured the cost at hundreds of millions, owing to topographical difficulties, even the most reckless capital lacked courage for the venture.

Vanderbilt, plausible and imperious, journeyed to the Nicaragua capital, and by virtue of promising to build a canal, secured a charter for what he called the Accessory Transit Company. This charter bound Vanderbilt to start digging at once, and pending completion of the canal, he was to build a railroad across Nicaragua from ocean to ocean. Moreover, the company was to pay the Government \$10,000 a year, and 10 per cent. of the profits as a rental fee.

To all of which "Corneel" agreed joyously, for he had no intention whatever of constructing either the canal or the railroad, or of paying rent for that matter. All that he did, and all that he ever meant to do, was to run big boats from New York to Nicaragua, transfer the passengers to iron bottomed steamers that chugged up the San Juan River to the Lake, change them again into coaches and put them aboard ship on the Pacific side for the last leg of the journey. Of course, the new route got the business, for not only was it two days shorter, but Vanderbilt, following his usual practice, slashed rates in half, carrying passengers for \$300. The Panama crowd, hurt sorely, were considering compromise, when suddenly a new factor injected himself into the situation.

William Walker, the "Gray Eyed Man of Destiny," was a character every whit as unique as Vanderbilt, although on vastly different lines. A mite of a man, dressing always in clerical black, and sternly condemnatory of such vile habits as drinking, smoking or swearing, no man was ever more lawless in driving to his goal, and he killed with all the ferocity of a tiger. Lawyer, doctor and journalist, he brought to warfare the genius of a Hannibal, and while he never smiled, and ruled coldly and despotically, no Bonaparte was more the object of fanatical adoration.

It was in 1855 that Walker and fifty-five fellow adventurers left San Francisco for Nicaragua, invited by a rebel faction then struggling to overthrow the Government. The ragged band, led by the "little ecclesiastico," excited



A contemporary view of Boss Tweed

derision at first, but Walker and his men, fighting with a resistless fury that dismayed the Latins, won pitched battles, took strongholds and captured cities. A new government was soon set up, and the Gray Eyed Man of Destiny, while contenting himself with the post of commander-in-chief, was President in all but name.

What more natural than that Walker's bold soul should thrill to a dream of Empire as he looked out over the smiling land, a treasure house in its wealth of natural resources? If he had been able to bring peace and justice to the war-worn country with a half hundred men, what was it he could not do backed by five



How the Vanderbilt control was regarded by the public

hundred or a thousand? With all Central America a bedlam of graft and disorder, might it not well be that Guatemala, Costa Rica, San Salvador and Honduras would accept his rule as well as Nicaragua? William the First, Lord of the High Justice and the Low, Protector of the Poor, and Emperor of the Caribbean!

Where the Gray Eyed Man of Destiny failed was not in courage or vision but in judgment. He took a high hand with the British Council, and then proceeded to cancel the charter of the Accessory Transit Company. True, Vanderbilt was making no effort to build a canal or to lay a railroad, nor was he paying the stipulated rentals, but it would have been far better for Walker to have suffered these breaches rather than make a vindictive and powerful enemy.

Vanderbilt's rage against the blankety blank little "tin sojer" shook New York, but after his first burst of fury, the old man choked back his anger and called upon the cunning that had never failed him. Now began a duel to the death between the icy, unsmiling little adventurer and the huge, roaring money master. "Corneel's" first move was to send agents and money down into Central America, and as a result of their activities, the spring of 1856 saw supposedly powerful Costa Rica declaring war against the accursed *filibusteros*, an attack soon joined by Guatemala, Honduras and San Salvador.

"The dam' squirt," chuckled "Corneel," rubbing his hands gleefully. "I'll larn him."

Walker's resistance to the Allies stands to-day, and will ever stand, as one of the most remarkable exhibitions of courage in all history. With only 400 men at his back, he crushed an army of 3,000; on a black night he climbed a mountain to strike a devastating blow at the town of Masaya: marching swiftly to the relief of Granada, he fell upon the Guatemalans from behind, killing 500 and sending the others into panic-stricken flight, and then recognizing the walled town as a liability, burned it to the ground.

FIRST blood for Walker! Vanderbilt agents now bought off the Nicaraguan executives Walker had put in power, but the Gray Eyed Man of Destiny held an election and calmly announced that "the ballots of a free people" had lifted him to the seat of supreme authority. Another victory for Emperor William and soon followed by a greater. The United States promptly recognized the new government, for while President Pierce had small wish to antagonize Vanderbilt, the whole country, from Maine to California, was wild with enthusiasm over the exploits of Walker and his men.

For one tremendous moment it seemed that the adventurer's dream of empire might well come

(Continued on page 42)

"The murderers had ought to be put in one gang," Slaughter says, "so they can set a good example"



Something Had to Be Done

"WHAT are you doing?" Colonel Sam Hardy asked. His tone seemed to me almost belligerent. Moreover the question was entirely unnecessary. Plainly enough I was seated in a rawhide chair on the front porch of his Texas ranch house with my feet propped in the crotch of a mesquite tree, and I was reading a book. He came a step nearer and craned his neck in my direction. A step nearer for the Colonel means about four feet; he has extraordinarily long legs. For a few seconds he stood staring at me. Then he said, "I used to read a lot. Hardly a year passed I didn't read a book or two. But not no more. They don't write no more books like the ones I liked."

"What kind did you like, Colonel?"
 "Well, there was Twenty Thousand Leagues Under The Sea. That was a good book. And Robinson Crusoe, and Swiss Family Robinson, and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. That's the kind I like. A book had ought to be about something entirely different. I quit reading long ago when books about the mortgage on the old homestead come in. I don't like no book with a mortgage in it. I didn't never tucker to love stories much, either, but after they begin printing the kind where the people is already married I quit. What I like is a book where the feller that wrote it makes up a whole world of his own, different from this one. That's the kind of books people likes. And lemme tell you something, young feller, you won't never amount to shucks till you write that kind of a book. Why don't you do it?"

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By Chester T. Crowell

Illustrated by Raeburn Van Buren

"Never thought of it, Colonel."
 "Well, but I just been a-telling you."
 "I haven't the material."
 "Shucks, that's easy. I can give you the facts right here this morning; we ain't a-going nowhere. I can tell you about a dern fool kind of a world where murderers was aristocracy. That'd make a book, wouldn't it?"
 "Might."
 "I'd a-wrote it my own self long ago only I get a cramp in my hand. Will you write it?"
 "Certainly, Colonel."
 "Well, then, chuck that dern fool book you're a-reading and listen."
 I chucked the book.

This here happened away back—I disremember the year but you can look it up; it was the year the penitentiary burned down—Bud Farley was sheriff and I was chief deputy and he had a cousin in the Rangers that he set a heap of store by on account of having learned the kid to ride and shoot. He was a good kid, too; saved his money and had dern near two hundred dollars in the bank when he married. Well, one night when there was a norther blowing, one of the penitentiary hay stacks ketched fire and before nobody could do nothing about it the whole dad-blamed penitentiary had burned down. Nobody wasn't hurt none but next morning them guards had two hundred and eighty pris-

oners on their hands out on the bald prairie with nothing between the rain and their hides but some two-bit shirts and four-bit penitentiary pants.

Something had to be done terrible quick so there was a meeting up in the capital of the statesmen and they recommended to the governor that he should buy some bricks and steel bars and things and let these here prisoners rebuild the penitentiary, but the governor was a God-fearing man that knowed the scriptures and he says to them there statesmen: "No," he says, "I ain't sure that's right. The Good Book says you ain't got no right to put a muzzle on the oxen that trends out the corn and I got my doubts about making jailbirds rebuild a jail," he says. "And not only that," he says, "I'm a-going to run for re-election and there's already been too much talk about convict-made goods a-going onto the market. What I think is that honest labor had ought to rebuild that there penitentiary and while they're a-doing it we better herd them convicts off in some safe place somewheres else and give me a even break with the labor vote. They gotta take treasury warrants instead of cash wages, anyway, and sell 'em at a discount, which is bad enough without having convict labor do the work. Anyway," he said, "I want a even break for re-election and I'm a-going to stand by what the Good Book says."

"WELL," the statesmen says to the governor, "they may be a whole lot of sense in that. Why shouldn't them there



"Sam," Bud says, "what do you make of them a-cheering? Do you reckon I have started something I can't finish?"

convicts cache a few files and six shooters in the walls?"

So it was agreed to do like the governor recommended.

Well, the next question was where to send them convicts while honest labor was a-building their new home. The governor had been deer hunting out our way two winters before that and he says to the statesmen, "I know," he says. "You send them there convicts out to Sheriff Bud Farley's county and they better not run away unless they got charms to protect them agin rattlesnakes. And what's more," he says, "they'll wear their feet off up to the ankles before they find water. That's where we'll send 'em," he says. And that's where they sent 'em. It was pretty tough on Bud on account of our folks out here not craving convicts for neighbors, even temporary, so Bud wrote a letter and says: "Governor, Your Excellency," he says, "let's put this thing on a tit for tat political basis. You got opposition out here," he says, "and so have I. We got to get together. What I want is for you to give out a piece for the papers saying I requested them dern convicts to come out here and build a free state dam acrost Pecan Creek for the benefit and profit of our noble citizenry and that this will rebound to the benefits of patriotism and prosperity." Well, the governor got the idea, so he promulgated the interview and everything was all right ex-

cept that the state didn't have enough penitentiary guards to move the prisoners safe. Most of the Rangers was busy chasing horse thieves or something else and Bud and me had to help out. And not only that, after the convicts come we still had to help out.

We pitched us a camp and dug post holes and strung ten strands of bob-wire around it and beat out all the rattlesnakes and we had a good place, too, right near Pecan Creek and the rock quarries. But still, we didn't have enough guards, so Bud took it up with the county commissioners and they let him have five more deputies on account of getting a good irrigation dam for nothing and then everything was all right except that I don't like to cook for that many. In camp I always been the cook, which is all right for five or six, but I ain't no regular sourdough and none of them there penitentiary guards didn't know nothing about cooking. The convicts cooked for their own selves but they didn't help us guards outside none. We wanted grub that was fit to eat. I riz up about the third day and made remarks.

"WE CAN get you a cook," the head penitentiary guard says. "There's plenty good cooks inside that bob-wire."

"All right," I says, "but just for the fun of it suppose you tell us what the cook you're a-thinking of has been sent up for."

"Murder," says the guard.

"I hope he ain't no poisoner," I says.

"No," he says, "he just got sore because another feller was making love to his sweetheart and he whittled on him with a butcher knife."

"Butcher knives is a cooking tool," I says. "He don't get the job."

"He wouldn't hurt a flea," the guard says. "You'll like him."

"Like hell I will," I says. "Ain't there no forgers nor pickpockets can cook?"

"Them lice!" he says. "Before I'd eat their cooking I'd chew grass. Anyhow, they can't cook. They ain't no good for nothing. They're crooks. Now, you take a good-natured feller that was a cook and got in a row on account of his sweetheart and got hisself into trouble and you got a feller that's pleasant to have around. He ain't sore at nobody. It'd give him pleasure to be working at his old time trade. I can recommend him."

"All right," Bud cuts in. "We got to have a cook, but you tell him if he bats the wrong eye I got permission from the governor to bore him full of holes."

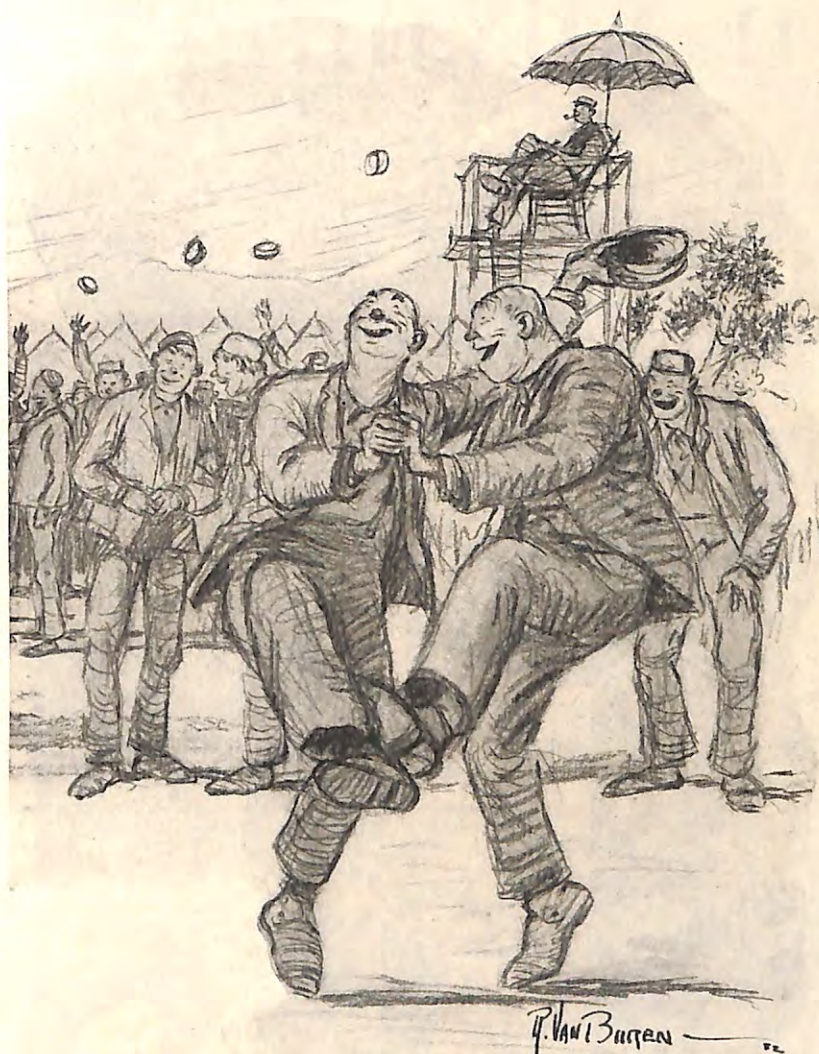
"That's all right," the guard says.

"I ain't worried about him. But you better have two cooks. I know a Mexican that can barbecue beef that would make you want to kiss him."

"What's he in for?" Bud asks.

"He's a murderer, too."

"Knife?" Bud asks.



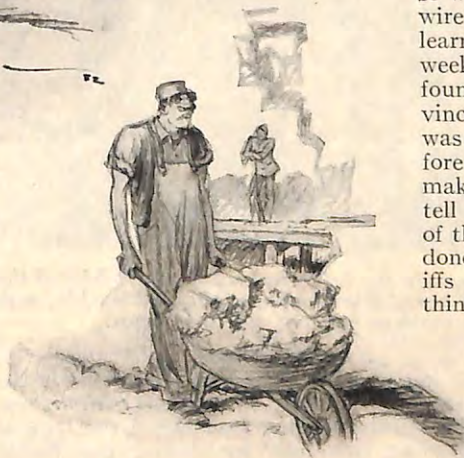
"Yep, knife," the guard says. "Got into a row at a dance, poor feller. Drunk and didn't know what happened his own self till he heard the testimony at his trial. Nice feller, gentle, likes to sing, clean, and full of fun."

"AIN'T that sweet?" Bud says. "Well, looky here, Mr. Guard, we don't know these here playmates of your'n like you do so we gotta take your word. We gotta have us some cooks. But you better tell them two murderer friends of your'n that any funny business will end sudden. How's that?"

"That's all right," the guard says. "You just don't know about murderers. I'm a-going to call 'em." So he went and called 'em, it being time right then to start supper.

One of 'em was a big lump of a feller, looked kind of silly to me; and the Mexican was just a boy. Neither of 'em wouldn't scare nobody half as much as the guard that recommended 'em. He was a mean-looking goat. In the line of beauty the Lord sure hadn't done much for him. Well, them two turned in and cooked us a dern good supper while Bud and me talked about the job we had on our hands.

There never was such a job! You'd think that after a gang of fellers had been sent up and didn't have nothing to do but wait around in a bob-wire pen till their time was out their troubles would be over—for the temporary time being at least. But it ain't that way at all. Darned if they didn't steal from each other! And fight, too. And just generally make a nuisance of their self. I hadn't never knowed that convicts had anything to steal, but they did. One'd have some writing paper and another one'd have a dime and another'd lose his towel. And about half of 'em didn't like their neighbors in the tents they'd been stuck in by the guards. The guards, they was used to all this, and they didn't give a dern. If it come right down to settling a row quick they could do that with their bull whips, but me and Bud, we wasn't



used to nothing like that. We'd always been trained to give satisfaction to our constituents and it looked to us like this here problem could be handled better.

"A bull whip," Bud says, "ain't much of a argument. I'll bet four bits to a plugged nickel that if them guards was to have to run for their jobs like I do they wouldn't get enough votes from them two hundred and eighty constituents of their'n to write a telephone number on. Now, me and you, Sam," he says, "we can give the names and addresses of three men at least that has served on the rock pile under us and votes our ticket regular. Can't we?"

"THAT'S the truth, Bud," I says. And it was, too; so we put our heads together to see if we couldn't give these here convicts a administration that'd be a credit to the Democratic party.

Bud called in his Ranger cousin and two of his new deputies that had a little sense and we kind of talked over our plans and then I wrote a letter for Bud to the governor. "Excellency," I says, "we have got these here two hundred and eighty wards of misfortune of the state on our hands and they are unhappy men if ever I seen one. They don't like them there guards and they are skittish and jumpy in their nerves. They ain't cattle so we can't go out at night and sing to 'em to quiet 'em down; just the same we don't want no stampede. We got to study this herd and see what is their habits and customs and act according. What had ought to be done to the pursuit of this plan is for the sheriff of this county to be in full charge while riding herd in this county and how about it?"

Well, the governor wrote back "yes," so we invaded that there bob-wire man-coop and begun to learn some things. Hardly a week hadn't passed till we found two fellers that convinced Bud and me that they was innocent men. Now before you go and laugh and make a fool of yourself I'll tell you right now that both of them fellers was later pardoned by the governor. Sheriffs don't get the habit of thinking everybody is innocent; that ain't in their line of trade. These was likely looking fellers that's had some business experience and knowed how to handle men, so Bud says to me: "Sam,

them convicts had ought to have a committee to take charge of a lot of detail work inside that there bob-wire and it looks to me like we have located their committee."

"Yes," I says, "I agree with that, but suppose they elect somebody else, and anyway a committee had ought to be three and we ain't found but two."

"Two's plenty," Bud says, "and so far as the election goes they're already elected when I vote for 'em. Convicts ain't allowed to talk much among themselves so we are holding the election right now and I'm a-doing the voting."

(Continued on page 40)

Our Own Olympics

*Despite the Warmth of California Sunshine,
World's Records Stand Shivering in Their
Spiked Shoes as They Await the Assault of
History's Most Formidable Army of Athletes*

By JACK O'DONNELL



Two champions from Japan: at the left, Chuhei Nambu, holder of the world's record for the running broad jump; and, right, Mikio Oda, maker of a similar mark on the hop, step and jump

ONE day in the spring of 1929 I stood in The Sacred Grove of Olympia, known as the Altis, on the banks of the Alpheus River in Greece, and listened while Eleutherios Venizelos, Prime Minister of the Greek Republic, told of the origin of the ancient Olympic Games.

"It was on this spot," said the gentle Cretan, "that Heracles, returning from one of his twelve great labors—the cleansing of the Augean Stables—founded the Olympic Games. That was about 780 B.C. History records but one event in the first Olympics—a foot race of about 200 yards—won by Coroebus of Elis. In later years the Olympic Games increased in number until they included most of the ancient forms of athletics, such as horse racing, discus throwing, javelin throwing, the Pankration, the Pentathlon, and wrestling."

Copyright, 1932, by Jack O'Donnell

Later, in the modern Stadium at Athens, where the Olympics were revived in 1896, I expressed the hope that His Excellency would visit the Tenth Olympics at Los Angeles in 1932.

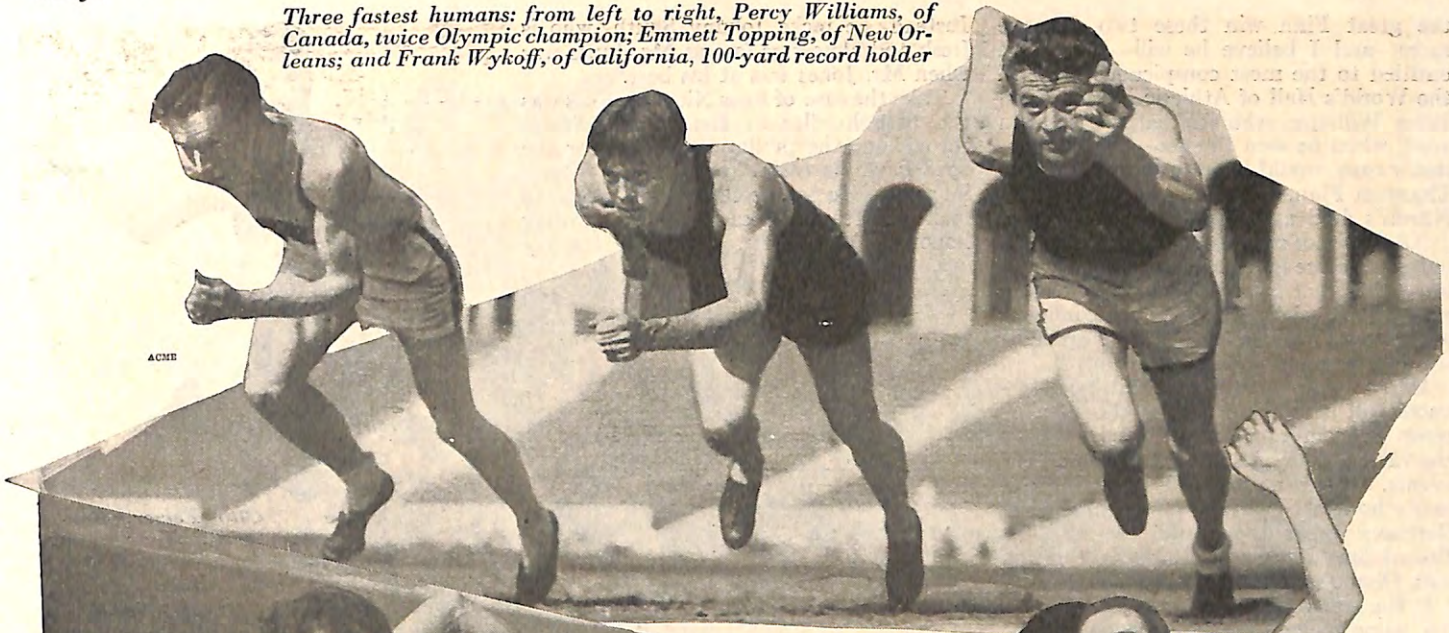
"I should greatly enjoy another visit to America," he said earnestly, "and the games will become increasingly attractive as the time for them draws near, but many things can happen between now and 1932. I predict, however, that your great State of California will stage the greatest Olympics of all time—the Olympics of the Ages."

I don't know upon what the venerable Venizelos based that prediction, but after having seen the vast facilities for the games, in and around Los Angeles, and having discussed the probable outcome of the various events with some of the greatest athletic authorities in America, I am convinced he called the turn.



Gene Venzke, the American schoolboy whose 4:10 mile is the fastest ever run indoors. It is $\frac{1}{8}$ of a second slower than the outdoor mark

Three fastest humans: from left to right, Percy Williams, of Canada, twice Olympic champion; Emmett Topping, of New Orleans; and Frank Wykoff, of California, 100-yard record holder



ACME



INTERNATIONAL

Vic Williams, National A. A. U., quarter-mile champion



INTERNATIONAL

Leo Sexton, American shot-putter, who set a new record last winter



Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan is regarded as the outstanding contestant for the Olympic hammer-throwing title

The Tenth Olympic Games, which will be opened by President Herbert Hoover in the Olympic Stadium on the afternoon of July 30th and close on the night of August 14th, is destined to be the most colorful and sensational in the long and glorious history of athletics. Something of the magnitude of the program is suggested by the fact that during the sixteen days more than 135 distinct programs of competitions will be held on mornings, afternoons, and evenings, at nine or more stadiums, auditoriums, or water-courses.

Needless to say, California, which seems to thrive on pageantry, pomp and ceremony, will clothe this worldwide event with a glamorous cloak never equaled in the glorious days of the old Grecian Empire. Its stadiums will be larger, its housing facilities for athletes the last word in comfort and convenience, its program of entertainment more elaborate even than that

provided by fun-loving Paris when the games were held there in 1924.

An army of 2,000 of the greatest athletes in the world, representing approximately fifty nations, will participate in the Parade of Nations on the opening day. In this army will be men whose names are familiar the world over—Paavo Nurmi, Percy Williams, Frank Wykoff, Willie Ritola—to draw cheers from the lips of the 105,000 spectators that will fill the Olympic Stadium.

Nurmi, however, will be the hero of that opening day unless all signs fail. It will be Nurmi for whom the whole world will be pulling to win the 10,000-meter race, and it will be Nurmi for whom that same world-over crowd will be rooting the following Sunday when the Marathon is run over the 26-mile, 180-yard course. Should

the great Finn win these two distance races—and I believe he will—he will be entitled to the most conspicuous niche in the World's Hall of Athletic Fame. Even Percy Williams, who startled the world in 1928, when he won the 100- and the 200-meter runs, would have to give way to the Phantom Finn. The Marathon will mark Nurmi's final appearance in competition.

All this is, of course, dependent upon the outcome of the investigation, being carried on as this went to press, into the old boy's eligibility to compete. But I am confident of this great runner's ability to clear himself of charges of professionalism.

While interest in individual performances will be tremendous, world-wide interest will center on the teams representing the various countries in the track and field events. What nation will carry off the major honors? Will Japan, or Finland, or Germany upset the dope? Or will the United States again, as it has in the last nine Olympics, emerge triumphant?

If the American team were picked with the same common sense employed by European nations I'd not have the slightest hesitation in predicting that the United States would win by a large margin. But our method of selecting athletes to represent the United States is so stupid that we are never sure we'll have our best men going up against the best from foreign countries.

In European countries the Olympic team representatives are picked in about the same manner that a highly competent coach of track men picks the men who will run in the relay race. If Johnny Jones, who has been sprinting like the wind in the preliminary games, shows signs of going stale a day or two before the "big meet," Mr. Competent Coach doesn't take a chance on sending him into the relay.

Instead, he picks Johnny Smith, who is fresh and almost as fast as Mr. Jones was when Mr. Jones was at his best.

Take the case of Ross Nichols: Ross was the best hurdler in the United States throughout the preliminary trials for the 1928 Olympic team. He beat everybody in sight. He was considered a cinch to make the team and carry off the hurdling honors at Amsterdam. Then came the day



A famous champion at the longer distances: Paavo Nurmi, of Finland



Otto Pelzer, German half-mile star

team. His hitting that hurdle was "just one of those things." He might hurdle until the cows come home and never nick another. But did that make any difference to the committee? Not a bit! For the thousandth fraction of a second some inferior hurdler or hurdlers were functioning 100 per cent, so Nichols, the really great hurdler, was left behind while an inferior man went to Amsterdam to represent America. Result: America got no first places in the hurdles at Amsterdam.

This same stupid method of selecting Olympic teams cost America plenty in the sprints in '28. When the day of the finals at Boston rolled around, there were so many 100-meters men trying for the team that four heats were necessary to give everybody a chance. There was little or no doubt at that time that Frank Wykoff was the best of the bunch—repeatedly he had reeled off the distance in time that showed he had the stuff—but the committee had to be shown again. So Wykoff ran four heats that day, each in the record time of 10.6. That convinced the selectors that he was "it," and he went to Amsterdam. Once there he was just another sprinter. Those four heats in one day took everything out of the eighteen-year-old schoolboy. He left his races in America, getting nothing at Amsterdam.

Listen to Boyd Comstock, coach of the Los Angeles Athletic Club team, national A. A. U. champions for the last two years—the man who coached the team that furnished more representatives on the 1928 Olympic squad than any other organization: "The method of picking the American Olympic team on the strength of what they do in one meet is all wrong. Right now we know that the five best sprinters in America are Frank Wykoff, George Simpson, Eddie Tolan, Jack Burnett and Hector Dyer. Their

(Continued on page 49)



In the weight-throwing events, Skold, of Sweden, looms as a threat



Percy Beard, of Alabama, last year broke the seemingly unbreakable 120 yard high hurdles record

of the finals—the meet in which the team was selected. Nichols was within a fraction of a second of the top of his form, almost to razor edge. But in the race that was to determine the men to be selected while leading the field, he clipped a hurdle and lost that particular race and the chance to be named on the



Rifles are clumsy weapons. Norfleet had them covered before their fingers were near the triggers

The Avenger

By Edgar Sisson

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops



AN AMATEUR detective with a fierce and driving motive is apt to win against odds that would beat a professional. The latter will do his reasonable duty and will know when he is licked. The former will be unreasonably stubborn and will not know. He will rise again and thrash ahead toward his goal under the spell of a Berserk rage.

So Frank Norfleet of the Texas Panhandle delights me. He was swindled because, as he admits, he was a ripe sucker. The injury turned a meek little rancher into a trailing demon. He not only hunted down the slickers who trimmed him but in the years of chase he became a knight errant to avenge countless other victims of many confidence gangs. Before his job was done he was a master detective by any rating. State and government men consulted him. Burns greeted him as an equal.

That Norfleet was a Texan must not, of course, be overlooked. Not many of the gullible sort would have any luck if they set out to take the law into their own hands. To begin with, they wouldn't have Norfleet's knack with a gun. That he brought in his men alive without ever firing a shot from the double armament at his belt, adds still more to his feats. He used the revolvers

a-plenty, butt and barrel at close quarters and cool aim with fingers on triggers when he was at bay. The others knew he would shoot if they forced him. That was enough. Nor was he lawless. He always had a Ranger's warrant in his pocket.

The rancher Norfleet lived to be fifty-two years old before anything out of the ordinary happened to him. He was a pucky little man, with a face burned and seamed by the sun and the wind. His manner was mild, without shyness. He liked his fellow men and was engagingly frank with them. Although he had lived in the saddle from boyhood and always had gone armed, he was no wild cowboy but a sober ranchman. The revolvers were for use against marauding animals and not men. He was so tender-hearted about inoffensive creature life that the law of the ranch was that birds and small game were under protection there.

He had seen rough days with his settler parents in his youth but had come a long, calm way since then. In early manhood he became foreman of the vast Panhandle cattle ranch of Col. Isaac Ellwood, the Illinois steel millionaire. He held the post for fifteen years, leaving it only when he had developed an adjacent tract of his own. During the straining years of purchase his competent wife managed his property and he held to his salary job.

The struggle was won. The home ranch was stocked with beef cattle of improved breed. The days of the Texas long-horn were gone. The Norfleets also raised mules on a profitable scale, and they were locally famous for introducing a thoroughbred-cross into the cow ponies of the region. Ponies of the blood were known as the "Five Dollar Strain." Some of them are playing polo to-day.

The animal flocks increased. Norfleet grew wealthy in the manner of a Biblical patriarch, able to see and count his gains from season to season. In the year 1919 his herds were overflowing his acres. If he needed, he decided, a larger ranch. If he could sell the home place he figured that he could afford to pay \$90,000 for new holdings. Above that amount he was worth the large value of beef animals, mule and horse flesh. His cash reserve was small but his borrowing credit was exceptional, for his property was free of mortgage.

He knew the ranch he wanted to buy and he went to Dallas to begin the negotiations. He had come to the close of the placid era of his life.

Arriving on an evening, he had idle hours on his hands. He settled himself in a comfortable chair in the hotel lobby and looked around for a friend with whom he might chat. All the faces were strange.

One of them, however, was genial. It belonged to a thick-set chap who came along and dropped into the next chair. The men nodded to each other and in a few minutes were talking together.

Number Four in the Series of Famous Man-Hunts

Norfleet thought the new acquaintance might be a cattle buyer. He looked as if he had been an outdoor man once. He wore good clothes rather awkwardly. The guess was near enough right, it appeared soon. The friendly person introduced himself as R. Miller, a mule dealer. He knew mules—Norfleet could not be fooled about mules. His ignorance was of men who were crooks. Miller was Reno Hamlin, an adept in mule lore and in lining up suckers.

A STROLLER in the lobby paused as he came abreast the seated pair, then with face alight, extended his hand to Miller. Old pals of other days had chanced to meet. The newcomer was introduced to Norfleet as W. B. Spencer, traveling for a Minneapolis land company in search of investments in likely oil lands. The name Spencer, in passing, either was the real name of the number two contact man or an unchanging alias.

Spencer was in his early thirties, athletic, clean lined, affecting a military carriage to go with his story that he was a lately demobilized army officer. Soon Norfleet was talking about his own plans. Spencer wondered if he could not get his company interested in the purchase of the Norfleet ranch. Farm lands were out of its line, yet the concern might think Texas land a good buy.

He suggested that Norfleet give him details he could put into a telegram. He was staying at another hotel in a two-room suite. He urged Norfleet to change his hotel and become his guest. Norfleet accepted the invitation of one who had been a stranger to him until the hour before. Late that night Spencer went through the form of sending the farm inquiry to "his firm."

The next morning Spencer asked Norfleet to take a walk with him. It was still too early for the call Norfleet was to make on the owner of the ranch he meant to buy. The two dropped into another hotel. A man rose from a chair as they entered the lobby, and hurried toward the elevator. Spencer noticed a pocket-book lying by the chair the guest had just quitted. He picked it up and opened it, with careless handling.

A roll of bills dropped out, and a card. Spencer read off the name—J. B. Stetson. Then he exclaimed that a loose paper in the fold was receipt in a \$100,000 transaction. Both men started excitedly toward

the loser. That dignified person resented their unceremonious call to him, denying a loss and seeming to suspect them of trickery.

They went back and seated themselves and began to list the contents of the book. To them in a few minutes rushed a thoroughly humbled and nearly hysterical individual to apologize for his discourtesy and lack of understanding. The pocket-

Norfleet stood Furey up with a revolver planted against his back and told him to order his men to retire unless he wished to be the first to die



book was his. He hadn't missed it until he got to his room. He had thought at first that they were working a ruse to get acquainted with him. Wealthy men had to be so watchful. He proved that he was the J. B. Stetson and was given the purse.

FROM it he quickly took two \$100 bills, shoving one upon Spencer, who took it, and offering the other to Norfleet, who refused it. He was pressed to accept. Norfleet wouldn't consider the idea. The grateful rich man was not to be put off so easily. He had another suggestion which seemed all right. He said the matter was one for a good gamble. He would speculate with the \$100 in the cotton market

that very day. If there were winnings, they would belong to Norfleet. If the bet lost, only the reward money was spent. But being lucky money, it would not lose.

Let it be noted at once, in view of the use of the Stetson name, that the pocket-book and the cards within were stolen from a real and reputable J. B. Stetson in New York City. The name became a masquerade for the gang leader.

The \$100 naturally did win. Norfleet was told in the evening what his gain was and asked if he would not keep it in a pool for larger operations the next day. "Stetson," it seemed, was much taken both with Norfleet and Spencer. He was in Dallas for big speculation and they were welcome to trail along with him. He had



dropped his stand-offish manner. Norfleet was sure he had found one rich man with warm human feelings. During the day he had taken a \$5,000 option on the new ranch. If he could win cash money in speculation, his borrowing needs would be that much less.

The next few days were hectic and glorious. Once his two allies walked Norfleet by the Dallas Cotton Exchange where his new money, he was told, was being coined. He wished to enter but "Stetson" explained that only members like himself could pass the door. Spencer and Norfleet could meet him nightly in his hotel rooms to get the good news.

The \$800 went up to \$8,000 and the latter accrued to \$20,000. Then the leader

generously threw his own operations into the pool, with proportions considerably in his favor, yet with big splits for the others. The declared winnings stood finally at \$300,000. That night while they were considering division, they had a caller who named himself as E. J. Wood, "Secretary of the Cotton Exchange."

His visit, he said, was to clear up a technical point. The trades in the Stetson account did not concern him, as Stetson was a member of the Exchange. The Spencer and Norfleet accounts, however, were those of non-members and before settlement could be made the Exchange would have to be assured in money terms that the two could have paid if they had lost.

He refused to accept Stetson's guarantee for his fellows.

The event was irritating without appearing serious. Norfleet could raise the \$20,000 at which his share of guarantee was figured. Spencer said he had government bonds to equal his risk of \$30,000. Norfleet went home to Plainfield and borrowed \$20,000 from his bank. Spencer went along, having received the report "from Minneapolis" that his firm would consider buying good ranch lands. After inspection, he said that he could report enthusiastically about the Norfleet ranch.

On return to Dallas they found word from their protector to join him at Fort Worth. At the re-union they were told that the settlement with the Dallas Exchange had been deferred a week. Meantime there was the Fort Worth Exchange handy for more speculation in the interval. The same process of gain had the same sequence of visit from another secretary of Exchange, one Gerber.

The contribution this time from Norfleet would have to be \$25,000 to collect his share to a pool of \$160,000. His first \$20,000 was still in his own keeping. He banked it at Fort Worth and went home and raised another \$25,000.

WHEN he got back to Fort Worth, Spencer also had arrived from a similar fund-raising journey. Spencer turned over his share of the guarantee to "Stetson," saying that he empowered him to make the settlements both at Fort Worth and Dallas. This action was intended to be Norfleet's cue to hand over his \$45,000.

For the first time since he became a sap, Norfleet hesitated. On dressing that morning he had been disturbed to find his revolver missing. He had suspected Spencer momentarily and then dismissed the thought. From a friend in town he had borrowed another weapon. Spencer and "Stetson" were at his mercy, had he been roused to real suspicion. As it was, he debated the course, suggesting that he go with the leader and bear his own money. He was roughly answered until Spencer brushed against him and learned that he was still armed. The swindlers admitted long later that they were about ready to quit the game right there and let the ranchman go unshorn. Ever afterwards they wished they had done so.

