

The Elks

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Magazine

JUNE, 1932

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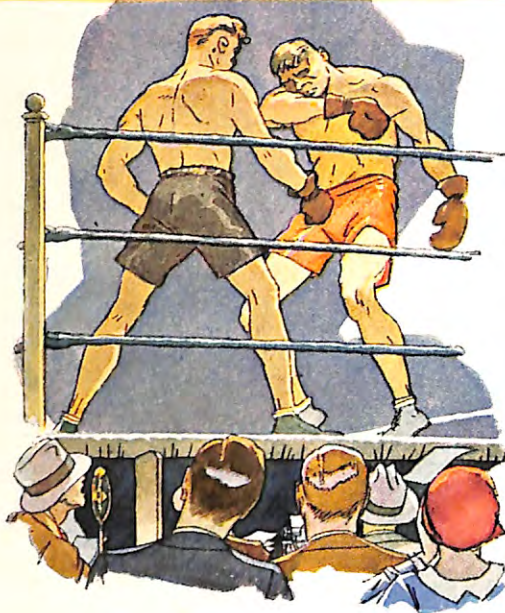


*“Crash and Carry,”
a new story by
Octavus Roy Cohen*

J. F.
KERNAN

THE MAN in the last row can see the fight, but the fellow at the ringside can enjoy it. And that is the difference in car performance between using regular gasoline and Ethyl Gasoline. Regular gasoline will give you *part* of the pleasure your car offers, but Ethyl will bring out its *full* value. And remember that you can buy Ethyl Gasoline for less, on the average, than you paid for regular gasoline a few years ago.

Last Row... or Ringside?



Gasoline... or Ethyl?



Buy **ETHYL GASOLINE**

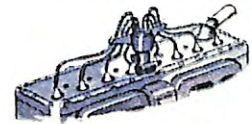
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ETHYL

makes the

DIFFERENCE

Inside the engine of your car, Ethyl changes the uneven, wasteful explosions of gasoline to smooth economical power. Ethyl makes such a difference in the way gasoline powers your motor that nearly every leading oil refiner now adds Ethyl fluid to his *good* gasoline—and more car owners buy Ethyl Gasoline than any other brand of motor fuel.



To take advantage of the universal distribution of Ethyl Gasoline with its new *even higher* anti-knock standards, nearly every car manufacturer now offers high compression engines as either standard or optional equipment.



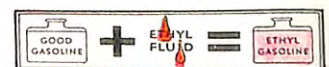
The vital improvement Ethyl Gasoline makes in *older* cars is shown by this significant fact: Used car dealers put Ethyl in cars they are demonstrating.



Many truck and bus companies use Ethyl. They find it not only gives better all-round performance, but also saves money in operating and maintenance costs.



You are sure of value at a pump that bears this Ethyl emblem. The quality of Ethyl Gasoline is maintained by laboratory inspection of samples collected daily in all parts of the country. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, New York.



Ethyl fluid contains lead

Bunk!

—says the famous
ALEX MORRISON

... and he guarantees to Improve Your Golf in Just Five Days!

AT LAST Alex Morrison has done what thousands have urged him to do: put his way to learn the correct swing within reach of every one anxious to improve his game.

"Alexander the Great" is, as Bob Davis says, "the Wizard of Golf Instruction." His instruction brought Babe Ruth down into the 70s—enabled Doug Fairbanks to shoot 72 (on a par 71 course) in Los Angeles—helped big-framed Rex Beach shoot 154 for 36 holes in tournament play, and slender Clarence Budington Kelland get into the 70s. He has taught Jack Dempsey, the slight Charles Chaplin and the bulky Paul Whiteman, Grantland Rice, Rube Goldberg, Paula Stone, Annette Kellermann, and scores of others. Whatever golf lessons he chose to give were given at a charge of \$200 for 12 lessons.

He is on the staff of American Golfer, has written for Ladies' Home Journal, American Magazine, Popular Science, and others. He has given lectures and exhibitions all over this country and Canada. Although this left him little time for tournament play, Alex has demonstrated that he can play the game with the best of them. In addition to defeating several of the leading players he has set many course records. Recently he tied the course record at Winged Foot (the scene of the 1929 American Open) with a 68. He and his brother Fred—winner of the winter season's biggest purse at Agua Caliente—recently beat Olin Dutra and Roland McKenzie.



This fellow is considerably worried about his wind-up. The correct swing banishes all worry about ANY stage of a shot.

For Those Bewildered by a "Plague of Don'ts"

Alex Morrison has just gotten out a book which clearly describes and pictures his simple way of learning the correct swing. There need be no question in your mind about being able to learn through a book like this one. It is sold not on promise but on performance—on a definite guarantee that it will improve your game, or cost you nothing.



So many "don'ts" are running through his mind that they show in his knees, his shoulders, and his whole stance.

If you know Alex Morrison, you know that he is the arch enemy of Golf DON'TS! His last fifteen years have been spent to help the man so typical of thousands of golfers: the man who stands grimly before his ball "concentrating," with his knuckles white with tension, and the cords in his neck swelling with strain. Alex Morrison is out to help the fellow who really gets too little amusement, satisfaction and benefit from the game—who merely exchanges business worries for golf worries—who is in a constant panic about doing the wrong thing.

The Secret of the Correct Swing

If you are "stymied" by your apparent inability to apply seemingly simple principles, if the usual advisory jargon and generalities haven't gotten you anywhere, if you realize that mere intense concentration, will-power, and practice alone is not the real answer—then you will be interested in how Alex Morrison can change your whole viewpoint, in his book, "A New Way to Better Golf."

DON'T LOOK UP!
DON'T HURRY BACKSWING!
DON'T PULL IN!
DON'T DROP LEFT SHOULDER!
DON'T OVERSWING!
BE SURE TO PIVOT!
KEEP LEFT ARM STRAIGHT!



Alex Morrison

GRANTLAND RICE, Editor of *The American Golfer* says,

"Alex Morrison has been working for years on simplifying and developing a clear picture of what is needed to play better golf. He is something more than a fine teacher of golf. He is also one of the few who have made a close study of breaking up tension, which is the curse of every game played."



REX BEACH knows more about his business than I will ever know about mine. He has taken the golf swing apart and examined it, oiled up loose parts, re-assembled them and put the whole thing into smooth running order. To watch him execute a shot is to realize that he has mastered the elusive principles of the golf stroke to a nicety which makes the swing of most experts look crude. You will find here the soundest, the simplest, the most sensible help you have ever found."

"If the Pulitzer Fund were to offer a reward for golf instructors," says BOB DAVIS, "Morrison would grab the coin every year. He is the most celebrated golf instructor alive."

First, he tells you how to banish mental tension and nervous strain, and how to play with muscular freedom, mental relaxation.

Then he analyzes the eight stages of the Correct Swing—not "correct" because it is the way he does it, but correct because of the structure of your own body. For years Morrison has studied anatomy and mechanics. As he has proven, when the proper muscles cease to function the wrong ones take charge—and you inevitably get a bad shot.

In simple terms and clear photographs he shows these eight stages. He proves by actual photographs there is not even a "pivot" in it! He gives you no such advice as is bewildering and killing the game of the gentleman pictured above. Then, having shown you how to get the Correct Swing, he shows how easy it is to put it into practice—in every shot, from drive to putt.

SEND NO MONEY

5 Days' Examination and a Double-Guarantee

The Morrison Golf Guarantee	
If Your Present Score Is	In One Month You'll Score
130	115
120	110
110	100
100	92
90	85
85	80
80	77
75	73

Send no money with the coupon below. When the book is handed to you, pay the postman only \$2, plus postage charges. Read it for five days. If you are not "sold" at once—OR if you put Mr. Morrison's suggestions into practice and within one month you don't reduce your score in accordance with the little chart shown here, you may return the book and your \$2 will be refunded.

Clip and mail this coupon—without money—now. SIMON & SCHUSTER, INC., Dept. 56, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

SIMON & SCHUSTER, Inc. Dept. 56, 386 Fourth Ave., New York City

Please send me Alex Morrison's new illustrated book, "A New Way to Better Golf." When the postman delivers it I will pay \$2, plus postage charges.

It is distinctly understood that, if I care to, I may return the book within 5 days. It is also understood that, if putting Mr. Morrison's instructions into practice does not—within one month—reduce my score as indicated in the schedule shown above, I have the privilege of returning the book. In either case my \$2 is to be refunded at once.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....
 Check here if you are enclosing \$2 herewith, thus saving postage charges. Same refund privileges apply, of course.

Some of the Good Golfers Who Have Followed Morrison's System



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
Formerly in the high 80s.
Now in the low 70s.



CLARENCE B. KELLAND
Formerly in the 90s. Now in the 70s.



PAUL WHITEMAN
Formerly over 100.
Now in the 80s.



REX BEACH
Formerly in the 80s.
Now in the 70s.



Something About This Number

WHEN Mr. Florian Slappey, of Birmingham's Darktown, sets out to do a job, he can be counted upon to turn in something truly artistic. Subtlety is as the breath of life to him; the rapier, not the sledge-hammer, is his favorite arm. If, upon occasion, the fine steel of his delicate weapon seems to assume the convolutions of a corkscrew, it does not spoil the pleasure of watching at his work one who repudiates the obvious and the stereotyped. In his pursuit of an unknown hold-up man in "Crash and Carry," the two-part story by Octavus Roy Cohen which begins in this number, the Slappeyan tactics are displayed in their most pleasing and involved forms.

AND speaking of artists, too often has genius, that divine fire which distinguishes the great from the merely good, been ascribed to "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Away with such somber heresies! Geniuses are born, not made. And it is genius, though John Tunis calls it "ball sense," that is soon to bring back to the United States the Davis Cup, emblem of world supremacy in tennis. There is no closer student of the game in this country, and no abler writer on it than Mr. Tunis, and his article is one that, because it deals with the genius that is common to Babe Ruth, to Bobby Jones and to Bill Tilden, will appeal to the sport fan, whether or not he be a follower of tennis.

FROM time to time we are privileged to print a story from the annals of the Dog Catchers' Club, that genial group of trout fishermen whose exploits are penned by Robert S. Lemmon. The Dog Catchers, liberal in all else, are sticklers for the proprieties of trout fishing. They will even presume to dictate to a trout what he may—But read how "Bostie Plays the Game."

WHENEVER, in our history, someone has taken a whack at the American block, the chips have begun to fly. And what chips! Mr. David Glasgow Farragut, U.S.N., *aetat* 12, in full command of a captured whaler, ready to throw overboard her hard-case skipper if necessary; Johnny McLaughlin, of the 10th Indiana, wounded and discharged, a seasoned veteran of eleven, who went to Mr. Lincoln, in Washington, and had him issue a special order for his re-enlistment; one Taylor, 12-year-old frontiersman, defending the family homestead and yelling "Hey, Ma, I got my first Injun!" Ferdinand Reyher, in "Chips From the American Block," writes of the great part in our history played by such heroic youngsters.

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

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



Volume Eleven
Number One

The Elks Magazine

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How dare you say, "I have no opportunity"

—when men and women, thru the new home-study training, are making records such as these?



J. L. Aldrich, District Manager at St. Paul, Minn., for the Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc. "At the end of six months my income was 153% per cent greater than during any six months before I enrolled with LaSalle."



Fred Williams, Chattanooga, Tenn., who prepared himself in his spare time for the place he wanted and won that—and more.



E. A. Bachman, successful attorney in Chattanooga, Tenn. Over handicaps that would stop ninety-nine out of a hundred, Mr. Bachman achieved his long desired goal. "LaSalle training in Law did it"—says Bachman.



W. F. Hisey, Treasurer, Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.



Annetta L. Koch, Auditor, Desher-Wallick Hotel, Columbus, Ohio. "When I enrolled with LaSalle, I was a book-keeper of average ability. The results of my training soon became apparent. I was promoted to Auditor, then to Assistant Manager and later to Auditor of his larger hotel. My salary was increased substantially—which increase in several months completely paid the entire cost of the training."

YOU seek a better opportunity to get ahead in business—and you don't want "promises"; you want a definite program for advancement, backed by positive proof that that program works!

Listen, then, to these actual experiences—and when you have heard them, tell us, if you can, how you dare to say, "I have no opportunity!"

Raises His Pay to \$9,000 A Year

"Mr. C. P. A."—that's what the boys at the bank jokingly called Fred Williams when he enrolled with LaSalle. The idea of a man trying to learn—by home study—a branch of business as specialized and highly-paid as Higher Accounting!

But Fred Williams got the last laugh. Not only did he pass the C. P. A. examination—but today, just nine years later—he is head of his own Chattanooga firm, and clearing—on the average—\$9,000 a year. The men who once laughed at his ambition are coming to him for jobs.

Mr. Williams writes: "Your representative told me when I enrolled that I would receive \$50 for each hour of study, but I have far exceeded that figure a number of times. I think your training is very complete and, to my mind, is to be preferred to any other course in accounting available—preferred even over the courses offered by resident universities. It is very thorough, practical and easy to

master, inspirational, interesting." He further adds: "Knowledge of Accounting is an essential in modern business, whether practiced as a profession, or used by the executive."

Becomes Treasurer of One of Nation's Large Department Stores

Ten years ago, W. F. Hisey was blue and discouraged. If you aren't satisfied with your position, salary—or even your field of work—you can understand how he felt.

Today he is treasurer of the Palais Royal, a Washington, D. C., department store, with \$5,000,000 sales per year, employing over 600 people.

Why the amazing change? . . . Mr. Hisey saw a sign—a sign advertising the salary-value of LaSalle Training. He investigated—realized he could not attain his goal without knowledge of Higher Accounting—and, in spare time, quietly prepared himself for a position as Controller of a Department Store. His big chance came—he was made assistant Controller—a few months later, Controller. He even surpassed his ambitions—when he was appointed Treasurer, at a salary over 300% greater than when he enrolled with us!