Trusting to his gift of palaver, however, "Stetson" asked Norfleet emotionally if he had suspected his good friends and intended to threaten or shoot them. Perhaps he had meant to rob them of the \$30,000 he had seen Spencer deliver?

Norfleet was so shamed by the insinuation of treachery that he counted out the \$45,000 and urged the sum upon the willing sharper. He was still brooding about being misjudged when "Stetson" took his bags and hurried for the railroad station. Spencer slipped away unnoticed.

Later in the day Norfleet left for Dallas, depressed but not uneasy about his money.

The awakening came when he waited in vain at the appointed meeting place. The money man had not registered at the hotel. Nor did Spencer come. Norfleet knew then that he had been robbed. For a day he hid himself and his despair in a locked room.

Then from the ashes of the old guileless
(Continued on page 38)

Outside the Steel Arena

By

Clyde Beatty

with Courtney Ryley Cooper



Not realizing her victory, she whirled and ran down to her empty cage



ONCE thought I had a perfect "flash" to set off my act as the most spectacular of animal trainers. Twelve burly men in full military marching equipment, steel helmets slanted over their foreheads, packs on their backs, bayonets glistening on their Springfield rifles, accompanied me into the circus hippodrome track, and stationed themselves about the steel arena, into which my thirty-two lions and tigers were about to pour from the animal chutes. An announcement followed:

"Ladies-s-s and gentlemen! This circus now takes great pleasuah-h-h in presenting Clyde Beatty, youngest and most feahless of animal trainah-h-h-s. The armed men are for your protection. The trainer will protect himself!"

It looked great. It sounded great. But one day I happened to wander downtown and halted for a moment to listen in on a crackerbox conference.

"That animal tamer's act ain't nothin'," said the town oracle. "Suppose a lion should try to kill him. Ain't he got all them soldiers to help him if he gets in trouble?"

Naturally, I couldn't confess that the twelve armed men were only costumed members of an Arabian acrobatic troupe, and that the Springfield rifles contained nothing but blanks. The whole act would have been called a fake. However, an entire lack of bullets is the best protection an audience can have. Put fifty crack shots in an arena, allow a half dozen animals to escape, and the chances are that when the firing is over, the animals will be unscathed, while the ambulances were working overtime to fill hospital beds with injured members of the audience.

Bullets, in fact, are the nightmare of the circus. Every gun is examined and re-examined, to be sure that by no

possible chance lead has taken the place of paper wadding. My animals are bad actors; I never know when they will cease to merely bluster and bluff and decide upon an attempt to kill me. It is necessary for me to fire on an average of fifty shots at every performance; an assistant is stationed at the bars to keep a loaded gun

constantly ready. In my holster is a reserve revolver, in case I should drop the other, or be caught in a pinch where I could not reach the bars for a fresh weapon. Even circus people believe that gun to be loaded with real bullets. But it contains only blanks.

In the first place, when a trainer fires a real bullet at a charging beast, he signs himself over to the undertaker. A lion or tiger on a death charge is coming fast. Even a crack shot would have difficulty in causing instantaneous death; anything less would mean disaster. No circus man on earth could be depended upon to keep his aim straight in such a pinch. Fear would prevent it—not fear of the animal, but fear of the

audience; that trainer is on a level with thousands of persons. Instinctively he knows that no matter in which direction he might shoot, a human target is waiting. So bullets are barred.

More than that, when there's a jam in the arena, it often happens so fast that there is little time for one to protect himself. There was my experience last winter, for instance, in winter quarters.

I was breaking a new act, a bigger one than ever I had worked before. The beasts were milling around considerably, and in a swift effort to dodge one of them, I tripped, falling in such a way that I sprawled over the kitchen chair which I carry to fend off attacks.

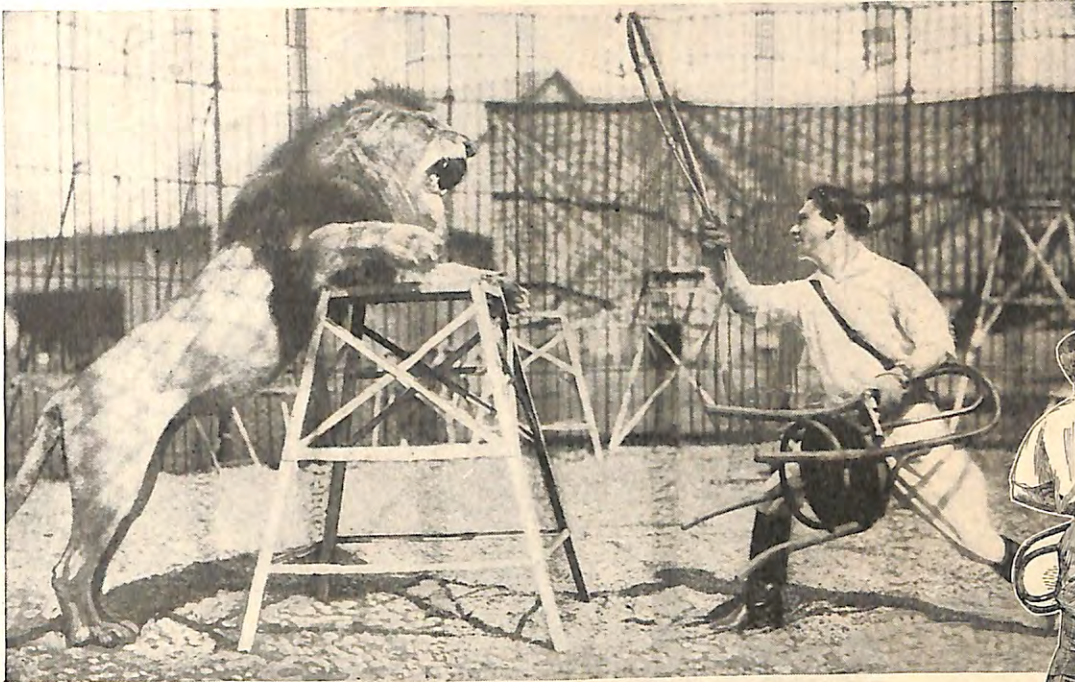
INSTANTLY, my most faithful lion rushed me. Once before, when a tiger had attacked me, Old Nero had leaped from his pedestal and, attacking the other animal, had allowed me to escape. Evidently, he thought that I was again in trouble—he came lunging down, jaws open, claws wide-spread.

Then, as he slashed upon me, he seemed to realize what had happened. But it was too late. His great teeth had been driven deep into a thigh. Instantly, he whirled, releasing me.

I thought it was only a slight "tear-up"—I've had plenty of them. So to



A pair of husky young leopard cubs



LENZE BROS.

In the arena a trainer has a certain responsibility which largely concerns himself. Outside that arena a trainer's burden becomes heavier. He must not only guard his own life but those of the audience and the show-people as well



I called again to Snip, taunting her. She turned, forgetting the property man

the hospital I went, expecting recovery in a short time. It did not come.

Up and up went my temperature. Finally, an infection was discovered which for a time threatened my life. The "short stay" in the hospital dragged out to one of a couple of months.

All of which is beside the point except to show that a bullet-loaded gun would have helped me but little. Besides, there is the matter of economics to be considered.

Lions and tigers are costly, in spite of heavy overproduction. Time was when a

good lion or tiger brought up to a thousand dollars in the open market. Now, even though they are begging for buyers at an average of \$250 apiece, a group of thirty or forty trained cats will run to a considerable figure.

One reason for the big cat supply is the prolificacy with which felines breed in captivity, especially lions. Even tigers often bring forth two and three cubs at a time, while lions seem to be eternally at the job of building up the population. There is an old fable about the wolf which boasted over a litter of seven cubs. Whereupon the lion grandly announced that it

possessed only one cub, but that it was a lion. That's bunk. Lions have litters of three, four and five cubs, and sometimes there are two litters a year.

Beyond all this, blanks are better. Surprise and distraction, without pain are what is needed in a crisis. Shooting to the side of an animal's head takes the beast's mind off its troubles. A bullet might cause an attacking beast to concentrate—and concentration might mean death for the trainer.

So, the twelve burly men in uniform were only scenic. One audience, in fact, found that out. It happened in an auditorium in Cleveland before the opening of the tent season. Someone had made a slight mistake.

To feed my animals into the steel arena, a chute runs from the cages, and is usually built new for every auditorium. The contractor, in this case, built a door, leading from the arena back into the chute, so that it would open the wrong

(Continued on page

59)



A cat is different from a convict. A human prisoner seeking escape has well-laid plans. But when a cage door opens the animal is amazed at his liberty

Behind the Footlights



Daniel N. Rubin has written one of those pleasantly flattering detective plays which initiates the audience into all its mysteries, while it keeps the blundering press and detectives deeply bewildered right up to the end. The name of this one is "Riddle Me This!" and Thomas Mitchell, as a captain of detectives, can be seen above trying to browbeat Erin O'Brien-Moore into telling more than she knows about the murder. Mr. Mitchell is assisted in his investigations by his pal, Frank Craven, a susceptible newspaper man. They bicker and wisecrack most entertainingly and do a first-rate job of acting altogether



It is not surprising that it should have taken three authors—Vivian Cosby, Shirley Warde and Harry Wagstaff Gribble—to evolve all the thrills and mystic shivers of "Trick for Trick." James Rennie (above), as Azrah the magician, is the excellent high priest of all this legerdemain. In the interests of both justice and romance he undertakes to solve the mystery of a girl's death. Forced to match wits with an unscrupulous master magician, his one time teacher, he checks him trick for trick. The play is exciting and has the charm of novelty



If you want all the inside dope on how the tabloid columnists collect their racy bits of scandal and unearth carefully hidden family skeletons, see "Blessed Event." Manuel Seff and Forrest Wilson know just how it is done and they serve up their information well spiced with laughs and melodrama. The two pictured above are Roger Pryor, the columnist in the case, and Lee Patrick, reporter on the same paper, and his love interest. Mr. Pryor gives a dynamic, convincing performance as the unscrupulous despoiler of reputations whose activities land him in the big money and some tight spots simultaneously

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Unless Fannie Hurst has lost her well known touch, "Symphony in Six Million" should be a screen play with plenty of authentic pull on the heartstrings. Ricardo Cortez (pictured above with Irene Dunne) plays her hero. He is a son of New York's Ghetto whose family makes considerable sacrifice to gratify his ambition to become a surgeon. Seven years of drudgery and he emerges with a diploma and begins his labors among the poor. His further adventures with Miss Dunne and in science we will not divulge, but you will find plenty of genuine humor mingled with the sorrows of his career



Joan Crawford (above) will make her next appearance in the title rôle of the picture called "Letty Linton." Young, wealthy and beautiful, Letty's romantic career is a chequered one. Her love for Robert Montgomery, a stalwart young lawyer in this case, bids fair to be wrecked by a ghost from her past in the person of Nils Asther, who is pictured with her. They had enjoyed a torrid romance in the Argentine which Asther is unwilling to forget. As a result, blackmail and the spectre of a murder charge threaten her new-found happiness



Whether or not you have read Edna Ferber's fine novel of the farm lands of the middle west, you are apt to find "So Big" a poignant and engrossing picture. Barbara Stanwyck (talking crops with the grizzled old farmer above) plays Selina Peake, whose toil and hardships could never destroy her sense of beauty in everything connected with the soil. Just out of finishing school, alone and penniless, Selina finds a job as school teacher in a small Dutch settlement. Eventually she marries one of the farmers and a son is born. Shortly after, her husband dies and the boy, Dirk, becomes the center of all her hopes



By William
MacLeod
Raine

Under Northern Stars

Part V

MOLLY flung herself from the horse and ran forward.

The man in handcuffs had his back to her and did not know what the interruption was that had saved his life. He saw Oakland lower the point of his revolver with an imprecation. Then a never-to-be-forgotten voice sent life pouring once more through his tensed veins.

"Thank God I'm in time," it cried.

"Who is this woman?" Oakland asked hoarsely.

He felt the shock of the interruption too, though not as much as his intended victim. A moment ago he had been keyed to do murder. The slim figure of the flying girl had flung him out of his mental stride.

Mosby answered him. "It's the Prescott girl."

"Clint Prescott's brat?"

"Yes."

"What in Mexico you doing here?" Oakland demanded roughly of her.

She did not answer. Her eyes were fixed on the prisoner. A strange weakness swept through her.

"I didn't know," she cried. "I was afraid. I thought at first—"

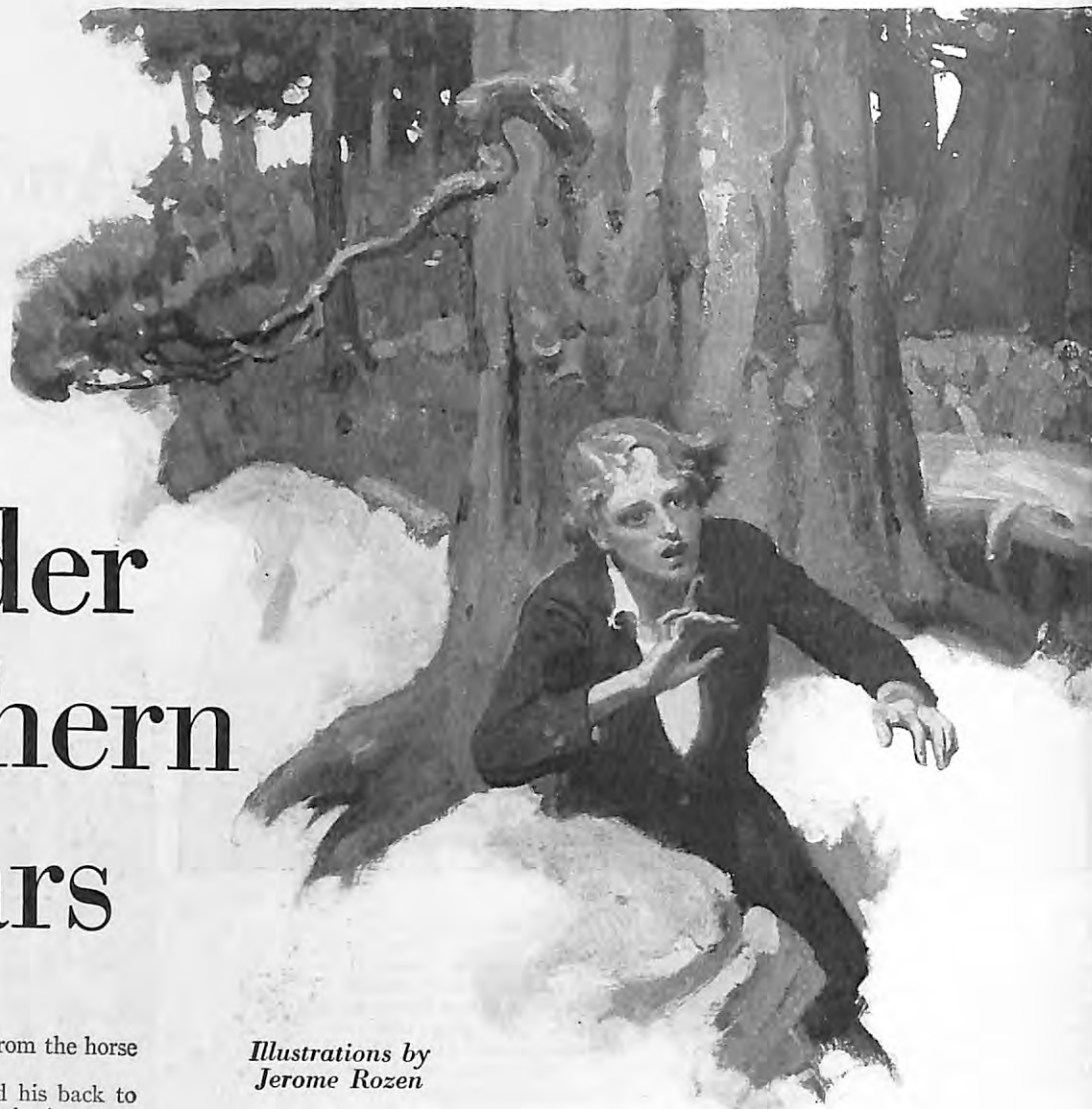
She broke down in a sob.

"You came to save me," the Texan said in a low, shaken voice.

Molly choked back a sob. The anxiety of the long hours, culminating in the joy of finding Taylor alive, had left her unnerved. She cried again, "Thank God . . . Thank God!"

"For what?" scoffed Oakland.

The question was a threat, sinister and



Illustrations by
Jerome Rozen

savage. Molly looked for the first time at the man with the .45.

"Because he is still alive. Because. . ." The girl interrupted herself to throw an accusation at the ruffian. "You are Clem Oakland."

"Right you are," he admitted. "Do you know who this fellow is? His name is Barnett. He's a killer from Texas, wanted for murder and bank robbery. He tried to kill Steve Walsh. He 'most finished me when I wouldn't stand for it and interfered."

"That isn't true," she cried.

"No use to argue with him, Miss Prescott," the prisoner said quietly. "The truth isn't in him. He was just ready to kill me when you came, because I refused to blow up the Featherhead dam."

The girl turned with quick animal grace, in eager appeal to Dean. A note of panic was vibrant in her voice.

"You wouldn't let him do such a horrible thing, would you?" she begged.

A second time Dean took occasion to register a perfunctory protest. It might some day be advisable to have unimpeachable testimony in his favor.

"I told Clem he had better not kill this fellow," he said.

"Told him he'd better not!" Molly flamed. "Would you stand by and see murder done?"

Taylor explained to her, sardonically.

"Mr. Dean paddles his own canoe. He doesn't butt in on his friend's little murders. That wouldn't be good form. Oakland is cock of the walk here. What he says goes. You can ask Flannigan if that isn't true. He has had experience."

The unsolicited answer of Flannigan was a curse.

"I've had enough of this," Oakland broke in roughly. "Like this Texas killer says, I'm boss. You weren't invited here, young woman. Since you came, sit down over there and keep your mouth shut. You've got nothing to say. I've heard all about what a hellion you are. Maybe you can run your father. Well, you can't run me."

THE hot blood stained the face of the girl. Without another word she sat down beside the fire.

Oakland relapsed into sulky silence. Things were not going to suit him. He had made a mistake in flogging Flannigan. The man never would forgive him. He would have to get rid of him at the first opportunity. The arrival of this girl was another piece of bad luck. Either he would have to give up blowing a hole in the dam, or else he must fix it so that she could never tell what she knew. Old Jess Mosby hated him. Brad Dean was about ready to break into open defiance. What in time

had suddenly gone wrong with his world?

He was a man whose gross mind dwelt much on women. Furtively he watched this girl now, and as he did so he felt stirring within himself a dull excitement that would quicken with time, his experience told him. The quivering life in her reminded him of that in a wild young colt.

There was the same look of dainty, untamed fierceness. To break her would

be triumph enough to thrill his jaded nerves.

In a moment, without the least regret, he swept from his mind all the plans he had made for the destruction of Featherhead dam. He knew a revenge on Clint Prescott a hundred times more crushing than that. But he must move carefully. He must make sure there was no flaw in his scheme to bring the trap down upon himself.

His sulky, half-shut eyes glistened on the figure of slender fullness. She was aware his look was insulting and moved restlessly beneath it.

He grinned in anticipatory triumph.

CHAPTER XXX

GIVEN the glow of high adventure, a man may face death with racing pulses. But to sit, hands bound, and look into the cold eyes of death without collapse is another matter. The iron will of Taylor had beaten down the paralyzing fear rising like a flood within him.

Then a girl had flashed into the picture and brought him life. This in itself was miracle enough, but because the girl was Molly Prescott, drums of joy beat in his breast.

She had come to save him. He would never forget the look in her eyes in that moment when the cry of thanks had been wrung from her white lips. Its meaning was beyond mistake. No wonder the drums sounded tumultuous music within him.

Presently, back to earth, he took stock of the practical effect of Molly's arrival. Taylor knew that the confederates of Oakland would not have turned a hand to save him. What the fellow did to a hunted outlaw, with no unfriendly witness present, was something they would not make their business. But with Clint Prescott's daughter on the scene the equation was wholly changed. They would not let her come

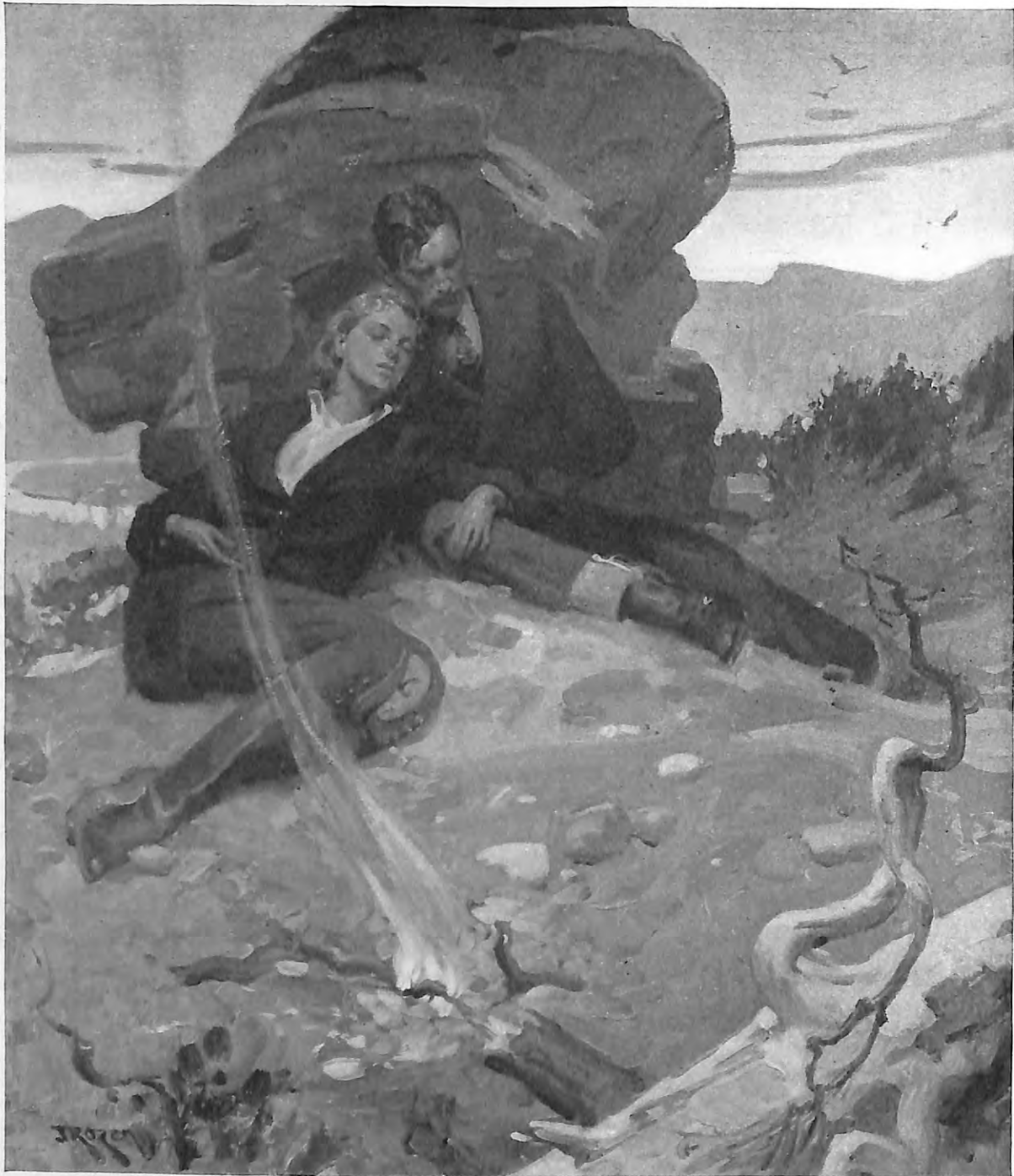
to harm, scoundrels though they were. He could depend on two of them for that, Dean and Mosby. Yet they dared not release her to be a witness against them. The plan of blowing up Featherhead would have to be dropped.

The Texan did not deceive himself as to his own danger. Oakland had no intention of giving up his revenge, though he might be forced to postpone it.

In spite of his reliance upon Dean the prisoner was anxious about Molly. What disturbed him was Oakland's preoccupation with her. Evil ideas were taking form in the man's mind.



His knees buckled under him as he reached for the Texan. A right smashed to the point of his chin. His body plunged to the ground



Presently Dean broached the problem before them. "Where do we go from here, boys?" he asked.

"I been thinking," Oakland replied. "We'll kinda let things go, up above, if you know what I mean. I reckon I'll turn this fellow in to the sheriff's office at Tincup. You fellows can drift on home."

Dean looked at him a moment before he answered mildly. "Not so good, Clem. It would be better for us to take him to Tincup, on account of the reward. Split it four ways, you understand."

"Good of you, Brad," Oakland jeered. "But I'm the fellow who picked up this guy roaming around the hills. I reckon I'll deliver him, seeing I collected him."

"I'll go with you then," Molly said quickly.

"That'll be all right with me," Clem agreed. He had expected her to insist upon going too. Otherwise he would not have suggested the plan.

Presently, by that camp-fire, he told the story of his life to the woman he loved

"Not quite all right with us, though," Dean demurred. "Best thing is for all of us to go. Eh, boys?"

"Y'betcha," Mosby assented. Flannigan nodded his head sulkily.

"You're not going," Oakland exploded angrily. "You fellows can't ride herd on me. I'll go share and share on the reward. That's all there is to it."

"Want to play a lone hand, eh?" Dean murmured. "I expect the boys think that's not quite reasonable."

"It's the way that it will be," Oakland said doggedly.

The cold eyes of Dean were entirely without expression. "I wonder," he said, in a low even voice.

The two men looked at each other, steadily, unwinkingly.

Then one of the horses nickered, and

from a distance came an answering whinny.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE explosion of a bomb could not have banished more effectually the difference of opinion between Dean and Oakland. The five men and the one woman in camp listened attentively. Once more Gypsy lifted his head and whinnied, and a second time there came an answer.

Dean spoke. "Quartercircle X Y horses likely," he said quietly.

"That's what we've got to find out," Oakland replied. "Jess, you go up the gulch with Barnett and the girl. Wait for us near the top, and see they don't either one of 'em get away. 'Ed, you saddle up and hold the brons at the head of the draw, back of the plum-trees. Brad and I will take a look-see and learn who has jumped us if we can."

(Continued on page 44)

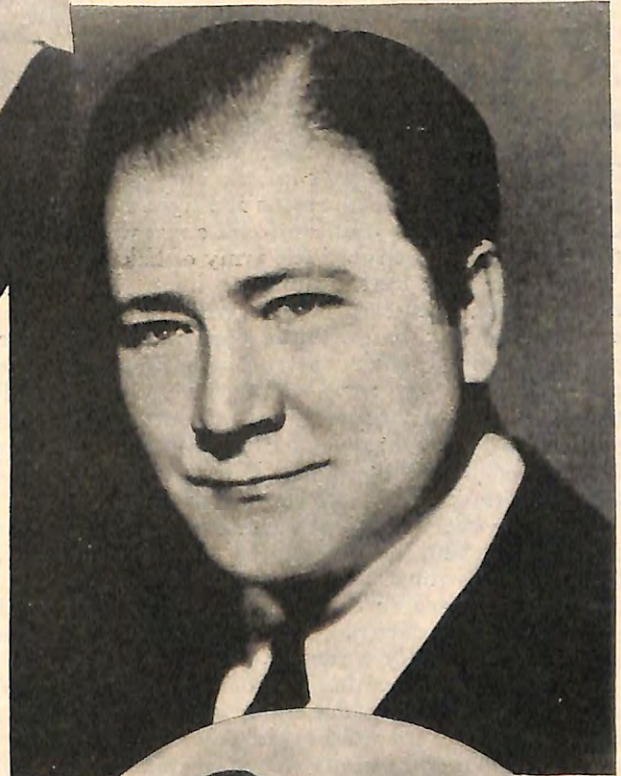
Behind the Mike

By the Announcer



The Pickens Sisters

The Pickens Sisters, of Georgia—Jane, Helen, and Marla—who have been signed to an exclusive contract by the National Broadcasting Company, despite the fact that they had never sung over the air. This newest of harmony teams can simulate with remarkable tonal accuracy the sounds of the banjo, Hawaiian guitar, violin, and even the jews-harp, and they employ unusual echo effects. Unfortunately television isn't as yet what it might be, for these three girls are as pleasant to look at as to hear



John Charles Thomas

John Charles Thomas, who in addition to occupying a foremost position as a concert singer in this country, is acclaimed as the leading baritone of Covent Garden, in London, and of La Monnaie in Brussels. Mr. Thomas is one of the few American artists to be unreservedly accepted abroad. His tours in this country range from coast to coast, for his popularity is nation-wide. Mr. Thomas is often heard on National Broadcasting Company networks



The Street Singer

Arthur Tracy, known under the familiar pseudonym of the Street Singer, gives the effect of being just that. With his accordion and his announcer's line of chatter, he gets across the atmosphere of the picture at the left, that of a slightly over-romantic, costumed street singer, serenading under your window . . . very pleasant. The Street Singer has attained great popularity in vaudeville, in the talkies, and over the air, with his highly diversified repertoire of songs, modern, semi-classic and classic. His melodious burlblings can be heard over the C. B. S. network



Burns and Allen

"Pardon me. It's the company, not the hour," says the long-suffering George Burns, as his wife, "Googie," otherwise known as Grace Allen, approaches. Googie must be twins, for no one person could be so dumb . . . she thinks Old Golds are antique jewelry. Googie's prize boners, which have sent vaudeville and moving picture audiences into convulsive fits, are now broadcast over the C. B. S. network each Monday night on the Guy Lombardo program. Googie is, we fear, the ideal argument for an anti-feminist



EDITORIAL

THE ARMY MUST BE LED

■ In an editorial in our April number the new officers of the subordinate Lodges were likened to an army in battle array and ready for the charge. Perhaps the figure was not so accurate as it might have been, because there was an unintentional suggestion that those officers alone constituted the army of Elkdom.

It would be a better simile to liken them to newly commissioned military leaders who had just attended a council of war, had been advised of the plan of campaign, received their instructions and assignments, and who had been sent to their stations to lead the troops under their respective commands in the general advance. The real army of Elkdom must, of course, be understood to include, as its chief element of strength, the great rank and file of the Order's membership.

But, like every army, of peace or war, however strong numerically and however fired with enthusiasm, its fighting units must be capably and courageously led; or they will become disorganized bands of individuals with strength dissipated, and the attainment of the desired objective only a remote possibility.

The collective membership of the Order of Elks has always been a tremendous fraternal force. It has proved its capacity for splendid achievement. The history of the Order is a continuous record of its fine accomplishments. And the spirited manner in which that membership engaged in the special activities of the last weeks of the Lodge year just ended, proves that it is as eagerly willing and as potentially capable as at any period of the Order's existence. It only needs to be led.

The recently installed officers should recognize that fact; that they are the chosen commanders in their respective Lodges; and that the duty to lead is one which they have definitely assumed. They should realize that the whole Order has been refired with enthusiasm, is eager for continued fraternal activity, and is only waiting upon its leaders.

The opportunity is ripe to convert into action the fine spirit which prevails, the willingness to serve which is obvious. There should be no let up in our fraternal endeavors. They should be vigorously continued. It is too easy to become again lethargic and inert.

Our fraternal army should not go again into camp and rest upon its laurels. It should march onward to further victories. But it must be led; and the new officers are the ones who are charged with that responsibility.

WASHINGTON AND FLAG DAY

■ The celebration of the bicentennial of Washington's birth is now in full swing all over the country. The response to the appeals issued by the national committee, for the observance of the event throughout the

nine-months' period designated for the purpose, has thus far been nation-wide and whole-heartedly enthusiastic. And the Order of Elks has united most effectively in the patriotic movement.

Another occasion on our calendar of fraternal events is near at hand, upon which the subordinate Lodges may very appropriately arrange their programs so as again to pay special honor to the memory of the Father of Our Country. Flag Day, upon which our Order requires the ceremonial observance of the anniversary of the birth of the American flag, is distinctly patriotic in purpose. It essentially involves the consideration of the formation of the union, its growth and glorious history, which are symbolized by our incomparably beautiful banner.

Had it not been for the superlatively important part played by Washington in our struggle for independence, and in moulding the tenuously federated colonies into an inseparable union of sovereign states, it might well be questioned if there would ever have been a nation over which such a flag could so proudly float. It is therefore peculiarly appropriate that on this particular celebration of Flag



Day, his patriotic services, and his loyalty and devotion to the flag and all that it so splendidly represents, should be stressed as an important feature of the programs.

Plans should be formulated in ample time to insure an adequate compliance with the Grand Lodge mandate, to the end that the occasion be made worthy of the Order and of the unusual significance which attaches to the event this year. Time and thought should be given to the arrangements for the ceremonial so that it might be made one of real public importance.

If each Lodge does not make Flag Day an outstanding event in its community this year, instructive, entertaining and inspiring, it will have failed to avail itself of a golden opportunity for a real patriotic and fraternal service.

BIRMINGHAM

■ The recent circular of the Grand Esquire calls attention to the approach of the Grand Lodge session at Birmingham, and the necessity for timely preparation by the Lodges intending to participate in the parade which constitutes the principal event of the occasion from the public viewpoint. His suggestions are wise and should have the prompt consideration of the subordinate Lodges.

The business interests of the city, and its people generally, are planning for an entertainment of those attending the Convention that will reflect the best traditions of that hospitable section. The local committee in charge have declared their purpose to make

every provision to insure the success of the convention so far as the city and its people may do so.

The illustrations which have appeared in THE ELKS MAGAZINE have furnished visual evidence of the claim that few cities are better equipped to take care of the delegates and visitors in a comfortable and pleasing manner. The country clubs are among the best in the country. The hotels are adequate. And, best of all, perhaps, the whole community is interested in the coming of the Elks and are determined to give every proof that Birmingham is a real convention city.

Birmingham is big enough to afford every desired metropolitan facility. Yet it is not so big that the Elks Convention will be a mere incident. It will be an event of community importance as well as of fraternal interest.

It is to be hoped that the Lodges will respond to the suggestions of the Grand Esquire, and will make early plans to take large delegations to the Convention and to participate in the parade, which he desires to make a peculiarly colorful and effective one, bespeaking the patriotism and fraternal spirit of the Order, as well as reflecting its power and national character.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR SELF-DEVELOPMENT

■ In considering the office of Exalted Ruler of a subordinate Lodge, one naturally thinks of it as primarily involving obligation. Election to that station



implies an honor and distinction of which any man may well be proud. Its dignity and importance reflect themselves, in some degree, upon every incumbent. But the opportunity it affords, and the obligation it imposes, for exceptional service to the Lodge and the Order, are the subjects of most frequent comment, for they undoubtedly constitute its chief importance.

And yet there is another viewpoint from which it presents an opportunity of rare value to the official himself—that for self-development.

Many men enter upon the duties of that position with diffidence and even timidity, because they have not come to realize their own capacities. It is their first experience in responsible leadership. They have not been called upon to exercise the attributes which they possess but of which they have been unaware. They soon learn, however, that the continued performance of their duties not only brings an ever-growing confidence and assurance, but also enlarges their capabilities and increases their efficiency.

The best way to learn how to do anything is by doing it. Leadership is developed by leading. A man becomes a skilled presiding officer by repeatedly presiding over formal meetings of his fellows. Readiness of speech upon one's feet comes only with persistent practice in such speaking. Whether one be well or poorly

equipped when he begins his term as Exalted Ruler, if he but avails himself of the advantages which the office affords, he will end his year a much better equipped, a more fully rounded, man, a more capable leader.

It is, of course, desirable that an Exalted Ruler should regard his obligation to serve his Lodge as his first and most important duty. He should not take a selfish view of his office. The benefits he may derive for himself are incidental and should be so accounted. But, happily, the very course that will most efficiently serve his Lodge is that which will most surely result in his own development.

The recently installed Exalted Rulers may well be mindful of their obligations. They should be impressed with the importance of their duties. They will soon realize that the performance of those duties will, of necessity, be attended by some sacrifice of their personal interests. But they should also realize that the service is not without its gratifying compensations. Not the least of these is the self-development which will inevitably follow the loyal and faithful endeavor to "make good in the Chair."

YOU MUST FEEL PROUD

■ Just read this list of fraternal activities: scholarships for deserving students; seed, fertilizer and garden tools for cultivation of vacant lots by the poor; clothing for needy school children; essay contest for high-school pupils; charity balls; food for families in want; card parties for charity; army blankets and supplies purchased for poor; Lodge cooperation preventing a local bank failure; flag pole and Washington plaque at Hoover Dam; entertainment for poor children; venison dinner to community hungry; contributions to milk funds; glee club concerts for hospital patients; prosperity parade; medical and dental treatment for poor children; entertainment for orphans; clinics for crippled children.

It is a brief statement of the news of subordinate Lodge activities contained in a single issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE; and it is but a small percentage of all such activities, for few of the Lodges make regular reports for such publication.

It may be thought that this is a needless repetition of what has already been published. But it is confidently believed that this epitomization of the contents of the Under-the-Spreading-Antlers department, in a single number of the magazine, will more strikingly call the members' attention to the wide range of the activities constantly being conducted by Elks throughout the country. And that is worth doing; for every one of them who reads this list, which is not at all an exceptional one, and realizes what it means in the aggregate of service, must be proud that he is an Elk.

If one can read it without conscious pride and without an impulse to encourage his own Lodge in the conduct of like fraternal services, he is not imbued with the true Elk spirit. He is really out of place in the Order.