If you think such progress is beyond your ability—take heed of what Hisey says: "I will be eternally grateful to LaSalle Extension University for my advancement. I recommend your course to every ambitious young man, for a \$5,000 position is waiting for everyone who will take your training and apply himself."

Send for These Free Books

You are eager to get ahead? Then you will find it of vital importance to learn more of the success-methods which Williams and Hisey and thousands of others have employed so profitably.

We have therefore prepared a special 64-page book which outlines these methods in detail. It also points out the big opportunities in the field you are in or wish to enter—shows you how you can fit yourself to grasp them.

The coupon brings this book to you without cost or obligation—also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," the inspiring story of how one man, after many wanderings, found the path to responsibility and power.

Measure your will to succeed by what you do with this coupon—NOW!

LaSalle Extension University

THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTION

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

- Business Management:** Managerial, Sales and Department Executive positions.
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- Modern Salesmanship:** Training for all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
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- Chain Grocery Management.**
- Office Management.**
- Commercial Spanish.**
- Effective Speaking.**
- Railway Accounting.**
- Paper Salesman's Training.**

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

Find Yourself Through LaSalle!

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
Dept. 6328-R Chicago

I would welcome full particulars regarding opportunities in

(State subject in which you are interested)

Please send me your book on the training indicated, outline of the new LaSalle plan, and a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—all entirely free.

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The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

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

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

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

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Seven

May 10, 1932
Sterling, Colorado

A Challenge to Elkdom

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

MY BROTHERS:

MY YEAR draws to a close. It seems like yesterday that I was installed at Seattle, yet but six weeks remain of my administration. For the loyal cooperation given me I am indeed appreciative and I ask from the Elks of America continued sacrificial service.

Visitations in every section of the nation, contact with hundreds of subordinate Lodges and analysis of District Deputy reports reveal that we still have much to do in our attempt to "sell Elkdom to Elks."

This failure on our part is evidenced by the thousands of initiates who have lost contact with the Order, and the CHALLENGE OF THE TIMES, in my opinion, calls for the immediate formulation and prosecution of a nation-wide program of reinstatement of "at-one-time" members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

THE first step in the preparation of a comprehensive program is the *immediate compilation* by each subordinate Lodge Secretary of a list of names of former members. Specific request for action in this connection will be made by individual letter.

As the eventual organization required for the successful culmination of a reinstatement campaign, national in scope, may necessitate statutory amendments at our Birmingham Convention, I ask the leaders of Elkdom to concentrate on "reinstatement."

History is replete with records of military campaigns that have failed for cause. Our first requirement is somewhat "bookkeepish" or mechanical, but it furnishes the ammunition that insures victory—**PREPARE THE LIST OF NAMES.**

Sincerely yours,

Grand Exalted Ruler.



The visitor explained that she had sent her husband downtown to collect some sick benefits due her, and that neither he nor the money had returned

Crash and Carry

Part I

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

WRAPPED in soggy mantles of melancholy, Messrs. Florian Slap-
pey and Spasm Johnson wearily wound their homeward ways.

One o'clock, a. m., and Birmingham's Darktown wept. A cold penetrating drizzle, which gave promise of turning into sleet at any moment, slapped against their dusky countenances and caused them to pull coat collars more tightly around chilled necks.

Spasm Johnson seemed to bear up better than did his smaller companion. As a matter of fact, it would have been difficult to conceive of any combination of elements capable of destroying Mr. Johnson's physical efficiency. He was better than six feet in height and proportionately broad. He had fists like hams and feet resembling snowshoes. He wore an old and somewhat tattered overcoat—far too small for his splendid figure—and trousers which disclosed sections of shank. He seemed larger and more formidable than the weather.

But Florian Slap-
pey was not at his best in storm or darkness. Like a small, brave, brilliant jonquil, he smiled most happily

Copyright, 1932, by Octavus Roy Cohen

and bloomed most gaily when the sun was shining. Now his sartorial perfections were concealed beneath an overcoat; his new suit of pearl gray was not in evidence and the lavender necktie had vanished. Even Mr. Slap-
pey's shoes—gorgeous creations of white and tan—were splattered with mud.

The streets were deserted. Eighteenth Street and Fourth Avenue—main arteries of Darktown—glistened in depopulated gloom. Corner arcs spluttered in mournful fashion, a semi-occasional automobile skidded crazily around a corner and vanished in the direction of somewhere. Messrs. Slap-
pey and Johnson trudged silently southward, headed wearily for Sis Callie Flukers' boarding house where they might reflect unhappily—but at least dryly—upon the vicissitudes of this uncertain world.

This night they had wooed the Goddess of Chance with definitely disastrous results. Spasm was entirely bankrupt and Mr. Slap-
pey was without immediate cash, although he did retain a small bank ac-

count. Only once did they speak. Mr. Johnson's voice, abysmally woeful, came from behind his overcoat collar:

"Is you mis'able, Florian?"

"Hmph! That's the one thing I ain't nothin' else but."

Silence again: silence and bleakness. They passed the darkened doors of the Champion Theater, the forbidding portals of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, the gloomy front of The Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor & Dental Emporium. They reached the alley on one corner of which was the modest jewelry store owned by Mr. Jasper De Void.

And then they halted.

They halted, not because they wished to, but because the bottom seemed to drop out of the earth. Things happened with terrific suddenness.

From the rear of Mr. De Void's shop there came an explosion—then a howl of terror. Acting on instinct, Mr. Johnson reached out one sinewy arm, wrapped powerful fingers around the somewhat puny left biceps of his friend, and fairly flung Florian into the dark sanctuary of the alley. The two negroes crouched in the darkness, staring with distended eyes toward the street.

Things were happening; vivid, dramatic

*Here Begins a Two-part Story of "The Sun and Moon We
Never Sleep Detective Agency, Florian Slappey,
Prest.—Spasm Johnson, Assistance"*

things which filled them with fear. Following the explosion in the jewelry shop of Mr. De Void—following the howl—there came a scream and yet another scream. Spasm and Florian clung to one another.

THEN a slim, dark figure appeared. He was traveling fast and furiously. He catapulted from the store, started down the street on high and whirled into the alley where Messrs. Slappey and Johnson were concealed. Spasm shoved Florian farther back into the sodden gloom and hovered protectively over him.

"Don't say a word," warned Spasm, but Mr. Slappey needed no such advice. His tongue was already paralyzed.

More shouts from the street and another figure emerged from the De Void establishment. This second man carried a gun and he looked venomously up and down the street in search of the daring safe-blower. Meanwhile that nefarious gentleman was setting new speed records.

He dashed wildly down the alley which sheltered the two innocent spectators. In the blackness his face was not recognizable, but his flying feet and panting breath told of the terror which gripped him. He came abreast of Florian and Spasm and at that instant the watchman fired into the air in the hope of attracting assistance.

Sound of the shot settled a question which had been puzzling the flying marauder. In his right hand was a chamois bag containing jewelry—stolen jewelry. The burglar believed that he was about to be captured and he had no desire whatsoever to be caught with evidence on his person.

He made a wild, desperate decision and flung his spoils into the darkness of the alley. The chamois bag thudded at the feet of the two cowering colored gentlemen.

"Oh, Lawdy," moaned Spasm, "right at us. What he had he ain't got no mo'."

They stared after the fleeing figure, and for the first time observed a little car parked near the street at the other end of the alley.

The robber leaped into the car. There came the whirr of the starter and the roar of the engine—throttle advanced to the limit. The energetic colored watchman heard the noise and bounded into the alley. His gun spat twice as the burglar's auto rounded the corner on two wheels and disappeared. For just an instant the car was limned in the glow of the corner light.

"Did you see the license number?" whispered Florian.

"Naw. . . . Just the fust two figgers. They looked like a Nine an' a Zero."

"I seen the las' one. It was a Seven."

Spasm shook his head mournfully. "I

ain't intrust' in nothin' but gittin' away. Lookit that fool watchman."

The zealous guardian of the De Void jewelry interests was racing down the alley in futile pursuit of the escaping car. He turned the corner and his gun barked once again after he vanished. Florian rose and started for the street.

"Foots," he ordered—"carry me fum heah."

Messrs. Slappey and Johnson moved swiftly up Eighteenth Street. They forgot the inclemency of the night, they forgot their own minor troubles of a few minutes since, they forgot everything except that they had been witnesses to a most dramatic episode—one which had shaken their morale severely, and from the vicinity of which they were most eager to escape.

They encountered nobody during their flight, and they did not slacken pace until their lungs and limbs refused to function further. Then, slowing to a walk, they continued toward Sis Callie's establishment on Avenue F.

"Did that feller run!" murmured Spasm. "The

*He flung his spoils
into the darkness
and the bag thudded
at the feet of the
two cowering Negroes*



bottoms of his shoes looked like a picket fence."

"One feather in his hand an' he would of flew," asserted Florian. "He must of blowed the safe."

"Yeh . . . an' the watchman 'most blowed him. You reckon, Florian, he's gwine git caught?"

"Not a chance. That li'l automobile was travelin', what I mean."

They tiptoed across Sis Callie's porch and softly mounted the stairway to Florian's room. As they entered Mr. Slappey touched the switch and the place was flooded with light.

And then a queer thing happened to Mr. Johnson. He fell back against the wall and focused his eyes on Florian in a manner which betrayed horror and disbelief. Mr. Slappey frowned.

"What's the matter, Big Boy? You look like you was seein' a ghos'."

"I—I—I is."

"You is which?"

"S-s-s-seein' a ghos'."

"Foolishment you talk."

"Ise speakin' sense." Spasm extended a shaking index finger and Florian's eyes followed the indicated direction.

He found himself staring at his own right hand—and at something which filled him with most discomfoting apprehension.

In the right hand of Mr. Florian Slappey, Beau Brummel of Darktown, was a little chamouis bag—the very bag which the escaping burglar had pitched into the darkness at his moment of greatest fear . . . at the moment when he thought that he was about to be captured by the gun-toting watchman.

MR. SLAPPEY'S heart sank. "I must of been holdin' this ever since he flang it at me."

"I reckon you must."

Florian loosened the drawstring. He uttered a soft exclamation of delight.

"Di'monds!" said he—"an' amethysses an' pearls an' gol' watches an'. . . I don't wonder that feller th'owed it away. Was he caught with this on him, they'd send him to the Big Rock fo' a couple of lifes."

Spasm had dropped into a chair. He said, "We might as well get goin', Brother Slappey."

"Goin' where?"

"P'lice station."

Florian's brow corrugated: "Whaffo'?"

"To return them jools back, an' tell 'em what we seen."

Mr. Slappey surveyed his companion with a glance not far removed from supreme contempt. He was inclined to argue. "Tell me this fust off, Spasm—is you bright or is you dumb?"

The big man was victim of an inferiority complex. "I reckon Ise dumb, Florian: I always has been."

"Sho'ly — an' at this minute you is twice as dumb. Now about me: is I smart?"

"You is the smartest cullud feller in Bumminham."

"That's the most thing I is. An' Ise gwine git you out of this mess, too."

Spasm shook his head dolefully: "But us ain't in no mess, Florian. All we got to do is find the Law an' tell 'em. . ."

"Hush yo' mouf, Idjit! You ain't got enough brains to have a headache with. Always you don't think of nothin' except what's easy. You know what you is fixin' to do—takin' these jools back to the p'lice?"

Spasm was frightened: "Wh-what?"

"You is fixin' to git yo'se'f in one terrible jam."

"How come?"

"I'll 'splain . . . an' you try to understand."

"Yassuh, Brother Slappey: I'll try."

"These jools was just burglariaized fum Jasper De Void's store, wasn't they?"

"Uh-huh. I seen 'em with my own eyes."

"An' the watchman knows that it was done by a cullud feller, don't he?"

"Sho'ly."

"A'right: now does us show up at the jail with these jools, what does they right away think? They think us stole 'em an' is afraid we was reckernized. They think us is bringin' 'em back just as a stall."

Mr. Johnson, whose thought processes were the quintessence of simplicity, couldn't quite grasp the point.

"But, Florian, they was on'y one robber."

"Says who?"

Florian exclaimed with delight, "You mean you believe that he is the burglar?"



"Says me. I on'y saw one."

"Uh-huh. But the other one was his confed'racy."

"Whose confed'racy?"

"The robber's."

"But they wasn't no other."

"They could of been, 'cause they usually is when a sto' gits robbed."

"Well, what has that got to do with us?"

"Plenty. You was the robber an' I was the confed'racy."

This was slightly more than Spasm could tolerate. He rose and made gestures. "You got me all humfuzzled, Florian. I wasn't no robber—"

"Of co'se you wasn't. You know that an' I know it . . . but does the law know it? Answer is they sho' don't, an' the minute us appear with them jools they slap us in jail an' we ain't never gwine git out. Not never."

Spasm's eyes grew round with wonder. "Y-y-y-you ain't aimin' to keep them jools, is you, Florian?"

"Don't talk silliment. Co'se I ain't."

"But if you ain't gwine take 'em back, an' ain't gwine keep 'em . . . what is you gwine do?"

"Bofe!" explained Mr. Slappey triumphantly. "Now do you understand?"

Mr. Johnson blinked rapidly—several times. "Cain't say I do," he confessed. "Not complete, anyhow."

Mr. Slappey ignited a cigarette and inhaled deeply. "Le's sum up this heah case. Fust off, we is agreed that we cain't take the jools back on account of bein' flang in jail, ain't we?"

"Tha's what you say."

"An' we is 'greed we cain't keep 'em."

"We sho' is."

"But, Spasm, was us to find the feller

which really stold them jools, we could carry him down to the jail-house an' say: 'Mistuh Law, heah's yo' man an' heah's what he stold.' And then we wouldn't be suspected of nothin' an' besides, we'd git the reward."

"Wh-what reward?"

"The reward which is gwine be offered fo' the return of them jools. Always a feller which loses jools offers a reward fo' their return."

Mr. Johnson was beaming. "You is suttinly slick, Brother Slappey. You think of ev'rything."

"Ain't you tootin'! You is a lucky feller, Spasm, that I is yo' friend—otherwise you would of took these

jools to the p'lice an' get yo'se'f suspected of bein' the robber."