The notable gathering at the Home of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge for the initiation of its George Washington Prosperity Class of 187

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge Initiates a George Washington Class of 187

THE George Washington Class of Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, which was initiated on March 31, was one of the largest of these classes in the United States, with a total of 187 candidates. The meeting was a notable affair, and distinguished Elks from various parts of the country gathered to assist in the initiation. Exalted Ruler C. Harold Owen was the presiding officer, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, of Lynchburg, acted as master of ceremonies at the conclusion of the initiation, when an address was made to the class by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, Editor and Executive Director of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. Mr. Fanning, with his wide knowledge of the activities and history of the Order, presented to the new members a comprehensive picture which few classes have had the privilege of hearing. Mr. Fanning was followed by Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, who gave a talk to the new members on the responsibility that they had assumed in joining the Order. Mr. Barrett finished his talk with a reading of his essay, "My Elks Card and What It Means to Me," which was published in these pages in the January issue. Charles S. Hart, member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. H. Perkinson spoke, after which the winning membership team, captained by Thomas Fox, Jr., was presented to the meeting by Past Grand Trustee Clyde Jennings. Frank Frothingham, of Lynchburg Lodge, was presented with an honorary life membership for his outstanding service in connection with the George Washington Class. At the conclusion of the ceremonies and speeches, a social meeting was held and a musical program was furnished by the Lynchburgh Elks Glee Club, which is one of the outstanding organizations of its kind in the Order.

Monument at Hoover Dam, Nev., Is Dedicated by Elks of Seven States

On Lookout Point, above the site of the Hoover Dam, near Las Vegas, Nevada, many Elks, representing Lodges of the seven States to benefit from the dam, recently attended the

dedication of a monument erected by them to the spirit of George Washington. The ceremonies were opened by President Paul V. Kelly, of the Nevada State Elks Association. Other prominent Elks present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. A. Dutton, of Arizona, North; President Jacob Gunst, of the Arizona State Elks Association; Governor F. B. Balzar, of Nevada; Exalted Ruler Harry S. Joseph, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, chief sponsor of the project and representative of Governor George H. Dern, Col. Carlos Huntington, representing Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California; and Walter R. Young, engineer in charge of the construction of the dam. The numerous delegations of Elks assembled there for the exercises represented many Lodges of Arizona,



The flagstaff erected on Lookout Point, near the Hoover Dam; and one of the four Washington memorial plaques placed at its base by Elks of seven States

New Mexico, Nevada, California, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah. The monument, which stands at the very top of Lookout Point, directly above the site of the dam, is a four-foot square concrete block, from which rises a 65-foot flagpole. The Elks plaque, of Utah copper, is placed at the base of the monument on one of the four faces of the concrete block. It consists of a profile of Washington and the following words: "Elks of the U. S. A., 'Carry onward and upward,' John R. Coen, G. E. R. Erected by Elks Lodges of the seven States of the Colorado River Pact. Hoover Dam, February 22, 1932—Dedicated to the Spirit of George Washington 1732-1799." This plaque is one of four placed by the Elks at the monument's base. One of the others consists of a message written and signed by President Herbert Hoover. On the day preceding the ceremonies a parade was held in Las Vegas, under the auspices of Lodge No. 1468, in which several hundred Elks marched. At the termination of the parade, at the Home of Las Vegas Lodge, a group of fifty candidates was initiated into the Order.

Additional George Washington Classes Reported by Lodges

Since the publication, in its April issue, of the list of Lodges which had initiated George Washington Prosperity Classes, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has received from a number of other Lodges reports of similar achievements. It takes pleasure in announcing them herewith: Ellensburg, Wash., 14; El Reno, Okla., 29; Fairbanks, Alaska, 8; Kingman, Ariz., 13; Leominster, Mass., 3; Racine, Wis., 5; San Pedro, Calif., 27; Sedalia, Mo., 16; Sullivan, Ind., 2; Washington, Ind., 4; Washington, N. J., 10; Bremerton, Wash., 43.

East Chicago, Ind., Elks Honor Edward De Briae on Birthday

In honor of the eighty-eighth birthday of former Mayor and city Judge Edward De Briae, charter member and honorary life member of East Chicago, Ind., Lodge, No. 981, six hundred and fifty of its members assembled recently at the Home. Their number was increased by many from the neighboring Lodges of Gary, which also sent its forty-piece band; Hammond and Whiting. Past Exalted

Rulers filled all the stations at the Lodge session. Prominent among those gathered in tribute to Mr. De Briac were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Van Delester, President Frank E. Coughlin, Trustee Edward J. Greenwald, and Chaplain J. L. J. Miller, of the Indiana State Elks Association; and Past Exalted Rulers Abe Ottenheimer and Leo McCormack, and James Clements, charter members of No. 981. Several tokens were presented to the guest of honor at the meeting. Of particular note among them were a renewal life membership card and a birthday cake with eight candles, each of them representing eleven years. A program of boxing bouts and other entertainment, and a buffet supper concluded the evening's festivities.

Arthur Bishop, Prominent New Brunswick, N. J., Elk, Dies

Members of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, are mourning the loss of their great friend and benefactor, Arthur Bishop, a life member of the Lodge, who died recently at his home in his seventy-sixth year. Mr. Bishop was well known throughout the State for his contributions to the welfare of crippled children. His gifts included a donation of \$25,000 to the Lodge, the income of which has been used for medical services for crippled children. He also provided funds for the bronze elk which stands at the entrance of the Home, as a memorial to the deceased members. Mr. Bishop, just before his death, had planned to donate a new auditorium to the Lodge.

"Smiling Mickey" Welch Awarded Honorary Life Membership

For distinguished services rendered to the Order, of which he has been a member for forty-six years, Michael Welch, who was "Smiling Mickey Welch," star pitcher of the New York Giants in the 'eighties, recently received from his Lodge, Holyoke, Mass., Lodge, No. 902, an honorary life membership. The award was made in New York, at the Home of New York Lodge, No. 1, with Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr officiating at the presentation. Mr. Welch, now seventy-two years old, became an Elk in 1886 with his initiation into Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 19.



Exalted Ruler Daniel A. Kerr, of New York, N. Y., Lodge presents to "Smiling Mickey" Welch, once star pitcher of the New York Giants, an honorary life membership card in behalf of Holyoke, Mass., Lodge



The assembly of Lakewood, O., Elks who greeted Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen upon the official visit he made not long ago to their Lodge

After twenty-five years, he transferred his affiliation, by dimit, to Holyoke Lodge. This was twenty-one years ago. His induction into the Order took place at the time when he was at the height of his fame. Recalling the exploits which earned Mr. Welch his celebrity, the *New York Times*, in its report of the award of his life membership, said: "One of the outstanding performances noted was that of July 3, 1885, when Welch shut out the famous Chicago White Stockings, 1 to 0, in ten innings. The next day the Giants jumped to Buffalo and in the morning game Welch pitched again and shut out the Bisons, 6 to 0. He volunteered to work again in the afternoon game and won, 6 to 2, thus allowing only two runs in twenty-eight innings and winning three games in two days. The same year, 1885, Welch won seventeen straight games, which stood as a record until Rube Marquard, also pitching for the Giants, made it nineteen straight in 1912. Another feat in the Welch annals was that of striking out the first nine men up in a game against Cleveland."

Death Claims Edward A. Wiegand, Of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge

Five thousand citizens of Lakewood, Ohio, their number including virtually the entire membership of Lakewood Lodge, No. 1350, attended recently the funeral of Edward A. Wiegand, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge and for five consecutive terms Mayor of the city. The ceremonies were held at the Lakewood Methodist Church, and their beauty was enhanced by the singing, by the Elks quartet, of Mr. Wiegand's favorite hymn, "In the Garden." Impressive, too, was the ritual of burial in Lakewood Park Cemetery, where two thousand persons stood in mourning at the grave while a trio of airplanes, representing the 112th Observation Squadron, Ohio National Guard, flew low to scatter flowers upon the Past Exalted Ruler's final resting place. To all who knew him, the passing of Mr. Wiegand proved a severe loss. To these—his family, his friends, both within the Order and elsewhere; and to the legion of citizens of his city and State who throughout his life so highly esteemed him—THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to extend its heartfelt condolence.

Remodeled Home of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge Is Formally Dedicated

More than 200 members of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, witnessed recently the ceremonies incident to the dedication of its new Home, remodeled not long before at a cost of \$50,000. Prominent events of the evening

upon which the exercises were held were addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George E. Hoffman and the Honorable Gabriel H. Moyer, of Lebanon; and the presentation of the keys to the Home to Chairman Byrt W. Fisher, of the Board of Trustees, by Chairman Kenelm L. Shirk, of the Building Committee. A musical program, in which the Elks orchestra took an important part; a banquet for the Trustees, newly elected officers and visiting officers; and a buffet supper for the membership at large of No. 134, were other features of the occasion.

Evanston, Ill., Lodge Holds Its First Annual Ping-Pong Tournament

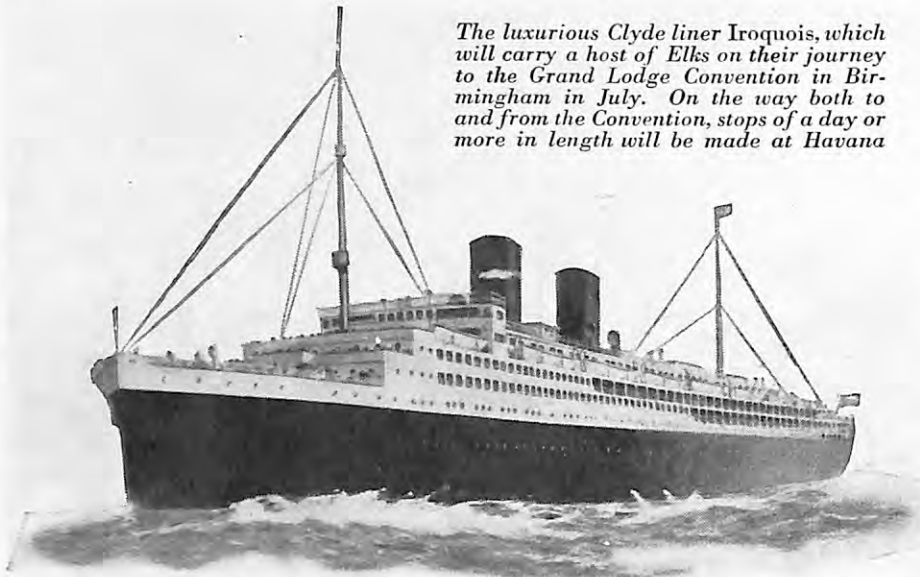
Over one thousand persons recently witnessed the first annual ping-pong tournament to be held under the auspices of Evanston, Ill., Lodge, No. 1316. The matches were contested at the Lodge Home; and were sanctioned by the Western Ping-Pong Association. Oliver Jahn, a member of No. 1316, and Northwestern ping-pong title holder, won the men's singles. He was awarded the Elks Trophy, emblematic of the championship of Evanston. The program also included a number of exhibition matches by national champions.

Brookline, Mass., Elks Honor Past Exalted Ruler Jackson

Over two hundred members of the Order, including several Grand Lodge officers and eleven Past Exalted Rulers of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, recently attended a dinner at No. 886's Home, given by the Lodge for its Past Exalted Ruler William B. Jackson, Chairman of the Massachusetts State Elks Association's Committee on Hospitalization. Prominent among those present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William E. Earle, Leo F. Donovan, and Robert M. Dowe; and Bernard E. Carbin, Treasurer; and Jeremiah J. Hourin, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Elks Association.

Sale of Buddy Poppies Will Begin Memorial Day Week

The Buddy Poppy sale, sponsored by the Veterans of Foreign Wars, will take place the week of Memorial Day. These little scarlet flowers will be offered for sale in virtually every city, town and village throughout the entire country. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this occasion to urge all members of the Order to buy the flowers again this year as they so



The luxurious Clyde liner Iroquois, which will carry a host of Elks on their journey to the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham in July. On the way both to and from the Convention, stops of a day or more in length will be made at Havana

generously have done in the past. Proceeds from the purchase of the Buddy Poppies, made by the disabled ex-Service men in the Government hospitals, are devoted to the welfare and relief work among the veterans and their families. A portion, too, goes to the care of the widows and children of the soldier-dead, through an allotment to the Veterans of Foreign Wars National Home for Widows and Orphans of Ex-Service Men, in Michigan.

Elks of Eastern States to Enjoy Sea Trip to Grand Lodge Convention

Prominent Eastern Elks are arranging a summer ocean trip of two weeks, which will include the Elks National Convention at Birmingham, to be held the second week in July. Special rates have been arranged for Elks, their families and friends for this very attractive vacation trip. The palatial steamship *Iroquois*, flagship of the Clyde Line, with first-class accommodations for 400, will be used. Schedule calls for departure from New York, N. Y., on Monday, July 4th, going direct to Havana, where the tourists will spend a day and night in the capital city of Cuba, going from there to Mobile, Ala., arriving Saturday evening, July 9th. Sunday will be spent in and around Mobile, where many attractive diversions are to be found, such as deep-sea fishing, golf, boating, motor trips, etc. A special six-hour excursion train will carry the party from Mobile to Birmingham, arriving in the convention city early on Monday, July 11th. Definite arrangements will be made for hotel accommodations for the entire party at Birmingham, and at the conclusion of the convention on Thursday a special train will transport the delegation back to Mobile, whence the *Iroquois* will sail on Friday morning, stopping again at Havana for Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Leaving Havana Sunday night the *Iroquois* will arrive in New York on Wednesday morning, July 20th. Elaborate preparations are already under way for the entertainment of the *Iroquois* passengers on both visits to Havana, and the success of the trip is already assured. Among the passengers already booked are many leaders of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Judge Rush L. Holland, Fred Harper, Charles H. Grakelov, Murray Hulbert, and Grand Trustee Supreme Court Judge James T. Hallinan, of Queensborough Lodge. First-class fare for the entire two weeks' trip will run from \$115 to \$250. This will include all meals and state room on board the ship and the railroad fare from Mobile to Birmingham and return. Full particulars can be obtained by addressing Charles S. Hart, Chairman, 50 East 42nd

Street, New York, N. Y.; John F. Nugent, 5819 Forbes Street, Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Frederick E. Field, P. B. O. Elks Lodge, No. 878, Queens Boulevard, Elmhurst, N. Y.; Joseph Brand, Secretary, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, No. 871, 2050 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York, N. Y.; William T. Phillips, Secretary, B. P. O. Elks Lodge, No. 1, 108 West 43rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Dr. Leo Roohan, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; and William S. Shelby, Secretary, Washington, D. C., Lodge.

Hudson, Wis., Lodge Votes to Build New \$20,000 Home

Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, voted at a recent meeting to proceed at once with the construction of a new Home. It will cost approximately \$20,000. The site of the structure, owned by the Lodge, overlooks the St. Croix River and the upper Lake Front Park in Hudson. The Home will be a building of two stories and basement, the proportions forty-four by seventy-eight feet, and will be of modern fireproof construction. The Lodge's determination to complete the new Home as soon as possible was prompted in part as an act of cooperation with the unemployment program sponsored by the American Legion and the Citizens' Reconstruction Program of

the community. The members of No. 640 believe that their undertaking will do much to renew economic confidence and better conditions in general.

Elk's Head Given to Westerly, R. I., Lodge, by the Rev. N. E. Groton

A splendid specimen of an elk's head was presented recently to Westerly, R. I., Lodge, No. 678, by the Rev. Nathaniel F. Groton, of Whitmarsh, Pa., in memory of his uncle, Edwin R. Lewis, a former member of Westerly Lodge. Dr. Groton shot the elk several years ago while on a hunting trip in Wyoming. The head has seven-point antlers, with a spread of seven feet from tip to tip. It has been mounted in the Lodge's reading-room.

Adams, Mass., Lodge Receives Cup For Ritualistic Victory

In behalf of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, of which he is a Past President, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Earle presented recently to Adams Lodge, No. 1335, a silver loving cup in token of its winning of the ritualistic championship of the western district of the State. The cup was received for the Lodge by Reuben Aronson, the retiring Exalted Ruler. The presentation took place at a banquet given to Mr. Aronson by two hundred fellow members of No. 1335.

Kansas City, Mo., Elks Honor Past Exalted Ruler Stewart

Sixty members of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, gathered a short time ago at the Home at a dinner in honor of Past Exalted Ruler Dan G. Stewart, recently appointed to the post of Collector of Internal Revenue. Besides the guest of honor, the attendance included Judges Harry S. Truman and E. I. Purcell, of the County Court; and County Counsellor Fred A. Boxley.

Altoona, Pa., Elks Charity Ball Earns \$600 in Food for Needy

Charging as an admission fee for its Charity Ball a quantity of meats and groceries, Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, recently accumulated more than \$600 worth of foodstuffs for distribution among the needy families of its community. No exact stipulation of the amount of food to be brought was made, but the committees in charge reported that it averaged a dollar's worth a person. About three hundred couples attended the ball.



Members of the proficient Degree Team of Toledo, O., Lodge

There was collected also at the dance about fifty dollars in cash and this, together with the foodstuffs left over after distribution by the Elks, was given to the Rescue Mission of Altoona. The Charity Ball was the most recent of a series of efforts on the part of the Lodge to cooperate with the relief agencies of its city. It has given assistance several times in the last few months to the enterprises of the Emergency Relief Committee and the Central Bureau of Charities.

Members of Olympic Bobsled Team Are All Saranac Lake, N. Y., Elks

The Saranac Lake, N. Y., bobsled team, which competed in the Third Olympic Winter Games at Saranac Lake this year, is composed of four members of Saranac Lake Lodge, No. 1508. They are Henry Homberger, Captain; Edmund Horton, brakeman; Percy Bryant, and F. Paul Stevens. "The Red Devils," as they are known to the followers of the sport, placed second during the Olympic Games to the team which won the 1928 Olympic Championship at St. Moritz. None of the team had ever had any experience in bobsledding until last year. After only two weeks of practice they won the 1931 North American bobsled title, setting a course record of 1:52 flat for a heat. This record still stands. Following the Olympics, "The Red Devils" won the North American Bobsled title for 1932.



ROGER L. MOORE

Winners of second place in the four-man bobsled competition in the Winter Olympic Games at Lake Placid, N. Y., and all members of Saranac Lake Lodge. From left to right they are: Edmund Horton, brakeman; F. Paul Stevens, Percy Bryant, and Henry Homberger, Captain

Past Exalted Rulers of Lansing, Mich., Lodge Organize Permanent Club

As a result of a number of informal meetings of the Past Exalted Rulers of Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196, which were frequently attended by as many as twenty of the twenty-three living former leaders of the Lodge, the Past Exalted Rulers recently organized a permanent club. At the first meeting the members elected officers. Those chosen were Homer D. Parker, President; Edward L. Smith, Vice-President, and Fred C. Pinckney, Secretary. The object of the club, as expressed by its President, is to enjoy the social privileges and intimate relationship fostered by years of friendly contact, and to help the Lodge by giving counsel to the officers and various committees when requested.

Longview, Wash., Lodge Has Nearly Twice Membership of Year Ago

In its efforts to increase membership, in charitable enterprises and in fraternal visits to other Lodges, Longview, Wash., Lodge, No. 1514, has shown within the last year excep-

tional energy. Twelve months ago the Lodge comprised 182 members. Between that time and the present, the number of Elks upon the rolls of No. 1514 has nearly doubled, for it now has reached 322. In the course of this period, too, Longview Lodge has sponsored Boy Scout activities, given a party to 1,400 children of the community, donated the considerable proceeds of a turkey shoot to charities; and, as part of their activities within the fraternity, its members have traveled more than 800 miles to call upon other Lodges in Washington.

Washington, D. C., Elk Seeks Brother Missing for Ten Years

Secretary William S. Shelby, of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, reports that a member of his Lodge is anxious to get in touch with his brother, Dave Kilgoe, of whom he has not heard for ten years. Mr. Kilgoe is certain that his brother was a member of the Order ten years ago, but he does not know of what Lodge.

Fairbanks, Alaska, Elks Are Active in Fraternal and Social Affairs

Two affairs of fraternal interest took place recently at the Home of Fairbanks, Alaska, Lodge, No. 1551. The first of these was the reception for District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. B. Collins, on the occasion of his official visit to his Home Lodge. During the meeting the officers of the Lodge initiated a class of candidates into the Order. The initiatory ceremonies were followed by an address delivered by the District Deputy. Two days later, at the second affair, the Fairbanks Elks gave their annual Purple Bubble Dance at the Home. The event was notable for its large attendance.

District Deputy Huppert Visits Lewistown, Mont., Lodge

More than 150 members of Lewistown, Mont., Lodge, No. 456, assembled at the Home recently to welcome District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Arnold Huppert, on the occasion of his official visit to the Lodge. In his speech, the principal address of the meeting, the District Deputy complimented the Elks upon their fine spirit and the manner in which they conducted the session.

Corrections of George Washington Class Lists Are Made

Since the publication, in its April issue, of the list of Lodges which had initiated George Washington Prosperity Classes, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has received notification of two mistakes in its announcement of results. It takes this occasion to make the corrections and to announce them herewith: District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Albert C. Jones, Maine, West, was listed as of Maine, East. Under his direction, the Western district of Maine initiated a total of eighty-seven candidates, and not, as had been stated before, four. Carnegie, Pa., Lodge, No. 831, initiated seven candidates instead of only one, as reported.

Ashtabula, O., Lodge Honors 75 on "Old Timers' Night"

Seventy-five members who have been affiliated with the Lodge twenty-five years or more recently were guests of honor of



The Pirate Ball, a colorful event in the series of many festivities enjoyed by Elks of New Jersey upon the recent cruise which they took to the West Indies



H. B. SETTLER

Prominent Elks who welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo W. Roohan when he made his official homecoming visit to Saratoga, N. Y., Lodge

About Reduced Railroad Fares To Grand Lodge Convention

For the benefit of members of the Order planning to attend the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, Alabama, the week of July 10, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, in a recent circular, issued the following information about reduced railroad rates:

The railroads have granted special excursion fares, under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE plan, to Elks and dependent members of their families. These excursion tickets will be sold upon presentation and surrender of IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES that members are to obtain through their Lodge Secretary's office.

Under the IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATE plan the round trip rate is a fare and one-half, either going and returning via the same route, or making the round trip via diverse routes. The return limit is thirty days in addition to date of sale. Liberal stopovers are allowed en route, on going and return trips, within final return limit.

SUMMER EXCURSION RATES FROM PACIFIC COAST—While the fare arrangement under the Identification Certificate plan will apply from the entire United States, the regular Summer Excursion rates from the Pacific Coast and other far western points are lower than a fare and one-half, and therefore it will be more advantageous for those from this territory to purchase Summer Excursion tickets, good going and returning by different routes and carrying liberal stopovers. **THESE SUMMER EXCURSION TICKETS REQUIRE NO IDENTIFICATION CERTIFICATES.** Following are typical Summer Excursion rates from the cities indicated to Birmingham and return:

San Diego, Los Angeles and San Francisco: Thirty-day return limit, \$92.66. October 31 return limit, \$97.73.

Portland, Tacoma and Seattle: Thirty-day return limit, \$103.26. October 31 return limit, \$108.14.

Spokane: Thirty-day return limit, \$98.01. October 31 return limit, \$102.89.

No matter in what territory members reside, it is suggested that they see their ticket agents at once and obtain detailed information in respect to:

A—Specific round-trip fares under the Identification Certificate or other special fares. B—Selling dates. C—Final limit. D—Stopover en route. E—Routes over which tickets will read, including also diverse routes, that is, going one route and returning another. F—Sleeping car charges. G—Train Schedules. H—Other detailed information desired.

Ashtabula, O., Lodge, No. 208. The occasion was the annual Old Timers' Night. Each of the seventy-five old timers was introduced to the 300 Elks who had gathered for the event. Among the attendance were thirty-five members of Cleveland Lodge, No. 18. Frank T. Cullitan, Past Exalted Ruler of Cleveland Lodge and Assistant Prosecutor of Cuyahoga County, was the principal speaker. Other visitors included Louis H. Jurgens, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; and Past President William G. Lambert, of the Ohio State Elks Association.

Liberty, N. Y., Elks Pay Fraternal Visit to Port Jervis Lodge

Over forty members of Liberty, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1545, accompanied by the Degree Team, recently made a fraternal call upon the membership of Port Jervis Lodge, No. 645. The visitors' Degree Team conducted initiatory ceremonies for a group of candidates for No. 645.

Sharon, Pa., Lodge Dedicates New Home; Grand Lodge Officers Present

Approximately 300 members of the Order, representing fourteen Lodges of northwestern Pennsylvania and eastern Ohio, recently took part in the dedication of the new \$50,000 Home of Sharon, Pa., Lodge, No. 103. Past Grand Exalted Ruler John K. Tener and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. G. Bohlender conducted the dedicatory ceremonies in the Lodge room of the new building. Other distinguished guests present included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph Riesenman, Jr., James B. Borland, Earl MacDonald, Robert R. Risher and F. J. Schrader; and the Hon. James J. Davis, United States Senator from Pennsylvania and Past Exalted Ruler of Elwood, Ind., Lodge, No. 368.

Immediately following the exercises, addresses were made by Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Senator Davis. In celebration of the occasion a dinner was held in the evening at the Home, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Tener, Grand Secretary Masters, and Senator Davis as the principal speakers. The new Home of Sharon Lodge is said to be one of the finest buildings of its type in northwestern Pennsylvania. It contains eighteen rooms, including a spacious Lodge room and quarters for a restaurant.

Past Exalted Rulers of Glendive, Mont., Lodge Form Association

At a banquet held in the Northern Pacific lunchroom at Glendive, Mont., the Past Exalted Rulers of Glendive Lodge, No. 1324, were hosts recently to the present officers of the Lodge. The former heads of No. 1324 upon the same occasion formed a Past Exalted Rulers' Association, electing, at the conclusion of the business of organization, D. J. O'Neill President, D. C. Warren Vice-President and Joe Kelly Secretary-Treasurer.

Saratoga, N. Y., Elks Hosts to Past Exalted Rulers, District Deputy

Ninety Past Exalted Rulers of the Northeast District of New York assembled recently at the Home of Saratoga Lodge, No. 161, to participate at a meeting of their organization, the Associated Past Exalted Rulers, and, later to attend the homecoming visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo W. Roohan to Saratoga Lodge. Events of the day, following the Past Exalted Rulers' gathering in the afternoon, were a dinner in their honor, given by No. 161 and attended by 225 members of the Order; and the Lodge session in the evening, at which 400 Elks were present. Besides the District Deputy, prominent guests upon the occasion were William T. Phillips, Chairman of the State Association Committee of the Grand Lodge; Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; George W. Denton, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Paul Van Wagner; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter A. Buchheim, James H. Mackin and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr.; Past Presidents Miles S. Hencle, J. Edward Gallico and Joseph Brand; Secretary Philip Clancy, Vice-President Harry W. Bennett, and Trustees Joseph E. Steinmeyer and James H. Brennan, of the New York State Elks Association; Past Exalted Ruler David E. Livingston, of Bronx Lodge; and Exalted Ruler Peter Mayers, of New Rochelle Lodge. President Edward A. McCaffery, of the Associated Past Exalted Rulers, presided at their meeting.

(Continued on page 54)



The beautiful new Home of Sharon, Pa., Lodge, dedicated a short time ago



The spacious and dignified Home of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, host to the convention

Trapshoot and Golf Tournament To Be Features of Grand Lodge Convention

ONE thousand dollars in cash, and various handsome trophies, will be distributed among the winners in the three-day trapshooting program which will be among the most interesting of the events held in connection with the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, Alabama, next July.

In addition to the shoots at the regulation traps of the Birmingham Trapshooting Club, there will be also two events decided on the Southern Skeet Shooting Club's grounds. Skeet is a recent development in trapshooting and one in which the actual conditions of field shooting are as nearly reproduced as is possible. The shots, straightaway, incoming, straight cross, and modifications of each, are just such as are encountered in brush or blind. The manner of shooting, too, is similar to the field sport, since the gun is kept below the elbow, in informal position, until after the target is seen.

National Ritualistic Contest

Place—Birmingham Elks Lodge Room.

Time—July 11th and 12th.

Prizes—Grand Lodge \$1,000.00 Ritualistic cup and cash prizes, amounts to be announced in later issue.

Entries—State champion of each state permitted to enter.

For information and rules, write David Sholtz, Chairman, Daytona Beach, Florida.

Entries must be filed with Chairman by June 15th.

While skeet, and the skeet club, are new, there is more than half a century of tradition behind the Birmingham Trapshooting Club, and visiting gunners can count upon an ably run shoot. It would be well for those contemplating participation in the shoot to communicate at once with the committee in charge.

The program for the three days follows:

Monday, July 11

Practice day, suitable prizes.

Tuesday, July 12

(To be held on Birmingham Trapshooting Club ground.)

Elks 16-Yard National Championship:
100 Targets—\$15 added money each event;
trophies 3 high gun, optionals \$2 each event.

(Continued on page 48)

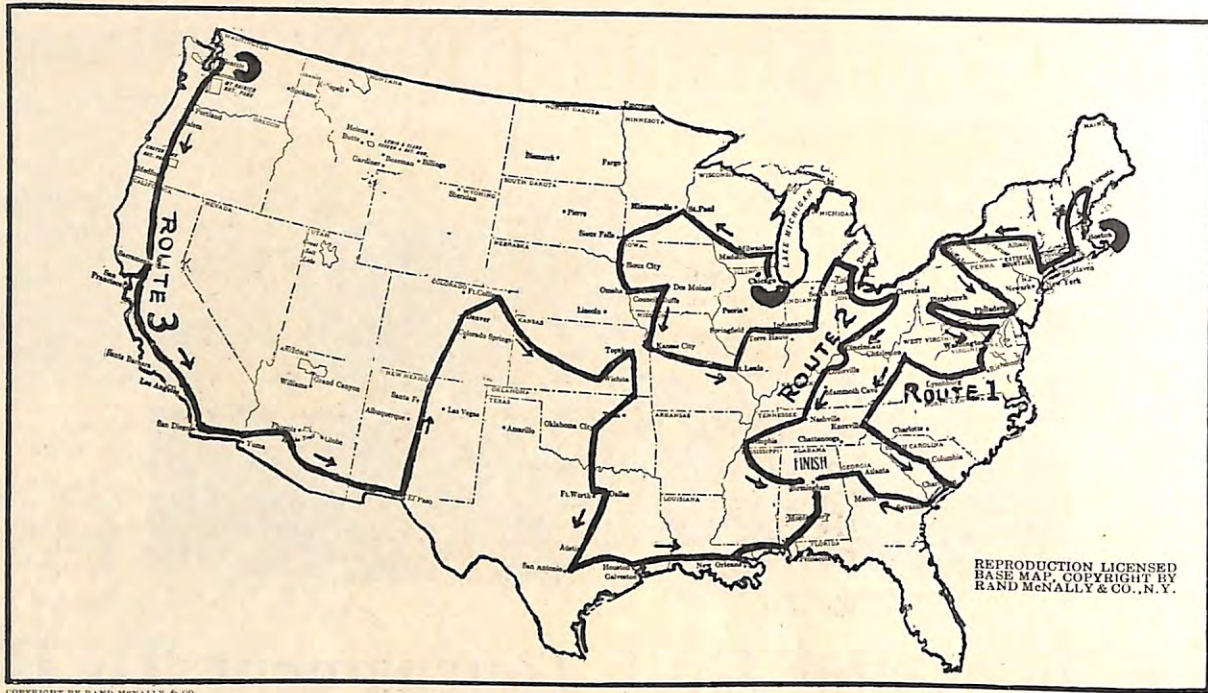


One of Birmingham's many beautiful business buildings



Molten metal paints the night sky a glowing red

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Elks Prepare to Welcome Good-will Fleet

Three Cars of The Elks Magazine 1932 Purple and White Good-will Fleet Leave Boston, Chicago and Seattle, May 16th, for Their Annual Friendly Tour to the Elks Grand Lodge Convention

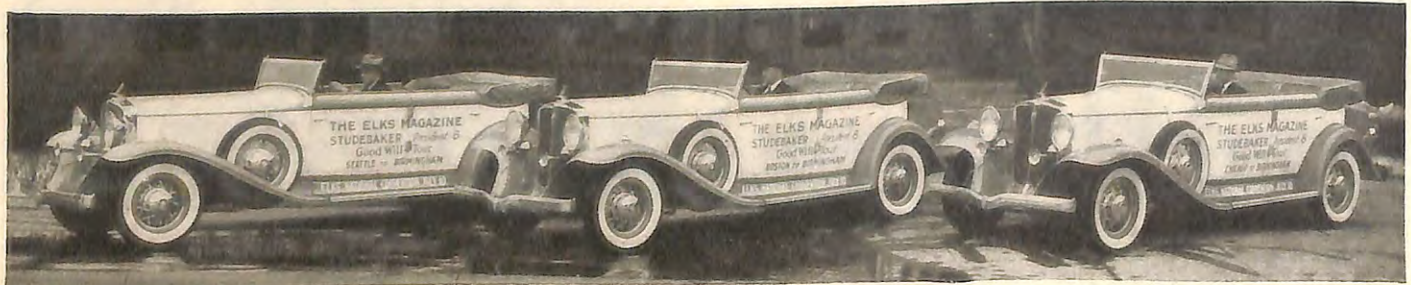
ONCE again, the Good-will Fleet sets sail for the Grand Lodge Convention, this year their destination being Birmingham, Alabama, scene of the 1932 National gathering of the Elks. The three cars of the Purple and White Elks-Studebaker Fleet are scheduled to leave, one from Boston, one from Chicago and the third from Seattle, Monday morning May 16th. For fifty-six days they will be traveling three transcontinental routes and will have contacted some several hundred subordinate Lodges of the Order. In city after city visited in previous years, the Purple and White Fleet was accorded a most enthusiastic reception and all indications point to an equally friendly reception for the 1932 Fleet. District Deputies, Exalted Rulers, Lodge officers, committee chairmen and members of the lodges scheduled to be visited are giving every effort to make the 1932 surpass the Goodwill Tours of other years, and it is safe to say that when the cars roll into Birmingham, Monday morning, July 11th, the Fleet will have scored heavily in cementing friendly relations between lodges and

the national Order itself.

Car No. 1, which leaves from Boston, proceeds into New Hampshire as far as Concord, returns to Massachusetts, goes through Rhode Island, thence to Springfield, Massachusetts, doubles back to Connecticut, enters New York City, crosses to Jersey and returns to New York where it follows the Hudson Valley, North to Schenectady and then swings West to Buffalo, loops back to New York, to Binghamton, enters Pennsylvania to Philadelphia, goes to Pittsburgh, returns to Washington, D. C. From Washington it enters Virginia, West Virginia and returns to Knoxville, Tennessee, travels to the Atlantic Coast through North and South Carolina, works North to Atlanta and so enters Birmingham. Car No. 2 leaves Chicago, goes to Indiana, returns to Illinois, enters Wisconsin, doubles back to Minnesota. Following this it visits



Sioux Falls, Sioux City and enters Nebraska to Omaha. Returning to Illinois through Iowa, it revisits Indiana, proceeds to Michigan, returns back to Ohio, enters Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Birmingham by way of Blocton. Car No. 3 follows the West Coast route, leaves Seattle and drops down to San Diego. Arizona, Texas, New Mexico are visited and Colorado cities including Sterling, home of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. Doubling back to Texas, it follows the Gulf, enters New Orleans, goes to Jackson, Mississippi, and thus to Birmingham.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

SOUTHERN California was first to greet Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen in the course of his series of visits to subordinate Lodges during March. Upon the sixteenth of the month he made an official call upon the membership of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Incidents of the occasion were a dinner in his honor at the Home and a session of the Lodge. The White Squadron Drill Team of No. 99 formed an escort for Mr. Coen at the formal assembly, whereafter he was welcomed by Exalted Ruler Charles J. O'Hara. During both the banquet and the meeting, the famous musical organizations of Los Angeles Lodge, the Orchestra, the 99 Band and the Chanters, rendered selections. The occasion was notable for the attendance of many distinguished Elks, among whom were Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Grand Justice of the Grand Forum Michael F. Shannon, Chairman Ralph Hagan, of the Board of Grand Trustees; Albert D. Pearce, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Mifflin G. Potts, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. P. Wright and E. B. Criddle; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. G. Pyle and Horace H. Quinby; and Past Presidents Horace Williamson and Harry M. Ticknor; Vice-President C. P. Hebenstreit; Secretary Richard C. Benbough; member of the Board of Trustees Milton R. Standish; and Past Vice-President Harold W. Stacy, of the California State Elks Association.



BUEHMAN

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen (above) visits the Tuberculosis Sanitarium for Elks, near Tucson, Ariz., prior to his call upon Tucson Lodge, No. 385



Officers and other members of Dodge City, Kans., Lodge (at the left), with the Grand Exalted Ruler upon the occasion of his visit to their Home

California took place March 21, when he was received at the Home of Brawley Lodge, No. 1420, and entertained thereafter at luncheon at the Planters Hotel. In the evening Mr. Coen was the guest of El Centro Lodge, No. 1325. Two hundred Elks welcomed him at the Lodge meeting. His address of the evening was broadcast over station KXO. The Lodge session followed a banquet in the Grand Exalted Ruler's honor, given by the officers of Brawley, Calexico and El Centro, Calif., and Yuma, Ariz., Lodges. It was held at the Barbara Worth Hotel.