Mr. Johnson attempted to think. "And what we got to do now is—"

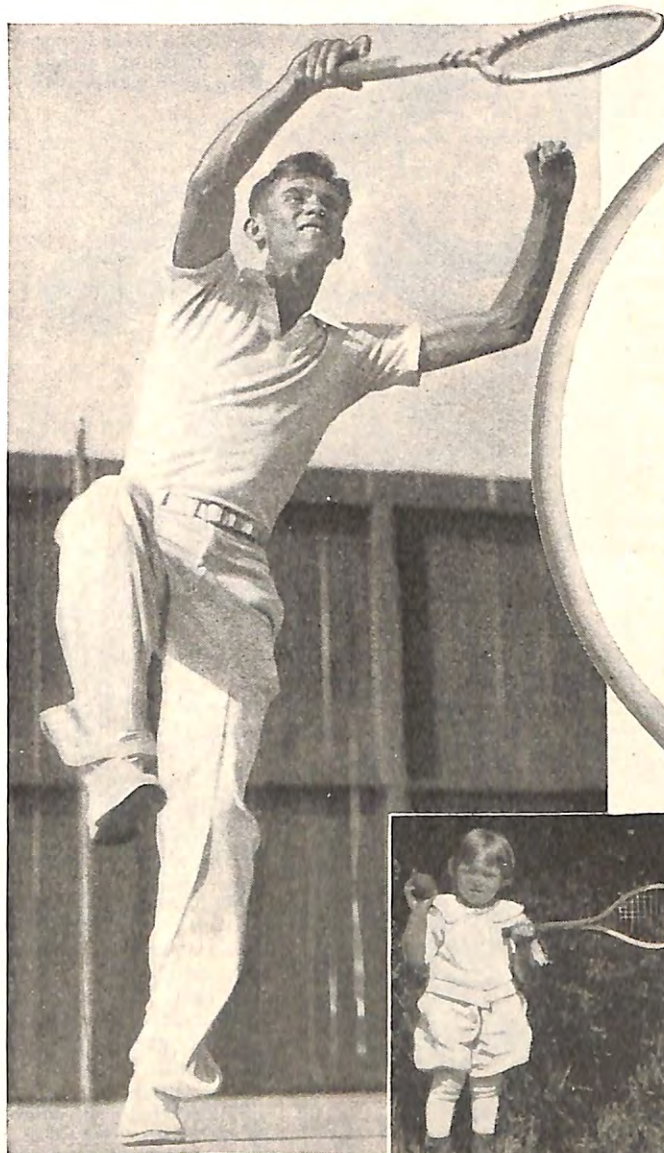
"—Just find the feller which stold them jools an' turn him over."

"Is that all?"

"Ain't it enough?"

"Florian," declared Mr. Johnson solemnly, "it seems like too dawg-gone much. How is us ever gwine catch that feller?"

(Continued on page 38)



Ellsworth Vines, U. S. National Singles Champion, to-day and when he started—at four



RALPH J. WYATT

Van Ryn, and before our astonished eyes was conquering Borotra, the second best Frenchman. Where, we asked, did he learn to play like that? It appears that three years ago Henri Cochet made a trip to Japan, and Satoh, then nineteen, played

against the distinguished visitor. From then on the Easterner copied the Westerner; Satoh consciously modelled his game on Cochet's and what we saw that day was an excellent reproduction. That the Jap was a great player was apparent in every movement, in the ease with which he was making mincemeat of one of France's veterans. But as you watched more closely you saw that this magnificent athlete lacked one quality to become supremely great, to raise himself into the class of the Tildens and the Cochets. He lacked ball sense.

What is ball sense? Everything. And



EDWIN LEVICK

Sidney B. Wood was born into a tennis family. He is nervous, intense, high-strung, a spark plug of energy. And he has "ball sense" to an extreme degree

THE Stade Roland Garros in Paris under the glare of a hot June sun. Down below upon that red enclosure two lithe athletes were fighting for their lives; one, Jean Borotra, the darling of the Parisian crowd, quick, volatile, picturesque; jumping, twisting, turning for impossible shots, laughing gaily between rallies, then hurling himself grimly about the court with magnificent disdain for his waning energy; that blue beret the banner and beacon of France. Across the net, stern and impassive, was Jiro Satoh, the Japanese champion, a dark skinned Oriental contrasting in everything to his mercurial Latin opponent. He was a little man with a prominent jaw and an immobile countenance, playing stolidly and quietly but none the less craftily for all that. Never a laugh, a smile, or any trace of emotion passed over his face as he went mercilessly about the job of mowing down his adversary. Whenever he pounded upon the ball with that tigerish spring it whizzed like a spot of fire past the Basque entrenched at the net.

A great little tennis player, this Satoh, champion of the Orient. Out there he is

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"Ball Sense"

It Is That Touch of Genius That Makes Super-Champions—the Gift That Will Win and Hold the Davis Cup

By John R. Tunis

nothing. It is the oil which greases the machinery of the super-champion, which coordinates his physical and mental qualities to produce the unbeatable athlete one class above the common run of exceptional stars. It is a quality essential to the make-up of the super-champion and one which every super-champion possesses often while hardly realizing the fact. Lacking ball sense a man can become good, yes, he can even be great; but he can never become one of the super-great, one of the Immortals of Sport.

True of tennis, this is also true of golf, of baseball, of polo, of every game played with a ball. Many super-stars of sport have exceptional qualities, some are gifted mentally and some physically, all must have ball sense. Every champion of champions has that asset; Lindrum has it, Tilden has it, Jones has it, Babe Ruth has it, Tommy Hitchcock has it. For this reason they stood out and stand out among the field.

What are the qualities that go to make up a great champion? First, physique. No weakling obviously can conquer in any sport; without a strong physique it is impossible to become great in athletics. Every sport demands enormous and sustained endurance. Next the champion must have

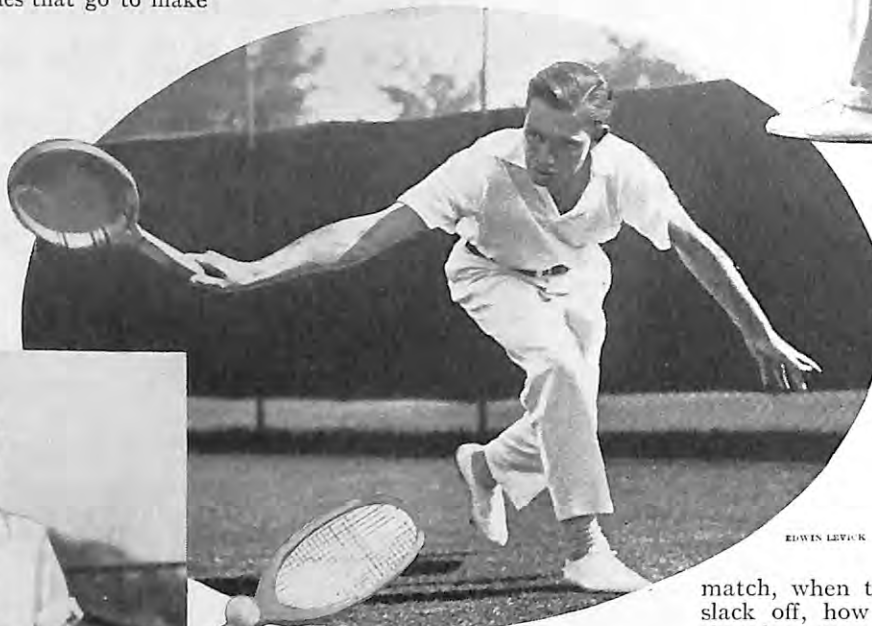
the temperament for games. It may be a temperament of different kinds; the fiery, if bridled, temperament of Tilden, the quieter, but no less sensitive, temperament of Jones, or the good-natured sincerity of Ruth, a zest and passion for games and the game he must have. With temperament, of course, is associated the will to win, the iron determination, the uncurbed resolution to defeat the other man, come what may, good fortune or bad.

But grant a youth a strong constitution, the will to win, time to spend on sport and plenty of money, would he then inevitably become a super-champion? No. Take six boys of ten years of age, spend unlimited time and money upon each one, train them



*Frederick John Perry,
the brilliant young
English champion*

EDWIN LEVICK



EDWIN LEVICK

*Frank Shields, a young giant,
though this picture doesn't show
it, and one of America's hopes*



EDWIN LEVICK

*Keith Gledhill, intercollegiate
champion and No. 8 in the
national ranking last year*

all carefully to play golf or tennis for a period of seven or eight years, give them every attribute mentioned above, and at the end of the time you would have six excellent players. Nothing more. Why? Because they lacked one essential characteristic of the super-champion: ball sense.

Ball sense is a peculiar gift. It is a gift, too, not something that can be developed like the will to win, nor can it be formed and strengthened like a physique; it is not a thing you can master by application as you can a midiron shot or a backhand drive. Something every super-champion has; indeed it is because of that quality that he rises above the ranks of superlatively good players. I remember standing on the terrace of the Monte Carlo Country Club last spring with a European champion who has been a Davis Cup player and has represented his native land in tournaments all over the world. We were watching one of the young French boys in action. When I suggested that he was good and likely to be better, the champion beside me remarked with a trace of sadness in his voice:

"Ah, it is easy to become a champion. But how difficult to get just that little bit above the other champions!"

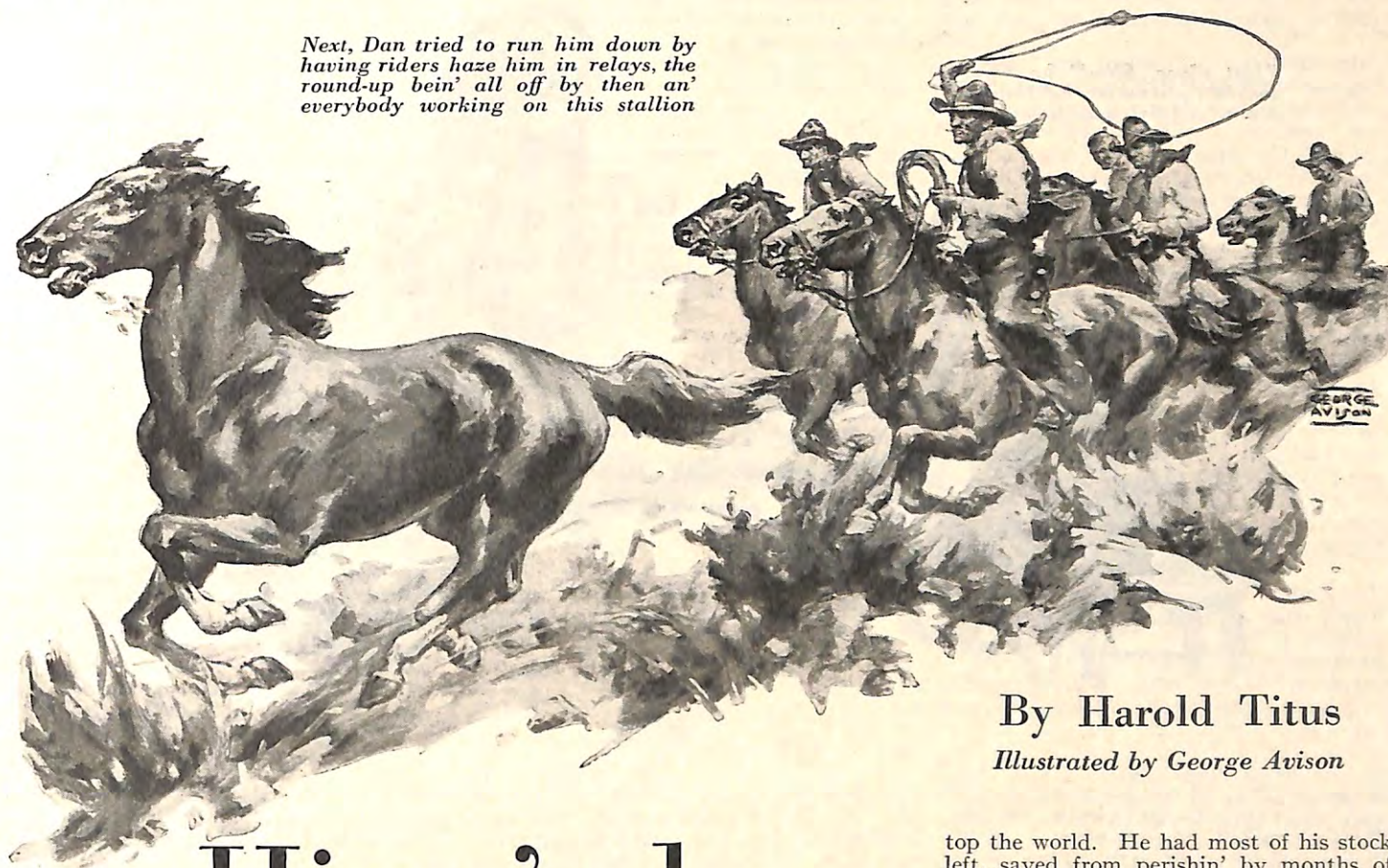
In other words: how rare is the player with ball sense. Ball sense can best be described as that instinctive feeling for games played with a ball. The quality of the super-champion. The knowledge of what to do at the right moment in an important

match, when to apply pressure, when to slack off, how to handle an unexpected shot, how to meet an unexpected situation, the gift of making the right shot at precisely the right second, that sense of and touch for games which comes naturally and can never be taught. That is ball sense. Watching Satoh the Jap that hot June afternoon in Paris, you realized instantly that despite his masterly strokes, despite his Oriental cunning, despite his endurance and his courage, he was bound to be beaten. Borotra had ball sense. And Borotra finally won.

NOW you will frequently hear or see ball sense confused with experience. "Yes," they will say, "this boy Vines is good but he lacks experience." As a matter of fact the super-champion does not need years and years of experience if he possesses ball sense. Otherwise how account for Suzanne Lenglen, champion of France at 13, Helen Wills, champion of the United States at 17, and Ellsworth Vines a title holder at 19? If at present this country seems likely at no distant date to recapture the Davis Cup it is not, because as foreigners think, we are the richest nation or because we are more interested in sport than other lands, but rather for the reason that we now have a group of remarkable young

(Continued on page 57)

Next, Dan tried to run him down by having riders haze him in relays, the round-up bein' all off by then an' everybody working on this stallion



By Harold Titus

Illustrated by George Avison

Him 'nd Alexander

YOU see, Dan Dade come into this country before railroads, wire fences and nickels 'd done what they've done.

He come in here and started in the cattle business when there wasn't any disease or grazing rights or bank loans to worry about; when all a man had to lie awake nights over was how short the rainfall might be and how mean the Injuns might get.

He come in with a buckskin and a pinto, most a pound of eating tobacco, just enough silver dollars to make a jingle and about all that a top hand in west Texas could know about grass and beef. He had just one more thing: enough git-up-'nd-git to fork a horse from dark to dark for as many weeks or months as might be needed to finish what he'd started.

He come in so and got richer than he dares think about and could have been governor or senator or anything a man might want to be, did his ambitions run to glory. He rooted and plugged and slaved for the territory and had more to do turnin' it from an untamed mess of mesas to the kind of a state she is today than almost any hundred other men. And yet when it was done, when she bloomed out and got to be famous for everything from

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oranges and cotton to scenery 'nd climate; when she got to be just about like any other state, I'm tryin' to say . . . why, then old Dan Dade found himself with no place to go and nothing to do when he reached it.

That, likely, is why he got into such a sweat over the Turkey Creek stallion. Course, he'd always liked horses; always been crazy about runnin' wild ones like a man'll get cracked on any sport. But back in the old days, while he might 've knocked off danged important work to ride after this horse, he wouldn't 've gone plumb off his head. After all, grand as he was, smart as he was, Turkey Creek was only another wild horse. It's what he stood for that rose hell with Dan, if you understand me.

Now, I've been with Dan Dade since I was so high, chore boy, horse wrangler, ordinary hand 'nd foreman 'nd so on. I was with him through the year of the winter drouth when markets was busted wide open and there wasn't a dollar left on earth, seemed like; and it couldn't rain and we rode week after week, tailin' up cows and tryin' to shove 'em along to the damp spots we'd took to calling water holes. He got through that, somehow, like he'd skinned through other tight places, but this time it brought him out

top the world. He had most of his stock left, saved from perishin' by months of cruel work and not havin' been able to ship, there being no demand, and markets got good right after that, boom times come along and Dan piled up money hand over fist.

I mind his castin' up accounts one New Year's day. He kept his own books, then, and I was in the house when he finished figurin' with that two-inch pencil he always carried in the plug pocket of his vest.

HE LEANED back and scowled and grunted. "That can't be right," he says to himself and gives the pencil a good lick and figured again. "Hot place!" he says. "It just can't be!" and hooked his toes around the chair legs and wiggled closer to the table and bore down on the pencil with the tip of his tongue stickin' out the corner of his mouth. ". . . 'nd two's eight," he says, givin' another wiggle closer, "'nd one to carry. Hot place, Slim!" he says, lookin' up at me like he'd had a scare. "If I ain't a millionaire!" he says, and shoved back his chair and flang down his pencil. "Slim," he says, "don't that beat ever'thing you ever heard?"

"That's fine!" I told him. "I wish it was more 'n a million!"

"It is," he says, kind of bewildered like he'd been pitched off and lit hard. "Ten years back if you'd told me I was goin' to be worth as much as I'm now worth, more 'n a million, I'd 've said you was blim-blamed loco!" Dan never swore; out 'nd out, understand.

We talked 'nd herded figures and finally Dan says it's enough.

"That's enough," he says. "'nd I've made her all here 'nd everybody's helped. I couldn't 've cut her alone, Slim," he says. "The boys 've staked me to grub when I couldn't fill up the chuck wagon,"

"Hot place, Slim!" he says, lookin' up at me like he'd had a scare, "if I ain't a millionaire!"



he says. "They've lent me money to buy stock when this or that's cleaned me out. They've worked for me when I didn't have a dollar to pay with. They've believed in me 'nd encouraged me when I was discouraged. Now, I guess, it's my turn to return the compliment."

Now all that was true; and it was also true that there was plenty men by then who needed help. See, when Dan come in here our town was just a store 'nd four-five saloons; by then it had a lot of saloons, a court house and a passel of boys wantin' to boom her 'nd not knowin' how. Dan did, though.

He organized the Anvil Flat irrigation ditch to help out those woe-begone nesters who wasn't in anybody's way, except sheep men's, and who had nothin' but ideas and guts and hope. Didn't do it to make money himself, understand, but they made him keep some of what she paid out.

He backed old man DuBois in the Pigmy mine and that camp's paid enough to make a big hole in the national debt.

He financed the Hornet railroad when nobody dreamed there was that amount of copper there and tried to spend what he took out of it on the sanitarium in town and couldn't; not all of it.

He tied onto Bert Ladd when his timber deal bogged down 'nd never even looked for interest. Things broke right for Bert's business just when his health went haywire and, s' help me, if he didn't will it all to Dan!

Things like that. He set out to help folks like he'd been helped. Every time he moved, seemed, a town or big camp 'd spring up and more money fall into his lap.

He started the cement plant and the mine-pump factory and made the railroad send a branch down from the main line so's they could go; he backed the tourist hotel and packing plant and the cannery and tannery. He loved to do things, Dan.

Well, after all these towns got strung out we run into that corruption mess so

Dan had that to fix. Politics was new to him but he played her high, wide 'nd handsome. We had a regular train of governors 'nd judges and things on the trail twixt town and the ranch. For ten years he was the busiest man you ever flung an eye over. Politics got him tangled with the power company and, to lick 'em into fair play, he had to play politics in three-four other states. He went to Washington on this a lot and his being there and thinkin' of the ambitious *hombres* back home is how come the government dam on the river, and he brought oil folks in to prospect and develop the field down below. . . . Say, I could hoarse myself all up namin' a list of what Dan done.

FOR a long time he didn't realize what he was doin' to himself. He was civiliz'in' a country when civilization was poison to him. Wild, Dan; wild 'nd free. But he just had to help other folks prosper even if what made them happy ruined the country and spoiled life in it for him. He never said anything about that but now 'nd then he'd give me a look or not say something that was expected of him which let me savvy something was eatin' him inside.

Sudden-like, right in the middle of his busiest time, he commenced to buy land. What I'm getting at, he bought land! He hired surveyors and an abstractor 'nd helpers by the year 'nd he bought 'til he was blue. When they'd get caught up on one order he'd knock off what he was doin' 'nd drag one of 'em out into the hills where they'd have a view 'nd say something like this:

"See that saddle, yonder? . . . No, no; th' one beyond that 'n. Forty-fifty mile yonder. See it, now? Well, you buy from here to there. Then off yonder, see where the timber breaks down into Skunk Creek flats? Naw, not there! You're lookin' at a cloud shadder, not timber. On beyond, way beyond. Got it? Well, you com-

mence yonder 'nd buy acrost to 'Pache park 'nd git it all. All's all I want."

Understand, in five minutes, sittin' in one spot 'nd pointin' across longitude 'nd latitude until it'd give you an empty feeling in the belly, he'd give a hand enough work to keep him busy from then on.

Now 'nd again I'd be along 'nd when he'd finished his orders he'd cross his arms on the horn 'nd just set 'nd look, his eyes squinted.

"There she lays, Slim," he'd say to me, "just like she's a-goin' to lay from now out. No dod-blasted rail roads; no gol-whacked fences, except drift, or telephone wires or auto roads. Just like she lays! Some of us," he'd say, "we're ag'in progress, personal."

I guess that was Dan; ag'in progress, personal. He'd bust his neck to help other folks get what they wanted 'nd change things around to suit 'em, but him, he was dead against what they called progress.

Like autos, now. For a long time whenever he went to town it was on the deck of a horse, no matter how big the rush. But there wasn't enough hours in the day or days in the week to let him keep up with the pile of things to do that kept growin' in front of him. He just had to spend less time on the road. Besides, after the girls married and drifted east and used to come back with their babies . . . why, for a baby raised like them, it was kind of a drag out from town in a buckboard. That, likely, counted as much with Dan as the other. He was sure hell for grandchildren.

"SLIM," he says to me once, when Amy was due with her three, "it aches me to think of how dusty th' valley trail's goin' to be for them kids; 'nd how rough the hill road is. You're a whamin' good hand on a horse; you can make the orneriest brace of broncs we got drag a wagon; you can drive jerk-line with ten teams in th' swing on a cork-screw trail 'nd never turn a hair. . . . But do you think, Slim,

you could get the hang of one of these, now, blind-blanged autos?"

I said I could, likely. "Well, get some today," he says. "Get a string. Get three-four," he says. That was his way, off-hand. He stopped on his way to the house and hollered back. "None of these gob-whammed hearses, though!" he yells. "I don't ride in hearses or show-cases. Get some with these tarp tops that can be let down so's a hand can feel the wind in his face."

So I done so. He was always particular about his autos. (I'm tellin' you this because it throws in with the Turkey Creek stallion story.) He'd never ride in a new one with me; he'd wait 'til she was scratched up a little or good and dirty; wasn't goin' to be took for a dude, he'd say. He was tough 'nd wild 'nd wasn't going to have anybody think different. And he always had the top down unless it was rainin' pitchforks with saw logs for handles. The back seat was always cluttered up with a terrible lot of junk: wire and shovels and an ax, because autos were more complicated than horses, he claimed, and more helpless; gas and oil and water, 'cause they couldn't be picketed or hobbled to rustle; three-four tires of different sizes, because he'd never pass anybody up who was havin' trouble on the road without helpin' and he didn't have the time to putter. And always two-three ropes. That was sensible; you can use forty feet of hard twist for lots of things besides dabbin' a loop on stock, you know.

"One thing about an auto," he used to say, "it sure gits a hand out of towns and back where he belongs in a hurry."

He'd say that frequent, showin' that his heart wasn't in what he was doin' to the country. And when we'd top the divide on the hill road or go through his west drift fence on the valley trail he was always more comfortable. Then, front of us, was nothing but unhurt country, far as you could see, which is quite a ways, and sight of it 'd generally set him off on some old trail song. A terrible singer, Dan; terrible, understand. But his heart was in it; them kind of songs, I mean. . . .

Oh, I'm comin' upon Turkey Creek. You got to understand Dan first.

That power company fight lasted for years. Dan frequent said he'd like to quit but couldn't. He had a bear by the tail and had to hang on. He'd gain 'n inch here 'nd a foot there; he'd work for months to get

one senator elected or some commissioner indicted. Sometimes they'd out-smart him 'nd give him a bad fall but he was always up 'nd after 'em again, and more towns and industries and settlements was markin' his course of victory, might say.

Then he got it all drawn to a head, fair and square, 'nd elected a governor who could and would—'nd did—drive the rascals out. Dan stayed in town to get the returns, which wasn't all in before breakfast time 'nd then he got held up until noon by telegrams and long distance 'nd newspaper reporters from as far away as New York.

ALL through that campaign I could see he was itchy. It was windin' him up in a public way. Did he win, he'd be done with other folks' business and he sure wanted to be done 'nd do the things that bedded closer to his heart.

He stood still for the last photo right by the car 'nd jumped in 'nd whispers to me to pop it to her, which I done, 'nd he sets back 'nd takes off his hat 'nd lets the wind ripple his gray hair. He was kind of tired, I thought first, but before we got to the divide it struck me he wasn't tired sittin'

up all night or with his campaign. Some-thing else; went deeper; reached further back.

When I got to the last turn from the top where you can look back over enough country to fight a war in, he stopped me.

"Wait a minute, Slim," he says, his voice not soundin' just right. "I be'n so busy the last ten-twenty years," he says, "I ain't had a chance to take a good look at her," he says 'nd turns around.

Away off—away off, understand—west 'nd north was mountains, purple, blue 'nd lavender. You could see the upper end of th' valley, with th' pavement which went along Dan's west fence skyootin' north straight as a die. There comes the railroad and between us 'nd yonder we could see four towns, bright 'nd busy, sprouted up in irrigated country that shimmered like wet moss. Besides these was two smelters 'nd three saw mills throwin' up their plumes; 'nd the city, which'd been just a place to stop when Dan come from Texas, was a'smudgin' 'nd twinklin' 'nd quiverin'.

Big country, but settled, understand. Here 'nd there was patches, like Dan's land. But patches; that's all they amount to. What had been a wild, open territory for Dan Dade to fight poverty in was a busy, civilized 'nd orderly state.

We come up a l m o s t abreast of him 'nd I gives him th' horn 'nd he streaks it

HE SITS a long time, terrible still. Then tosses his chew aside 'nd makes a funny sound through his nose. He looks at me queer, like a man wakin' up to somethin' terrible.

"Slim," he says, "this *hombre* Alexander . . . no wonder he sighed. What'd he have to do," he says, his voice kind of strained, "with all them worlds conquered? Where'd he have to go?" Mister, he was just like a scared little kid. He fingers his mustache 'nd looks away at the hills 'nd shivers 'nd looks back, like one who can't keep his eyes off a shockin' sight.

"And me, I done it," he says. "Kind of elected to it, for what's took to be the good of the whole. I'm buttoned up, now. They don't need me no more. I'm . . . I'm 'n old man, now, Slim . . . 'nd I don't belong. . . ."

His voice 'd pinched out 'nd he was breathin' heavy. Lost, he was; lost 'nd lonely, the last of his kind who'd worked himself out of the kind of country 'nd the kind of life he loved.

I was what you might call shocked. Things crawled up 'nd down my back, seemin' a man like Dan feelin' so.