Two days later Mr. Coen was the guest of San Pedro Lodge, No. 966. He was entertained early in the evening at a dinner in his honor at the California Yacht Club, at Wilmington; and later, at the Lodge meeting, was greeted by nearly three hundred Elks, comprising members not only of No. 966, but also of Long Beach, Redondo Beach, Inglewood, Compton, Pasadena and Santa Ana Lodges. Exalted Ruler John P. Martin, Jr., extended the welcome on behalf of No. 966. Several of the prominent members of the Order who had been part of the gathering at No. 99 earlier were among those at San Pedro Lodge. They included Dr. Hagan, Mr. Pearce, Mr. Wright, and Mr. O'Hara. The pleasure of the occasion was augmented by musical programs by the Mission Play Singers and the Greater Harbor District Boys' Band.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's third visit in

On March 22, after a call, at noon, upon Calexico, Calif., Lodge, No. 1382, Mr. Coen paid an evening visit to Yuma, Ariz., Lodge, No. 476. Gathered there, besides the Elks of No. 476, were representatives of several nearby Lodges.

Elks of the Salt River Valley were assembled at the Home of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, No. 335, when the Grand Exalted Ruler visited there March 23. Mr. Coen was the guest of honor early in the evening at a banquet at the Hotel Adams. At the Lodge meeting later were present representatives of all Lodges in the North District of Arizona; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Dutton, and President Jacob Gunst, of the Arizona State Elks Association.

At noon, March 25, the Grand Exalted Ruler was entertained at luncheon at the Elks Tuberculosis Sanitarium, established near
(Continued on page 59)



R. S. CLEMENTS

Colonel William H. Kelly, President of the New Jersey State Elks Association, heads a delegation to greet Grand Exalted Ruler Coen

Arizona

PRESIDENT JACOB GUNST, of the Arizona State Elks Association, recently made an extensive tour of a number of Lodges in his own State and Nevada. The object of this series of visits was to stimulate support of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen's campaign for the enlargement of membership. Among the Lodges to receive visits from the President were Globe, Phoenix, Kingman, Prescott, Flagstaff and Winslow, Arizona, and Las Vegas, Nevada, Lodges.

New York

IN ADDITION to events related strictly to the business of the Order, the New York State Elks Association, at its forthcoming convention at Schenectady, June 5 to 8, inclusive, has arranged a program of sport and

News of the State Associations

entertainment offering exceptional variety and interest. Meetings of the delegates will be held on three consecutive mornings, those of June 6, 7 and 8. Upon the evening before the

first of these, the opening exercises will be held. At these there will be prominent speakers, as well as a program of music. After the ceremonies the ritualistic contest among the Lodges of the State will take place. Entertainment by professional performers will conclude this initial day's events. Upon the afternoon of the second day, June 6, the opening round of the golf tournament will be played. Other features of the day will be an exhibition by a large electrical manufacturing concern of a "House of Magic," a barbecue, sporting events and, in the evening, a cabaret entertainment. The final round of the golf tournament, afternoon tea and bridge for the ladies, automobile trips, a ball and other diversions are planned for the third day. The parade will be held in the afternoon of the fourth and final day of the assembly.

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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

Skeet Shooting

By J. H. Hamilton

Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842



Alfred H. Chapman, P. E. R. Westerly, R. I.,
Lodge, No. 678, Connecticut Skeet Champion
1931. Score 98 out of 100 targets.

THROUGH the courtesy of The Southern Skeet Shooting Club at Birmingham, Alabama, an innovation in shooting is offered to those who attend the National Convention this year, in addition to the regular trapshooting program, that is scheduled to be held at the Birmingham Trapshooting Club.

Skeet shooting has grown very rapidly in the past few years, and no doubt a great many shooters who have never enjoyed this sport will carry home with them sufficient enthusiasm to organize a Skeet Club. For those uninitiated in the new sport, perhaps a few words of explanation will prove of interest.

Skeet is designed so that it will appeal to those who love field shooting, without the mechanical monotony some shooters find in regular trapshooting. Every shot is parallel to shots encountered in the brush or in the blind. The same gun that is your favorite in the field becomes the ideal gun for Skeet. Almost any load that is acceptable to the field hunter is also well adapted to break Skeet targets. The manner of shooting, too, is similar to field hunting, since the gun is kept below the elbow in the informal position until after the target is seen.

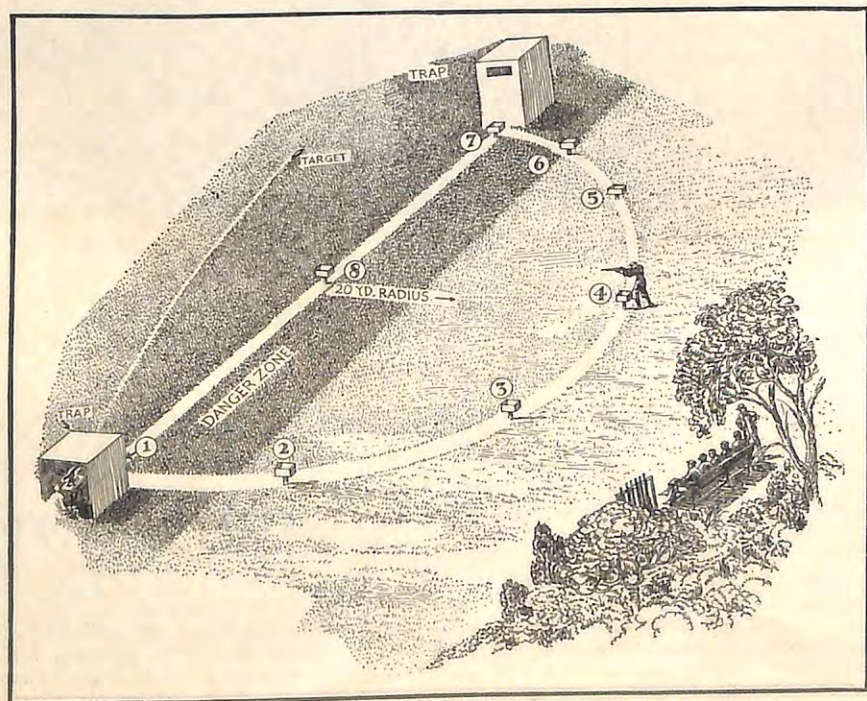
The Skeet program consists of twenty-five shells, or one box. If more than one shooter is going around the program, the squad goes to the first trap at station 1. Upon the word "Ready" a target is released which from that point is a straightaway shot. After the first shooter has shot at this target he reloads his gun, and again saying "Ready" receives a target from the other trap which is a direct incomer. After all the squad has shot these two targets, they move to station 2. Here the same procedure is repeated, only this time the outgoing target will be at an angle, as will the incomer. At station 4 both shots will be at right-angles to the shooter. In other words, they will be straight cross shots, first one from the right and then one from the left. As they approach station 7 there will be a repetition of the first two shots, but the conditions will be found quite different, since there is always a difference in swinging a gun one way over another. After the seven stations have been shot the squad goes to station 8

where each man shoots an incomer from both traps. This is to practice the shooter on compulsory snapshots. Since the distance from where he stands to the trap is only twenty yards, he must be very much on the alert, and must be using a gun that fits him properly. This completes the single program.

The shooters then go to station 1 again, where upon the command "Ready" both targets are released together. The shooter has two shells in his gun and with the first shoots at the outgoing target, and with the second the incoming target. This is repeated at stations 2, 6 and 7. There are therefore sixteen pairs of singles and four pairs of doubles, making a total of twenty-four targets.

The twenty-fifth shell of the box is used as an optional shot, the shooter choosing the station and trap that pleases him.

The drawing below shows that one trap is elevated to a point about ten feet above the ground. To throw the regulation target from each trap it will be seen that the velocities of the two targets must be different. This mixes up the shots, adding greatly to the fascination of the sport and the skill required to make a good score.





Caught on Twenty Feet of Line

The above photograph of Dr. Ray Fouts shows two of the finest specimens of tiger muskies taken at Calvert's Camp, Lake-of-the-Woods, last fall. Dr. Fouts, along with Oscar Voedisch, a member of No. 4, Chicago, caught the larger of the two specimens—a forty-four pounder under the most unusual circumstances ever recorded in the taking of a fish of this size.

Mr. Voedisch and the Doctor were headed for one of their favorite musky spots and in passing close to a patch of reeds, the Doctor made one of those careless casts that fishermen often make, just to be doing something rather than with the idea of really getting a strike.

As the bait hit the water in the reeds, there was a mighty splash, and the Doctor made a move to set his hook, only to discover that his line had parted at the reel, the end of it lying curled on top of the water. He let out a yell and Voedisch made a grab for the line and wrapped it around his hand. By that time, Mr. Musky had decided to go places. Voedisch hung on for dear life, with the line cutting into his hand. The guide and the Doctor each reached for an oar and the battle was on. Finally a lucky strike with the oar quieted Mr. Musky and he was pulled to the side and Voedisch, with blood dripping from his hands where the line had cut him, pitched him into the boat. Both fishermen are inclined to claim this as a record catch, as from the time the cast was made until this forty-four pounder was lying in the bottom of the boat, it couldn't have taken over three minutes. Voedisch says if you want any proof of this, he can show the scars where the line cut him.

KEEP "Elkdom Outdoors" in mind on your fishing trips, and take your camera along. Shoot the pictures you think will be most interesting to lovers of outdoor sports. Group pictures of Elk Golf Tournaments, and Rod and Gun Club activities with a story will be appreciated. Why not pass on to your brother sportsmen tips on fishing, as to bait, and methods, that will add to their enjoyment. Send in all hunting, fishing, golf and other outdoor pictures with your story, furnishing names and places. Send only prints, the glossy type preferred, and address all correspondence to **ELKDOM OUTDOORS, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.**



An All-Round Sportsman

We take our hats off to Theo. M. Toll, No. 46, Milwaukee. Outside of fishing in Wisconsin for trout and other game fish, in the spring, he golfs during the summer, hunts during the fall season and then goes to Florida for some winter fishing. That he knows his stuff is shown in the accompanying picture. The tarpon weighed 110 and 160 lbs. respectively.

A Fine Mixed Bag

A day in the blinds on Currituck Sound at Poplar Branch, North Carolina, produced the mixed bag shown below. Geese, Ruddy duck and Canvas Back, seem to be the most prominent in the group. The sportsmen are: Top row, C. Baum, R. Baum, guides; Bottom row, R. E. Patterson, W. E. Johnson, N. Van Reese, all members of Freeport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1253.



Trout and Apples

G. G. Becker, Wenatchee, Wash., Lodge, No. 1186, after admitting that Wenatchee is the Apple Capital of the world, goes on to say: "Apples are not the only things we raise out here. The trout shown is a steel head, thirty inches long and weighed eight and one-half pounds dressed. Caught on a light fly-rod in the Wenatchee River. Come on out for some trout fishing, and how about another piece of apple-pie?"

An Appeal to Golfers

Residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., have laid out five home-made golf holes on the grounds which many of the old-timers greatly enjoy walking around. The game has become extremely popular and there are more aspiring players than there is equipment—a situation which presents every Elk golfer with the opportunity for a kindly deed. A very good suggestion comes from Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, of sending to the Home at Bedford, golf clubs and balls for their use. Look over your layout of clubs and if you can spare one or two, wrap them up and send them to the Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia. Golf balls and bags will be needed also. Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge is donating a cup to be played for annually.

Governor Emmerson Snags a Beauty

Governor Louis L. Emmerson of Illinois, a Past Exalted Ruler of Mount Vernon, Ill., Lodge, No. 819, is a fisherman of no mean ability, as is shown by the forty-pound tiger musky taken at Lake-of-the-Woods last fall. The Governor can usually find time, out of a busy life, to spend a little time in his favorite fishing haunts. He is an excellent caster and will spend long hours seeking out the big ones.



The Avenger

(Continued from page 17)

Norfleet, the making of a new, hard man began. The changed one did not spare himself. Greed for quick money, he adjudged himself, had led him to be weak and credulous. He had paid and would have to keep on paying. His wife would have to be told, and the public, also. He would lose the \$5,000 option payment on the new ranch. The old ranch was the only earner left and it was now weighted with \$45,000 of loans. That was his penalty. Bad enough, at his years.

But far worse, if he had to remember the rest of his life that the swindling gang got away scot-free. He never would be able to hold his head up under that shame. His thinking took an ordered and a resolute direction. Before he left the room steeled to confess he had been victimized, he had tabulated the meager clues that might be of use in identifying each of the persons who had taken a rôle against him.

There was "Stetson," noticeable anywhere, his bulk of two hundred pounds and his six feet of height hard to hide. A front line of pink scalp circled his brown hair. He had a round, smooth face and greenish blue eyes, with smile lines radiating from the temple corners.

Spencer would be harder to describe to anyone who had not seen him. What was his marked feature? His nose, of course, slightly crooked to mar an otherwise regular contour. Perhaps some sucker had hit that nose with his fist.

Miller, the mule buyer, had not been seen since he did his trick of striking up an acquaintance that first night in Dallas. What could be remembered about him? He had glossy black hair with gray streaks in it. His eyes were brown, with overhanging lids.

About Ward, who acted the part of secretary of the Dallas Cotton Exchange? He had half-moon brows and roached hair—was a massive hulk gone soft.

And Gerber, the other secretary at Fort Worth? The killer type, with thick nose and a straight-slit mouth.

Yes, Norfleet reflected, he would recognize any of them in a crowd and he could tell others how to spot each one.

WAS there any other bit of fact that would help him to get a start on the hunt? Yes, there was that little memorandum book that "Stetson" often consulted. Standing near the big man, he had seen a page of names in the book. One name had been familiar. Norfleet sat with his head in his hands and concentrated to bring back that name. He had it—Calley, an old fellow who lived at Corpus Christi. The page of names, he reckoned, was a sucker list. Calley might be the next in line. The trail, then, might be picked up at Corpus Christi.

First, there was a sour dose of medicine to take. Norfleet swallowed it. He reported his undoing to the Dallas police, and got the public laughter he expected. He told his wife everything, including his purpose of pursuit. She told him to get his men—and alive, saying that anyone could bring in dead men and that it took nerve and smartness to make a clean capture. She would run the ranch. He needn't worry about home matters.

Norfleet did not go directly to Corpus Christi. He reasoned that the gang might be chancing a harvest at San Antonio. He made the rounds of the San Antonio hotels. A pleasant giant who had registered as J. Harrison had stopped at one of them but had checked out a few days before. The account of him fitted the leader of the band. He had been alone.

While Norfleet was at the police station making inquiries and leaving descriptions, a girl thief was brought in. She was in tears and Norfleet tried to cheer her. If she re-

turned the property, he suggested, she would get a light sentence. The trouble was, she said between sobs, that she had sold the only valuable article, a fine fur cloak, to a sleek fellow with money, who she guessed was a crook. When she knew she was suspected, she tried to get the coat back. The buyer had left town. She didn't know the man's name but she had delivered the wrap at a hotel room. She told Norfleet the hotel and the number of the room. It was the one that had been occupied by J. Harrison.

Not for a year did Norfleet understand the value of this accidental clue. He fumbled the San Antonio situation badly, owing to his ignorance of tracing methods.

Having drawn blank at San Antonio, he proceeded to Corpus Christi, to learn there that his acquaintance Calley had gone to San Bernardino, California. He was thought to have had a considerable sum of money with him. Without hesitation, the tracker took the first of many long travel jumps—straight to San Bernardino.

He was welcomed on arrival with about the only cheerful police news he ever received. The Chief of Police told him he had a Christmas gift for him and invited him to look over the jail birds. Facing him in companion cells were Ward and Gerber, the "Exchange Secretaries." They cursed him and blamed their arrest on him, as well they might. The Texan, Calley, had been rounded up for trimming on the regular formula, lost pocket-book and all. But just before the meeting where Calley was to have turned over his money, his back mail caught up with him and he read in a Texas paper about the Norfleet fleecing. When he went to the police for help he found they already were searching for him with another warning from Norfleet, by direct wire.

The meeting place of the band was raided from the front but Spencer and "Stetson" got down a fire-escape in the rear, and safely away. Only the two minor villains were in the haul. Still Norfleet could cross them off his list. They were extradited to Texas, tried and convicted on Norfleet's testimony.

Norfleet's best gain from the opening skirmish was the identity of the leader of the confidence crew. "Stetson" was Joe Furey, brother of the Furey of the Nicky Arnstein combination. With a police suspect rating from coast to coast Joe Furey boasted an immunity from conviction. It was believed that he paid for protection in some areas of the country, though Texas was new territory for him and he trusted to luck rather than protection there.

From San Bernardino, Furey and Spencer fled eastward on a through train. They were not on it, however, when it was searched. Norfleet, on his way home for the Ward and Gerber trial, put himself in their shoes and concluded that his own course would have been to change trains frequently and keep on going until he was well across the Mississippi River.

On this theory he went through his train seeking tourists who meant to stop off at different points. To each of them he told his story and gave descriptions of Furey and Spencer. While he still was in court attendance at Dallas he got a letter from a bright old lady who had been one of the travelers. She wrote that a young man with a crooked nose had boarded her train at Houston. She moved her seat to be near him and used the tourist's privilege of asking questions. He had mentioned that he was going to Jacksonville. She believed he was Spencer.

That was ground enough to send Norfleet to Florida. He found no scent in Jacksonville, or in St. Augustine, and moved on across the state to Tampa and St. Petersburg. From this survey it seemed to him that Florida was full of sucker material, nice elderly people from interior states, with fair amounts of money and

too much confidence in their fellow beings. If that were so, harpies would not be far away. In a Gulf village to the north he got proof of this view.

An aged couple of winter visitors had been offered an unusual property bargain. The two brought the purchase money to a supposed real estate office and there it was taken from them by force. Three men, posing as owner, lawyer and agent, were the robbers. Norfleet asked the victims for the distinguishing features of the hold-up trio, and found no resemblance to his fugitives. Yet crooks might flock together. A blond man of the group had hairy hands and on one finger the hair lay the wrong way, result probably of an injury. He would know that hand if ever he saw it.

A cynical garage man dropped in his hearing the remark that the "flash men" were riding in the best cars. Norfleet dug out of him the information that the territory had recently been invaded by a gang from St. Augustine, which had cleaned up and gone. Norfleet back tracked to that city. He did find the man with the hairy hands, though uselessly, for the police he summoned came too late. Having no warrant for this thief, he kept himself in the background.

ANYWAY, he had someone to follow. The chase led to Tampa once more and then into the interior. Norfleet baited a hook with himself as sucker, broadcasting wherever he went that he had sold a farm and was looking for celery acreage into which to put the money. At Sanford the lure was taken by a scout who suggested a visit to a region near Daytona.

On arrival, he was invited to take a few days off from land hunting. There were quicker ways of making money than growing celery, he was told. His escort had increased to two men. Johnson and Steel they called themselves. They induced him to hire a car for a trip to the "club." That resort was a shabby bungalow in a remote district. Johnson ordered the car driver to return to town. Norfleet slipped to the negro's side and while appearing to arrange for the time he would want the car again, showed the butt of a gun and whispered a command to stay on the spot. The frightened darky nodded assent.

Inside the bungalow was a set-up of an ostensible race-betting pool room. The game, Norfleet sensed, was just a variation of the Stock Exchange racket. A seeming telegraph operator was tapping a key. A comfortable looking man cast for millionaire was counting packets of bills. Steel whispered that the money had just been won on the "third race." The odds on the "fourth," he added, would be even better. The race would be a "shoo-in" for the company's horse.

Norfleet could guess the rest. The horse and his bet would win. Then he would be asked to prove by show of money that he could have paid if he had lost. The choice, it was evident, would be to give it peaceably or have it taken from him. Two guards with rifles were unpleasantly near the door. Five other men, including his escort, were in the room.

The situation looked bad. A moment later it was worse. Another car drove up and a man ran in and gave a note to Steel, who read it, turned pale and sidled toward the guards. Norfleet judged that the next move was up to him. He said carelessly that he had forgotten that it was Sunday. He never gambled on Sundays. He would be going back to town. He must look green enough, he thought, not to be supposed to know that races were not run on Sundays either. He moved toward the door.

The guards began to swing their rifles to their shoulders. But rifles are clumsy weapons. Norfleet had the guards covered before their fingers were near the triggers. Holding

one revolver on them and fanning the room with the other to keep the six at a distance, he called to Johnson and Steel to walk out of the door ahead of him. They moved. He loaded them into the car and directed the negro to get going. It was dark before the outskirts of town were reached.

Norfleet had acted from necessity, without plan. He had prisoners and did not know what to do with them. They were not the men he was seeking. To prosecute them as pool room swindlers would hold him in the district. All he wanted from them was knowledge about Furey—if they had it. He decided to hold his own court.

Coming to a house of substantial appearance, he halted and called for the owner, who happened fortunately to be a man of consequence. Norfleet sketched the circumstances and asked the citizen to be a witness of the examination and afterwards to have the club house properly raided and closed.

On the lighted porch the two men went through the pockets of Steel and Johnson. The note that had alarmed Steel was found. It was signed "Joe" and told Steel that he had been tricked and that the false sucker was Norfleet himself. It warned Steel that the Texan was a dead shot but must be taken, anyway, for the safety of them all.

Norfleet interpreted this note as an instruction for murder, given by Furey, whose handwriting he recognized. He swung on Steel with a cold demand for the truth about Furey's headquarters. The fellow wilted and said Furey was proceeding to Miami. He told the location of the "Exchange" there, in an out-of-the-way spot. Norfleet believed the underling was too scared to lie and also that neither he nor Johnson would dare admit betrayal to Furey if they reached him first. He turned them loose.

He was on his way to Miami the same night. Within twenty-four hours he found the "Exchange," sought police cooperation on the strength of Texas warrants for Furey and Spencer, and arranged for a raid in force.

The building in the sand drifts was circled, all except an arc toward the sea. No boats were visible. Fugitives would not swim into the ocean. Norfleet guided one flanking party. He reached his post in time to see a motor

boat dart in from the sea and pick up Furey as he splashed from the shore. Nor was Spencer found among the many persons arrested. Evidently he had not been in the place.

The ocean washed out Furey's trail. Neither in Miami nor in Havana could Norfleet find it again. According to Furey's later story he was taken by the motor boat to a larger craft which bore him to the Bahamas, whence he sailed for England, remaining abroad several months. It is more likely that he went by rum-runner from the Bahamas to the Jersey shore and then west to San Francisco.

The cast-off pursuer returned dejectedly to his Texas home. For many months he had enough to do in mending his own finances. At the end of the first year of hunting only the two pawns of the band were in his bag.

THE episode of the fur cloak at San Antonio somehow would not be forgotten. His experience of the year had shown him that he was a poor sleuth at the outset. He had been too much engaged in trying to take Furey in flight. He had not tried to find the man's castle. The cloak would go to a woman. Wherever she was, Furey would be at intervals.

Norfleet took the road again, a new start from San Antonio. Post office and express staffs going through bales of records at his bidding, could not find that the Harrison of the hotel room had shipped a package from the city. The parcel post inquiry, however, revealed a peculiarity. One bundle of about the weight of a fur coat had been mailed to an address and not a person. A name and a San Antonio address had been given by the sender. No person of the given name was found at the local number. The parcel had been sent to San Francisco. Norfleet wrote down the address. The sender might be Furey. The telephone company, another ally, found the slip of a long distance call to a Los Angeles suburb by Harrison. So work would have to be done both in Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Norfleet, reaching Los Angeles, called the telephone number on a real estate pretext. The woman who answered said she was Mrs. Furey and that the property was not for sale. She was indeed the wife, living quietly with her small son in middle-class comfort. Norfleet

arranged that continuous police watch be kept until Furey should walk into the trap. He proceeded to San Francisco.

The address he sought there was in an apartment house and the occupants were a mother and grown daughter. They were said to be wealthy. Norfleet sent a girl to gain entrance on the excuse of bringing home a lost puppy. While she was apologizing for mistaking the address, the girl studied the women and the apartment. A fur coat like that described to her by Norfleet was hanging on the hall rack. Furey's second establishment had been found.

The elder woman was Furey's financial agent. He sent her large sums of money with instructions for investment. Henceforth she also was under police watch. Neither surveillance was fruitful. Norfleet stayed on the coast for months. His funds ran low. If he had not won a new stake by a lucky bet on a Texas horse at Tia Juana he would have had to go home.

He was particularly disappointed that Furey did not visit his wife. The little boy had been heard to tell his playmates that his father was coming soon. Norfleet wondered if the policemen had been alert. He had the oversight of mail and telegraph delegated to himself. His ultimate reward was sight of a wire from Jacksonville telling noncommittingly of money forwarded to the wife.

So the band was at work again in Florida. Norfleet hopped as a matter of course. On his way across the continent, he stopped at the ranch, raised more travel money, and bade his son Pete come with him as deputy. He also got new warrants of arrest and extradition papers, and when he reached Florida he had them countersigned by the governor at the state capital before going to Jacksonville. He was a full-fledged officer of the law and knew his powers.

He located Furey easily this time, living well, as usual, at a good hotel, using a new alias but acting otherwise as if he had no fears. Associates came and went. Here was a center, indeed.

Norfleet waited until Furey was at dinner in the public room, in company with none other than the man with the hairy hands. Furey recognized Norfleet too late for flight but not

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PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS

The "American Clipper," largest air liner in service. It carries 48 passengers, weighs 17 tons and its 4 motors develop 2,300 h. p. It was christened in Washington by Mrs. Herbert Hoover and piloted on its first flight to South America by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh

(Continued from page 39)

for battle. He screamed that robbers were after him and threw himself on the undersized Ranger, sinking his teeth into his enemy's right hand. The hairy one beat Norfleet over the head. Pete had been left to guard the door. He ran to his father's side and was needed only to stand off the crowd. With one hand helpless and blows raining on him, Norfleet still had been able to swing his left hand gun into Furey's stomach, cowing him completely. The accomplice ran away.

The other diners had given a police alarm, thinking they were witnessing a hold-up. The officers arrested the contestants, refusing to make an inquiry before return to the station. The procedure, however, suited Norfleet. He wanted to reach a commanding officer. To the latter, at the station, Norfleet showed his papers. Furey was blocked from immediate release on bond, but Norfleet dreaded that some sort of staying writ would be served if he remained in Jacksonville with his prisoner.

Car and driver were hired for journey across the Georgia line, and Furey was en route from Jacksonville two hours after the arrest. On the road Furey offered to pay \$20,000 for his release. He said he would have paid Norfleet his original losses long ago had he been able to do so safely. The relentless pursuit, he added, had cost him more than he ever had taken from the ranchman.

Norfleet pricked up his ears at that. He had harassed Furey, but not in costs of such a figure. On a chance he put a suspicion into words. He asked Furey how much money he had paid the police guards to avoid arrest in the Los Angeles suburb. Furey swore wrathfully. So that pair had taken his money and then double crossed him by tipping off Norfleet that he was in Jacksonville. Norfleet let him keep that impression.

OTHER matters about the motor trip were troubling him. Furey, he thought, was acting as if expecting something to happen. His companions, in a faster car, by a short-cut route, might easily head off the slower vehicle and lay an ambush. Norfleet had been told that he could flag a fast train at a small station. Too late he studied his railroad time-table. The place was not a flag station.

He smelled an attempt at rescue. Night had come and he was on a little-traveled road in a district where he was a stranger. An appeal for volunteer help would meet doubtful reception. He had better return to Jacksonville. But suppose the way back also had been ambushed? What strategy should he employ?

He halted the car and scouted ahead on foot. He was not surprised when he came upon a trap, a number of armed men in a thicket. His skill at hiding was greater than theirs. They did not know they had been marked down. Returning to the car he drove it near enough to attract the attention of the ambushers and then turned back in the direction of Jacksonville. The hiders did not break cover, and that was proof to Norfleet that however puzzled

they might be by his maneuver, they were trusting attack to another body between him and the distant city.

Such reinforcements, however, might not molest a car that did not contain Furey as prisoner. Norfleet alighted with Furey ahead of him and ordered his son to go to Jacksonville for help. He would hide himself and Furey by the wayside. If he was discovered he would use Furey as a protecting shield. Pete Norfleet broke through a cordon not many miles from where he left his father, and was not fired upon.

The hide-out of Furey and the elder Norfleet was found during the night. Norfleet stood Furey up with a revolver planted against his back and told him to order his own men to retire unless he wished to be the first man to die in the fight. Furey begged his followers to go away. They fell back but kept up a siege. The effort was useless, for Pete Norfleet brought help before morning.

Furey was taken aboard a local train bound for Jacksonville again. As the train slowed down in the Jacksonville railroad yards, the desperate captive threw himself from the car window, ran to a switch engine standing idle with steam up, started it successfully and dashed through the yards. Luck was against him. He drove into a dead-end track and was caught in a foot-race when he abandoned the cab.

After that experience, Norfleet lodged his prisoner behind steel bars for the night, regardless of risk of habeas corpus. Furey's lawyer did seek a writ. Before he could find a judge to sign it, however, Furey was gone from Jacksonville, this time for good. Norfleet took him from jail at dawn and motored to a town where he could board a through train.

Furey was safely delivered at Fort Worth for trial. He was convicted, with Norfleet as chief prosecuting witness, and was sentenced to Huntsville penitentiary for a term of twenty years. Behind the walls a few months later he was one of the ring-leaders in a prison break by which many inmates escaped. A disguise, money and a motor car were waiting for Furey. He never reached the haven, being cornered and retaken at the very prison gates. The failure broke his spirit and health. He died a convict in 1926.

When the Fort Worth trial was ended, Norfleet went to Los Angeles to deal with false watchers. The district attorney backed him up so well that the two bribed officers went to San Quentin prison for fourteen years. It was charged that they had caught Furey at his door-step and released him for \$20,000.

Reno Hamlin, the mule man, was the next to be hunted down, Oklahoma City the end of his trail. He went to the Federal prison at Atlanta. Only Spencer of the crooked nose remained at liberty. Again and again, for a period of more than two years, Norfleet nearly caught up with him, only to have him slip through his fingers. Finally, a definite track ran from Chicago to New York and then to Canada.

In a Montreal hotel Norfleet sighted his quarry under circumstances similar to those of the arrest of Furey at Jacksonville. Spencer

was at dinner with friends. Norfleet made the arrest with quite different results. Spencer broke from his clutches in a free-for-all fight, got away, and escaped from Canada.

For the next year Norfleet was more a professional detective in state and government employ than a single huntsman. His assignment was to clean out a "big business" confidence gang in the middle west. He knew that some day or other he would find Spencer in such surroundings. The lines of inquiry led to Denver.

In the years Norfleet had become a sophisticated man of the cities. He shed this veneer, rigged himself up as a rancher who had "struck oil" and, as Texas Mulligan, his actions around town invited the "come-on" prospectors to pick him up. It was not long before he was hearing the old Exchange song. The pocket-book ruse had been abandoned for a "fellow oil man" way of contact. Otherwise the story went the same. He wondered how any intelligent person could fall for such crude trickery.

HE WENT through all the motions of getting money to share in a whacking pool of profits, and engineered a scene where all the members of the gang would be present. To avoid local advance alarm, Texas rangers were imported to circle the rendezvous. At Norfleet's signal, they entered and captured the lot.

Sure enough, Norfleet was right about Spencer. He was not in the Denver crew, but after arrest one of the leaders thought he might get off easier if he showed the road that would lead to Spencer.

That was the finish for Spencer, though the tracker still had much territory to cover. He did not mind. Salina to Ogden, into Montana, across the Canadian border, back to Cheyenne coursed the pursuit. In Salt Lake City the capture. After all, Norfleet did not, in person, escort Spencer to a jail door. He had lined up the fugitive so well that he could wire from Cheyenne to have the arrest made on a recent offense of smuggling narcotics across the border. He let Spencer go to Leavenworth, too, for the short sentence on that conviction. But he waited at the prison door to rearrest him at the conclusion of his term, and take him back to Texas to be tried for fleecing the ranchman Norfleet. The cost of that event of the past was eight more prison years.

Of the five who robbed Norfleet, four were in prison and one was dead. The book of hunting was closed.

Was the hunter satisfied? No. Some zest had gone from his life, some doubt had entered his mind. He wondered if he would not have lived more contentedly if he had never raised a punishing hand. Impossible to resolve the matter for him. Yet it can be said that the old Norfleet was a drab sort and that the new Norfleet had a fascinating quality. If vigor is better than vegetation, the new man outclassed the old. Anyway, he could not turn back the pages. He was that into which he had refashioned himself.

Something Had To Be Done

(Continued from page 11)

"That suits me," I says. "Your candidates win unanimous." Then we drew up rules and by-laws about what the committee was to take charge of and how they was to appoint deputies for each row of tents. We give the committee the right to hear charges and complaints and fix penalties, subject to approval by Bud. It looked to me like there was a heap of horse sense to a plan like that. Fact is, we was so proud of it that we called in the chief guard that had picked our cooks for us and showed him what we had drawn up and told him who we was a-going to appoint.

"What do you think of it, Sulphur?" Bud says. We always called that guard

Sulphur on account of his funny color.

"You're a-fixing for trouble," he says, so we didn't waste no more time with him. Bud promulgated the orders next morning, standing on a table with the convicts lined up in a square around him. Bud couldn't write good but he could read all right, especially after a little practise like he'd had with these here rules and by-laws. He expected 'em to cheer but they didn't do nothing; not a peep out of 'em. Well, we made some allowance for them being convicts and let that pass but we sure expected 'em to cheer when the two committee members was introduced.

"It's the way they been trained to keep their

mouths shut," Bud says. "They'll come around all right. Just give 'em time."

Well, sir, we didn't have to give 'em much time. Business begin to pick up before dark. It started with two fellers down at the dam that got in a row because one of 'em that shoved a wheelbarrow said the other one that shovelled sand into the wheelbarrows loaded his wheelbarrow wrong on purpose and made his back hurt. They was hauled up before the committee right then and there; the verdict come in about three minutes; bread and water for both of 'em. Bud didn't think much of that but we wanted to give the committee a chance so he signed the order. Next morning

a feller come up to report his towel was gone and he told who had it. The deputy of that row of tents went and looked and found it so the case went before the committee and we got another quick verdict; bread and water for supper for the feller that lost his towel on account of this being the fifth time and bread and water for the thief. Bud signed the order but that night he called this here committee for a confab and he says to them: "Boys, you are harder on them poor devils than the guards. I ain't saying you're wrong—and I ain't saying you're right. You mebbe got a idea of how this business had ought to be handled but I got to sign these here orders of your'n; I'm responsible. Suppose you turn loose and tell me just what your ideas is about running this here business."

Well, them two grinned sarcastic and superior and one of 'em says: "We ain't just exactly burdened down with general ideas and policies. The way it looks to us, we are mixed up with a lot of white trash and to hell with 'em. The feller that stole that towel got here by stealing money from a uncle that had give him a job in his store when the feller was starving to death. He wouldn't have no kick coming if we was to order him boiled in oil."

"I see," Bud says. "Still and all," he says, "that wasn't just exactly my idea in appointing the committee. What I am trying to do is have a little more peace and contentment mixed up with this job."

"PEACE and contentment don't go with that trash," the committee says. "Them birds is just plain no good. If they had of wanted peace and contentment they had ought to stayed out of here."

"Well," Bud says, "considering where I got 'em from that ain't altogether news to me. The governor kind of hinted that everything in their records wasn't exactly straight. Now that we understand each other," Bud says, "the committee is discharged with thanks."

And they said: "Sure. Don't mention it. We didn't want the job nohow. It's enough to live with them vermin without having to listen to 'em and talk back polite. We ain't a-going to be here long nohow so we ain't a-cultivating no life-long friendships."

I was setting where I could hear all this and when it was over Bud come and set down beside me and rolled a cigarette.

"Well," I says, "it looks like Sulphur was mebbe right."

"No, Sam," Bud says, "it'd be agin nature for a feller with a face like his'n to be right. We got to think this thing out." So we smoked for a couple hours and then Bud says: "All this here experience proves, Sam, is that innocent men ain't no good in a penitentiary. They ain't got no business here. The sooner we get shut of 'em the better. We got to have a committee of guilty men next time."

"Yes," I says, "that'd be better. And, anyway, a committee had ought to be three men. Nobody never heard of no two man committee. I don't believe it's legal and now we done found out it's unlucky."

"I reckon you're right," Bud says, and we turned in for the night.

Next day me and him went scouting and found us a new committee. These was grafters of one kind and another, good-natured fellers, kind of bright, and with lots of pep. They'd knowed how to sell things or they wouldn't been there so we figured they could talk good and get results.

They lasted five days. Everybody they tried got off with some fun poked at him but Bud waited because we wanted to see how this

would work. At first it looked to me like it might be all right because there was more laughing going on than we'd seen before, but about the third day we got a hunch. That there committee was getting royal service. Darned if they wasn't even getting special food. And everybody they tried lost his towel—to the committee. On the fifth night of their administration all three of 'em got banged on the nose with fists while they was asleep in their tents and all three of 'em had



"If Mussolini could do it, you can do it!"

busted noses. It all happened in about ten seconds so it wasn't no one-man job. That was the end of that committee. Bud put 'em on bread and water for three days for grafting and then me and him retired to the log we liked to set on while doing our smoking and thinking.

Sulphur stuck his beak into our confab this time and says: "Boys, you ain't a-going to get nowhere with innocent men, and you ain't a-going to get nowhere with grafters because that's their nature and they can't help it. Why don't you try some murderers? Them's the nicest people we got in this camp. Them's the only ones that has worked all the pizen out of their systems and have long since begin to repent and be decent."

"Sulphur," Bud says, "I have been hanging around the courthouse a long time on account of that being where my job is and I have picked up right smart of legal learning. The worst crime they got there is murder. We ought to do better than that for our committee. I admit," Bud says, "that I ain't done very good so far and that you got more acquaintance with this camp, but the best I can offer is a compromise. Murderers comes last on my list but I'll go this far with you; how about some assaults to murder for the next committee?"

"Why, they ain't no good at all," Sulphur says.