(Continued on page 40)



Behind the Footlights



Marjorie White of the dimpled knees (above) is making her nightly bow in the Lew Brown-Ray Henderson musical comedy "Hot Cha!" The new Ziegfeld show has lots of color and rhythm and some very good dancing. The chief burden of laugh-getting falls on Bert Lahr, who plays a night club entertainer turned matador by force of circumstances when his troupe migrates to Mexico City. Lupe Velez contributes charm and ginger, the music is good and the humor plentiful if a bit rough



In "Another Language" Rose Franken has brought a pleasantly fresh viewpoint to the old subject of mother-tyranny and created a play that, in addition to its more sombre implications, is simply bubbling over with humor. In the center of the group at the right is Margaret Wycherly as Mrs. Hallam, the elderly mother who has managed to keep her four married sons well tied to her apron strings. Surrounding her are Wyrley Birch, her husband; three of the Hallam boys—Glen Anders, Hal K. Dawson and William Pike; and her one rebel daughter-in-law, Dorothy Stickney. The play is splendidly cast and acted and the first act, a Tuesday night family reunion, is as penetratingly funny as anything on the boards



A great favorite of some seasons ago has come back to town. Above are Edna May Oliver and Charles Winninger who play again the proprietors of the floating theatre on the Mississippi River in "Show Boat." Whether or not you have seen this delightful musical comedy, fashioned from Edna Ferber's novel of the same name, it is an experience that will bear repetition. The music is lovely, the story charming and full of the unique flavor of a bygone period and the roster of the original players which gave it such zest almost complete. In addition to the familiar figures of Helen Morgan and Norma Terris, there is Dennis King in the rôle formerly played by Howard Marsh and Paul Robeson singing "Ole' Man River"

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



Eugene O'Neill's famous play "Strange Interlude" has reached the screen with Norma Shearer and Alexander Kirkland (right) in the rôles of Nina Leeds and Sam Evans, the prosaic young man Nina marries to restore her mental balance after the loss of her soldier sweetheart and her disorganizing experiences in a soldier's sanitarium. Clark Gable, Ralph Morgan and May Robson are the other principal actors in this intense and moving drama of a woman's life and its repercussions on the lives of the three widely different men who love her



For her next picture Greta Garbo turns to the rôle of Zara in an adaptation of Luigi Pirandello's play "As You Desire Me." After one month of idyllic happiness as the bride of a young Italian officer, she is caught in an invasion of marauding enemy troops and cruelly assaulted and captured. There follow ten leaden years in which Bruno never gives up hope of recovering her, while the lovely Zara after much suffering finds herself reigning queen of a gay Budapest cafe, weary of her life and the many men who love her. She is pictured (circle) with Eric Von Stroheim, whose jealousy raises every possible obstacle to her reunion with her husband



One swallow may not make a summer, but one picture about law court racketeers, such as the recently released "Mouthpiece," is pretty sure to presage a fushion. John Barrymore is the star of the newest play of this genre. It is called "State's Attorney" and is an adaptation by Gene Fowler, biographer of William J. Fallon, picturesque legal figure and defender of criminals. John Barrymore is not at his best as the tough Irish lad brought up in a reformatory whose later career swings round the circle from criminal defender to prosecutor of his former pals. Helen Twelvetrees, pictured with him at the left, is convincing and excellent as his cast off sweetheart



Bostie Plays the Game

WHEN young William Waterford Bostwick really sets out to accomplish a definite purpose, you can be pretty darn sure of two things: first, that he'll be there or thereabouts at the finish; the second, that the method of arriving will be in full accord with his own strict code of sporting ethics.

I suppose those are two of the reasons why the rest of us Dog-Catchers, trout fly-fishing nuts that we are, have become so genuinely fond of him. Of course, we admire his superb skill on the stream, too, and get a great kick out of the saturnine defense he puts up against the indiscriminate joshing which is one of our club specialties. But when it comes right down to cases, those characteristics are more or less crowded against the ropes by what Father O'Meara, in a particularly heartfelt but not exactly priest-like burst of enthusiasm, once described as "the heaven-sent determination and sporting guts o' the lad, no less!"

I don't suppose any of us will ever forget the occasion which called forth that spontaneous tribute from the old man. Certainly the Father and I won't, and by the way Bostie acted through the year that followed that sweet June evening, I'm morally sure that he'll remember it to the end of his mortal days, if not longer. As a matter of fact, it was the beginning of one

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By Robert S. Lemmon

Illustrated by Ralph Boyer

of the strangest stories in all the annals of the Dog-Catchers Club, a yarn with an ending that—well, wait and see what *you* think about it.

It was back in the days when the dam of the great Ashokan Reservoir was in the making—the dam which has long since buried those lower reaches of the Esopus beneath twenty feet and more of placid lake water.

We were fishing the old Landslide Pool—Bostie, O'Meara and I. A grand piece of brown trout water it was, jumbled with great boulders and rock slabs at its upper end and, below, a hole fully ten feet deep which tailed off gradually into a shallow, rippling run where sometimes, in the early season, the fish held a regular old-fashioned revival meeting. There was always a chance of raising an old socker either in the deep water or among the pockets between those dislodged chunks of Catskill scenery, and we three were hard at work discovering whether or not this was to be one of the lucky days. The priest, up to his middle at the edge of the channel, was covering the lower east part, I had the west, and Bostie, patient as a heron behind

a bit of scrub willow that served as partial camouflage for his lanky figure, was sharpshooting methodically among the boulders.

Well, we cast—and we cast. Then we cast some more, after changing flies all around. Following this, we continued to cast, while the shadows crept out from the western shore and the trout, for all we could tell to the contrary, went on leering brazenly at us from their subaqueous beds. Finally—

"May the divvul fly away with their benighted bellies!" snorted O'Meara, reeling in disgustedly. "'Tis meself will waste no more time on the heathens this day—a man might as well try to coax a good Papist to eat of sweet Irish bacon for his Friday breakfast!" He backed out to the shallows, sloshed ashore and, having unearthed a cigar from somewhere in his disreputable old canvas coat, clumped upstream to a grassy hillock where he could sprawl in true Waltonian ease the while he watched Bostie hard at work below.

NOW, when Father O'Meara quits fishing you might just as well go and read a book, or something, unless you really want the exercise, for he's a regular old-time bitter-ender. But there was something about that particular peaceful June evening that kept me shooting away after the

Another Story from the Annals of the Dog-Catcher's Club

priest gave it up as a bad job. Indeed, I'd grown quite interested again after the interruption when, in the midst of knotting on a fresh fly, an excited yelp from the priest brought me out of my absorption with a jerk:

"Hi, lad—Bostie's into a whale! Stand by!"

Sure enough, the kid was out from behind his willows, and from the curve in his rod was evidently handing it hot and heavy to a good fish. I forgot the new fly, fascinated by that hammer-and-tongs mixup—Bostie, pressing inexorably to keep the trout from chafing through the leader among those water-buried caverns, and the fish straining with equal stubbornness to have his own headstrong way. It was one of those desperate occasions which couldn't last long; something simply had to happen.

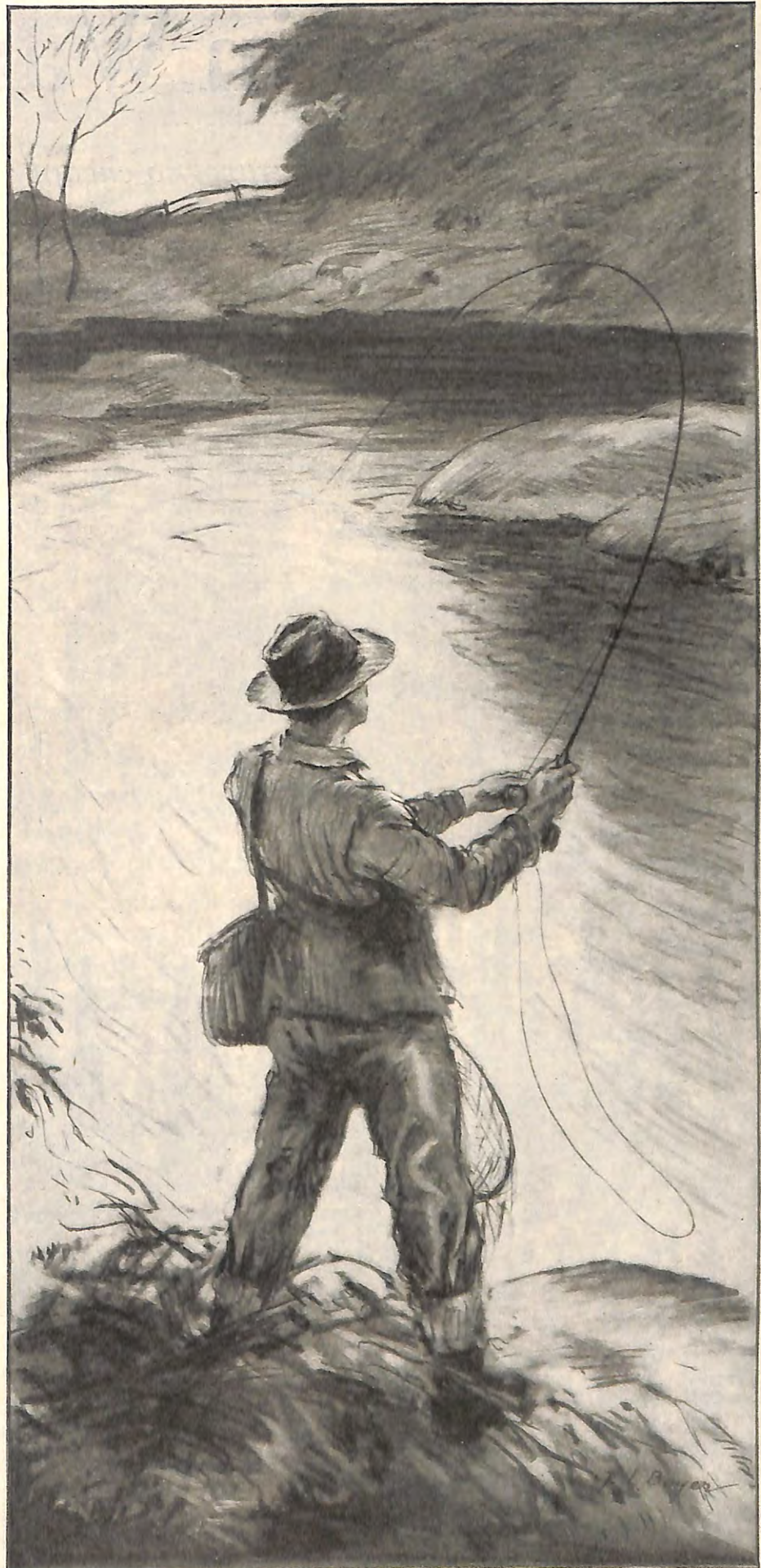
And it did! I had started to flounder ashore with the idea of working around the pool so as to be in at the finish, when the trout, which had been boring for a deep pocket upstream from Bostie, turned suddenly and came zipping down with the current like a runaway locomotive. An old trick, disconcerting enough to any fisherman under the best of circumstances, but this time it was a good deal more than that. For Bostie, what with the unexpectedness of the maneuver and his own precarious position on the crown of a weather-worn rock, lost his balance in the hasty effort to pick up the slack line, girated crazily for a moment and then went slithering headfirst down into the jumble of boulders and water.

I TELL you, it didn't take O'Meara and me long to reach the spot, for that ten-foot tumble held possibilities of serious injury which were only too apparent. We weren't a bit too soon, either, for when we got there Bostie was wedged in an angle with the water foaming clear over him, and he was out as stone-cold as if some husky thug had clipped him back of the ear with a sandbag.

Well, we got the kid out somehow, rescued the wreck of his fifty-dollar rod, commandeered a wagon on the near-by road, and eventually got him into his bed at The Four Maples. There, while Joe Cleaves kept the cold compresses busy on an ankle swollen as large as your calf and O'Meara did the same for the young baseball which those rocks had raised on the side of the boy's head, Bostie announced the decision which later in the evening called forth the priest's tribute to his sportsmanship.