"Why not?" Bud asks him. "Ain't they blood brothers to murder?"

"Not by a long sight," Sulphur says. "They are the pizenest, and most disappointed, and sourest citizens we got. I'll show you some assaults to murder tomorrow and you can see for yourself."

Well, the next day me and Bud went with Sulphur to get acquainted with assaults to murder and darned if Sulphur wasn't right. None of them fellers hadn't finished their job. That was what they was sore about. One feller had served four years and six months of a five-year sentence and he was a-counting minutes till he could get out on account of having plumb missed the man he shot at. He wanted another try. Meantime his wife had got a divorce on the grounds that he was a convict and married the feller he had missed. We dern near felt sorry for him. According to the way he told it he sure ought to at least winged that feller if it was a-going to cost him five years. I told him not to never use a forty-five on a light frame; they ain't steady enough. A thirty-eight on a forty-five frame is a heap better. But none of them fellers wouldn't do for the committee—they was too busy with their own private worries.

Bud was still a-holding out agin murderers—and to tell you the truth, so was I. Them there murderers was nearly all in for ninety-nine years and the way I figured it why shouldn't they organize that gang for escape, instead of peace and contentment? What good was anything else but escape for them? And suppose they got killed trying, what of it? You couldn't hardly say they was out anything.

Bud and me talked over the problems of that there herd of wards of misfortune of the state till midnight that night. Anybody could see that something had ought to be done for 'em. It ain't no sense in men being such a nuisance to their selves as they was with all the stealing and squabbling and back-biting they had a-going on amongst them. Finally along towards midnight Bud come to a decision.

"Sam," he says, "we have tried innocent men and we have tried crooks and they don't neither of them fit. What's more we have investigated assaults to murder and they ain't got the right ideas neither. So far we ain't got no-

where. The way it looks to me the whole trouble is we been a-working on the wrong principle."

"How, Bud?" I asked him.

"WE BEEN a-holding the election on the wrong side of the bob-wire, Sam," Bud says. "We got to get back to sound Democratic principles. The next election is a-going to take place inside the coop."

"Are you a-going to let 'em have a campaign?" I asked him.

"No," Bob says. "They are a-going to line up tomorrow morning around that there table and talk among theirselves for fifteen minutes with the guards scattered in amongst 'em and then they are a-going to march up to the table and write down the name and number of the man they're for and the three highest is the committee."

"Don't each man vote for three?" I asked him.

"No," he says. "That'd take too long. We got a dam to build."

Well the next morning Bud ordered Sulphur to round 'em up and when he done it Bud climbed up on the table and made his announcement. Right away they cheered.

"Sam," Bud says, when he come down off the table, "what do you make of them a-cheering? Do you reckon I have started something I can't finish?"

"I don't know, Bud," I says. "We mebbe got to wait and see."

"By two o'clock that afternoon I had the return tabulated and the winners was three murderers."

"Well," Sulphur says, "what did I tell you? Now are you a-going ahead or are you a-going to turn tail?"

(Continued on page 42)

(Continued from page 41)

"I never crooked a ballot box in my life," Bud says. "I am a-going to get fourteen more sawed-off shotguns for good luck and then we are a-going to swear in that committee. I don't much like the looks of that one-eyed, flat-nosed feller with the scrubbing-brush hair that led the ticket, but up to the time he starts cutting through the bob-wire he is a-going to get a square deal. A feller with a face like his'n sure was unlucky to be named Slaughter. It's a kind of a hint to the neighbors what to expect."

"Why, he's the best feller on the committee," Sulphur says. "You'll like him. He ain't got a enemy in the world."

"No," Bud says, "I reckon he ain't, but judging from the papers that come along with him he's got plenty of enemies in the next world. Call the committee, Sulphur, and we will have a preliminary confab." So Sulphur called the committee and Bud says to them: "Well, boys, what recommendations have you got?"

"FIRST," Slaughter says, without waiting a second, "you better get them two fellers that was on the first committee out of here."

"Why?" Bud asks.

"Because," Slaughter says, "they are too loose with their remarks about this community. If they ain't moved quick they might not live long enough to get their pardons. They wouldn't be here now only for some of us losing sleep to watch over 'em."

"That's enough," Bud says. "They are a-going to the county jail right away. What else?"

"Next," Slaughter says, "we got to rearrange the sleeping."

"How?" Bud asks him.

"We got to put all the pickpockets and sneak thieves and rats and vermin together,"

he says, "where honest men won't be bothered by 'em. I got a couple of reliable train robbers and some dynamiters that is tough birds and can keep order in their section."

"All right," Bud says, "what else?"

"The murderers had ought to be put in one gang," Slaughter says, "so they can set a good example."

"What kind of good example?" Bud says.

"By not stealing," Slaughter says, "and by getting along together."

"Anything else?" Bud asks him.

"Yes," Slaughter says, "we had ought to have a right to sing after supper till bed time."

"That's a dern good idea," Bud says. "I like singing. We'll start that tonight. I ain't heard 'Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairie' since this dern camp started, and I'm a-getting kind of down-hearted for lack of cheerful singing. Do you reckon any of the boys can sing 'The Dying Cowboy'?"

"Sure," Slaughter says, "they's a couple cattle rustlers does it fit to make a feller cry. And they can sing 'Good-bye to Mother,' too. You let me turn that gang loose and we'll have some cheerfulness around here."

"How about naming your deputies?" Bud asks him.

"Well," Slaughter says, "we better get the sleeping arrangements fixed first, then the committee can look over the murder section and find deputies in less'n five minutes."

"It looks to me like this here camp is on the way to be run by the murder faction," Bud says.

"Yes," Slaughter tells him, without batting a eye, "you got to have honest men in charge."

"You boys must of been studying about the camp quite a spell," Bud says.

And Slaughter told him, "Yes, this here committee aims to die here. Them three- and five-year men you had previous was just, you might say, tourists."

"That's enough for right now," Bud says. "Go on back to the bob-wire and get started." So they done that. Me and Bud went to our log to smoke and talk things over.

"Sam," Bud says, "what do you reckon we are up against? Is this a-going to be a reform administration or have I let this here camp in for a jail delivery?"

"He sounded all right to me, Bud," I says.

"And to me, too," Bud says, "but I still got my fingers crossed."

That night after the singing me and Bud strung cotton cord all the way around the camp and tied it to the triggers of shotguns every twenty yards. We took the shot out of the cartridges but it was a purty good alarm system. Nothing didn't happen, though.

THINGS went along quiet and peaceful for a whole week but still me and Bud had our ears to the ground. Not a lash or bread and water was ordered by the committee, but them train robbers and murderer deputies was quick with a belt on the jaw when any devilment started. They didn't need no lashes; they could take care of themselves.

Well, you got to fill in a lot of the details when you write the book but the point is we didn't have no more trouble and we built a dern good dam and there was peace and contentment in camp. When it was over Bud and me wrote a letter to the governor and recommended Slaughter for some mercy and the governor knocked fifty years off'n his ninety-nine-year sentence. That still left him a heap to serve but we figured it was a start in the right direction, anyway, and he appreciated what we done for him.

Now there's the facts for a dern good book, sonny, that'll learn folks something and take their minds off their mortgages and their love affairs. Folks has got enough trouble with them things without reading about 'em.

"Bust in an' Raise Hell"

(Continued from page 8)

true. Master of Nicaragua, respected by the people if not loved, and the armies of the Allies in full flight, leaving 4,000 dead behind, the Gray Eyed Man of Destiny stood on the hilltop, assured and invincible. From every State in the Union came the promise of men and money, providing ample means for the consolidation of his position, and the eventual conquest of Costa Rica, San Salvador, Guatemala and Honduras.

Old "Corneel," however, still had an arrow left in his quiver. Cursing the Central Americans for a lot of yellow bellied cowards, he recruited an army of his own, made up of every nationality, and put it in command of Spencer, an American, and Webster, an Englishman, reckless soldiers of fortune. These two, striking hard, captured the Transit from the Atlantic to the Lake, and encouraged by this success, the Allies poured a new army of 7,000 men into Nicaragua. Vanderbilt's influence also secured action on the part of Great Britain, and English warships anchored off the coast with guns cleared for action.

Whatever may be thought of the filibusters, they were men. Young Fayssoux, in command of the small schooner that constituted Walker's "navy," actually cleared his two six-pounders for action, and when the British commander went ashore, the Gray Eyed Man met him with the hostile glare of an outraged potentate. "Well, sir," he rasped, "I presume you have come to apologize for the insult offered to my flags?"

"By the Lord," roared Captain Sir Robert McClure, relating the occurrence. "If the astounding creature only had one more row-boat, damned if I don't think he would declare war on the whole world."

Hemmed in on every side, his small garrison

dying daily of hunger and fever, it was still the case that Walker might have won through, but American enmity dealt him a death blow. James Buchanan, succeeding Franklin Pierce, was a Vanderbilt man, and one of his first actions was to send a warship to Nicaragua with instructions to compel Walker's surrender. The Gray Eyed Man gave haughty refusal to the ultimatum, declaring that he still had 300 effectives, and with them he meant to cut a way through to the Pacific and there board his schooner for a fresh stand in the Northern provinces. The answer to this was the seizure of the schooner, and realizing the utter hopelessness of further resistance, Walker signed the articles of capitulation.

Vanderbilt, however, was not yet the victor by any means, for inside of six months the Gray Eyed Man was back in Nicaragua with 100 men, attacking from the Atlantic with all of his old fury. Again Vanderbilt went to President Buchanan and again American warships were sent to Nicaragua waters. Indomitable as always, Walker prepared to give battle to the *Saratoga*, but when the frigate *Wabash* anchored close at hand, landing men and guns, he was forced to accept the terms laid down by Commodore Paulding.

ONE more last desperate throw of the dice remained to the Gray Eyed Man. Landing on the Honduras coast with 100 men, he captured the walled town of Truxillo as the first step in his new campaign for the mastery of Central America. Straightway a British warship steamed into the harbor, and the captain, after announcing that England held a mortgage on the revenues of the port, gave the invaders twenty-four hours to evacuate. A death sentence, as all knew, but Walker and

sixty-five effectives marched out with heads high and swords drawn.

Day after day they marched and fought, tormented by thirst, hunger and fever no less than enemy attack, and when British boats finally came up the river and offered protection, only thirty men were left. Treacherously, the captain of the *Icarus* turned Walker over to the Hondurans, and within an hour the prince of filibusters was backed up against a wall, and the crash of rifles ended forever a great and shining dream of empire.

With Walker dead and out of his way, triumphant Vanderbilt now reverted to his original plan, and proceeded to bludgeon the Panama crowd into a profitable compromise. Under threat of merciless competition, he forced the Pacific Mail to buy him off and closed his Nicaraguan route in return for a monthly bribe of \$56,000. By the time the arrangement expired, it was estimated that "Corneel" had been paid close to a million.

Highly satisfied with his Caribbean venture, the ruthless old man now turned his attention to E. K. Collins, a shipping man who was actually whipping the British in the fight for supremacy in the trans-Atlantic trade. It was a victory that meant much to the United States but without care for the injury that was bound to be inflicted, "Corneel" built competing steamers and set out to "bust in." He broke Collins but denied the Government's subsidies for which he had hoped, quickly quit the losing venture. The one result of the raid was to give the Cunard Line undisputed control of the Atlantic.

It was in 1863 that "Corneel" turned away from shipping with grim finality, and took up railroads. He was then approaching his seventieth year, but he plunged into the new field as boldly and dynamically as when he had

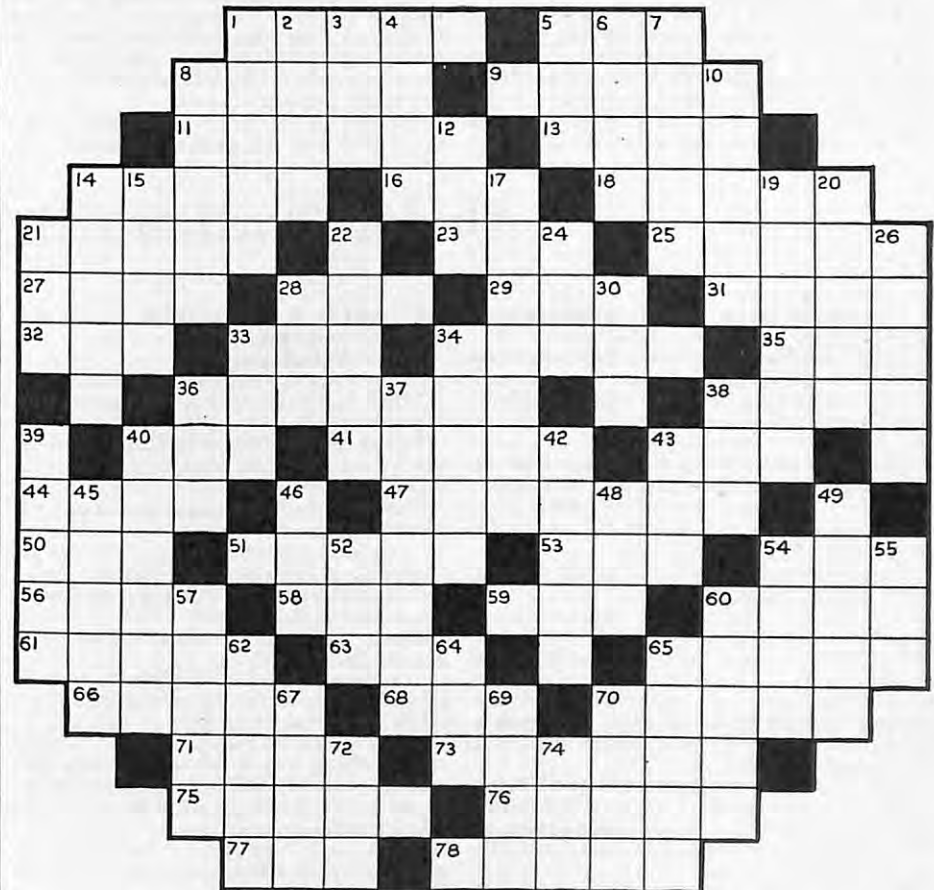
Cross-Word Puzzle

By Mrs. J. C. McMillin, Seattle, Wash.

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

The Magazine will return unsuitable puzzles ONLY if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is included; it cannot enter into correspondence about them. Please do not send in answers to puzzles already published.

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: William Cole, Represa, Calif.; Mrs. R. G. Holden, Pasadena, Calif.; Ellsworth Smith, Larchmont, N. Y.; Miss Ruth E. Alverson, Albany, N. Y.



started his fight for Staten Island ferry traffic. His first step was to buy control of the New York and Harlem, and then establishing an intimate contact with "Boss" Tweed, pushed through an ordinance that gave him the right to build a street car line on Broadway from Union Square to the Battery.

It was at this point that Daniel Drew, so long his rival in the fight for the Hudson River trade, made a reappearance. The two were curiously alike in many respects, but where Vanderbilt was violent, headlong and profane, "Uncle Dan'l" mouthed Bible texts, and marked unscrupulous cunning by a pretense of deep religious faith. Viewing "Corneel's" operations from afar, Drew conceived the pleasant idea of waiting until the construction of the Broadway line was well under way, and then securing a revocation of the ordinance.

The scheme impressed a majority of the members of the Common Council, and all went short on Harlem stock at 100. In time the ordinance was duly rescinded, but instead of finding the Commodore wriggling and helpless, the conspirators discovered they were caught in their own trap. Old "Corneel," getting wind of the plot, had bought up every one of the 110,000 shares of Harlem, and as a consequence Drew and his associates were forced to settle for 170 a share.

Vanderbilt's next acquisition was the New York and Hudson River, and straightway he asked the legislature for the right to consolidate it with his Harlem. He had Tweed's powerful aid at Albany, and nothing seemed more certain than that his request would be granted, so the stock leaped from 125 to 150. For a second time crafty Drew came forward, whispering to the legislators that millions could be made by going short on New York and Hudson River, and then denying Vanderbilt the right to consolidate. As before, however, "Corneel" was found to own every share of stock, and the unhappy shorts were forced to settle at 285.

"Reckon they'll think twice now before tryin' to ketch a weasel asleep," grinned the victor. "I hear the hull dam' legislature is so busted they can't pay their board bills."

THE rich New York Central, running from Albany to Buffalo, now came under Vanderbilt's predatory eye, and by dint of bluffs and threats he actually frightened the timid owners into surrendering control. This done, he gained a consolidation act from the legislature, now thoroughly cowed, and merged it with the Harlem and the New York and Hudson River. Overnight he increased the capitalization of the lines from \$44,000,000 to \$86,000,000, calmly putting 20,000 shares of the new stock in his own pocket, along with \$6,000,000 in cash.

The Erie railroad, controlled by Daniel Drew, was all Vanderbilt needed now to give him a monopoly of Eastern transportation, and the grim old pirate grinned happily as he proceeded to take the line away from his arch enemy. "Mebbe Dan'l will find out he ain't so dam' slick after all," he gloated. Where Vanderbilt made his mistake was in permitting Drew to stay on the board, for the wily ex-drover, allying himself with Jay Gould and Jim Fisk, not only rooked "Corneel" for \$9,000,000 but regained possession of the Erie.

Vanderbilt's acceptance of defeat, the only time he ever quit a fight, may be explained in several different ways. For one thing, he had a wholesome fear of Jay Gould, and in the second place the death of his wife had left him at a loose end. He went in for spiritualism, and spent a good part of each day with "Tennie" Claffin and Victoria Woodhull, those two famous sisters who kept New York agog, and rumor had it that he went so far as to offer "Tennie" marriage.

Whatever the truth of the report, a mate was certainly in "Corneel's" mind, despite his seventy-five years, for in the summer of 1869 he eloped with Miss Crawford, a young woman

(Continued on page 44)

Across

- 1—Seize
- 5—Rested
- 8—Upbraid
- 9—Danger
- 11—Boor
- 13—Measure of land
- 14—Elevated platform
- 16—Fish eggs
- 18—Feelings
- 21—Pigment
- 23—Asiatic bovine ruminant
- 25—Vision
- 27—Tranquillity
- 28—Ancient
- 29—Laceration
- 31—Back part of the neck
- 32—Eland
- 33—Epoch
- 34—Interior
- 35—Fondle
- 36—Explosive shell
- 38—In this place
- 40—Beseech
- 41—Lock of hair
- 43—Tune
- 44—Inflict a furrow upon
- 47—Surfeit
- 50—Yellowish brown
- 51—Fishing basket
- 53—Female sheep
- 54—Dress with an edged tool

- 56—Incites
- 58—Eagle
- 59—Grow old
- 60—Tire
- 61—Shift
- 63—Consume
- 65—Lukewarm
- 66—Insurgent
- 68—Moo
- 70—Metal bolt or pin
- 71—Foray
- 73—March for display
- 75—Mistake
- 76—Competitor
- 77—Horse
- 78—Celestial being

Down

- 1—Estimate
- 2—Trick
- 3—Insect
- 4—Inflame
- 5—Ocean
- 6—Roguish
- 7—Weary
- 8—Exchange
- 12—Modest
- 14—Part of the verb, to be
- 15—Stint
- 17—Heartfelt
- 19—Gatherer
- 20—Small candle
- 21—Episcopal jurisdiction
- 22—Establish firmly
- 24—Relatives
- 26—Instrument of measure
- 28—Substance containing metal
- 30—Sheep-fold
- 33—Unit of work
- 34—Conceptional
- 36—Bedeck
- 37—Armory
- 38—Hasten
- 39—A flower
- 40—Ornamental circlet
- 42—Beleaguerment
- 43—Devoured
- 45—Fervent
- 46—Form of the verb, to be
- 48—Terrify
- 49—Deserve
- 52—Before
- 55—Marry
- 57—A sword
- 60—Oblique
- 62—Grieve
- 64—Highest part
- 65—Periodically flowing and ebbing
- 67—Coin of Italy
- 69—Caution
- 70—Utter wildly
- 72—Follow persistently
- 74—Equip

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 47

(Continued from page 43)

in her early thirties. Absurd on the surface, it proved a good match, for the new wife exercised more influence over the old savage than any other woman in his life with the exception of his mother. She made him quit spiritualism and miraculously persuaded him to give away some of his hoarded millions, something he had always refused to do. Due to her insistence, he put up \$50,000 to buy a church for her pastor, and a whole million to create Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn.

Despite this evidence of softening, he was still the same old "Corneel" in the heart of him. At eighty, he bought up the Canada Southern and the Michigan Central, giving him a line from New York to Chicago, and along with this, he gained a charter for the construction of the Grand Central depot on Forty-second Street, and wheeled out of the

Common Council a perpetual franchise for the use of Fourth Avenue. Moreover, when he sunk his tracks below the street level, as acquired by the grant, he made the city pay \$4,000,000 of the cost.

There is this that must be said, however. Instead of milking his properties, as was the habit of Gould and Drew and Sage, old "Corneel" built them up and improved them. Just as he had always bettered service in the steamboat days, providing the finest vessels that money could buy, so it was his pride to lay the best tracks and run the best trains. Nothing cheap about the Commodore! He took with both hands but at the same time, he gave returns. Unlike John Jacob Astor, money as money meant little to him. Always it was merely a means to the power demanded by his autocratic, dominant nature.

Through all the days of his stormy life, the thing that had driven him forward was a

fierce determination to make the Vanderbilt name "mean somethin', b' God," and as the shadow of death crept closer and closer, the old man's egotism knew no abatement. With his millions divided, so ran his cunning thought, power would be scattered, but if he kept his fortune together, growing as the country grew, the estate doubling and trebling in value with the years, the name of Vanderbilt would be continued as a force and as a reminder of the founder.

When he died on January 4, 1877, in his eighty-third year, it was found that he had virtually entailed his vast wealth. Of the \$105,000,000 that he left, a full \$50,000,000 went to William H. Vanderbilt, the eldest son, who had finally proved to his father that while he might lack courage, he was not without craft, and what was almost as important, not without the love of money that was ever old "Corneel's" ruling characteristic.

Under Northern Stars

(Continued from page 24)

All accepted his orders without protest and Mosby herded his prisoners into the gulch.

They moved in single file up the little canon. Molly led, the handcuffed man followed, and Mosby brought up the rear. At times Molly had to fight her way through a tangle of bushes.

The gulch grew steeper toward the top. It was difficult for the shackled man to clamber up without the use of his hands. More than once he stumbled and almost fell. Once he staggered back against Mosby.

They came to a rock slide, at a place where a smaller gorge ran into the first.

MOVING up carefully, Taylor put his weight on a round boulder half the size of his head. The stone shifted a little and the Texan's foot slid from the rock. He gave a little cry of alarm as he staggered back and clutched at his guard.

With both hands Mosby tried to hold him up, but the prisoner could not seem to find secure footing. His bound arms encircled the neck of the old man and dropped down past the shoulders to the waist.

Together the two went to the ground and crashed down the slope, rolling over each other as they went. A clump of bushes stopped them.

Mosby, underneath, found breath to gasp an order. "Get off me, Texas man."

"Pretty soon," Taylor agreed with a grin, then called to the girl.

"Are you hurt?" Molly cried, as she descended.

"No casualties," the handcuffed man answered cheerfully. "Can you reach underneath and get his gun? It might go off and hurt him."

The nester struggled desperately to draw the weapon. Taylor shifted his weight to the left, so that it rested on the forearm trying to work down.

Mosby collapsed. "I give up. You're breaking my arm," he groaned.

The man on top did not relax. "Now," he told the girl.

Molly's hand slipped across the body of the Texan to the butt of the revolver. "If you could lift him just a little," she suggested.

Taylor lifted, and the weapon came clear of its holster. After making sure the nester had no other gun the handcuffed man freed him.

Painfully Mosby rose and felt his bruised and abraded anatomy.

"You might of killed us both," he reproached. "If we'd gone over the bluff. You did it on purpose," Mosby accused.

"Now would that be reasonable—after all your kindness to me?" the Southerner mocked.

"Clem will be sore as the devil when he comes back. You better gimme back my gun, Barnett."

"It will be too bad if Clem is annoyed. That will worry me a lot."

"When he finds you—"

"If he finds us," corrected the Texan.

"He'll take it out of you and the girl sure. My advice—"

"Can't use it. Give it to Clem. Now we won't detain you, Mr. Mosby. You know the way down to the camp."

The nester looked poisonously at him. "If I had that gun—"

"Condition contrary to fact," Taylor interrupted. "Jog along, Mr. Mosby. Please to have met you and all that, but we understand you are in a hurry."

Mosby said no more. He turned and went limping down the gulch.

The Texan looked at Molly with a smile, then at his handcuffs. "I'm what you might call a free prisoner," he said.

Her eyes sparkled with animation. "I never saw anything like it before—the way you planned your fall and took him by surprise. If you hadn't done it just right he would have killed you."

"I had luck," he said. "We'd better be getting out of here before Oakland gets back—if he does."

"Let's hurry," she said. "Which way shall we go?"

He had already decided that. "We'll follow the little gulch. If we have any luck we'll be lost in the hills before Mr. Oakland arrives."

"I hope so. If he finds us—"

"He might be the one out of luck," Taylor finished cheerfully. "By the way, you'd better drop that gun in my coat pocket."

Molly had never seen him lighthearted before. The sardonic bitterness she had been accustomed to associate with him had gone. There was something almost boyishly happy in his manner. She could think of only one reason why he had changed. Her eyes had told him that she loved him. Was that so important to him? Did it mean enough to make him forget the evil fate toward which he was marching just now so gaily?

He was hampered by the handcuffs, and now and then she stopped to wait for him. A new shyness suffused her.

"There isn't any way to get those things off your wrists, is there?" she asked.

"Clem has the key," he answered. "Even if he were here I doubt if he would take them off."

"I don't see what we can do then," she frowned. "Whoever sees you first will know who you are."

He lifted his shoulders in a shrug. "What must be must. Why worry now? Half an hour ago I shaved death by a finger crook. Now I'm free, in a way of speaking, and alone with you in the hills. I'm satisfied."

A faint crimson streamed through her cheeks. "It doesn't take much to satisfy you then."

She did not wait for his answer, but turned again to the climb.

Her young loveliness stabbed him. She was so soft and fragrant, yet so strong. Why be a fool and yield to impossible dreams? Her dear delicious beauty, her sweet reluctant love, were not for him. His race was run. The cuffs on his wrists were symbolic of his future. As far as she was concerned he had no rights. What in heaven's name had he been thinking about to let her care for him? Yet he had not intended, Heaven knew, such a result. His own passionate longing for her had leaped out at him surprisingly, like a sword snatched from its scabbard.

They reached the tableland above. To the north there was a roll of wide hills; to the south and west a more rough and broken country.

"This way," he said, and lifted a hand toward the sunset. "Better chance to find cover if Oakland comes looking for us."

At the edge of the mesa they dropped down into a gorge that led from one hill pocket to another.

CHAPTER XXXII

"**T**IRED?" the Texan asked.

Molly scoffed at the question. "Not a bit. I could go on forever." She modified her answer. "If it weren't for these riding boots."

"The boots are hurting?"

"Well—a little," she admitted.

"We'll stop in this draw," he decided. "No use trying to find our way in the darkness anyhow."

"No."

"It's getting cold already. We'll build a fire."

"Will that be safe?"

"Probably there is nobody within miles of us."

They found dead wood in the timber just above. Together they dragged it to the place they had chosen for a camp. Soon a fire was blazing merrily.

He settled down on an elbow contentedly. "Not the first time I've had only a cigarette for supper. You're hungry?"

She grinned, showing two rows of even teeth between the red lips. "I'll say I am—hungry as a wolf. Will you take me to dinner, sir?"

Their cigarettes glowed companionably. Taking her courage in her teeth, she asked a question.

"You are Webb Barnett, aren't you?"

"Yes," he said simply.

"I felt sure of it," she sighed.

"Yet helped me just the same," he murmured gratefully.

She lifted her hands in a little gesture of despair. "I don't understand. I don't see how a man like you could—could . . ."

"I didn't."

"Didn't rob the bank?" she breathed, starry-eyed.

"No."

A tide of joyous excitement raced in her blood. Not for a moment did she doubt that he was telling the truth.

"It was all a mistake," she cried. "Someone thought it was you, and it was another man."

He shook his head. "No. It's not as simple as that. I was there and was wounded during the fracas."

"But—why didn't you tell the officers you weren't one of the robbers? Why did you try to escape? If you had stayed and explained—"

"That's just what I couldn't do. I helped one of the bandits to escape. A dozen men saw me do it."

"Helped one of them escape," she repeated. "Why?"

"That's the one thing I can't go into. I knew him. He was a friend of mine. I can't tell even you more than that."

"How did you help him?"

"Got him out of a side door of the bank and into my car. Instead of going with him I stopped to give myself up and explain I wasn't one of the robbers. But half a dozen men were firing at me. I was hit, and I saw I would be killed if I stayed. So I ran across the road and jumped on a horse hitched there. I galloped out of town. It was too late to correct my mistake then."

"YOU must go back and tell everything," she urged. "Your friends will believe you. The truth will come out. It's bound to."

"How?" he asked bluntly. "Two of the bandits have been killed. The third is in hiding. My story would be laughed at."

"Even if you told who the robber is that escaped?"

"I can't tell that."

"But you must. Of course you must. If he's that kind of a man you oughtn't to sacrifice yourself for him. It's absurd."

"If I told who he was it would not help me. I would be held in contempt the more for trying to get out at his expense."

She argued and pleaded, eagerly and vehemently, but she saw that she did not move him from his decision. Womanlike, she apparently abandoned the attack. She asked him questions about himself, and he answered them.

Presently, by that campfire in the hills, with the wind sighing through the pines and a crescent moon riding the heavens, he told guardedly the story of his life to the woman he loved.

The facts he actually told were very few. His father had been a Texas cattleman, an old-timer who had driven the Chisholm trail with a herd more than once. Webb was an only son, and after the death of his mother an aunt had come to take charge of the household at the ranch. She was a widow, and she had a baby son several years younger than Webb. This aunt had been a mother to the little orphan boy as he grew up. A few years before this time she had died, about three years after Webb's father had passed away.

"And her son—what became of him?" asked Molly.

"Alan. Oh, he—drifted away. Young fellows are restless, you know." He said it very casually.

She would not let it go at that.

"And wild?" she added.

His grave smile was enigmatic. "I reckon you know boys as well as I do."

"Not this particular boy, and yet I could guess a good deal," she flashed.

"If we were interested enough to bother with him just now," he fenced.

"He fell into bad com-

pany and came under the influence of some older man who had no moral scruples against crime," she said. "I think the older man's name was Lewis."

Barnett was surprised out of his impassivity. "What do you know about Lewis?" he asked.

"His name was Buck Lewis, and he was about forty years old. Officers killed him near Good Cheer the day after the bank robbery at Somerton."

"I see you read the papers," he said, with a touch of amiable sarcasm.

"We keep a lot of old papers in a closet. I dug them out and read the story of the Somerton robbery."

"And then did a lot of guessing," he smiled.

"I did some of it in the last five minutes. You can't deny I'm right. The man you helped into your car at Somerton was your cousin Alan."

He looked at this straight, slim girl, so very much alive, so possessed by a determination to fight his battles for him, and a wild primitive rapture poured through his arteries.

"It's been worth all I've gone through," he cried. "Worth it a hundred times, to have met and known you."

The barriers he had built between them because of his plight began to tumble. Her courage was contagious. Perhaps her fresh view of the case was more just than his. He would go back and try to clear his name, hopeless as it seemed.

"I'm mad," he went on. "It's you—or the night—or something. I've always known it was no use. I'm smirched, always will be, even if I persuade them not to shut me up for life. Just now I thought for a moment—but that's sheer folly. I've nothing to offer you—nothing that would not drag you down."

"You mean—because you've been unfortunate?" she said in her low, melodious voice.

"Yes. I would be a coward to ask a woman—and you of all women—to share my disgrace."

"Don't you think she might be proud to do it?"

"All her life she would be pointed at as the wife of a man who ought to have gone to the gallows."

She put her warm fingers over his mouth to stop the hateful words. They trembled against his lips.

The tide of feeling in them rose to flood. She heard him whisper, as to himself, "My love! my love!" Her strong arms went about his head and snatched it to her warm, tender bosom. He was her man, in desperate need of love and comfort. She would fight for him against the world.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THEY had talked long, in the fashion of lovers, less with words than with smiles, kisses, silences, and the con-

tact of warm flesh. Her eyelashes swept his cheek and sent a strange delicious tingle through his blood. His fingertips touched her temple and set music pulsing in her.

Presently she began to laugh. "Good gracious! I had forgotten. I'm engaged to Steve Walsh." She said it as though it were a matter of not the least moment.

"You'll have to get excused on account of a subsequent engagement," he told her cheerfully.

"It was after I thought you had shot him," she explained. "I was trying to hate you, and he was so sweet while he was sick. So I thought I would stop all that foolishness of my heart going pitty-pat when outlaws were around."

It did not matter much what they said. All roads of speech led to love. They talked of many things, laughter on their lips, the wonder of this experience always near the surface.

Molly was surprised at the tenderness that warmed and irradiated her. Heretofore she would have nothing to do with sentiment and had promptly turned her back on those who sighed. Now she was a well of emotion. Probably the next time she read a mushy novel she would weep over it, Molly decided with a fugitive smile at her surrender.

She had never before plucked such a thrill out of life. She and Webb so deeply belonged to each other. In spirit their marriage was irrevocable, she felt, even though a fastidious instinct held her from yielding too impulsively to the impassioned tenderness with which she longed to surround him on this last night before they took him away to pay the penalty of another's crime.

For they had decided that he must give himself up. They would return to the Quarter-circle X Y in the morning, as soon as they could find the way. He would surrender and face the charge against him. This was the only chance their love would have for any future, though they recognized it as a bleak one.

Behind the hills the moon had disappeared. Into the sky sifted the faint light of coming dawn. Sitting before the hot, live coals, her head against his shoulder, they slept a little at last.

Out of their sleep a raucous voice snatched them stridently.

"So here my lovey-doveys are," it jeered. "I'm glad to death to meet up with you."

Neither of those in front of the fire needed to look around to know who was speaking.

CHAPTER XXXIV

UNDER the shock of that voice Molly's heart went down like a plummet into icy water. It was a thunderclap of disaster.

Oakland straddled forward, spurs jingling. "Well, well, well! Here we are again, our little family happily reunited. I reckon you'd say Providence sent me here to look after you, Missie."

Molly shuddered. Her shoulders sagged. All the plans they had made were gone agley.

Webb Barnett turned his head. The man was eight or ten feet from them, a revolver in his hand. The Texan realized that there was not a chance in the world for him to reach the weapon in his pocket.

"Just waiting here for me, like babes in the wood," Oakland went on. "Speak up and tell me how pleased you are I dropped in on your honeymoon."

"I'll make you a proposition," the Texan said quietly. "Take these cuffs from my wrists and we'll settle this. One of us will stay here. The other will go."

The big ruffian laughed triumphantly. "Do I look like that kind of a fool? Me, I know already which one of us will stay and which one will go—with the lady."

"Keep her out of it, unless you want to be shot down like a wolf," Barnett advised.

(Continued on page 46)



(Continued from page 45)

"Who by?" the other sneered.

"Every honest man in this country would rise against you. Don't forget that. You'd never get away—not even for a day."

"What's eating you, Texas Man, is that you're scared stiff," Oakland sneered. "I'm sitting pretty, and you know it. First, I do my little business with you. After that—the lady. Turn about is fair play. You've had your chance. Now I have mine. I'd call that reasonable." He jingled forward till he stood in front of Molly, tilted up her chin, looked down into her fear-filled eyes, and laughed.

Barnett's shackled hands moved slowly toward the lower right-hand pocket of his coat. The muscles of Oakland tensed.

"Hold on, fellow. Hands still, or I'll pump lead into you," the man with the revolver ordered harshly.

The moving hands stopped.

"Don't move, or . . ." He gave a whoop of savage glee.

"You'll tell me now what you did with Jess and how you got his gun," he said.

"I didn't do anything with him. He went down the gulch soon after we started. I took his gun—fell against him and got it."

Oakland paid no attention to what he had said. His ribald eyes were fastened on Molly.

"We were going home," the girl said hurriedly. "As soon as it was light we meant to start. Back to the ranch."

He shook his head in mockery. "Too far. I'll look after you, little girl. Don't you worry."

"She's not worrying," the Texan answered hardily. "She knows you daren't do her any harm."

THE big man turned bleak eyes on him. "You're not in on this, Barnett. It's between me and her, understand. I don't aim to hurt her any—not if she's reasonable. I'll go farther. I wouldn't hurt her anyhow. If she wants to leave, she's welcome to go down the road any time."

"You mean—both of us?" she asked, white lips trembling.

"Why, no. You wouldn't expect that." His black opaque eyes were full of unholy mirth. "I've got to protect you from this outlaw. He'll stay."

Her eyes dilated with fear. "You mean—what do you mean?"

"I said he would stay."

"He's getting ready to bully you, Molly," her lover said quietly. "Remember this. He daren't lift a hand against you. You're quite safe."

"She doesn't have to learn that from a Texas criminal," Oakland blustered. "She knows it. Because I'm telling her so. Me, Clem Oakland."

"Are we . . . both safe?" she asked.

"You and I? Sure we are," their captor said with heavy jocosity.

"I mean—this man."

"Him! Don't worry your pretty head over him. He's in the discard, my dear. Take a look at a live one for a change."

"If we took him to the ranch or to Tincup I'd help you get the reward," she pleaded.

His lecherous grin appalled her. "I've got all the reward I want right here, dearie."

"You'd better go, Molly," advised Webb in a low voice.

"When you get through giving orders

maybe you'll let me do the talking, seeing that it's going to be my say-so, fellow." Clem scoffed angrily. "I'm boss of this round-up. What I say goes. She'll do like I say, and so will you."

"MAYBE we will; maybe we won't. Depends on what you say," Barnett answered composedly, meeting the black eyes steadily. "You can kill me. That's as far as you can go."

"Isn't that far enough?" Oakland demanded with that odd sense of defeat this man gave him. "For a plugged dime I'd bump you off right now."

"No," Molly cried in terror. "I won't let you. Anything but that."

"Now you're talking sense, girlie," the ruffian grinned. "I don't like this bird. He double-crossed me, and I promised to hang his hide up to-day. But I expect you're the one person could persuade me to change my mind."

Molly was dreadfully aware of the direction in which this man's mind was moving. He was serving notice on her that she could save her lover's life—at a price.

"I won't have it," the Texan insisted. "You can't drive your rotten bargain with her for my life. What good would it do you anyhow? Her father would kill you like a coyote."

"Would he kill his own son-in-law?" Oakland asked.

"What do you mean?" Molly cried.

"I'm making a bona fide proposition to marry you."

Molly drew back, as though the ruffian had struck her in the face. She was white to the lips. "That's ridiculous," she said. "Why would I marry you, when I've never even seen you till yesterday?"

"Up to you, miss," he said with a derisive wave of his hand.

"But it's absurd. I wouldn't think of it. And you—what in the world would you want to marry me for?"

"I've got my reasons." He decided to offer one, ironically, which had no place in his mind. "Now there's this feud between Clint and me. It's un-neighborly. We'd ought to be good friends. You and I will tie up and cement the breach, as the old saying goes."

"I can tell him you want to drop the quarrel," she said. "I will, as soon as I get home."

He did not want to drop it at all. One of the reasons that most moved him to his offer was the chance it offered for a sweet revenge on Clint Prescott. Oakland had other reasons, more or less mixed. He would score heavily on the Texan and he wanted to possess her. Moreover, he knew that what Barnett had said was

true. The only safe way to take this girl was to make her his wife.

The man ignored her suggestion. "No pressure, you understand. You can say 'Yes' or you can say 'No.' You're the one that has to decide."

"I'm not even thinking of it," she cried.

"Fine. Suits me if it does you." He looked malevolently at the man in handcuffs. "Better say good-by to Mr. Barnett. He and I will be on our way. We've got some distance to travel."

"I'm going with you," the girl cried.

"Oh, no." His evil grin beamed at her. "I'm taking him on my horse. You couldn't keep up. Maybe you'd better say good-by to him. *It's not likely you'll see him again.*"

"What do you mean to do with him?" she wailed.

"Why, take him to Tincup," he said, still with the hateful smile that mocked her. "Hope he doesn't make a break to escape. That would be just too bad for him."

"You've done all you can for me, Molly," said Webb in a low voice.

Oakland laughed cruelly. "Just as you please, missie. Well, Texas Man, we'll be traveling, you and I. Don't make any mistake. You're a bad hombre, and my nerves are right jumpy. I'm liable any moment to get scared and plug you, understand? You better be good."

Molly understood the ominous threat behind the words. At the chosen moment he would murder the man from Texas and claim that he had tried to escape. Since Barnett was an outlaw the excuse would probably be good enough to serve.

She cried out her protest. "No, I won't have it. What did you mean when you said I could persuade you to change your mind about Mr. Barnett?" Molly asked wildly.

He shrugged his broad shoulders. "Oh, that. I reckon I was thinking that if I were a happy man, my mind all set on matrimony, with a loving near-bride to look after, I probably wouldn't have time to fool with escaped criminals."

"What would you do with him?"

"I might even take the cuffs off him and turn him loose. The county didn't elect me sheriff anyhow. I don't know why I should do Steve Walsh's dirty work."

"All lies," the Southerner broke in hastily. "Don't believe a word he says. He'd never free me in the world. After he had you in his power he'd kill me just the same. Can't you see that?"

"Would you free him now?" Molly asked.

"Soon as the preacher had spliced us, dearie," he answered craftily.

"No use," her lover

told Molly with quiet finality. "You can't bargain with him. I wouldn't let you sacrifice yourself anyhow. But if you did, it wouldn't do any good. He wouldn't keep his word. He's a liar as well as a coward."

"What's that?" roared Oakland.

The cold gray eyes looked into the furious black ones.

"Coward was the word I used. You dare make your infamous proposal to Miss Prescott because my hands are ironed. You weigh thirty pounds more than I do, but you daren't take these cuffs off for ten minutes. For fear I might kill you with my bare hands."

Barnett had struck the man's one vulnerable spot. He was vain



A jai alai game, the national sport in Havana, Cuba

SWADLEY

of his courage and of his strength. As a rough and tumble fighter he was a legend in the county. No man had ever faced him without being beaten.

His first savage impulse was to seize his hardy challenger by the throat and tear the life out of him. But once more the look of ironic scorn in the steely eyes held him. To do so would be to prove the man's taunt true. He could not endure that.

Yet his rage had to find satisfaction. He must lay violent hands on the fellow and beat from that strong face the contemptuous expression. He must see the Texan lying before him broken and spent, the fear of death written in his eyes. That there could be any doubt as to the issue of the battle did not once occur to him.

Oakland emptied the cartridges from the two revolvers and dropped them in his hip pocket. The guns he flung aside. From another pocket he drew the key to the handcuffs, jerked Barnett toward him roughly, and unlocked the steel cuffs.

"What are you going to do?" Molly cried in alarm.

"I'm calling his bluff," Oakland answered thickly. "He said I was a coward—said I was scared to fight him. I'm going to beat hell out of him."

The girl started forward, but Barnett flung out a hand and stopped her, his gaze fastened to the other man.

"Keep back, Molly. You're out of this," he called brusquely.

While he was still speaking Clem charged at him like a battering ram.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE physical contrast between the two men was notable. Oakland was built with the thick solidity of a concrete post, his antagonist with the undulant grace of an athlete.

In front of Webb the heavier man loomed so terrible that Molly's heart contracted. His face was a map of fury as he plunged at his foe. The girl expected to see the lithe, slender figure smashed down at once and annihilated. She caught her hands together in fear, then gave a sigh of momentary relief. The Texan's head had moved slightly to the right and the hamlike fist had just grazed his shoulder as it drove past. At the same time, so quickly that her eye could hardly follow, Barnett's left moved upward and landed with a jolt under the ranchman's chin.

The giant gave a grunt of pain, and almost simultaneously the other's right pounded against his ribs just below the heart. With a supple dip of the body Webb was clear of the ruffian before he had recovered.

Oakland turned, let out a roar of rage, and rushed again. Molly heard a quick smack and saw Webb ducking away under a rigid extended arm. On the big man's cheek was an angry mark through which blood crept.

The big man followed, arms working like windmills. Excited and enraged, he ignored defense, sending in powerful blows from the side with both arms. This left him wide open. Barnett smashed in rights and lefts, straight as he could drive them, with the weight of the body back of them.

Clem stopped for a moment, breathing heavily. He was not in good condition, and the fury of his assault had winded him. His face, swollen and bleeding, was distorted by its expression of baffled passion.

"Come on and fight," he cried hoarsely.

Barnett did not answer. He watched the bloodshot eyes to read the man's intent, standing lightly on the toes and balls of his feet in order not to be caught flatfooted.

The big man flung himself at him, lashing out blindly with right and left. Webb covered, and caught a brawny arm on his elbow in time to deflect it. He ducked, slipped, and met Oakland's fist flush on the cheek. Off balance at the moment, Barnett was flung from his feet to the ground.

Clem rushed forward to pin him down, but

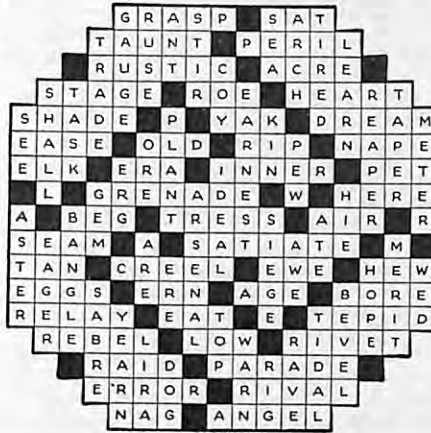
he was gone. He had rolled over, got to his hands and knees, scrambled up, and dodged out of reach. His head was buzzing from the blow.

Molly watched them, almost breathless from anxiety. As she saw him side-stepping, breaking ground, and ducking, she did not realize that he was sparring for time to give his head a chance to clear.

The big ranchman was swarming all over him now, hammering him savagely, beating

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)



down his defense. So it seemed to Molly. There was nothing she could do to help.

The girl saw only the fury of the attack. She missed the Texan's expert foot work carrying him so lightly out of danger. Nor was she aware that most of Oakland's wild blows were smothered or caught on arms and elbows. Least of all did she guess that the big ruffian was badly winded and that his great arms and legs were very weary.

But Webb knew it. His head was growing clearer every moment. All he had to do was to fight off his enemy's frenzied onslaughts and Oakland would defeat himself. He could not keep going much longer.

One of the man's eyes was shut, the other was swollen. He panted heavily. His feet were dragging. Webb played for his wind, struck hard clean blows that made him gasp.

To encourage his foe Webb feigned exhaustion. Oakland crowded in, almost staggering as he came. One—two. The Texan scored twice on the ribs and ducked away.

Clem followed. He knew he was beaten unless he could close with his agile antagonist and throw him down by sheer strength. His knees buckled under him as he reached for the Texan. A right smashed to the point of the chin. His body plunged to the ground.

Webb stood looking at him, breathing heavily. The prostrate man turned half over, then his huge frame collapsed.

"You've won," Molly cried, and ran toward her lover.

The smile on Webb's bruised and distorted face looked more like a gargoye grin. The defeated man had decorated him in plenty.

"He was too anxious."

"You're hurt," she said, clinging to him. "What can I do for you?"

"I'm all right. When we get to water I'll wash up."

From Oakland's pocket he removed the cartridges and reloaded the revolvers. Then he snapped the cuffs on the hairy wrists of the ranchman.

"So that he won't run amuck when he comes to," Webb explained.

Molly's blue eyes blazed. "I never saw anything like the way you fought. I thought he would smash you. Nobody has ever beaten him before. I don't see how you did it."

"He beat himself—wasted his strength. And he'd let himself get out of condition. He couldn't keep toeing. His legs wouldn't carry him."

"You're sure that you are not hurt?"

"I'm sure I'll be the sorest, stiffest man in the county pretty soon—except Mr. Oakland," he said with a laugh. "Let's be going."

They started the climb back to the mesa from which they had descended the previous evening.

Just before the two vanished in a crease of the hills Oakland returned to consciousness of his surroundings. He sat up, sick and ashamed, and looked out of the slit of open eyelid that was not swollen shut.

To him the thing that had occurred was tragic. It had been his pride that nobody had ever beaten him in a rough and tumble fight. He put his battered head down in his shackled hands and groaned. For a long time he did not lift it.

A sound aroused him. He looked up. A man was standing a few yards away tittering at him. The man was Flannigan.

That nervous giggle ought to have reassured him. But it did not. Flannigan was nobody. Yet the sight of the gaunt puncher standing there, full of unholy glee, gave Clem a shock. Ed had never dared to laugh at him before.

"Well, I saw you take it a-plenty," Flannigan cackled. "You weren't one-two-three with him. I was roosting up there in the timber and I certainly enjoyed myself thorough. Every time he socked you I said, 'That's one for me.' You look like a grizzly had clawed you up."

"When I get my hands loose I'll skin you alive," Oakland threatened.

"You don't get the idea, Clem," the other man said, showing his ragged teeth in a horrible grin. "You're bucked out. I'm bumping you off right now."

"What?"

"You'll never go around quirting any more fellows for no reason a-tall. You're through—here—now—like I said."

Clem clambered to his feet awkwardly and lumbered toward the other man.

"If you think you can bluff me, fellow," he roared.

The threat died on his lips. Flannigan had a gun out, pressed close to his side. The lank man's lips were drawn back from his gums in a terrible snarl. Oakland knew that he had come to the end of the trail.

Webb and Molly climbed a little spur of a ridge.

A faint sound came to them, like the pop of a distant firecracker.

"What was that?" Molly asked.

"Sounded like a revolver," Webb answered. "From down in the hollow where we left Oakland. Queer. He didn't have a gun."

CHAPTER XXXVI

FROM the summit of a ridge Clint Prescott caught sight of two figures on the mesa. They were on foot. He raised his voice in a shout and instantly put his horse to a lope. For one of the two trudging toward him was Molly.

He dragged his cowpony to a halt and leaped from the saddle. His arm went around the agitated shoulders of his daughter. She clung to him, sobbing.

"It's been terrible, Dad," she cried.

"What made you do such a crazy thing?" he demanded. "Girl, I nearly lost my mind."

"I know. I know. But I couldn't help it. Don't be angry now, Dad. If you knew what we'd been through."

The harshness died out of his voice. "What have you been through, Molly? Has this scalawag here done you any harm?"

He turned to Barnett and his eyes registered surprise.

"No, no. He isn't a scalawag. It's all a mistake. He didn't rob the bank."

Upon that point Clint reserved an opinion.

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What the cattleman was interested in just now was his daughter's story, and part of that story appeared to be the bruised and bleeding face of this Texan.

"Did a bear chew you up?" he asked.

"Your friend Clem Oakland did that,"

Barnett answered lightly, smiling at the owner of the Quartercircle X Y.

"Clem did. When?" queried Prescott.

"About an hour ago."

"Mr. Barnett had a fight with Clem. He beat him till he was senseless." Molly flung out her news breathlessly.

"You mean Clem beat this fellow?"

"No. He beat Clem. Webb did. He gave him an awful whipping."

"What with?"

"They fought with their fists."

"And Clem took a licking?" Clint asked incredulously but gleefully.

"Yes. His eyes are all shut up. I never saw a face look so bad as his does."

"By jacks, I never heard anything like this," Clint said, his eyes blazing interest. "Begin at the beginning, girl. Tell me the whole story."

MOLLY told it, leaving out one important detail. She did not mention that she intended to marry a man accused of bank robbery and murder. But she did not minimize by one tittle the unflawed nerve of the man who had been through the adventure with her.

Clint frowned at the Texan. "You're still got me up in the air," he said resentfully. "Will you explain one thing to me? You've got sand in your craw. I knew it soon as I saw you. Molly's story cinches it. Tell me why you always quit and surrender when an officer comes to arrest you. What's the answer?"

"How would this do for an answer?" Webb replied. "Say I'm an honest man and not an outlaw. Say that public opinion has already convicted me and that I have to try to escape. Isn't it possible I might not be willing to kill an innocent man in order to get away?"

The Quartercircle X Y man stared at him while this sank into his mind. "By jacks, that would explain it," he said at last.

From a distance there came a shout. Two riders on a hill top showed in silhouette. Clint waved them to join them. The horsemen were Jim Haley and Dug Peters.

"I've got a job for you two boys," Clint told the riders. "You know that draw where Slim found the black calf cached by its mother. Mr. Barnett left Clem Oakland there. He's handcuffed. Maybe he's moved out of the draw, but you ought to be able to find him. When you do, bring him into the ranch. I've got business with him."

"Did you say Clem Oakland—handcuffed?" Jim asked, not because he had not heard but because he could not believe the fact.

"That's what I said, boy. He'll probably kick like a bay steer about coming, but bring him anyhow."

"Frank is waiting at the cottonwoods below

Paddy's Prong with an extra horse, Clint," said Dug. "Far as Clem goes, if he's anywhere near that draw we'll bring him in if I have to throw a squaw hitch on him."

Prescott lifted his daughter to the saddle of his horse and the three headed for Paddy's Prong. The subject of food was becoming an insistent one in the minds of two of the travelers.

CHAPTER XXXVII

MOLLY knocked on the door and walked into the room occupied by Steve Walsh. She had something very important to tell him. That it would hurt him she was afraid, but she could not help that. It had to be told as soon as possible.

She stopped in the doorway, surprised. A stranger sat in a chair by the bedside. He was a heavyset brown man in corduroy clothes.

Steve gave a little exclamation of relief. "You're all right, Molly?" he asked.

"Yes, Steve. I've got a lot to tell you."

"This is Sheriff Pincus from Texas," Steve said. "Sheriff, meet Miss Prescott."

The girl acknowledged the introduction with a sense of drenched emotion. He had come for Webb of course.

"I've got a good deal to tell you too," Walsh said. "But my news can wait a little while. Did you get lost? Suppose you begin at the first and tell us the whole story, Molly."

She told it, again with one vital suppression. She could not go into her feeling for Webb Barnett with this stranger present. Nor was she aware that Steve Walsh, his brown eyes fixed steadily on her, read the meaning of her excitement as clearly as though she had cried out, "I love him."

When she had finished the sheriff from the South made comment. "That's Webb Barnett you've been telling about all right, young lady. I could have told Mr. Oakland to lay off Webb and pick on a panther instead to have a rough-house with. Well, I'm glad Webb is here. Where can I see him, Miss?"

"You're going to take him with you back to Texas?" she challenged.

"I reckon," he admitted, with a curious smile. "I'll tell him all about that."

Steve was lying dressed on the bed. "Let's have him brought in here," he suggested. "You stay, Molly. I'd like for Clint to be here too."

Molly felt the beating of the pulses in her temples. She felt that something dramatic was impending.

She looked at Webb when he and her father entered. His glance hardly rested on her as it passed to Pincus, but it seemed to cry "Courage!" to her.

"Hello, Tom! Run down at last," he said, quite casually.

"Yes, Webb. You certainly gave us a run for our money," the brown man said quietly.

"I suppose we start back at once."

"Yes. We'll have to do that. From what Sheriff Walsh says I reckon you haven't heard the latest news. Alan White was killed at San Antonio resisting arrest."

The eyes of Barnett flinched, then grew wary and vigilant.

"Poor Alan," he said. "What were they arresting him for?"

"For robbing the bank at Somerton. He made a mistake and reached for his gun. I don't know that it was such a bad mistake at that. When a man goes bad he's better dead."

"You think so?"

"I think so, Webb. It was a piece of luck for you. He didn't die till next day and he made a complete confession. Said you weren't in the robbery. Said you'd been trying for a long time to wean him away from Buck Lewis. There were letters from you on him that proved it too."

A sobbing little cry of joy interrupted him. He looked at Molly for a moment before he continued.

"We found other papers too. They let you out completely, Webb. Of course we know you didn't have a gun out during the robbery. Several witnesses will swear to that. It was dumb of you to try to get Alan away by giving him your car, but if it ever comes to a jury I expect the twelve good men and true will forget that. You were a kind of father to the boy, and he never did amount to a hill of potatoes."

Clint strode across the room and wrung the hand of Barnett.

"Proud to meet you, sir," he said. "I like a man who stands by his friends."

"So that's that," Steve said cheerfully, and reached for the walking stick beside the bed. "Have to shoo you all out of my room except Molly. She's my nurse. You wait a moment, Mr. Barnett. Got something to say to you."

After Clint and the other sheriff had gone he rose from the bed, leaning on the walking stick.

He looked sternly at Molly. "Young woman, to how many men are you engaged right now?"

Molly blushed. "I want to talk to you about that, Steve. You know you told me that if our feelings weren't permanent, and either of us found it out—"

"So that's it." His face creased to a smile. "Give me back my ring, woman."

"You didn't give me a ring," she demurred. "It wasn't so very much of an engagement, was it, Steve?"

"Didn't I?" He made a pretense of looking puzzled. "Must have been some other woman. Well, let that go. Do you think your feelings are permanent now? How can a fickle young chit like you be sure?"

"I don't know how, Steve, but I am." Walsh transferred his attention to Barnett. "Do you think you know how to handle this explosive young woman gently but firmly?"

"No," admitted Barnett with a smile. "Good. I see you have some sense."

Steve took Molly's hand and put it in that of her lover.

"Bless you, my children," he said unctuously, and then hobbled out of the room.

Webb took Molly in his arms. Her warm young lips kissed his battered mouth.

(THE END)

Trapshoot and Golf Tournament Features of Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 33)

Elks National Double Championship:
25 pairs double, trophies 3 high gun.
Elks National Handicap:
100 Targets—16- and 25-yard handicap, \$15 added money each event; trophies, 3 high gun, optionals \$2 each event.

Wednesday, July 13

(To be held on Southern Skeet Shooting Club grounds.)

Elks National 16-Yard Class Championship:
100 Targets—Three classes, two trophies in each class.

Elks National Class Skeet Championship:
50 Targets—Three classes, two trophies in each class.

Elks National Skeet Championship:
100 Targets—\$15 added money each event; trophies 3 high gun, optionals \$2 each event.

Shoot open to Elks and their families. Special trophies to ladies on skeet and 16-yard targets. Local shooters may compete for money. Trophies will be awarded visiting shooters only. Supper will be served at the club house immediately following the tournament (Wednesday).

In the diversified entertainment characterizing all Grand Lodge Convention programs golf is always an outstanding feature and at the Birmingham reunion there is to be no departure from precedent.

Boasting some of the finest golf courses in

the nation, Birmingham is particularly well-equipped to stage the Elks National Golf Tournament, and it is confidently expected the entries will be many.

All Elks contemplating participation in this convention activity should notify the Golf Committee at once. The rules governing the contest follow:

1. Trophy to be played for at annual convention meeting on date set by Grand Lodge.

2. Trophy to be retained by Lodge winning it for a period of one year; and winner of the 54-hole gross score will be declared the Elks National Champion, and will be presented with a trophy, to be his personal possession.

3. All players must be bona fide members of the Lodges which they represent.
4. All National Championship contests shall be based on a medal score without handicap.
5. Fifty-four holes shall constitute a tournament and shall be played in three days.
6. No player will be eligible to win more than one trophy.
7. Play shall be over course or courses selected by the tournament committee.
8. Play shall be in twosomes, threesomes or foursomes, as tournament committee shall designate.
9. There is no limit to the number of entrants from each Lodge.
10. Players will be permitted to pick partners for opening 18-hole qualifying round. For the second round players will be drawn and assigned playing partners and starting time, excepting players who represent their respective Lodges on four-man teams. The 54 low-gross score of the tournament will be eligible to continue in the finals.
11. Any differences which may arise between contestants at any time shall be decided by three members of the tournament committee.
12. In case of a tie between two or more players an additional hole or holes must be played to determine the winner.
13. Host Lodge to present a trophy to the winner of the 54-hole medal tournament.

14. Lodge winning perpetual trophy is to insure it against loss by fire, theft, etc., insurance to be \$1,000 policy.

15. U. S. Golf Association Rules and Regulations will govern the contest except where conditions are such that modifications are necessary; however, they must be printed in pamphlet form and distributed in such a manner as properly to inform all contestants, prior to the beginning of the contest, of the exception.

16. Each player shall be required to furnish the Committee with a statement from the handicap Committee of his own Golf Club giving his handicap of June 1, 1932, and certifying as to his amateur standing. All entries must be in the hands of the Golf Tournament Committee, 320 North 21st Street, Birmingham, Alabama, by June 30, 1932.

17. Players not having handicap, will be assigned same by Handicap Committee.

18. In the event that the city holding Grand Lodge Convention does not have a Golf Tournament, the John J. Doyle Perpetual Trophy is to be returned to Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, they to hold same until next Grand Lodge Convention.

Rules to Govern Four-Man Team Contest

1. Teams of four men representing their respective Lodges of amateur standing are eligible to compete.

2. The contest shall be based on a medal score without handicap, 18 holes to be played Monday, July 11th, 18 holes Tuesday, July 12th. The team with the lowest aggregate medal score for the 36 holes will be considered the winner. In case of a tie between any two or more teams an additional hole or holes must be played to determine the winner.

3. The individual scores of the players competing in the four-man team contest will be recognized as scores in the perpetual trophy contest.

4. All rules and regulations of the John J. Doyle perpetual trophy apply to the four-man competition.

In addition to the John J. Doyle \$1,000 perpetual trophy, prizes will be awarded as follows:

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, first 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, second 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 36 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, third 18 holes.

Winner low gross and low net in Individual Class, 54 holes.

Winner of 54-hole gross score will be declared Champion.

Winner of 54-hole low net score will be Runner-up.

Our Own Olympics

(Continued from page 14)

records show what they are capable of doing. We don't need a lot of tryouts and perhaps a final meet just before the games to eliminate the contenders, and at the same time take a chance of harming these chaps. Inasmuch as the Olympic Games are to be held in Los Angeles, the men should be sent to Los Angeles now and gradually pointed for the August contests. If in the meantime some other sprinters demonstrate they have speed, send them along, too. Then when the time comes to pick the three men that are to represent America in the sprints let the chief coach pick the men he believes best at that particular time.

IN SPITE of our cockeyed scheme of picking Olympic teams, the United States probably will win again this year, but not with the ease which marked their past victories. The boys of the American team are going to take several "on the chin" at Los Angeles. Despite the counter attraction in Manchuria and Shanghai, Japan is sending a formidable team to the United States. In point of numbers it will be second only to the American group, having nominated approximately 150 athletes. Japan is the dark horse of the coming Olympics.

And keep a weather eye on Finland!

On pure dope, the Finns rate second to the United States. They have a good chance to make a clean sweep of all but one running event after the 800 meters. This, of course does not include the 110-meters hurdles or the 400 and 1,600-meters relays, all of which should be annexed by the U. S. A.

Germany, too, may spring a big surprise this year. Immediately after the World War, Germany took up athletics in a big way. Athletic training became compulsory in all public schools and colleges. Mass athletics became the rule. The results have been something for the United States, England, Japan and Finland to worry about, athletically speaking. The Germans are developing champions on field and track.

Now to turn from the general to the specific. The United States, with Frank Wykoff and George Simpson of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Eddie Tolan of the Detroit A. C. and Jack Burnett of the University of Mississippi to choose from, should have little trouble winning the 100-meters. The most dangerous

athlete on foreign teams in this event will be Jonath and Kornig of Germany. The latter is credited with having done this distance in :10 2-5, which is one-fifth of a second faster than the Olympic all-time record. Percy Williams of Canada is rounding into shape again and if at the top of his form will be extremely dangerous.

Wykoff, Simpson, Tolan, Burnett, and Hector Dyer are our best hopes to account for the 200-meters run. In fact, it would not be surprising if the Americans ran one-two-three in this event.

Until recently, the 400-meters was regarded as a fairly open race. For while the United States possessed some excellent quarter-milers, none of them had appeared so definitely superior to Rampling, of England, a 48-second man, as to have the race to himself. But the early spring performances of Ben Eastman, the Leland Stanford junior, changed all predictions. For Eastman chopped a full second off Ted Meredith's 440-yards mark, made in 1916, to set a new world's record of 46.4. And not only that, but the blonde, spectated quarter-miler from the coast came forth a few days after this feat to break the half-mile record by a tenth of a second. Running in form like that in the Olympics, there should be no stopping him. But even if he should falter, there is in support of him for America Vic Williams, A. A. U. national champion and intercollegiate champion of last year, who beat Eastman to win his titles.

This may not come true with the longer of the two, the 800-meters, for England has Hampson and Germany has Pelzer, who, until Eastman shattered it, held the half-mile world's record. At least, however, we appear to have an even chance in this event.

The removal of the French star, Jules Ladoumeque, from the games will make a difference in the point score, for his mark of 4:9 1/2 for the mile was the best ever made in the annals of track competition. But Ladoumeque has turned professional since setting these figures. And our own miler, Gene Venzke, who ran his distance in 4:10 indoors; and the Finnish runners, Purje and Lehtinen, may be the ones to fight it out for the 1,500-meter crown. The longer distances, including the 5,000 and 10,000 meter runs and the Marathon, seem to be, at the time of this writing,

the foreordained property of those tireless and fleet Finns, Paavo Nurmi and Willie Ritola.

STRANGE as it may seem, the United States has never sent a great Marathon runner to the Olympics. True, we've won this classical event twice in the nine Olympic Games' revivals, but in neither victory was there much about which we could boast. T. J. Hicks' Marathon in 1904, at St. Louis, was the slowest run in Olympic history, the time being 3 hours, 28 minutes and 58 seconds. Johnny Hayes' victory over Dorando Pietri, the Italian, in the Fourth Olympics in London in 1908, was somewhat of a fluke. In that race, it will be recalled, a great sensation was caused when Pietri, after running from Windsor Castle to the stadium in the Exposition grounds, collapsed a few yards from the finish and had to be helped across the tape and Hayes was adjudged the winner.

Percy Beard, of the New York A. C., holder of the world's record for 120-yard hurdles, appears to be the outstanding bet for the 110-meters hurdles. Bob Maxwell, all-American low hurdler for the last two years, may spring a surprise on Beard, or the dope may be upset by Jimmy Hatfield of Indiana University, Lee Sentman of the Illinois A. C., or Wendell Smith of the Los Angeles A. C. The United States has won this event seven times in the last nine Olympics, and at the present writing no extremely dangerous rival looms on the athletic horizon.

Our chances in the 400-meters hurdles are not so bright. Lord Burghley of Great Britain, winner of the event at Amsterdam in 1928, has an excellent chance to repeat. His time in 1928 was :53 2/5 and he is said to have equalled this speed in recent trials. Italy, with the speedy Facelli, who reeled off this distance in :52.4 in 1929 probably should be the favorite on the strength of that great performance, but for one reason or another the best "guessers" on the Pacific Coast think it will go to the Englishman.

We should take both the 400 and the 1,600-meters relays. The former should be accounted for by the team picked from Wykoff, Simpson, Tolan, Jack Burnett and Hec Dyer, the Stanford sprinter, while Ben Eastman,

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(Continued from page 49)

Arthur Woensner, James Gordon and Vic Williams ought to show their competitors the way home in the 1,600-meters event. The U. S. A. teams have taken the 400-meters relay three out of the four times it has been run in the Olympics, and the 1,600-meters event four out of five times. They hold the Olympic all-time records in both.

Germany will furnish strong competition in both these events, with England putting up a good fight in the 1,600.

In the field events, the United States will meet in the tenth Olympics the stiffest competition it has ever encountered. Although we hold six out of ten Olympic all-time records in the field, we can confidently expect to win only two events this year—the high jump and the pole vault. True, we have a little better than a fighting chance with both the hammer throw and the discus, but the breaks will have to be in our favor if we chalk these up in our winning column.

In the high jump we have six good men to choose from, to hold aloft the Stars and Stripes: Walter Marty of San Francisco; Henry Lassallete of the Los Angeles A. C.; Parker Shelby of Los Angeles; Robert Van Onsdel of the University of Southern California; Andon Burg of Chicago; and George Spitz of New York.

The U. S. jumpers have won this event at eight out of the nine Olympics held since the games were revived.

Little Japan will, unless all the dope goes haywire, take first and second places in the running broad jump. The Nipponese are pinning their faith for first honors on the shoulders of little Nambu, who has been shattering world records with something akin to great ease. If he doesn't break a leg or get caught in the draft he's the best bet in the coming games.

And to another Japanese, Mikio Oda, will go the laurels in the running hop, step and jump. Oda, it will be remembered, was good enough to win the 1928 event at Amsterdam with a mark of 49 feet, 10 13-16 inches. And he's been getting better ever since.

With the exception of 1908, when Gouder of France won the pole vault, the United States has made a clean sweep of this event in the Olympic Games. This year the United States has plenty of material from which to pick a winning entry. Among the best—men who are liable to toss their bodies over the bar at upwards of 13 feet any time they try—are Lee Barnes of the Los Angeles A. C., holder of the world's amateur record at 14 feet, 1 1/2 inches; Tom Warne of Northwestern University; Jack Wool of the Olympic Club, San Francisco; Fred Sturdy, Verne McDermott and Bill Garber, of Los Angeles; and a dark horse in the person of Keith Brown, the Yale freshman who is considered a certain point winner.

The shot-put is looked upon as the toughest spot on the card so far as keen competition is concerned. America will rely chiefly upon those sterling performers, Leo Sexton, of the New York A. C., maker of a new world's record in the event last winter; and Herman Brix, of the Los Angeles A. C., winner of four national championships. Backing them will be a third splendid contestant, Harlow Rothert, a teammate of Brix's in the Los Angeles club. The U. S. A. color-

bearers will have to be at the top of their form, however, if they are to hold off the attack of Emil Hirshfield, the German ace, co-holder of the world's record. Also, there will be plenty of competition furnished by Daranyi and Douda, the Hungarians, and three or four other Europeans.

If Dr. C. L. Houser, winner of the discus throw at Amsterdam in 1928, rounds into shape, the U. S. A. would appear to have an edge in this event. Dr. Houser established an Olympic all-time record at Amsterdam with a toss of 155 feet, 2 15-16 inches. Should the good doctor miss we have in reserve Paul Jessup, of Seattle, who holds a world record in discus throwing; and Ed Moeller, of the Los Angeles A. C., a youngster who is coming strong.

Europe may upset the dope in this event, however, as there are about fifteen good 'uns scattered over the Continent, any one of whom might get the break which would mean victory.

AS FOR the other field events we'll be lucky to squeeze in a second. Only the most sanguine American rooter would say that we had a chance against that remarkable Irish athlete, Dr. Patrick O'Callaghan, in throwing the 16-pound hammer. According to recent reports from the Emerald Isle, this all-around athlete, who holds the championship of Erin in the hammer throw, high jump, broad jump, shot-put and discus, is getting better every day and likely will surpass his mark of 183 feet, 7 1/2 inches established last summer. America's best bet in this event is Connor, while Finland has Porhola with a heave of 176 feet, 4 inches to his credit; Sweden has Skold with 171.44 feet; Chile has Bayer with 168 1/2 feet, and Barticevic with 164.04 feet.

Next to track and field events swimming and diving are the two sports nearest to the hearts of the sport-loving world. And here, as on track and field, competition between the nations will be keener this year than at any previous Olympics.

Which country will emerge triumphant in these events at the Olympics?

The United States IF—and get that "if"—George Kojac of the New York Athletic Club comes out for the team. If Kojac decides to rest on the laurels he won at Amsterdam in 1928, I'll string along with Japan.

Kojac is in training but there seems to be some doubt about the "permanency" of his intentions. He's swimming very well right now, too, and there's every reason to believe that if he decides he wants a place on the team he will emerge from training a better man than he was in '28. And in that case the United States will have the edge. He means the difference between a winning and a losing team.

Unfortunately for the U. S. A., professionalism has claimed Johnny Weissmuller, who won the 100- and 400-meters in 1924 and the 100-meters in 1928. With Weissmuller on the sidelines Dr. Barney, the Hungarian, who finished second at Amsterdam, appears to have the 100-meters free-style event in the bag. The doctor has improved greatly since that meet and unless he suffers a setback seems to have enough to hold off Taris of France, Szekely of Hungary, Peterson of Sweden, Kojac of the U. S. A., and Makamo of Japan. Kojac, however, will make the Hungarian hit the ball and jack.

Jean Taris, of France, who officially has broken the record for this distance since 1928, apparently will take the 400-meters. Jimmy Gilhula of the Detroit A. C. will have to fight it out with Takamura, the Jap, who won second honors at Tokio when the American swimming team went there last year. The Japanese is young and strong and is coming fast. Another American who will have a chance in this event if he makes the team will be Maiola Kalili of the Hollywood A. C. Clyde Swendsen, swimming instructor at the Movie-town Athletic Club, speaks very highly of this youngster's work in the water and declares "he'll be right up there at the finish."

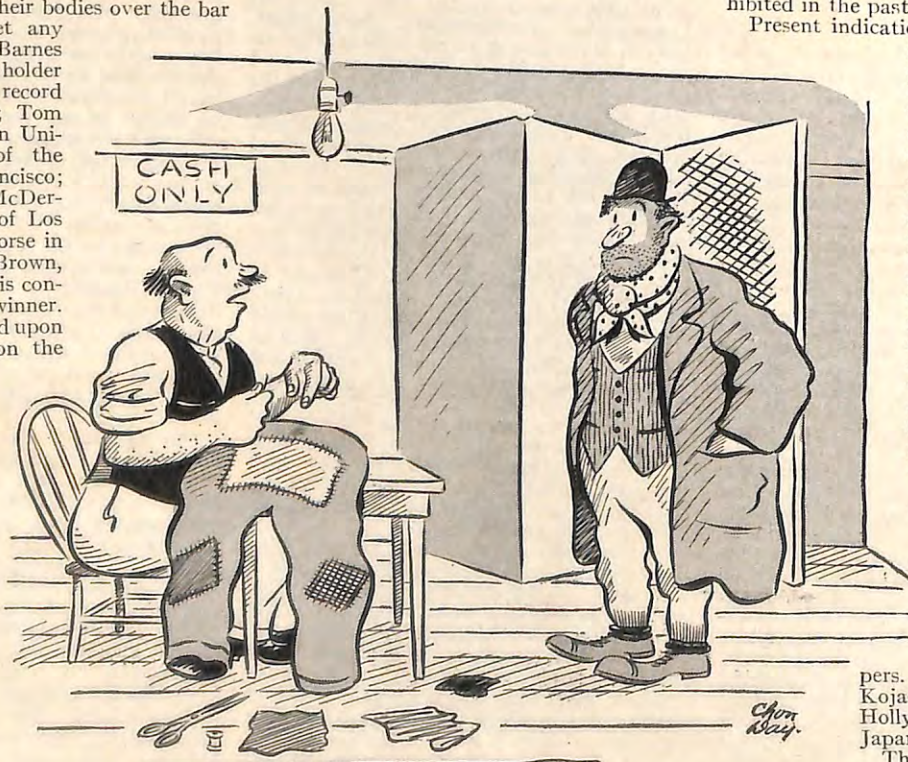
THE United States will have to fight its eyeballs out to get a place in the 1,500-meters. In fact, we'll have to show more than we've shown in many years to even make the finals. Japan, with Takemura and Makino, the two outstanding distance swimmers of 1931, probably will take first and second places, respectively, in this event. Takemura is right down to world's record time, as is his swimming mate. Our best bet in this event is Buster Crabbe of the Los Angeles A. C. But Buster will have to show more than he's ever exhibited in the past to grab a point.