"That trout," he said a bit unsteadily, "was sure an old buster. He licked me this time and cracked up my pet rod, but

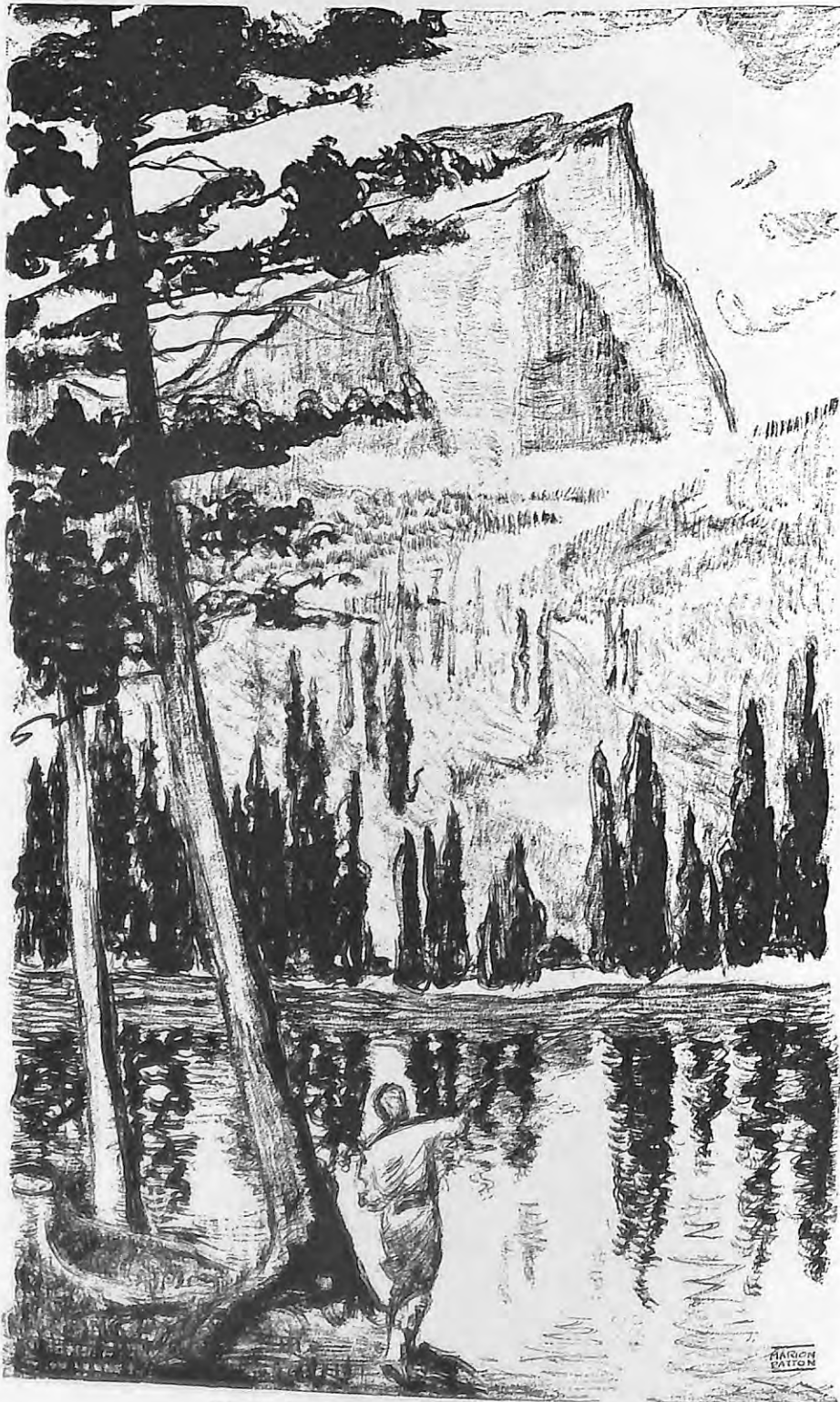
(Continued on page 44)



From the curve in his rod he was evidently handing it hot and heavy to a good fish

Bargains in Wanderlust

Never has it been possible to travel so cheaply and so comfortably as in this summer of 1932. The magic carpets are marked down!



The cool ozone of mountains and lakes for dwellers in hot cities—

“WHERE are you going for your vacation?” I asked.
 “Back East,” she said.
 “Where back East?” I asked.
 “To Nebraska,” she said.

This conversation took place in Arizona. To call Nebraska back East struck me as rather fantastic. I had come from Michigan. But I began to realize right then that all directions in this gigantic America of ours are a matter of where you are.

It was about that time, too, that I heard the story of the little boy who said proudly that he had been all over the United States except east of Chicago.

In spite of the automobile and the airplane, there are still a great many people who think that practically all of the United States lies west of Chicago. Perhaps they're right. There are also quite a few who think that practically all of it lies east of Chicago. I know they're wrong. I do know, however, that many of us on the Atlantic seaboard are still dominated by a mental inheritance from the time when it was a bigger undertaking to journey from Philadelphia to Cincinnati than to go to London, and when the region beyond the Mississippi was farther away than the Kingdom of the Great Mogul.

Yet, every year we Americans are getting better acquainted with each other and with our country. For most of us, the chance to see more of America is compressed into the summer vacation. The price of everything in the world is down, and it occurred to me to wonder about vacations. So I have been making an exploration among the folk who sell vacations. I have learned some alluring facts. The magic carpets are marked down, too!

This summer of 1932 offers the richest opportunity in the lives of most of us to see our own country—for you Westerners to see the East, for you Easterners to see the West, for dwellers in hot cities to get up to the cool ozone of mountains and lakes, for people of the quiet little towns to win a taste of metropolitan glamour and excitement. . . .

Far northward an island lifts white limestone cliffs out of vivid blue water, an island that was the battle-ground long ago of Indian, Frenchman, Britisher and American. Perched high on a rock stands an ancient fort in the most spectacular location of any fort in America, standing as it does there at the cross-road of the inland seas. Do you know that island? Have you seen it?

Not many hours' sail distant is another island on which reigned the only king ever crowned within the borders of the United States. Do you know who he was and the story of his tragic overthrow? Do you know the strange rumors of banshees leprachauns that haunt that island?

North, still further north, there is another island of red cliffs and deep crystal-

Copyright, 1932, by Webb Waldron

By Webb Waldron

Illustrations by Marion Patton

line bays, where you may push through tangled forest to the abandoned copper mines of a prehistoric race. Do you know that island?

Westward, beyond the Great Divide, lies a region till recently locked behind trackless desert and mountain in which an astounding wall of orange-colored rock lifts in the dazzling sunshine, pierced with windows through which you catch a glimpse of the azure sky. If you saw a painting of that rock and that region you would scoff at it as the raving of a color-mad artist. Yet it exists. Have you seen it?

Southward of that there is a land where the dwellings of an ancient people nestle in the nooks of towering cliffs, dwellings built over a thousand years ago, yet so well preserved that you can trace the finger-prints of the vanished builders in the plaster walls? Do you know those dwellings? Have you seen them?

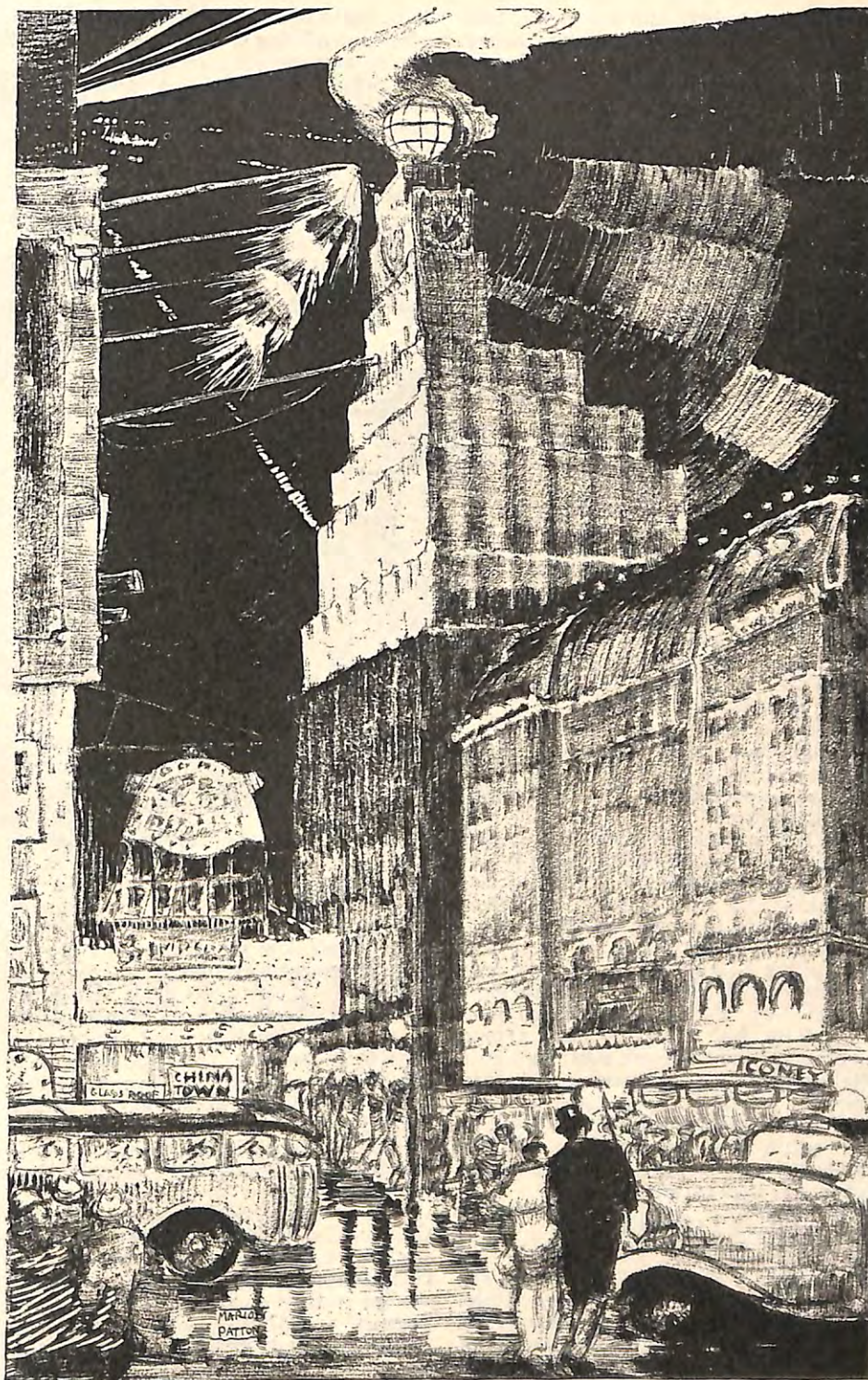
There is a lake that turns all the colors of the rainbow when the sun blazes on the glacial sediment suspended in its water. There is a railroad that runs, like an elevated, hung above the spray of a tumultuous river. Have you ridden on it? There is a region where gorgeous flowers bloom on the edge of eternal snow. Have you seen them?

All these things and a thousand more are in the borders of our United States, and this summer they are more possible to us than ever before.

NOW let us pick certain strategic points from east to west and note places that lure and prices that offer. I hasten to say that I am referring for the most part to the regular two-week vacation that most of us get. This is the guiding principle of this article, though I will touch occasionally on longer trips for those who are lucky enough to get them.

First take the Atlantic seaboard. To my mind there are two outstanding allurements in vacations for people of this region—outings that give the maximum of change in scene in a short space of travel. One of these is the Great Lakes.

There are many ways to see the Inland Oceans, but the most attractive in my experience is the steamer that leaves Buffalo twice a week all summer—departing not far from the spot where Sieur de la Salle launched his *Griffon* 250 years ago—carries you westward to Cleveland, then up to Detroit, up the magical St. Clair Flats and across Lake Huron to Mackinac Island, then up through the Soo Locks to the great Father of Waters and on to Duluth. This summer the Great Lakes vacation has been moulded into the economy mood of the hour. Although the time of the round-trip steamer voyage from Buffalo to Duluth and back has been lengthened to ten days, giving five hours instead of one at Cleveland, daylight passage of the St. Clair River and daylight



Metropolitan glamour and excitement for the people of the quiet little towns—

locking up the Soo, yet the inclusive price of this ten-day adventure has been cut to \$80. From New York or vicinity you could make a two weeks' vacation of it, to the ultimate end of the unsalted seas and back, for \$125 or even less.

I can scarcely imagine a more colorful outing than this. And I might talk a good deal about the advantages of tarrying by the way, if you have time—at Detroit to see Henry Ford's amazing River Rouge plant and his model Early American village; at Mackinac Island for a spell of pure enchantment; and at Duluth certainly. For Duluth is a place from which to go lots of places. North to the iron pits of the Mesaba range, the most stupendous

holes in the ground ever dug by man. Northwest into the Rainy River country of ten thousand lakes. Northeast up the jagged North Shore to Isle Royale with its magnificent fishing, and on to the still more gorgeous fishing of Nipigon. I could say a lot too about the fascination of Great Lakes commerce, the lines of ore-freighters coming down, the stream of red pouring from the Minnesota mines to the blast furnaces of the East.

The other outstanding vacation for the Easterner to my mind is Eastern Canada. Quebec is the most foreign city on the Continent north of Mexico, and a ramble through the streets of the old town is the next best thing to France. And down the

river below Quebec, and up in the Lake St. John country, are villages and countryside even more French. You can have a two-weeks' vacation in Quebec for \$100 easily from New York, going up from New York by rail. If you drive, you can do it in less perhaps or it may be more—depending on the stops you make or don't. Even if you do drive, the only right way to see the river from Quebec down is by steamer, certainly the only way to view the magnificence of the Saguenay. Also there will be sea excursions from Atlantic ports to Quebec and the St. Lawrence this summer, and judging from the prices at which West Indian and Bermudan trips were sold during the last winter, you'll be able to go cheaply indeed.

Also there is Nova Scotia. Acadie is a really charming country, nothing wildly romantic about it, rather a quiet sort of beauty of paintable fishing villages, lush meadows, the beautiful Public Gardens and the citadel of Halifax, inns and hotels for every purse. There are two steamer lines from New York, one from Boston, rates are down, and you can have two weeks up there including everything for \$80.

What about New York City itself as a goal of the vacationist? Odd as this may seem to New Yorkers, the big town is just that to lots of people. If city folk flee to cool lakes and lonely forests and dew-lipped meadows to soothe and sweeten their souls, why shouldn't people of the smaller towns of the East come to New York for a like purpose? The answer is that they do. Perhaps New York won't sweeten your soul exactly, but it will do other things. Some people have enough soothing and a little excitement is a vacation. Take any other city in the U. S. and give it a national political convention, a flood, a circus and a six-alarm fire and it will not have half the goings-on that New York can offer in any uneventful day.

Anything can happen in
This delightful sink of sin,

sings Margaret Fishback, who writes the ads for our biggest department store. There is no news in this. The news is that this summer you can see New York more cheaply, just as you can everything else.

FOR example, certain New York hotels are playing up the economy of a metropolitan week-end. One hotel or group of hotels advertises that \$10 will "give three glorious days in New York," including room and bath, meals, a sightseeing trip around town, a view from the top of the Chrysler Building, one evening at a talkie palace and another at a cabaret. Another hotel announces that \$20.80 will buy three "full days in New York"—room and bath, meals, a play, a movie, a trip to Coney, a sightseeing jaunt, a sail around Manhattan Island, a baseball game, Chinatown, a whirl in a night-club, and free garage! Let no man complain again of the costliness of New York. It is a fact,

to be noted here, that hotels almost everywhere are offering special rates this season, special arrangements, inclusive week-ends and what-not. I am told that certain first class hostelrys are giving continental breakfast free with room, others are offering room and board at the former price of room alone. All to the good for the vacationist!