Present indications are that the U. S. will get a bad break in the 200-meter breast stroke. Leonard Spence probably will swim under Canadian colors, although he is a member of the New York A. C. Spence holds the world's record for the 200- and 220-meters. Koike, a fifteen-year-old Japanese boy, will give the great Spence a run for the money. This lad has been making marvelous speed in recent competitions over the Land of the Rising Sun. Others who are expected to show considerable class are Schwartz of Germany, Rein-goldt of Finland and Van Parys of Belgium.

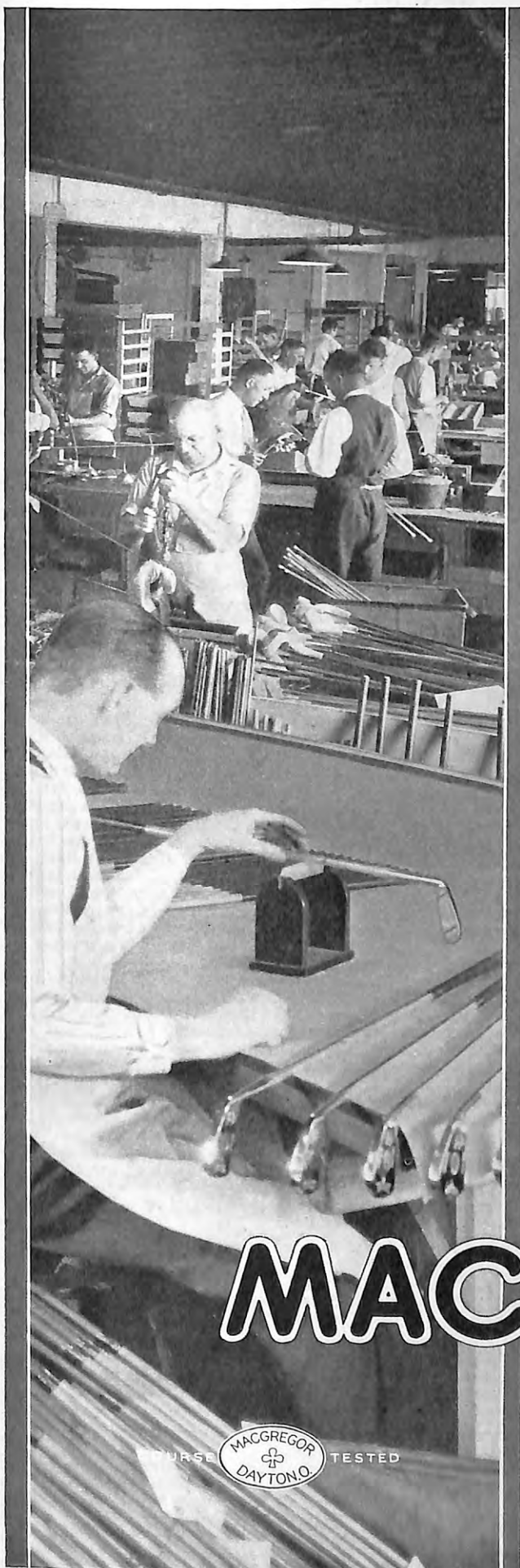
If Kojac starts, he should take the 100-meters back stroke without much trouble. He holds the world's record for this event and should be able to hold off Barney and the German, Kuppers. Our best bet aside from Kojac is Frank Walton of the Hollywood A. C., who beat the Japanese at Tokio last year.

The 800-meters, four-men relay, brings that old "if" back

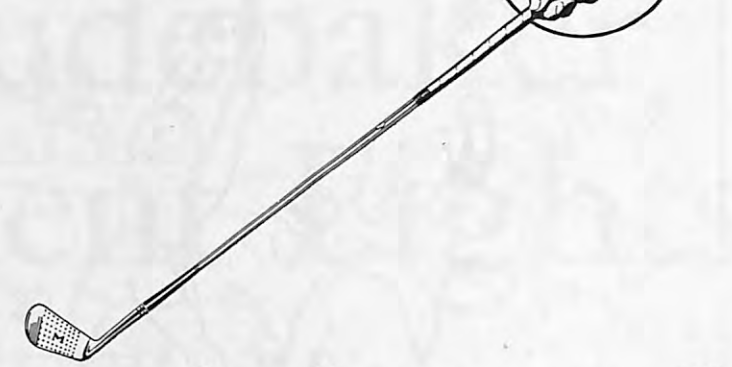
(Continued on page 52)



"That dark blue patch on your left leg is pretty good cloth"



Scene in the shops where the "feel" is built into Macgregor clubs.



... for better golf that built-in "feel"

Your game will be helped by it. For 34 years that built-in "feel" has been the distinguishing feature of Macgregor clubs.

Three generations of Golfer-Craftsmen put it there. The skill of the old world club-makers is theirs—plus the precision of modern tools—plus the infallible test of daily play on the Macgregor Golf Course where they prove the results of their work.



That's why Macgregor clubs are *right*—balanced to the thousandth of an inch, the hundredth of an ounce. Can you afford to play with anything less perfect?

Professionals and leading stores have Macgregors. Try them; compare them; your hands know. Every Macgregor wood or iron is the kind of value that restores your faith in the purchasing power of your dollars. And Macgregor will restore your faith in yourself as a golfer, too!



The coupon will bring you a special non-resident Courtesy Card to the Macgregor Golf Club and "Macgregor for Golf" book illustrating why Macgregor is the greatest name in Golf.

MACGREGOR

THE GREATEST NAME IN GOLF

© 1932 C. M. C. Co.

Macgregor, "Golf Headquarters," Dayton, Ohio

I would like to have 1932 "Macgregor for Golf" book and Non-Resident Courtesy Card to the Macgregor Golf Club. Thanks.

Name

Address

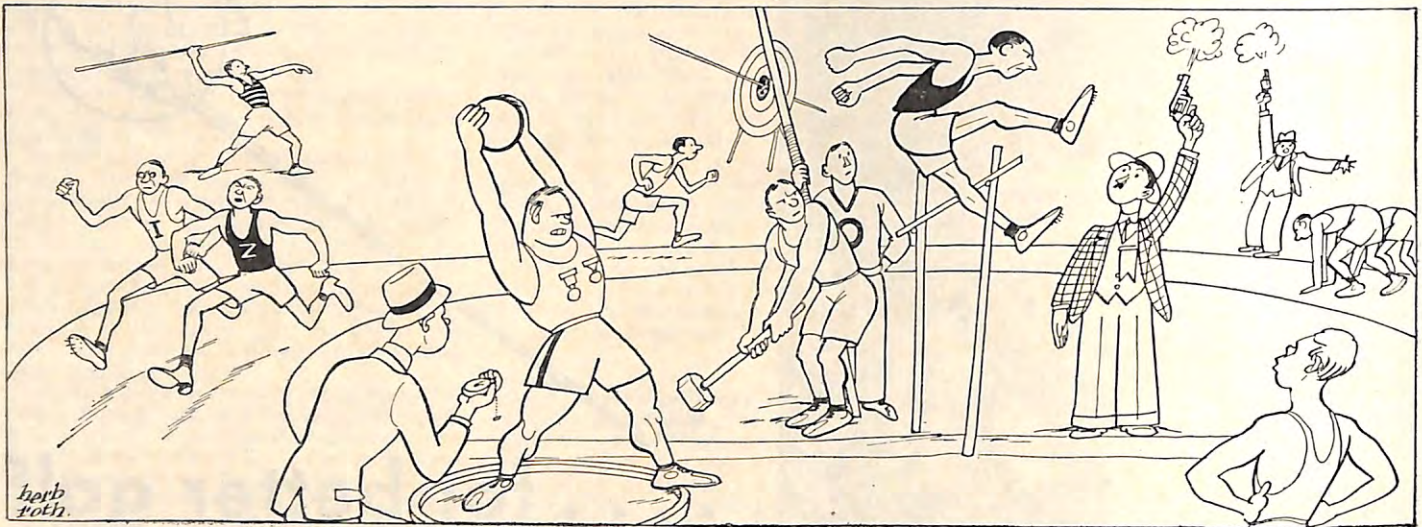
City State



When writing to MACGREGOR Dayton, Ohio, please mention *The Elks Magazine*—It's your magazine

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 59)



(Continued from page 50)

again. If Kojac is on the team we should take this event, as we'd then have a marvelously balanced quartet with Kojac, Jimmy Gilhula and the Kalili brothers. The Japanese have twelve fast men to pick from and ought to account for second place, with Hungary, France and Australia in a scramble for third honors.

Look at the newsreels if you want to find the probable winners of the ten-foot spring board diving event. If you can find any trio comparable to Mickey Riley, Johnny Riley and Dutch Smith I'd like to hear about 'em. Mickey Riley, you'll recall, is now the national indoor champion, while the outdoor crown rests pretty securely on the head of Dutch Smith. There's only one man in the world I can think of who might spill the beans here and that is Farid Simaika, the Egyptian.

Simaika finished second to Pete Desjardins, winner of the plain and fancy high diving for the U. S. at Amsterdam in 1928, and now that Desjardins has turned professional, the Egyptian should cop the honors in this event at Los Angeles. The runner-up probably will be Frank Kurtz, who made such a good showing in the last nationals. The Riley brothers and Dutch Smith will be in there trying, but I don't believe they'll be a match for Simaika.

There is no doubt in my mind that Miss Helene Madison of the U. S. A. will win any women's event in which she enters. She is the outstanding swimmer of her sex in the world. And in Georgia Coleman, America has a woman diver second to none in the world.

For most of us the Olympic Games begin and end with the field, track and swimming events. Americans always have and probably always

will consider yachting, polo, fencing, wrestling, winter sports and the other events just added attractions. Relatively they are about as important in the average American's eyes as are the inter-collegiate soccer matches in the eyes of undergraduates. Who, for instance, can recall what country won yachting honors at Amsterdam? Or do you remember the gymnastics winner of the last Olympics, of any Olympics, for all that?

Out on the Pacific Coast where the tenth Olympic Games' importance as news and subject for conversation is increasing daily, one of the chief indoor sports these days is prognosticating how the various nations will finish in the coming meeting. In these "guessing" contests only the track and field events are considered in the point scores.

AS THE Olympic Games protocol recognizes no official scoring system to determine the nation winning the meet, the object being to give all honors to individuals rather than to nations, or teams, participants in these prognosticating contests base their estimates on the unofficial scoring system devised by the press. This system, which has been recognized internationally (but not officially), is to give ten points for first place, five for second, four for third, three for fourth, two for fifth, and one for sixth. On this basis the United States finished first in the scoring at Amsterdam in 1928, with Germany second, Great Britain third, Sweden and Holland tied for fourth, and Japan fifth.

Based on this system of scoring my prediction is that the five leading nations in track and field at Los Angeles will be as follows:

Nation	Points
United States.....	156
Finland.....	120
Great Britain.....	55
Germany.....	40
Japan.....	31

Now, a word for those who contemplate going to Los Angeles for the Games. A general admission ticket—one that entitles the holder to see everything from the Parade of All Nations to the Closing Ceremony, whatever that will be—may be had for \$82. An Olympic Stadium pass alone will cost adults \$22 and children under sixteen one-half of that amount. This admits to all events in the Olympic Stadium, a magnificent structure erected at a cost of \$1,700,000, wherein all the track and field events, wrestling, demonstration lacrosse games, gymnastics, demonstration American football, opening and closing ceremonies, will be staged. Season tickets to the swimming contests will cost \$15, boxing \$12, rowing \$14 and fencing \$10.

These prices are approximately double what was charged in European countries and as Maxwell Stiles, the sport writer, says, "are a lot of money in any language."

Incidentally, in order for purchasers to secure seats adjoining, their applications must be pinned together.

Regardless of the cost, however, it is safe to predict that the tenth Olympic Games will be a sell-out. Already thousands of applications for reservations have been received from foreign countries—Japan alone asking for a block of 5,000!—for all the world seems to sense that the games of 1932 will add up to The Olympics of the Ages.

Answers to Your Radio Questions

Hazel Sabin, Lewiston, Maine. Now, about that picture of Smith Ballew that Miss Erskine promised you. It is very sad, but Miss Erskine is not with THE ELKS any more, and as I don't happen to carry pictures of Smith Ballew around with me, I haven't got one for you. Smith Ballew was once the leader of an orchestra out in Texas U., as were all good orchestra leaders, it seems to me. By devious paths, he worked himself into radio. He was married in 1923, just before getting his college degree.

Kay Cox, 604 Lake Ave., Manchester, N. H.

There are only two artists in the Gene and Glenn broadcast, but Gene plays the triple rôle of Jake, Lena and himself, while Glenn takes a straight man part, plays the piano, and sings. Versatile boys, aren't they?

Violet Koiches, 95 Colonial Road, Glenbrook, Conn. I wrote Station WOR to find out about Ozzie Nelson for you, and all I got back in answer was a telephone message that he was not under contract to WOR at the time, but that they hope to get him next summer when he comes to Glen Island Casino, in New Rochelle. I have known him pretty well for

some time, and the last I heard from him, he was most certainly not planning to leave radio. Just at present, I believe, he is broadcasting only as guest artist on the programs that get into Florida, where he is now.

Betty R. Strawn, 445 Elmwood Ave., Niagara Falls, N. Y. This is the Announcer broadcasting at the moment, so I will tell you where you can hear Gladys Shaw Erskine . . . over the C. B. S. network as Miriam on the popular broadcast called "Arabesque." I have already told six or seven people about Jimmie Walling-

(Continued on page 54)

They're off! Three Studebaker President Eights

*again carry the Elks Magazine
pilgrims to the Convention!*

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, JULY 11 to 15, 1932



THEY'RE starting now! From Boston, Chicago and Seattle, three gleaming new President Eight Convertible Sedans—the very latest and finest products that ever bore the 80-year-old name of Studebaker—are setting forth for Birmingham.

This is the third year that Studebaker's World Champion President Eights have borne the banner of Elkdom through the land, carrying Elks Magazine men by winding routes, with many stop-overs, as they visit

lodge after lodge in their good-will pilgrimages.

Studebaker's famous railroad reliability and riding ease insure schedules being met on time. The travelers will be safe, with Studebaker's Safety Plate Glass (in all windows and windshields at no extra charge), with electro-fused armor-plated steel bodies, steel running boards, low center of gravity, vastly finer brakes, Automatic Ride Control, Automatic Starting and Free Wheeling plus

fast-action Synchronized Shifting.

The new Studebakers offer no less than 32 important betterments, which make these beautiful cars the challenging values of today.

The 4 great "buys" of 1932

PRESIDENT EIGHT	\$1690 to \$1990
122 H. P., 135" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$560	
COMMANDER EIGHT	\$1350 to \$1560
101 H. P., 125" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$235	
DICTATOR EIGHT	\$980 to \$1125
85 H. P., 117" wheelbase—Reductions up to \$115	
STUDEBAKER SIX	\$840 to \$985
80 H. P., 117" wheelbase	

Prices f. o. b. South Bend. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

STUDEBAKER BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS
PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

(Continued from page 52)

ton . . . at least I have told them the important things that they want to know, so suppose you read Charlotte Rowe's answer for the dope on Jimmie Wallington, and see if it covers what you want to know. If not, write me again.

"Old Timer," *Elks National Home, Bedford, Virginia*. That was a fine letter you wrote us—the kind that peps everybody up and helps to make the wheels go round. As Miss Erskine has left THE ELKS MAGAZINE staff, I can't tell you much about where she picks up her expressions, but I should say that she gets most of them right here in New York. Hope you don't mind my answering your letter by proxy, as it were, but it was a letter that defied indifference. If you have any requests to make in the Radio Department, write to the "Announcer" and I will see what I can do to make you like my handling of the Radio Department as much as you did Miss Erskine's.

Miss Barbara Nolittle, *Salmon Falls, N. H.* I will try to have a picture of Eddie Cantor and James Wallington for you as soon as I get around to it. It isn't true that Jimmy is going to appear in Eddie Cantor's next picture, though I side with you in wishing that he were. I will also try to squeeze in Myrt and Marge and Rubinoff for you. Thanks for the suggestion.

E. Winifred Holtz, *Box 582, Anaconda, Montana*. You go big for the crooners, don't you? Russ Columbo can be reached at the N. B. C. Station, 711 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and Bing Crosby at the C. B. S. Station, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City. Guy Lombardo is also a C. B. S. artist—or you can get a letter to him at the Roosevelt Hotel.

Erie Rodig, *48 Stearn St., Rahway, N. J.* I suggest that you try Mr. Leslie Joy, N. B. C. Building, 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City, or any of the large advertising agencies such as Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn or McCann-Erickson for an audition. They are always willing to try out newcomers in the radio world and will give you a fair break. Here's hoping you have all the success in the world.

Elaine Brandt, *Augusta, Ga.* Luck is with you this time, for Frank Munn is not married. I snooped around trying to find out if Floyd Gibbons has a wife, and nobody at N. B. C. seemed to know whether he had or not, so I think we are safe in assuming that he has not. That cancels your question of what happened to her, because if he hasn't got one, I don't see how I can say what happened to her.

Miss Charlotte Rowe, *337 South Orange Street, Mt. Carmel, Pa.* Jimmy Wallington is twenty-two years old, has brown hair, blue eyes, is six feet tall, and has been married only a short time. He is very popular, both around the studios and with the fans, and it is safe for me to tell you that I get more inquiries about him than I do for any other announcer. I am going to try and get a picture of him in an early issue, and if you are able to contain yourself until then, you will have the pleasure of seeing that Jimmie is, in addition to his other attractions, very good looking.

S.—*Medford, Mass.* As you saw, Budd and the Colonel were on the page last month. How is that for service? Will try and satisfy you on the other request soon. Do you know Neil MacMillan or Jimmy Connors?

Margaret Metzger, *Fort Smith, Arizona*. I strained ligaments in all directions trying to locate Thomas Noel, but try as I would, I couldn't find out any whereabouts. If I ever hear anything about him I will let you know. I'm awfully sorry.

Evelyn Palmer, *609 Sherman St., Holdrege, Nebraska*. You seem to have a monopoly of Palmers in that Granite Company. Yes, the Mills Brothers are colored, and their ages range from seventeen to twenty-one. They have been on the radio a scant six months, or so, as they first began broadcasting in the beginning of October. They have risen, in a remarkably short time, to be one of the most popular features on the air.

Catherine Gainey, *714 Liberty St., Flint, Michigan*. Alex Gray is single, and the same thing goes for Floyd Gibbons.

M. E., *South Acton, Mass.* Russ Columbo is twenty-four years old, tall, dark, handsome,

unmarried, and one of radio's best-dressed men. Little Jack Little, who's real name is John James Leonard, is thirty-one years old, married, and wears blue shirts that match his eyes. How's that?

C. A. Pelissier, *29 Hull Ave., Pittsfield, Mass.* Myrt herself is the clever author of the radio play "Myrt and Marge." Her name is Myrtle Vail.

Celie Simon, *Superior, Wis.* I shouldn't be a bit surprised if the Tony Wons you once knew turned out to be the same one you hear on the Camel quarter hour every night. Tony Wons came from northern Wisconsin, where, after working at various and sundry odd jobs for some years, he got into the late unpleasantness in France. Laid up for a year with a shrapnel wound, he started his famous "Scrap Book," excerpts of which you hear so often. He is married to a Wisconsin girl, and has a little girl ten years old. I expect the best way for you to get in touch with him is through the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Ave., New York.

Mrs. Bertha Schiele, *Ocate, New Mexico*. Arabesque is on the air over the Columbia network in the South. Yolanda Langworthy is broadcasting over WOR. Gladys Shaw Erskine is now taking the part of Miriam, once played by Miss Langworthy.

Mrs. R. K. P., *Northampton, Mass.* Ray Perkins is married, has a young son, and lives in a Westchester suburb of New York. He was born in Boston, right near you, but he doesn't admit to any particular age, which means he is over forty. He made his debut over the radio in 1926 as "Judge Jr.," but soon quit for a magazine career. Decided that magazines were even worse than radio, so went back as the Old Topper. Is extraordinarily popular.

Mrs. W. J. Ishman, *Oelwein, Ia.* John Mayo was born in Providence, R. I., thirty-three years ago. In 1917 saw service overseas, went into radio in 1928. He writes his own continuity for "Land O' Make Believe," is the out-of-doors type, is single . . . lives in Brooklyn with his mother, and is one of Columbia's star announcers.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Alma, Mich., Elks and Guests Greet District Deputy Davis

Members of Alma, Mich., Lodge, No. 1400, together with a large number of guests, welcomed District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Deland A. Davis recently upon the occasion of his official call. More than a hundred Elks thronged the Lodge room to hear the address of the District Deputy and to witness, with him, the initiation of a class of candidates. A dinner for the distinguished visitor preceded the Lodge session.

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge Mourns Death of Exalted Ruler Wintzer

Wapakoneta, O., Lodge, No. 1170, and its entire community suffered a severe loss recently when G. A. Wintzer, Exalted Ruler and former Trustee of the Lodge, and leader in the religious, educational and commercial life of his city, died in his seventieth year. Mr. Wintzer's end, occurring during the last few days of his term as head of the Lodge, followed an operation for appendicitis. For a day after his death his body lay in state at his residence, and there Esteemed Leading Knight Bert T. Blume and other officers of No. 1170 held funeral services according to the Elks ritual upon the evening before the ecclesiastical cere-

monies. Two hundred members of the Lodge, before the Elks services, marched in a body from the Lodge Home to their late Exalted Ruler's residence to attend them. At the religious ceremonies the following day, held at St. Paul's Evangelical Church, many Elks again were present. Past Exalted Rulers Emil H. Moser and Karl T. Timmermeister were among the pallbearers. Burial was in Greenlawn Cemetery. Part of the escort to accompany Mr. Wintzer's body to the grave was the Wapakoneta Community Bandmen, of which he formerly was a member and of which his son, Carl F. Wintzer, is now bandmaster. To Mr. Wintzer's Lodge, to his family, and to his community THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to express its own heartfelt sympathies for the loss they have sustained in his death.

Meadville, Pa., Elks Celebrate Past Exalted Rulers Night

All the present officers, thirteen Past Exalted Rulers and many of the members of Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, recently attended a meeting at the Home on the occasion of the celebration of Past Exalted Rulers Night. A banquet, served by the wives of the members, preceded the regular session. The meeting was notable for its large and enthusiastic attendance.

Attorneys' Night Celebrated by Pasadena, Calif., Lodge

Governor James Rolph, Jr., of California, and twenty judges of the Superior Court of Los Angeles County, were the guests, a short time ago, of the members of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, at a meeting designated "Attorneys' Night." It was one of the largest and most representative gatherings of Elks in a number of years to meet at the Home of No. 672. Addresses were made by the Governor, Exalted Ruler Charles J. O'Hara and Exalted Ruler-elect Marshall F. McComb of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99. Mr. McComb is a Justice of the Superior Court.

Boonton, N. J., Elks Demonstrate Two-Minute Speaking Plan

At a recent meeting of Boonton, N. J., Lodge, No. 1405, the "Montclair plan" of Lodge speaking, consisting of a series of two-minute addresses, was demonstrated by the members. Prominent among the guests on the occasion were Charles S. Hart, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on the Good of the Order; and Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther.

(Continued on page 56)

Savings PASSED ON TO CAR OWNERS

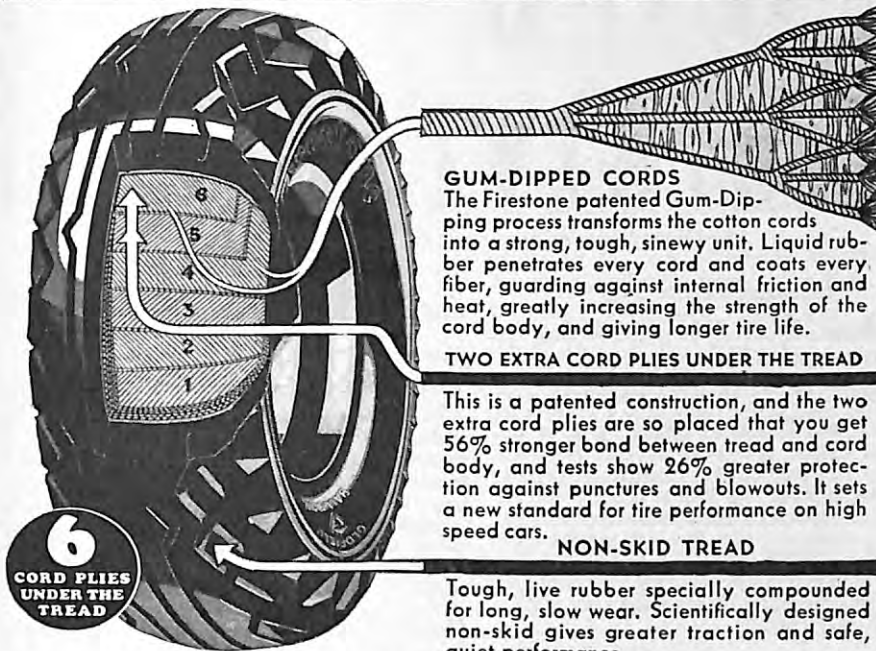
in Extra Values

Firestone Service Dealers urge you to compare Firestone Tires with any other tires made—regardless of size, brand, construction, quality, grade, and price—and you will come to but one conclusion—that there is in the complete line of Firestone Tires—a tire of superior quality, at no higher price.

Ask the Firestone Service Dealer in your community to show you sections cut from Firestone Tires, special-brand mail-order tires and others—in your own hands check the EXTRA VALUES of Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—Gum-Dipping—and Safe, Long-Wearing Non-Skid Tread.

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. Every Firestone Tire bears the Firestone name—your guarantee of satisfactory service.

Your Firestone Service Dealer will Save You Money and Serve You Better.



GUM-DIPPED CORDS
The Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process transforms the cotton cords into a strong, tough, sinewy unit. Liquid rubber penetrates every cord and coats every fiber, guarding against internal friction and heat, greatly increasing the strength of the cord body, and giving longer tire life.

TWO EXTRA CORD PLYS UNDER THE TREAD

This is a patented construction, and the two extra cord plies are so placed that you get 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body, and tests show 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts. It sets a new standard for tire performance on high speed cars.

NON-SKID TREAD

Tough, live rubber specially compounded for long, slow wear. Scientifically designed non-skid gives greater traction and safe, quiet performance.

6
CORD PLYS UNDER THE TREAD

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION • QUALITY • PRICE

Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	Make of Car	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair
Ford	4.40-21	\$4.79	\$9.30	Buick M.	5.25-18	\$7.53	\$14.60	Buick	6.00-22	\$11.60	\$22.50
Chevrolet	4.50-20	5.35	10.38	Chevrolet	5.25-18	7.53	14.60	Pierce-Ar.	6.50-19	12.30	23.86
Ford	4.50-21	5.43	10.54	Olds'bile.	5.25-21	8.15	15.82	Stutz	6.50-20	12.65	24.54
Ford	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Buick	5.25-21	8.15	15.82	Cadillac	7.00-20	14.65	28.42
Chevrolet	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Stu'baker	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	Lincoln	7.00-20	14.65	28.42
Whippet	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Auburn	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	Packard	7.00-20	14.65	28.42
Plymouth	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Reo	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	TRUCK and BUS TIRES			
Erskine	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Stu'baker	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	Tire Size	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Each	Firestone Oldfield Type Cash Price Per Pair	
Plymouth	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Gardner	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	30x5 H.D.	\$15.45	\$29.96	
Chandler	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Marmon	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	32x6 H.D.	26.50	51.00	
DeSoto	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Oakland	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	34x7 H.D.	36.40	70.60	
Dodge	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Peerless	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	36x8 H.D.	51.65	100.20	
Durant	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Chrysler	5.50-19	8.48	16.46	6.00-20 H.D.	14.50	28.14	
Gr.-Paige	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Stu'baker	6.00-18	10.65	20.66	6.50-20 H.D.	16.30	31.62	
Pontiac	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Viking	6.00-18	10.65	20.66	7.50-20 H.D.	26.45	51.60	
Roosevelt	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Stu'baker	6.00-19	10.85	21.04	9.00-20 H.D.	46.50	90.40	
Willys-K.	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Franklin	6.00-19	10.85	21.04	9.75-20 H.D.	61.65	120.00	
Essex	5.00-20	6.75	13.10	Hudson	6.00-19	10.85	21.04				
Nash	5.00-20	6.75	13.10	Hup'bile.	6.00-20	10.95	21.24				
Nash	5.00-21	6.98	13.54	La Salle	6.00-20	10.95	21.24				
Olds'bile.	5.00-21	6.98	13.54	Packard	6.00-21	11.10	21.54				
				Pierce-Ar.	6.00-21	11.10	21.54				

Firestone COURIER TYPE
\$3.46 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
30 x 3½

Firestone COURIER TYPE
\$3.52 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.40-21

Firestone COURIER TYPE
\$3.87 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.50-21

Firestone COURIER TYPE

SIZE	Our Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Our Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	\$3.63	\$3.63	\$7.04
4.50-21	3.98	3.98	7.74
30x3½ Clin.	3.57	3.57	6.92

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE
\$4.23 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.50-21

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE

SIZE	Our Cash Price Each	Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Our Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	\$3.95	\$3.95	\$7.66
4.50-21	4.37	4.37	8.46
4.75-20	5.20	5.20	10.08
5.00-19	5.39	5.39	10.46
5.25-21	6.63	6.63	12.86

Other Sizes Proportionately Low

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE
\$3.83 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.40-21

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE
\$4.97 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.75-19

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE
\$6.43 EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
5.25-21

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IN "79"

HE MET HER

THEY were married in "eighty-one." And every day of their fifty years of married life was a sweetheart day. Today she is a dear, silver-haired little grandmother. She's here in person. But her heart is "over there" with her sweetheart.

Very often on cold, stormy nights she is thankful to the one who suggested the CLARK Metal Vault at the time of their parting. She knows that within its walls of impermeable, waterproof metal is a sanctuary into which outside elements may not intrude.

We make the CLARK Vault of specially processed rustproofed metal, with double welded joints, because this construction is completely immune to water and to crumbling. We guarantee it to serve unfailingly for 50 years.

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Any funeral director will provide a CLARK Vault upon request. Nine appropriate finishes are offered, including Cadmium Plating by the Udylyte Process. Prices are within the reach of all. Remember the name "CLARK."

☆☆☆

"My Duty"—tells how you can help the one who "carries on"—how to take charge for a friend in his hour of sorrow. It should be in everyone's secret drawer. Shall we send you a copy, free?

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT CO.
COLUMBUS, OHIO
Western Office and Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.



GRAVE VAULTS

This emblem of quality appears on the end of every genuine "Clark" Vault



The Escort Team of Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515

(Continued from page 54)

San Juan, P. R., Elks Are Active In Fraternal Affairs

Members of San Juan, P. R., Lodge, No. 972, have been active recently in a number of fraternal and charitable affairs. One of the most prominent of these events occurred when District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John S. Beck made his official visit to the Lodge. At that meeting several candidates were initiated. Among other activities in which members recently have taken part has been the distribution of fruit to a number of orphan asylums and an entertainment for eighty-seven visiting Elks from New Jersey.

Spokane, Wash., Elks Receive Sum for Care of Poor Children

Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228, recently was the recipient of a \$20,000 memorial fund to be used for the care and education of orphan and indigent children of the city. The money was left to the Elks by the late Dr. D. N. L. Newbury, a member of Spokane Lodge. The will provides that a trust fund, to be known as the "Denwood W. Newbury Trust Fund," shall be created and used by the Elks as they see fit in caring for orphans and poor children. The fund is named after Dr. Newbury's only child, who died a few years ago. Secretary W. F. Connor, of Spokane Lodge, was appointed executor of the will.

Minstrel Show Produced by Lebanon, Pa., Elks Is Successful

So successful was the first night's performance of a minstrel show, recently produced and enacted by the members of Lebanon, Pa., Lodge, No. 631, that it was offered again at a later date. The show was first given in conjunction with the celebration of "Stag Night" at the Home and was repeated on the occasion of the annual membership dinner of the Lebanon Chamber of Commerce. The cast was made up entirely of members of the Lodge.

Many Eastern North Carolina Elks Meet at Goldsboro Lodge

More than a hundred and fifty Elks, representing New Berne and Wilmington, N. C., Lodges, assembled recently at the Home of Goldsboro Lodge, No. 130, to take part at a meeting of the Eastern District. Prominent among those in attendance were Grand Inner Guard Harry P. T. Paterson; Robert S. Barrett, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. E. Stevens. The District Deputy presided at the meeting. Both Mr. Paterson and Mr. Barrett spoke. Preceding

the business session the Goldsboro Elks were hosts at a barbecue supper.

Somerville, N. J., Lodge Degree Team Is State Champion

The Degree Team of Somerville, N. J., Lodge, No. 1068, won the New Jersey State Elks Association annual ritualistic contest, held recently at the Home of Trenton Lodge, No. 105. The other teams in the competition, district champions, finished in the following order: Orange Lodge, No. 135; Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455; and Freehold Lodge, No. 1454.

Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge Plans Improvement of New Home

Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, No. 1564, which acquired a new Home a short time ago, is planning to make extensive improvements upon it. For the raising of funds for this purpose, the Lodge has authorized the holding of an Elks' frolic, an entertainment for which a moderate admission fee has been fixed.

Clock at Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge Plays "Auld Lang Syne"

Through the efforts of George W. Voelker, a member, Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, acquired recently a handsome and unusually appropriate grandfather's clock for its Home. The instrument has a star on the dial which, at eleven o'clock, is illuminated. At the same time the chimes play "Auld Lang Syne."

New England Elks Planning Tour To Convention by Sea and Land

Elks of the New England States, together with those of the Northeast District of New York, have organized a tour to and from the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham in July. The journey, so arranged that those who undertake it may join the Elks' party either at Boston or New York, will be made both by sea and by land. The principal water trip will be made aboard one of the fine vessels of the Eastern Steamship Company, "The Old Dominion Line." Sponsoring the tour are some of the most prominent members of the Order in New England and New York. Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight John D. Shea is tour manager. Chairman of the tour is Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley are Honorary Chairmen. Sub-Chairmen are Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham; Richard A. Cantwell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Robert M. Dowe, Leo F.

Donovan, William E. Earle, Frank J. Lawler, of Massachusetts; President Charles S. Riley, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James A. Sayers, of New Hampshire; John L. Kane, of Rhode Island; George H. Lewis, Jr., and Thomas A. Skelly, of Connecticut; Frederick W. Bancroft, of Vermont; Albert C. Jones and Albert L. Skinner, of Maine; and Leo W. Roohan and Grover C. Ingersoll, of New York. Those who begin the tour at Boston will leave there the evening of July 7, to arrive in New York the following morning and, after a sightseeing trip about the city, to embark for Norfolk, Va., at noon. From Norfolk, which will be reached the morning of July 9, an all-day excursion will be made to Virginia Beach, one of the famous resorts of the southern seaboard. The New England Elks will entrain in the evening for Birmingham, where they will arrive, after a four-hour stopover at Atlanta, Ga., on the morning of July 10. This day and the three to follow will be spent in Birmingham during the session of the Grand Lodge Convention. Accommodations have been arranged at the Hotel Bankhead. A special occasion in the course of this period will be a banquet and dance for the All-New England Elks at the Thomas Jefferson Hotel, the evening of the 13th. Leaving Birmingham about noon on the 14th, the members of the tour will travel by train to Roanoke. There, the following midday, they will be entertained at luncheon at the Home of Roanoke Lodge, and thereafter make a sixty-mile motor trip to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. After leaving Roanoke in the evening, a special stop will be made at Luray, Va., so that the Elks may have the opportunity of seeing the celebrated Luray Caverns, one of the natural wonders of the south. From early morning on the 16th, until noon the following day, members of the tour will visit Washington, D. C., with accommodations at the Mayflower Hotel. The tour will continue to New York by train, arriving there the 17th, and, for those destined for Boston, proceeding to the Massachusetts city by boat, arriving the morning of the 18th. An alternate way of return from Birmingham is by sea, sailing from Savannah, Ga. For information, or applications for bookings, Elks may communicate with Thomas J. Brady, care of Leopold-Morse Company, 45 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.; John D. Shea, 3 Calumet Street, Wollaston, Mass.; or the McCready Tourist Agency, 600 Washington Street, Boston.

L. F. Hafner, Long Secretary of Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, Dies

Shenandoah, Pa., Lodge, No. 945, suffered a severe and sudden shock recently when L. F. Hafner, who the evening before had been elected Secretary for his seventeenth term, died of a heart attack. Mr. Hafner was known well and most favorably to the membership of his own Lodge and also to many others in Pennsylvania. To all who knew him his passing represents an irreparable loss.

J. S. Stier, of Altoona, Pa., Lodge Seeks Stolen Life Membership Card

Through its Secretary, J. P. Harlow, Altoona, Pa., Lodge, No. 102, wishes to ask members of the Order to report, in case it is found, the life membership card belonging to J. S. Stier, of No. 102. The card, No. 14, was stolen from Mr. Stier while he was a guest at a New York hotel in March.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Inducts 28 Proposed by Single Member

Before an unusually large gathering of members, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, initiated a short time ago a class of twenty-eight candidates, all of whom were proposed by a single member of the Lodge, James P. Eagleton. A social session followed the exercises of induction.

Frostburg, Md., Lodge Celebrates Three Anniversaries at Once

Members of Frostburg, Md., Lodge, No. 470, took part recently in an occasion of three-fold interest when they celebrated, upon the same evening, the thirty-third anniversary of the Lodge's institution; the birthday of its Secretary, W. P. Sullivan, one of the two living members who held office when No. 470 was instituted; and St. Patrick's Day. A prominent guest and the principal speaker at the triple celebration was President Hugh E. Curran, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association.