Now let us look at other possibilities for you Easterners. On July 9 and 23, and on August 6 and 20, you can buy a round-trip railroad ticket to Colorado for \$66, good for fifteen days! Any time from



The settled charm
of the New England countryside

June 1 to September 30 you can go out and back to Colorado from New York for \$77, return limit thirty days. To the Yellowstone for \$92.50. To Colorado, Yellowstone and Glacier Park for \$98.75. That shows how amazingly railroad rates have dropped this summer.

There is a thirty-day limit round trip fare of \$122 this summer from the East to the Coast, and a round trip rate of \$138, with no limit. And the varieties in the ways of going! The other day a railroad man in New York told me he had started to figure out the different routes to California and, said he "when I got to three thousand, I quit. Probably there are a lot more."

You can go straight west to Chicago, Omaha, Cheyenne and San Francisco, and back from Los Angeles by the Santa Fé or Southern Pacific. Or at Salt Lake, you can go straight to Los Angeles across the Nevada and Utah desert—a route that has a distinct advantage I will refer to later.

Or from Chicago north to St. Paul, and westward by the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific or the Milwaukee. Or down the Mississippi to New Orleans and then west. Or up into Canada and west by the Canadian Pacific or the Canadian National, over the Canadian Rockies. Or by seas from New York to New Orleans and then west, or to New Orleans by rail from Washington through the Southern States. Or up to Buffalo by rail, thence to Duluth by steamer, and on west by rail again.

These are but a few of the variations that occur to me as I write, and most of them fall within the \$122 round-trip rate. Why not drive to Buffalo, put your car on the boat, drive down the gang-plank when you get to Duluth and push on westward, camping in Glacier Park and the Yellowstone on the way? Or why not the all-water route? Two lines of modern steamers do it from New York to Los Angeles in thirteen to sixteen days, with a pause at Havana, and another in a more leisurely mood does it in twenty-four days, with stops at seven or eight ports on the west coast of Central America and time to go ashore and savor another civilization. Certainly were I going to California this summer, and had the time and cash, I'd do it that way in one direction. A man who has just been around the world told me recently that this was the most interesting leg of the whole circuit. The price has been dropped to \$200, less than \$10 a day. That figure was unknown a couple of years ago for first-class ships. But many a cruise has been run of late at that or less. Prices certainly have come down.

NOW for the vacationist of the Middle West. No doubt many of you Middle Westerners will call me presumptuous or redundant or something, if I suggest the Great Lakes as a playground for you. Last summer I stood in the main street of Benton Harbor and watched the license plates of the thousands of cars streaming northward into the lake country—Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Oklahoma—so I know how the people of the hot prairies seek the coolness of the northern waters, yet I know too as a matter of fact that there are plenty of people of Cleveland, Columbus, Akron, Fort Wayne and Chicago, who go places for vacations yet who have never seen the towering cliffs and the astounding blue of Lake Superior. To them I say, go—go by car, train or boat, but go. That wonderland is at your very door.

It is to you Middle Westerners, of course, and people further west, that California and the Olympic Games are really feasible. The farther west you live, the luckier you are this year, for the Olympics (Los Angeles, July 30—August 14), are unquestionably the big news in the vacationist's calendar. From Chicago there is round-trip rate this summer of \$90.30 to California and the Pacific Northwest. From Omaha the rate is \$75.60. From

(Continued on page 42)



The mystery of the vanished peoples of the Southwest



Drawing by Will Crawford for the jacket of Arthur Chapman's "The Pony Express"

Good Company

The Booklover Brings Some Home

By Claire Wallace Flynn

THE companionship of the distinguished, the good, the wise, the witty, the adventurous, the young and the beautiful!

It is easy to understand—when one realizes that this is to be met between the simple covers of well-chosen books—why we are the greatest nation of readers in the world. This spring, the list of "books not to be missed" is of unusual interest. We report on a few of them here.

The Pony Express

By Arthur Chapman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

WILL JAMES, the cowboy artist and writer, author of "Smoky," "Cow Country," and many another book on the West, reviews this one for us. Mr. James writes:

"Truth is stranger than fiction, and a heap more interesting. That's proved as a fact by the history of "The Pony Express," by Arthur Chapman. Like for instance, if you was to read in fiction that some hero rode eight hundred miles on horseback in five days, averaging a hundred and sixty miles a day, you'd be apt to say that that fiction-writer was sure stretching things some. But such a ride was done by

a little Frenchman from New Mexico and is marked down on record. Then there's the pony express where men and horses was relayed and carried the mail from Missouri to California at the speed of over two hundred miles a day. The horses was changed at every fifteen miles or so, but the riders rode on an average of seventy-five to a hundred miles every day. That's what I call riding.

"But there was more than that, there was Indians along the trail that liked the good horses the riders was furnished, and sometimes the mail never got to the next station. Then there was the winter storms, blizzards across the plains and deep-drifted snow in the Rockies. But the riders was picked men and not only good riders but good Indian fighters and they knowed their country. They had to be all of that or else the mail would hardly ever got to the other end.

"Art Chapman made mighty fine reading out of their adventures. Outside of a few dates and names it don't sound like history, not any that I've read the last few years, and I don't think there's a man who could do a better and more truthful piece of writing on the start of breaking a fast trail between the east and the west than he did in this book.

"Along with the telling of the different kinds of expresses and their changes there's the true facts about the outlaw hunters who worked for the express companies to keep the trails safe. Readers would laugh at a fiction writer if he let his hero kill over ten men, but here Wild Bill Hickok killed seven outlaws at once single-handed and hundreds altogether before he was shot in the back. Slade, another express outlaw hunter, killed near as many before he was hung for being too wild one time.

"For anybody that likes fine adventure stories, along with the history of the trail breaking west I don't know of a book that can beat the "The Pony Express," it's a record that every American should have, and which every reader will appreciate more than any fiction because it's got the backbone of the truth, and it's of our west.

"I'd get that book before coming West this summer, and as you skip along in your gasoline-eater on the good roads that was once the dusty and dangerous pony express trail you can sort of vision the men that was on that trail. There's still some of the old stage stations left, the hills on both sides are pretty well the same and with the help of that book it'll be easy for you to spot and picture where this and that happened, or imagine Indians and outlaws riding down on you from canyons and hills, but don't step on the gas."

(Continued on page 60)

Behind the Mike

With Philip Coles

"Making the Movies"

We catch Ray Knight and his leading lady, Katherine Remwick, posing for a "still" in between scenes of one of their movies. Mr. Knight and Miss Remwick can be heard over WJZ on Sunday Evenings at 9:45 EDST. In Knight's latest radio comedy, "Making the Movies," they produce Super-Super Epic Thrillers, Burning, Searing, Love Dramas, and Epochal Spectacles of the Age. We personally wouldn't dare publish the fact, but we have felt for a long time now that Mr. Knight and Miss Remwick photograph badly. To us, they don't look quite bright



Lily Pons

Lily Pons, young French coloratura, who is often presented over the National Broadcasting Company as a guest artist. She was the sensation of the Metropolitan Opera this season, and will go down in musical history as the most significant operatic find of the decade



George Frame Brown

Here is Matt Thompkins, Mayor of Thompkins' Corners, doing the chores on his farm. In real life Matt is George Frame Brown, heard on the Thompkins' Corners broadcast every Thursday night at 9:30 P.M. EDST over the NBC-WJZ network. Mr. Brown lives up in the Catskills, and, as writer, director, and chief actor of the program, he gets most of his situations home-grown, right off his own farm

Ray Perkins

To all outward appearances, the most popular master of ceremonies on the air is Ray Perkins, than which there is none whither. He sings adequately, plays the piano delightfully, and in his time he has composed some really corking songs, some of which have attained the notable proportions of hits. As Judge Jr., away back in the ante-depression days of 1926, he was one of WJZ's most popular features, but he eventually tired of broadcasting and left radio. It wasn't long before he returned, and as Old Topper he soon managed to wise-crack himself into the position of a household byword in a majority of American homes. His wit is proverbial, to the extent that every remark that draws a laugh in the inner sanctums of National Broadcasting Company is arbitrarily attributed to Ray Perkins, whether or not



Belle Baker

Belle Baker, the famous vaudeville headliner, who, in looking for new worlds to conquer, came to Radio, sang, and conquered. When she shouts over the CBS network on Sunday nights she reminds us faintly of Sophie Tucker, what with her husky holler, and her robust personality



Shear Nonsense

Dear Old Lady to Club Pro: "No, I'm afraid I know very little about golf. I couldn't even tell one end of a caddie from the other."
—*Humorist.*

"I hear ye were at McDougall's last night. What kind o' a man is he?"
"Leeb'ral wi' his whisky. But the quality o' it's that indifferent I verra near left some."
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Professor: "Tell me one or two things about John Milton."

Plebe: "Well, he got married and he wrote 'Paradise Lost.' Then his wife died, and he wrote 'Paradise Regained.'" — *Christian Register.*

Voice Over the Phone: "Alice says she isn't in. Is there any message?"

Other End of the Line: "Yes; tell her that Sam didn't ring her up."
—*Answers.*

Mrs. 'Iggins: "That Mrs. Briggs was boastin' as 'ow she comes from a fine family. An' you've come a good way, I says, pleasant-like."
—*Tid-Bits.*

Lady (after series of questions): "And now, tell me—why are all the warships painted gray?"

Sailor (quite fed up): "So's they can be distinguished from radishes, ma'am!"
—*London Opinion.*

"Is Jim very self-conscious?"
"Is he? Say, they call him the Fuller Blush Man."
—*College Humor.*

A State health officer in Virginia relates in *The Survey* the story of a farmer who was delivering vegetables to a public sanitarium. A patient saluted him.
"You're a farmer, ain't yuh?"
The farmer allowed that he was.

"I used to be a farmer once," said the guest of the State.

"Did yuh?"
"Yes. Say, stranger, did yuh ever try bein' crazy?"

The farmer never had, and started to move on.

"Well, you oughta try it," was the ex-farmer's parting shot. "It beats farmin' all hollow."
—*Christian Register.*

fare. "I ride in my own car," she explained.

The conductor rang up the fare. "You don't know how we've missed you," he said. — *New York Morning Telegraph.*

"Sure, this is me woiking shirt—it's all the time woiking outa me britches, ain't it?" — *Annapolis Log.*

Bride: "Pierre is perfectly wonderful to me, mother. He gives me everything I ask for."

Mother: "That merely shows, my dear child, that you are not asking enough."
—*L'Illustration.*

"There's a personal letter for you at the house."
"What did it say?"
—*Cornell Widow.*

Father: "So you want to marry my daughter?"

Suitor: "Yes, but first I want to know if there's any insanity in your family."

Father: "No; and there's not going to be any."
—*Cougar's Paw.*



"Good? They've got to be good!"

Fashion note: There will be slight changes in infants' wear from day to day.
—*Dartmouth Jack-o'-Lantern.*

Scotch Bridegroom (to Best Man): "If ye maun tie a shoe on the cab, let it be a pair."
—*Humorist.*

Specialist: "This eccentricity you speak of in your daughter, isn't it, after all, a matter of heredity?"

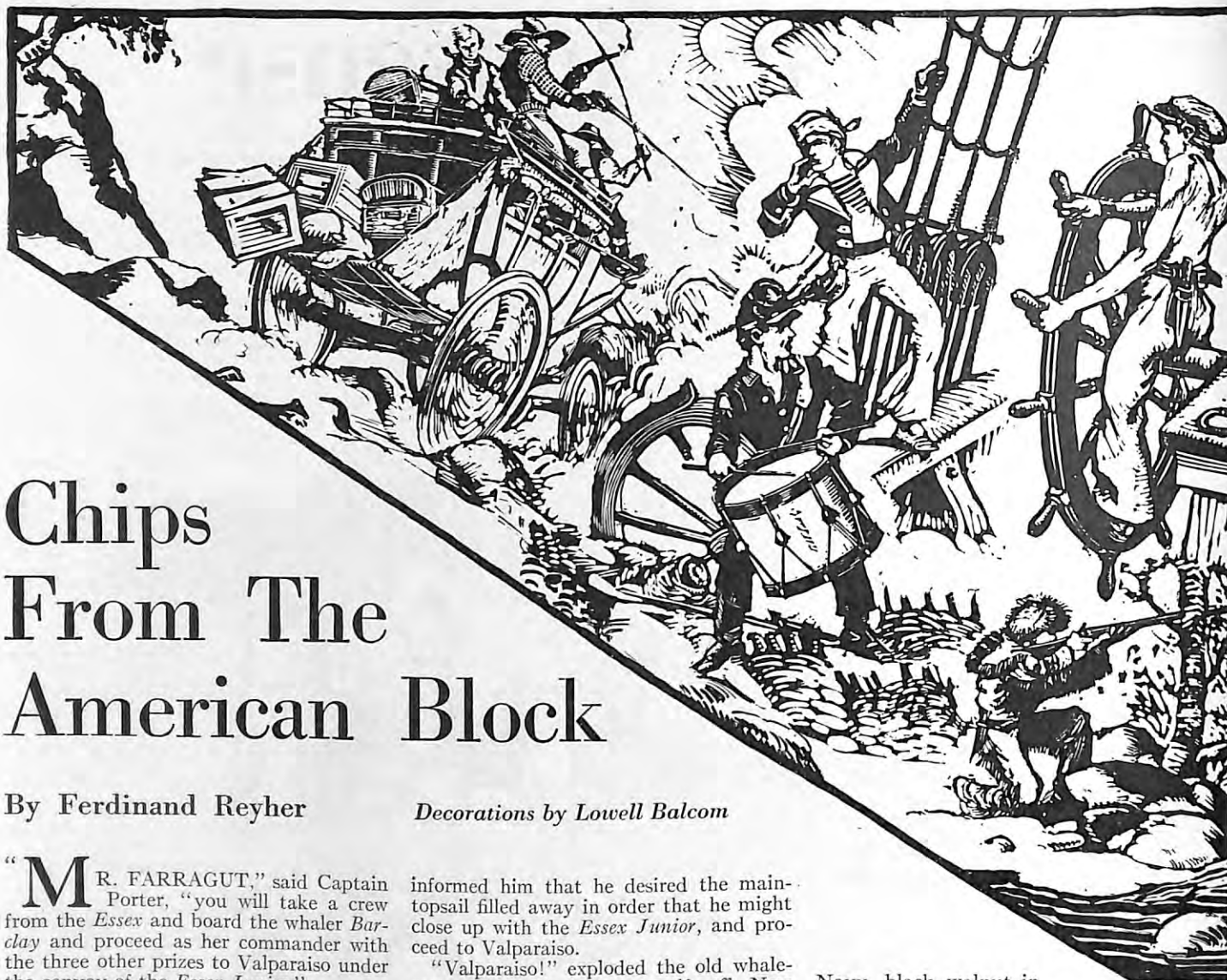
Mother (severely): "No, sir! I'd have you to know, sir, there never was any heredity in our family!"
—*Frederickton Gleaner.*

Sign in a bathroom in a local boarding house:
"Please Clean Tub After Bathing LAND-LADY."
—*Lehigh Burr.*

Then there's the girl who actually thought a pessimist was a guy who ran a cynic railway.
—*Rice Owl.*

Girl's Father: "Young man, I don't know whether you can support my daughter, but you can certainly keep her up."
—*Boston Transcript.*

"Read dis letter foh me, Sam?"
"Boy, ah cain't read writin', ah can only read readin."
—*Life.*



Chips From The American Block

By Ferdinand Reyher

Decorations by Lowell Balcom

"MR. FARRAGUT," said Captain Porter, "you will take a crew from the *Essex* and board the whaler *Barclay* and proceed as her commander with the three other prizes to Valparaiso under the convoy of the *Essex Junior*."