Intermountain Boxing Matches Held At Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge

Under the sponsorship of Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, the annual Intermountain (Continued on page 58)

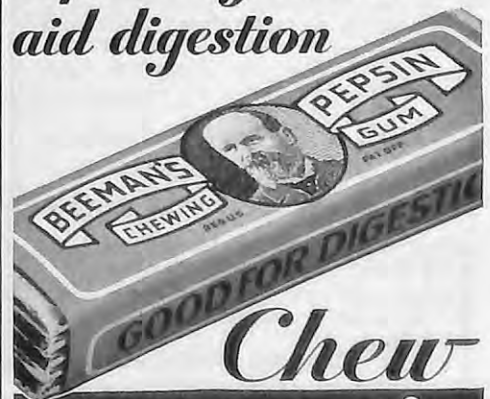


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The Degree Team of Ansonia, Conn., Lodge, State champions

(Continued from page 57)

A. A. U. boxing tournament was held recently at the Lodge Home. Over forty bouts were fought during the two-day program. Large crowds of Elks from all parts of the State and their guests attended the exhibitions.

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Holds Annual Oratorical Contest

Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, recently held its annual oratorical contest for students of the junior and senior high schools of the Island of Hawaii. The principal prize in this year's contest was won by a Japanese boy who spoke on the subject of dual citizenship.

President of Texas State Elks Association Visits Cisco Lodge

On the occasion of the recent visit of President Harry A. Logsdon, of the Texas State Elks Association, to the Home of Cisco Lodge, No. 1379, the officers initiated a large group of candidates. Notable among those present, besides Dr. Logsdon, was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Garland Vinson. At the conclusion of the meeting refreshments and entertainment were provided for the members and their guests.

News of the Order From Far and Near

On Easter Sunday, Omaha, Nebr., Lodge gave a dinner at the Home to five thousand needy persons in its city. Musical and other entertainment enhanced the pleasure of the occasion.

Representatives of seven Indiana Lodges met recently at the Home of Columbus, Ind., Lodge to form a South Central District Elks Association. One hundred and twenty-five members of the Order in all were present.

In the presence of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James P. Dennehy, Sunbury, Pa., Lodge recently initiated a class of seventy-eight candidates. This group is said to be, in proportion to total membership, one of the largest ever inducted into any Lodge.

The largest class of candidates, comprising twenty-four, to be inducted in the last thirteen years, was initiated at Mt. Vernon, Ind., Lodge a short time ago, coincident with the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. C. Heidenreich.

Fifty entertainers, representing Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, presented a program a short time ago for the aged residents of the Baptist Home.

By the small margin of half of one per cent., the Ritualistic Team of Lewiston, Me., Lodge recently defeated that of Waterville Lodge for the championship of its State.

Within a period of a year recently terminated, Mt. Holly, N. J., Lodge sponsored thirty-nine clinics for the crippled children of its community. Two hundred and sixty-nine patients were examined.

For the residents of two institutions, the Glee Club of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge has recently given concerts. These performances were presented at the Home for Incurables and at the United States Veterans' Hospital No. 8r.

The record number of twenty-eight patients was examined a short time ago at the sixteenth clinic for crippled children arranged by Lincoln, Ill., Lodge.

To the fund being raised in South Dakota for the feeding of hungry livestock, Yankton Lodge recently contributed several hundred dollars, the proceeds of a benefit dance.

More Lodges than ever before were represented recently at a meeting of the Northwest Pennsylvania District Elks Association, held at the Home of Sharon Lodge. There were fifteen Lodges in all.

One thousand members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge assembled at the Home a short time ago at a dinner given to the retiring Exalted Ruler, James J. Boylan, in token of appreciation of the service he had rendered during his term.

In cooperation with the Boy Scouts of America, Bayonne, N. J., Lodge's Crippled Children's Committee is endeavoring to organize a troop of scouts composed of afflicted boys. An enrollment of thirty is expected.

To give employment in its community, DuQuoin, Ill., Lodge has made plans for the construction of a golf course for its members. One hundred and eleven DuQuoin Elks already have applied for membership in the club.

At a group initiation for the Northwest District of New Jersey, organized by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholas Albano, and held at the Home of Newark Lodge, sixty candidates were inducted into the Order a short time ago. One thousand Elks attended the ceremony.

Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 52)

1. They don't throw the javelin at a target.
2. One of the runners wears ordinary shoes.
3. The shot putter is holding the weight with two hands.
4. The shot putter is wearing his medals during a competition.
5. The shot putter has his foot outside putting circle.
6. They do not time a shot put.
7. The runners are going in opposite directions.
8. Hammer throwers don't throw real hammers.
9. The high jump bar is not level.
10. The high jump bar is on wrong side of up-rights.
11. The high jump isn't started by a pistol shot.
12. A race is being started before another is finished.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

Tucson by the Arizona State Elks Association. He later made an inspection of the institution, pronouncing it a credit not only to the Association but to the Order as a whole. In the evening, after a banquet at the Pioneer Hotel given to him by the officers of Tucson Lodge, No. 385, and their wives, Mr. Coen addressed the Lodge at its regular session.

Traveling eastward into Texas, the Grand Exalted Ruler on March 27 was the guest at a dinner given in his honor by Exalted Ruler M. Riley Wyatt, of San Antonio Lodge, No. 216, at the Plaza Hotel. The following noon he attended a luncheon meeting of San Antonio Lodge officers and other members.

In company with Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs and Exalted Ruler W. J. Quinlan, of Houston Lodge, No. 151, who had gone to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler in San Antonio, Mr. Coen arrived in Houston for his visit to the Lodge on March 29. A luncheon in his honor at the San Jacinto Inn and a session of the Lodge at which the Grand Exalted Ruler spoke, were outstanding among the events of his sojourn.

At the Home of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No.

311, the following evening, members of that Lodge, together with delegations representing Port Arthur Lodge, No. 1069, and Houston Lodge, gathered at a banquet at the Edson Hotel in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Fifty Elks attended this affair and the Lodge meeting later, at which Mr. Coen delivered an address. Prominent among those present, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, were Colonel Downs; Past Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight E. A. Moody; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. F. DuBois; and Mr. Quinlan.

The final call in the Grand Exalted Ruler's tour during March was that made the 31st upon the membership of Galveston Lodge, No. 126. Greeted at the Home upon his arrival soon after midday, Mr. Coen was immediately thereafter conducted to the Buccaneer Hotel, where a banquet in his honor had been arranged. This enjoyable affair preceded a trip about Galveston Harbor in the afternoon. After the termination of this, the Grand Exalted Ruler departed for the northern part of the State.

Upon his entire tour the Grand Exalted Ruler was accompanied by Mrs. Coen,

Outside the Steel Arena

(Continued from page 19)

way. That is, instead of swinging free to allow the animals to plunge out of the training den at the end of their act, this door closed tight against a block. The act was finished. The twelve armed men, still at attention, prepared to go back to their dressing rooms and put on their costumes for the acrobatic act. The members of the mixed aerial number which was to follow my act began to congregate in the doors. I cracked my whip loudly for the tiger contingent to swing into the "leaps," or jumps over wooden hurdles. Then the band played a chord in G.

Those who insist that animals are dumb have never really watched a big cat act. An unusually loud cry from a peanut vendor, the roaring of a motor outside the tent, a rumble of thunder, the sharp cry of a baby; any of these things are sufficient to distract the beasts. The chord in G, as blared by the circus band, means to them what it means to everyone else, the finish of the act. Sometimes, on the road, when I want to keep those cats on their pedestals while I take a bow, I fool 'em. I ask the bandmaster to cut out the final chord, and the cats sit there until I force 'em down.

But this night the chord was sounded with its usual resonance. Instantly sixteen tigers rushed for the exit gate. After the first few had entered, we saw something was wrong. Then more piled in. The chute began to rock. I leaped through the safety gate, and ran around to the chute. A sweating animal man shouted to me:

"Door swings the wrong way! I can't open it."

Sixteen tigers were now trying to force their way into six feet of space. We strove to prod them back into the arena. It was useless. Then we heard a stanchion crack; another followed and still another—then the top of the chute

rose, like the opening of a box, and three snarling tigers leaped free.

"Get after 'em!" yelled Allen Hauser, the equestrian director, and I leaped around the chute in an effort to corral the beasts. As for Hauser, he had gone to the top of the chute; the break had enabled the door to swing past its block; Hauser threw his weight on the gaping top, and slammed it down, just as another tiger strove to leap free. Then, jumping up and down, yelling and waving his arms, Hauser drove the remaining thirteen beasts through the door and on toward their cages in the annex. But three were free, taking the arena unto themselves.

THE members of the mixed aerial number ran for the elevators that led to the upstairs dressing rooms; one frantic performer actually tore the bronze gate off a lift when the operator tried to shut it in his face. The property men went for the rigging; every rope, swing and trapeze was clustered with them. And the twelve armed men, in full marching equipment, threw down their bayoneted Springfield rifles and showed the audience just how fast an army could run.

In the arena, a trainer has a certain responsibility which largely concerns himself. Outside that arena, a trainer's burden becomes heavier. He must not only guard his own life, but that of the audience and of the show-people as well. That night in Cleveland, I took full charge of a tigriss, as it leaped fully eight feet from the ground in an attempt to reach me as I stood atop the chute. I turned her with a burst of fire from my gun, and a thrust of my kitchen chair, my strength enhanced by a certain feeling of desperation. My personal danger at

(Continued on page 60)

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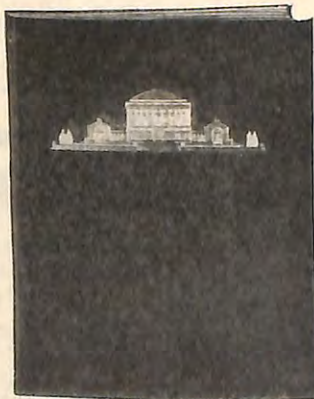
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. Who is president of Ireland?
2. In English money, how much is a guinea?
3. What is the origin of the word, "kidnap"?
4. Who is welterweight boxing champion of the world?
5. Who wrote "Lorna Doone"?
6. How old is Greta Garbo?
7. At about what year does the first permanent tooth appear?
8. Which team won the Yale-Harvard football game last fall?
9. What is the metallic composition of a five-cent piece?
10. What is the longest river in the United States?
11. Of every 100 marriages, about how many result in divorce?
12. Which is the larger city, Berlin or Paris?



The answers appear on page 63

(Continued from page 59)

the moment was nothing compared to the horror I felt a moment later. A true trainer is only frightened by one thing—the threat of disaster to someone not connected with the act. Because a tiger hated me, a life was saved that night.

Two of the tigers had run immediately for the annex, which to them represented freedom; to reach it, they had leaped clear over six women who sat, frozen, in one of the many boxes which surrounded the arena. In the annex, assistants had corralled them in a giraffe wagon. But the third tiger, Snip, continued to roam the arena.

The auditorium was frenzied. Aisles were filled with thronging persons, trying to get higher in the building. Two fleeing men had caught a cripple between them, hooked him in their arms and carried him swinging, until they reached a telephone booth into which they threw him, locked the door and continued to run. The arena boxes had emptied. Performers had vanished. But Old Dad, a property man, had not been able to join his companions in their flight to the ropes and rigging.

Snip hated me. I knew she would rather get me than anyone else, and so, as she swerved about the arena, I shouted at her and she

answered with the charge which I caught on top of the chute. Then, as she fell back, I began to force her, seeking to drive her also toward the annex and capture.

The technique of handling an animal outside an arena is much more difficult than on the inside. In the training den, a beast has only thirty-two feet in which to maneuver. It can not swing away for long distances and set itself for heavy springs—in this regard, animal training is greatly like prize-fighting. One must never let the antagonist get set—that is, bunch his muscles in order to exert their full power. If lions and tigers charged the same way in the arena that they charge in the open there would be no animal trainers. In the jungle, an animal has plenty of distance in which to creep and crouch, or get a running start by which he can spring for great distances. In the arena, or out of it for that matter, if a trainer knows his business, there is no room for such attacks.

My job was to keep Snip on the move, and I began it immediately. As soon as I had turned her, I jumped off the chute and with my kitchen chair blocked her attempt to again cross the arena. She began to back up, circling for a few steps, then yielding to the temptation to try to get me, and turning to attack

again. In this manner, I forced her almost to the exit leading to the annex. Then as she again turned her back to me, I saw that Old Dad had been caught directly in her path. For an instant he stood paralyzed; then I saw him jerk, as if about to run.

"Stand still, Dad!" I shouted. "Stand still!"

He stood, quivering; the physical side of his being fighting against the mental. Again I called:

"She'll chop you down if you run!"

A cat will knock down anything that flees. Dad steadied, and remained still. I called again to Snip, taunting her. She turned, forgetting the property man. Once more I fought her off, and began the backing up process. Ten minutes later, she was safely caged.

WHEN I speak of fighting a lion or tiger, I mean just that. Of course, I realize that about half the average audience sincerely believes that jungle animals are "treated" in some magic way to make them harmless. Some believe them toothless. That is sheer bunk. Even if they were, a lion or tiger has sufficient power in his jaws to break every bone in a man's body. Then, there are the claws, heavy, hooked affairs, two inches long and an inch and a half wide at their base, sharp enough and strong enough to gouge holes in an oak plank. Even without claws, a big cat can swing a punch equal to that of a heavyweight prize-fighter.

Given time, a lion or tiger could kill a man without teeth or jaws or punch or claws. He could lick him to death. Everyone knows the feel of a house cat's tongue. Magnify that more than a hundred times and you have the tongue of a lion or tiger. The next time you are in a menagerie at feeding time, watch the big cats. They will chew the meat from a bone until licking becomes easier. Then they will strip even the tendons away with their tongue, as easily as though they were using a rasp file.

Beyond this, if cat acts were really tame and harmless, people would refuse to watch them. There is a sadistic strain in audiences; it would be terrible to see a trainer killed, but it would be quite an experience. However, the joke is on the audience. It is during the quietest moments of my act that I am in the most danger.

The bad moment for a trainer often comes when the audience thinks him perfectly safe—when all of the cats have been sent to their pedestals, and are apparently at rest. I have suffered some fifty minor injuries in the arena. I have been seriously injured four times. Most of those attacks have come straight from the pedestal. One was of great benefit. It taught me the danger of over-confidence.

It happened about nine years ago, when I was just approaching seventeen. I am now going on twenty-six, as we say out home in Ohio. I had become an animal trainer the previous season, working with a group of polar bears. Now, in winter quarters, I was attempting to train my first mixed group, consisting of two young lions, two young Canadian bears and two leopards.

The training had gone forward beautifully, and I had decided that there wasn't much to this lion-tamer business. I grew more and more careless. Then one day I walked in between two lions, and failed to turn quickly enough when Brutus, the one on the left, swung at me from his pedestal.

The pedestal is a vantage point. The cat is above the ground, with his feet bunched; and he can lunge out with the speed of lightning. Only the other day, Empress, a tiger, leaped at me from the very top of the "pyramid," or tower of pedestals. I didn't even know she was coming until I heard a thud and saw a nearby pedestal topple; she had misjudged and struck it before she struck me. That instant allowed me to suddenly dodge and be ready for her with my kitchen chair and gun when she swirled on the ground and again came for me.

The attack of the lion in winter quarters was the same type of assault. But he got me.

Brutus hooked me in the shoulder, and swung me about, so that I caught the full weight of his body on my back. I fell, face down, with Brutus on top of me; he sunk his teeth into my left shoulder. I tried to pull away from him; it was impossible. He drove in his teeth again and for a third time, then started to drag me.

That is a lifesaver for animal trainers. The compelling instinct of a big cat's attack undoubtedly is hatred, but immediately he draws blood, this emotion seems to give way to the food instinct. When that happens, he looks on all the other animals as enemies who may take his prize away from him; consequently he attempts to run away, dragging his victim to a place of hiding. That causes delay, during which assistants can pole him off through the bars, or the trainer can reach his gun, and break the hold by close-firing of blank cartridges. In this instance, Chubby Gilford, another trainer, rushed into the arena, and beat Brutus off with a chair, continuing to hold him at bay while he picked me up with one arm and dragged me out of the arena. Since then, I trust no cat.

ANOTHER sad fact for thrill-hunters is that the most spectacular events of a trainer's life either happen when the audience is absent, or outside the arena, with the audience knowing nothing about it. With the exception of such outbreaks as the one at Cleveland, the average animal escape is pretty much of a secret.

The usual picture of an animal escape concerns excited persons running about, guards firing guns, yelling watchmen who shunt persons out of the way, tense, grim men armed with rifles, hurrying here and there about the circus grounds. Of course, those ingredients are possible—but rarely so. It is far more plausible to consider a very quiet group of men working with a long piece of canvas sidewall, which, stretched between them, is moved toward a certain spot—usually a wagon, or a pile of trunks, or ring properties, where the animal has taken cover. One man may have a gun, the trainer, quietly giving orders as he grasps the revolver in one hand and a kitchen chair in the other. The fending off of innocent spectators takes the form of a lounging menagerie man as he slouches casually forward, and announces:

"Hey! Move on, will yah?"

As an example, Brutus, the lion which attacked me in winter quarters, was later put in an act trained by John Helliott, on the Sells Floto Circus. On the way back to the cages from the arena, three lions, including Brutus, halted suddenly, with the knowledge that freedom was before them. There had been too much haste on the part of property men. Thinking that all the animals had been caged, they had begun to tear the chute apart. Now, a section was out and the three lions leaped free.

Two of them were captured with canvas, which is the main system for retaking escaped cats. An animal seems to have only one of two objects in its mind when it gets loose—to go for food, or to den up where it will be safe from pursuers. This latter means a retreat to any sort of cover. Once that happens, the animal men hurriedly put up a wall of canvas. Then a shifting den, or portable cage is brought forward, and the canvas opened sufficiently to converge upon it. After that, the beast is poked out of his retreat—in nine cases out of ten, he will hurry for the only other available cover, which is the waiting cage. It never occurs to him, apparently, that this canvas could be ripped, or raised by a sweep of a claw. He accepts it for what it appears to be, a wall. Thus two of the three were captured, but the third one, Brutus, moved for the open. A cowpuncher, waiting for his entry in the wild west number, unlimbered his lariat.

(Continued on page 62)

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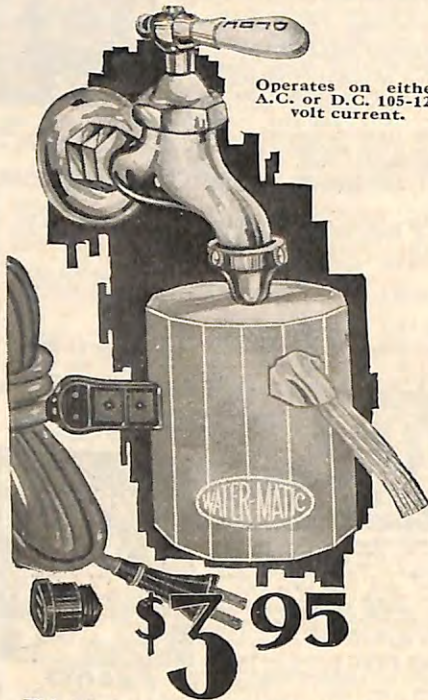
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(Continued from page 61)

"I'll get him!" he shouted.

He sped forward, swinging his rope. It whistled outward and settled over the neck of the fleeing Brutus. Then, as the noose tightened, the cowpuncher leaped for a tree and tied the rope tight.

"There's your old lion," he announced.

The capture was an empty one. The bear had gone mad with fright. It was impossible to approach him with a shifting den; he writhed and twisted and squirmed at the end of the rope in ceaseless frenzy, jerking the noose constantly tighter. When at last he quieted and menagerie men rushed to him, it was too late. He was dead, by strangulation. Meanwhile, the circus band played on, the acts came and went, and the vendors sold tickets for the forty-y-y-five minutes of fun and enter-tainment-t-t of the circus concert, to an audience which knew nothing of a leonine tragedy.

A circus has excellent reasons for secrecy during an animal outbreak. Given the proper concealment, an escaped animal will be speedily captured without harm to anyone. The best evidence of that is the fact that I have difficulty in remembering any instance where a townsman has been injured by an escaped animal. Years ago, a child was killed in Idaho, when it ran in the path of a tiger, and was knocked down. I know a property man who tried to catch and hold an escaped bear; the bear clawed him severely. There my knowledge ends.

One reason, of course, is the fact that an escape is as much an accident for the animal as for the show. Instinct, of course, demands freedom. In saying this, I must confess to limitations. I know practically nothing about cage-bred animals. I have always trained jungle-bred beasts, and frankly have given little study to the effect of generation after generation of cagedom. My cats are straight from freedom, and they want to go back to it. Instantly a door is left ajar, they head for the open.

Jail doors are sometimes left ajar by trustworthy guards; the same is true of the most faithful cagemen. There is a rush of work, or someone calls just at the wrong moment, and in a moment of forgetfulness, the latch is not thrown, or the safety catch is not put in place. Ten minutes later, a white-faced menagerie attendant runs for the trainer with the announcement that a big cat is loose.

That cat is different from a convict. A human prisoner, seeking escape, has well-laid plans. He knows exactly what he is going to do when he goes over the wall. But when a cage door opens for a lion or tiger or leopard, he is thoroughly amazed by the fact that he is at liberty.

Usually, the first thing he goes for is food—and often, if the escape is at winter quarters, he is quietly captured at the meat barrow, where he is trying to gobble up the entire

meat supply. If there is no routine food, he will seek a living meal. An escape in the menagerie is almost inevitably followed by the death of a pony, or camel or zebra. It is hard on the menagerie stock, but easy for the captors. Disregarding the forms which move about him, the escaped animal will growl and rumble over his kill, struggling to drag it to some quiet place to devour it. While that is going on, menagerie men surround him with canvas and bring up a shifting den. Freedom is then ended.

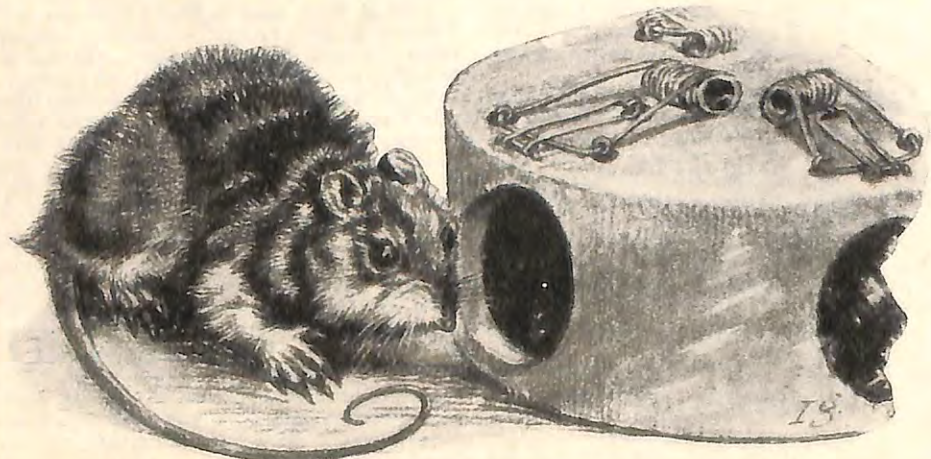
But if there is no food in sight, the dazed, bewildered beast follows the instinct to hole up, particularly if freedom has come in the daytime. All cat animals are nocturnal. Jungle training has taught them that they can best stalk and kill at night; their natural bent therefore in the daytime is to remain in hiding. So they hunt this hiding place whenever possible. Then the trainer enters the picture, and as a rule, when the trainer appears, an animal's freedom is over.

THE rules of the arena seem to apply even outside the training den. It is true that the animal is free; if it cared to make a break for liberty, it could do so, with little to halt it. It has room to run, to charge, to make tremendous leaps, knocking down anything which faces it. The whole country lies about it. But the animal either does not realize that fact, or it is afraid to take the chance. Besides, the influence of the steel arena still lingers, and the knowledge of subjection, once the trainer appears. I have recaptured a number of escaped lions and tigers. I have never yet seen one that did not fasten its attention upon me, oblivious of anyone and everything else, the minute I called its name. After that, recapture amounts to about the same as a struggle to seat a recalcitrant animal in the arena. Of course there are exceptions. I remember one. It was a case where a tiger wanted to kill an elephant.

Theba is my biggest tiger; he weighs about six hundred pounds. One year, in winter quarters, the permanent tiger dens and training arena were in the elephant house. Theba constantly watched that line of twenty ponderous pachyderms. One day his cage was left open. He writhed to freedom, and immediately headed for the bull line—all elephants are called bulls in a circus.

If there is any enmity worse than that of a lion and tiger, it is the hatred between tigers and elephants. The bull line saw Theba coming, and set up a bellow which shook the building. But he persisted, dodging the flailing trunks and swift churning feet—an elephant can move with lightning-like speed.

Theba, however, was faster. He swung behind the line, and leaped for an elephant, catching it midway on the hind shank. I do not know whether or not this is a jungle attack. I do know that on two other occasions when I



"Ah! One of those automat restaurants I've heard about!"

Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 60)

1. Eamon de Valera.
2. A pound and a shilling.
3. From the word, "kid," meaning a child; and "nap," a variation of "nab," meaning to steal. Hence, steal a child.
4. Jackie Fields.
5. Richard Doddridge Blackmore.
6. 27.
7. The sixth.
8. Yale, 3 to 0.
9. 75 per cent. copper, 25 per cent. nickel.
10. The Missouri, 2,045 miles long. The Mississippi is 2,486.
11. 17.
12. Berlin.

have seen tigers attack elephants, the procedure has been the same—like a wolf, hamstringing cattle.

I had thought that in a case like this, the other elephants would assist a stricken comrade. But it was every bull for himself—all the rest were straining in an effort to move in an opposite direction. Anyway, no help was needed. The elephant raised his leg and swung it several times, dragging the growling Theba about at will. Then he gave a kick, exactly as a football punter would kick, with a snap on the end of it. That tiger spun for nearly forty feet through the air, to roll stunned, and for the moment helpless, half across the entire breadth of the menagerie house. Then, while the elephant line bawled and trumpeted and blasted its excitement, I rushed forward. In this encounter, I was absolutely alone. Other persons had been nearby, but they were all gone now.

I WAS too late. Theba came to his feet, and with hatred paramount, leaped for the first thing he saw. It was one of two sick camels, quartered in the elephant house for warmth. The striped cat scrambled up that camel like a man up a ladder. He caught it by the back of the neck and wrenched mightily. The pair fell. And it was then that I intervened, with a kitchen chair and a blank-cartridged revolver.

I have seen motion pictures in which one animal interferes with another at the kill, resulting in a battle which ended only with death. This was a great place to test the influence of the training den. The result surprised me. Alone, I was able, without injury, to drive Theba from his kill, and then, literally a foot at a time, force him through the open door of the training den, out into the chute and on back to a cage. Theba's weight is more than four times mine; on his hind feet, he is taller than I; he was mad with the taste of hot blood. Yet I won the battle, even though it was one of the toughest encounters I ever have experienced. No circus audience ever saw a fight like that. But as I have mentioned, the best shows always happen when there are no paid admissions. I once went tiger hunting in a hotel.

I was in Detroit, for a private show for automobile salesman in the newly built Masonic Temple. In fact, the swimming pool, on the fifth floor, hadn't been completed. The rest of the building was finished. Part of it was used as a club-hotel, with about a hundred guests. I was showing in its auditorium, and the cats were quartered in the basement, six flights down from the swimming pool.

My telephone rang at three o'clock in the morning, and I pulled on my trousers before I answered it. I usually know what's wrong when the 'phone rings at that hour in the morning. It was the operator at the Temple, with the announcement that a watchman had reported a tiger loose.

This time there had been no carelessness. The bars of a shifting den are set in wood. Gracie, the escaped tiger, had hooked her claws about a bar and pulled with 400 pounds of strength. Then she had loosened a second one and a third, and walked out free. There were five watchmen in the building, all old. None of them could help me. I could not waste time in attempting to find my care-men. And there was no trace of Gracie.

I hurried to the room where we cut up the meat for the cats, but she was not there. A search of the runways behind the cages revealed nothing. Only one avenue was left: the safety stairway, leading up through the building.

At every floor there was a door, leading down the hallways. Floor by floor I left the stairway and went upon a quiet investigation. I saw only the old watchmen. They made my troubles worse. Gracie was not as sweet as her name. She'd tear up, any one of these old fellows on sight.

"Shut these hall doors and keep them shut!" I commanded, and went on.

Higher I went, until at last I had investigated every floor but the unfinished one. Here, in the hallway, leading up to the incomplete recreation room and swimming pool, the lights ended. A gleam shot upward along the steps from the last landing light, but that was all.

Standing there, I heard a shuffling noise from above. It was Gracie, moving above me. I had no flashlight. I did not even have a gun. I had picked up a chair—but it was only a folding affair, and weak. I went up the stairs.

At the door, I halted and peered into the dark room. There was no sound, no movement, only the glare of reflected light from two green eyes.

"Gracie!" I called. She snarled and came at me, struck once at the rickety chair, then bounded away. I heard a thudding noise, followed by silence. I called again. There was no answer. Slowly, I crept into the room.

I COULD not see her anywhere. The big room was cluttered with piles of lumber, carpenters' horses, paint and nail kegs which took on grotesque shapes in the half light. But none of them moved. I waited. Then, I caught a reflection of light across the room, as from glass. I went forward. It was a door, built to swing one way. Reaching it, I peered through. Again I could see Gracie's eyes. She had struck this door, plunged through, and could not get out.

I had her caught, but that did not aid me. Doorways were too narrow here to bring up a shifting den. I must get her back to the basement. I fumbled about until I found a piece of two-by-four, and with this I pushed open the door.

"Gracie! I shouted. "Come out here!" She came, all right, on the run, snarling and lashing. I had a slight advantage. She was against the light. Fending her first with the two-by-four, then with the chair, I forced her out the door to the top of the stairs. Then she came at me again, hard. There was only one thing to do—I swung that two-by-four with all my strength, crashing it down on her skull. It stunned her for an instant, and sent her reeling into momentary retreat. Immediately I began to force her.

I got her down two flights of stairs, and then she whirled. One of those watchmen had left a door open. And she had disappeared again. But I found her almost immediately, in an unoccupied room.

Now I was in trouble. Those old watchmen couldn't help me. I couldn't get her out of

(Continued on page 64)



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(Continued from page 63)

that room without running the danger of an escape back to the swimming pool. I shut the door, and laboriously began the task of lugging lumber, nail kegs, carpenter's horses, and pieces of painter's canvas down from the top floor to form a barricade. At last this was finished. Again I began the job of getting Gracie back to the basement.

This time, I had the advantage of lights, and I needed them—Gracie charged me all over that room when I went in to get her. But I managed to swing another haymaker with that two-by-four and finally forced her into the hall. We went down another flight, and still another. At last, we stood at the head of the steps leading to the basement.

The tiger snarled. She bunched her muscles and set herself as if for a heavy spring. In that instant I rushed her. She raised on her hind legs, swiped at me with two vicious blows, knocked the two-by-four from my hand and then, not realizing her victory, whirled and ran down the stairs to her open cage. While above, a hundred people continued to wheeze and snore and dream, unknowing!

Just why Gracie gave up at a moment when I was practically helpless remains a mystery to me—but, for that matter, the mystery element is often present in training. Some

years ago, I decided to train a tiger to ride an elephant's back. I have mentioned before that they are vicious enemies.

THE first step of this training, is to place an elephant in proximity to a tiger for weeks. Then, a special protective pad is built for the elephant's back, with spikes protruding at the neck, so that the tiger will meet only pain when he attempts to bite. After that, a dog is put on the bull's back, then a monkey, and a human; day after day is spent in making the giant beast accustomed to a burden that leaps upon him from behind. After all this, the tiger is let in to the arena. The usual result is that the tiger takes a bite at the elephant, the elephant knocks down the steel arena and the whole job must be done over again. This particular trouble, however, started at the beginning.

I had picked Toto, a young elephant, for training. After my usual daily session in the cat-barn, I decided to get the bull, bring him over and accustom him to his first lesson, merely that of trotting around the arena. I went to the elephant house and got him.

Immediately we reached the open, Toto whirled, and with a blow of his trunk knocked

me down. Then I saw his great neck arch, and his trunk curl. He had bent his head, and was driving straight toward me with his tusks, to impale me.

I rolled quickly, judging my distance with desperate accuracy; the tusks slid to each side of me, imprisoning me. Then as the elephant pulled them from the ground to again attempt to drive me through, I caught the tusks with all my strength and held on. Toto raised me and pushed me down, again and again, a stabbing effort—but I held to those tusks. The ground was muddy—that saved my life, for the weight of his head pushed me deep into the mire with every thrust. The menagerie men had heard the noise and headed by Cheerful Gardner, the bull boss, ran to my rescue.

Hanging to Toto's ears, his trunk, his cheeks with their elephant hooks, they dragged him off, and back to his picket pen. Then Cheerful Gardner helped me to my feet.

"Well?" he asked, "what did you do to Toto?"

"Nothing," I answered. "I was just leading him."

"Where had you been?"

"Working my cats."

The elephant boss nodded.

"You smelled of tigers," he said.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 35)

Nebraska

THROUGH the efforts of the Elks of Nebraska, four hundred and forty crippled children have had the benefit of careful physical examination, diagnosis and treatment. By the time these patients reach maturity, it is estimated that 70 per cent. of those examined at the Elks clinics within the last eighteen months will be self-supporting. These facts were made known a short time ago in a bulletin issued by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Nebraska State Elks Association which has been cooperating with the Rehabilitation Division of the Department of Vocational Education of the State government. In the same bulletin, together with the report of results of the Elks' clinics, the Chairman of the Committee, August Schneider, estimates that the continuance

of this welfare enterprise should cost Nebraska Elks only fifty cents each a year.

Scheduled Meetings

THE following State Associations have scheduled annual conventions to be held at the places and on the dates named below:

California, at San José, October 13-14-15.
Colorado, at Aspen, August 18-19-20.
Georgia, at Birmingham, Ala. (Business meeting only during Grand Lodge Convention.)
Idaho, at Blackfoot, in June.
Illinois, at Aurora, August 11-12-13.
Indiana, at Huntington, June 15-16.
Iowa, at Sioux City, June 13-14-15.
Kansas, at Wichita, May 17-18.
Kentucky, at Newport, May 26-27-28.
Maine, at Rockland, in June.

Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 12-13-14.

Michigan, at Pontiac, June 20-21.

Minnesota, at Mankato, June 2-3.

Mississippi, at Vicksburg, May 10.

Montana, at Lewistown, August 11-12-13.

Nevada, at Reno, in July.

New Jersey, at Asbury Park, June 23-24.

New York, at Schenectady, June 5-6-7-8.

North Dakota, at Grand Forks, in June.

Oklahoma, at Pawhuska, September 11-12-13.

Pennsylvania, at Greensburg, August 22-

23-24-25.

South Carolina, at Greenville, in May.

South Dakota, at Madison, June 5-6.

Texas, at Laredo, May 26-27-28.

Utah, at Cedar City, June 4-5.

Vermont, at Brattleboro, October 2.

Washington, at Yakima, June 9-10-11.

Wisconsin, at Appleton, in August.



Fraternity Park, Havana, Cuba, showing the handsome telephone building in the background

AMERICAN PHOTO STUDIOS



Some models are terribly dumb

"**W**E WERE talking about his beard when he stepped into the room. I'm afraid he overheard us. Anyway an awkward silence followed." This, briefly, was the story told us by a young woman a few days ago. The yarn intrigued us, so we decided to re-enact the scene before the camera and present it to our audience. But it was a really harrowing experience. Just try and get a good photograph of an embarrassed silence! So we decided to show you the picture in the making—and here it is. It rather amuses

THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

The \$2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super-Blade — far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—positively the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade, ask him to get it for you, which he can, quickly.



us now—although we certainly went through agonies trying to get the photograph as originally planned.

Please forgive us if this way of presenting our product seems a trifle informal. But life *is* largely serious and if we can get a little fun out of a truly difficult task, we feel sure you'll overlook it.

The fact is, we're *amazingly* serious about the present Gillette blades. **Emphatically, and without reservation, these are the sharpest, smoothest-shaving blades ever produced.** They make easy and thoroughly comfortable the important duty of keeping clean shaven at all times. We urge you to let the present Gillette prove its worth on our guarantee. Buy a package and use one or two blades. Then if you haven't changed your entire conception of shaving ease, return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES



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

She smokes **FRESH** cigarettes

... not parched or toasted

WHEN you buy Camels you get *fresh* cigarettes. That's why women particularly prefer them.

Cool, refreshing smoke that is mild all the way down, with no trace of parch or bite to sting the tongue or rasp the throat.

That's because Camels are *made* right and *kept* right.

Made of choice Turkish and sun-ripened Domestic tobaccos that are properly conditioned; that contain just the right amount of natural moisture.

Kept in factory-prime condition until they reach the smoker by the air-sealed, Camel Humidor Pack.

The select tobaccos that go to make up your Camels are never parched or toasted.

The Reynolds method of scientifically applying heat guarantees against that.

If you've never experienced the delight of a cigarette that has never been parched or toasted switch to Camels, then leave them — if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY
Winston-Salem, N. C.

CAMELS

Made FRESH — Kept FRESH

© 1932, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Are you Listenin'?"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY'S
COAST-TO-COAST RADIO PROGRAMS

Camel Quarter Hour
Columbia Broadcasting System

Prince Albert Quarter Hour
National Broadcasting Company Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

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