"Yes, sir!" replied Mr. David Glasgow Farragut, saluting, and proceeded to take over his first command.

The *Barclay* was a New Bedford whaler which had been captured by the Spanish privateer *Nereyda*. The *Essex*, cruising against British shipping on her famous voyage in the war of 1812, had recaptured her. Her master, Captain Gideon Randall, was now sent along as navigation officer. He was an old New Bedford salt, one of those old-time blue water tyrants who exercised absolute domain over every stick and sheet and soul aboard his vessel. He was in no humor to take orders from any man, institution, or nation, whether the man was Mr. Farragut, the institution the United States Navy, or the nation the United States of America. Now he had come to these waters originally to go whaling, and whaling he was going to go despite Spanish *guarda costas*, English frigates, or American commanders. So he chewed on his rage and bided his moment. The moment came.

The mainyards of the *Barclay* were aback and the whaler was lying still while the *Essex* vanished over the northern horizon, and the *Essex Junior* slipped away over the southern. Captain Randall went blustering around the deck like a simoon, to overawe the whole prize crew, including Mr. Farragut. The latter went to him and

informed him that he desired the maintopsail filled away in order that he might close up with the *Essex Junior*, and proceed to Valparaiso.

"Valparaiso!" exploded the old whaler. "You'll find yourself off New Zealand in the morning."

Mr. Farragut demurred, and repeated his request to have the maintopsail filled away. Now, Randall's ship was more sacred to him than his wife's person.

"I'll shoot the man who dares to touch a rope without my orders!" he bellowed. "I will go my own course. I have no idea of trusting myself with a damn nutshell."

He went below for his pistols. Mr. Farragut called his mate and told him the situation.

"I want the maintopsail filled," he said.

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the mate.

From that moment Mr. Farragut was the actual master of the vessel. He immediately gave all necessary orders for making sail. Then he went to the head of the companionway.

"Captain Randall," Mr. Farragut shouted down, "come up on deck with your pistols, and you'll go overboard instantly."

Captain Randall remained below. Mr. Farragut caught up with the *Essex Junior* and brought his command into port.

When Mr. David Glasgow Farragut stepped off his first command at Valparaiso, he was exactly twelve years of age.

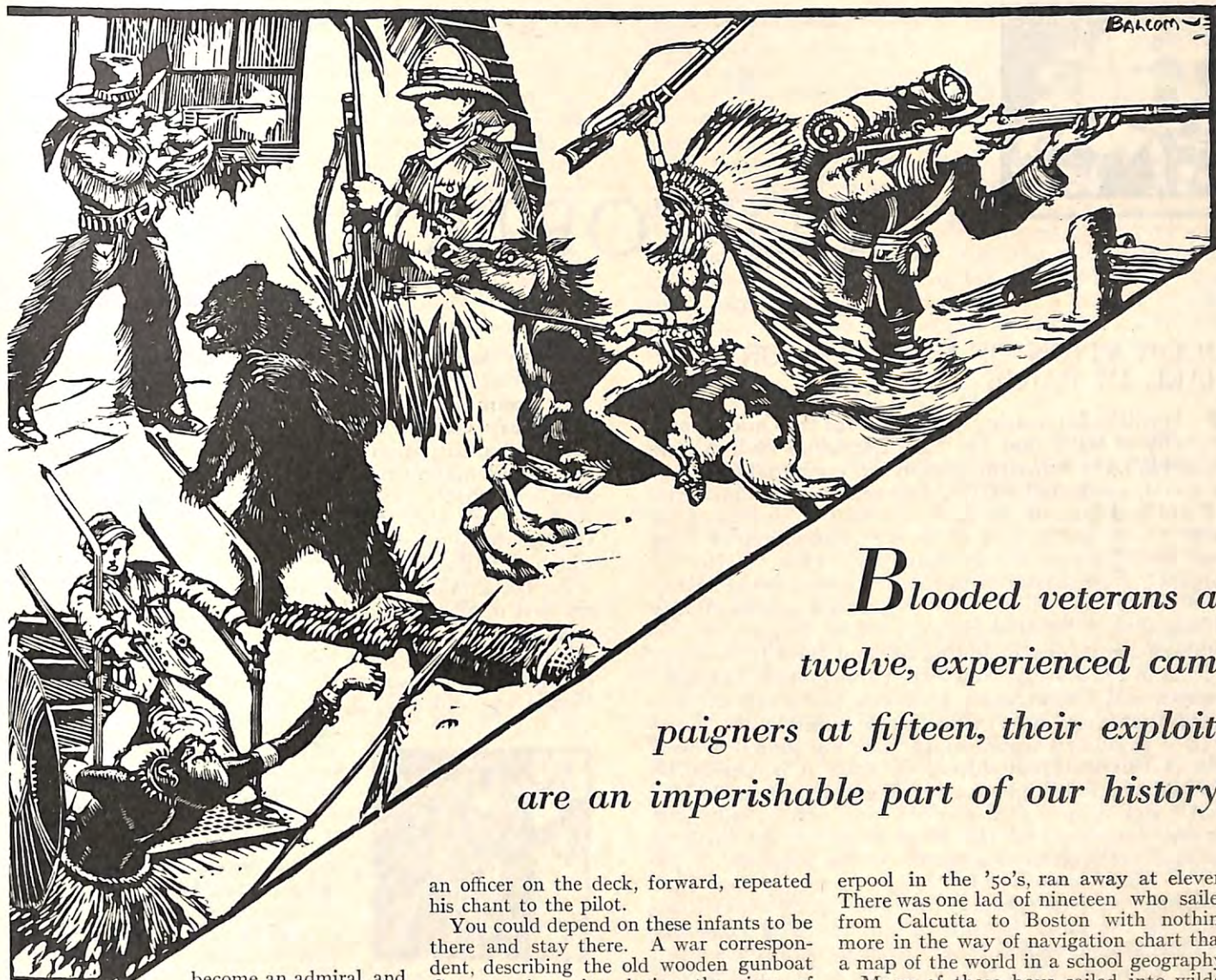
The American Nineteenth Century was the age of youth, of the nation itself and of its citizens. These boys, chips from the American block, were made of oak in the

Navy, black walnut in the Army and flint on the frontier.

Fighting Bob Evans, Rear Admiral Samuel Rhoades Franklin, Mahan, Dewey, Semmes of the *Alabama* and Winslow of the *Kearsarge*, and virtually all the other famous officers of the American Navy, saw active service in their teens—chips from the American block, made of oak.

Farragut was a veteran of standing even before his command of the *Barclay*. He had smelled powder, commanded ships' boats, participated in the capture of prizes, had a gun shoved into his face by a mutineer, faced the howling Horn half-starved, and ridden through a tempest which had smashed every gunport on one side of the *Essex*. He had got his midshipman's warrant when nine and a half years old, but even then he had already seen unofficial service under Porter for more than a year, including a voyage on the bomb brig *Vesuvius*. Born on the frontier and bred in the Navy, three pounds of uniform and seventy pounds of fight, he was as American as the Mississippi, the gauntlet of whose batteries he ran in that famous April, 1862, and damn the torpedoes.

THERE were other boys, too, in the Navy; enlisted boys with slim chance of ever wearing gold braid, but chipped off just as hard oak. When Farragut had



Blooded veterans at twelve, experienced campaigners at fifteen, their exploits are an imperishable part of our history.

become an admiral, and was lying before the Mobile forts in 1864, on the eve of his last and greatest battle, he wrote of the crew on his flagship, the *Hartford*:

"I have never seen a crew come up like ours. They are ahead of the old set in small arms, and fully equal to them at the great guns. They arrived here a mere lot of boys and young men, and have now fattened up and knock the 9-inch guns about like 24-pounders, to the astonishment of everybody."

William T. Meredith's famous poem, "Old Heart of Oak," celebrated Farragut in this battle. The *Hartford* led the fleet with her Admiral lashed to the port main rigging by a piece of lead line. But in the poem there is also a stanza which celebrates a boy as much as it celebrates the Admiral who was once such a boy himself. And boy and admiral were fastened to their ship by precisely the same things—courage and a lead line.

"Now through the battle's roar,
Clear the boy sings,
'By the mark fathoms four,'
While his lead swings."

Do you see the picture? That kid, exposed on deck to the enemy's fire, heaving his lead and singing his song on which the whole course of the vessel depended, while

an officer on the deck, forward, repeated his chant to the pilot.

You could depend on these infants to be there and stay there. A war correspondent, describing the old wooden gunboat *Conestoga* in action during the siege of Island No. 10, in the spring of 1862, wrote: "In the obscurity all I could see that was human on the deck, when a flash from the guns lighted up the scene, was one of the ship boys—a sucking tar about twelve years of age apparently—who was standing within the taffrail and blazing into the timber with a revolver as fast as he could cock it and pull the trigger."

ONE urchin who was a messenger boy on Porter's gunboats had run the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries and been in a score of battles, and finally, paralyzed, was sent to the Soldiers' Home, a battered veteran of thirteen.

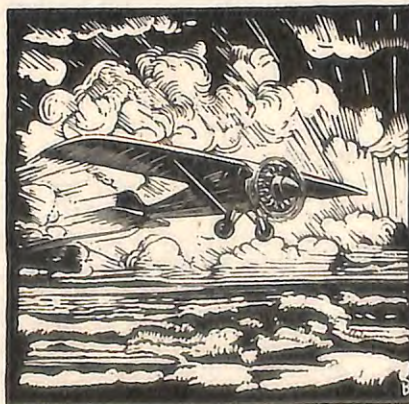
The merchant marine had its full complement of lads as hardy as any in the Navy. It was almost classical for a boy to run away to sea. Captain Samuel Samuels, that hard case Philadelphia skipper of the famous packet *Dreadnought*, "the wild boat of the Atlantic," which hung up a record of thirteen days from Sandy Hook to Liv-

erpool in the '50's, ran away at eleven. There was one lad of nineteen who sailed from Calcutta to Boston with nothing more in the way of navigation chart than a map of the world in a school geography.

Many of these boys sailed into wilder situations and more fantastic plots than any fictionist ever dreamed of. But the fact which stands out is the extraordinary manhood with which their youth met incredible horror and terrible danger. Take the famous voyage of the *Awashonks*. She anchored in the lagoon of Baring's Island and was boarded by natives. They killed the Captain, first and second mates, and gained possession of the deck. Some of the crew went overboard in panic and were killed in the water; nearly all the others were trapped in the forecabin. The third mate, Silas Jones, who was just twenty-one, reached the forehold and held it and the steerage and the cabin against the sav-

ages. The blacksmith turned coward, and two seamen were so wounded that they couldn't lift an arm, so with a Negro boy, Charles, and a white boy, John Parker, both under fifteen, young Master Jones proceeded to win back the vessel from a mob of shrieking black maniacs armed with the razor-edged implements of the

(Continued on page 46)





EDITORIAL

DEDICATION OF ELKS MEMORIAL HALL IN PARIS

■ It will be interesting to members of the Order generally to learn that the Elks Memorial Hall in Pershing Hall, the American Legion war memorial building, in Paris, dedicated to the Commander in Chief, the officers and men of the A. E. F., will be dedicated on June 14, in connection with the celebration of Flag Day by Elks residing in that city. Hon. Walter E. Edge, U. S. Ambassador to France, a member of Atlantic City Lodge, will act as the special representative of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Other diplomatic and military dignitaries, including General John J. Pershing, if he is in Paris at the time, will participate in the ceremonies; and the occasion promises to be one of outstanding interest even in that world capital.

It is peculiarly appropriate that the formal dedication of this fraternal shrine, for such it is, should be conducted on this particular Flag Day, when the patriotic significance of the celebration will be enhanced by the observance of the bicentenary of the birth of George Washington as a feature of the program.

The Elks Memorial Hall is not merely a room in a building. It is a specially designed auditorium, constituting the chief feature of an imposing structure of international significance. Architecturally beautiful and impressive, it is a fitting tribute to the members of the Order who served in France during the World War.

The January number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE contained an illustrated article descriptive of the building and of the Elks Memorial Hall therein. Every Elk who read it must feel proud of the Order's contribution to this structure which Ambassador Herrick referred to as "The American Embassy of Good-Will." It is destined to become the social center of Paris for all patriotic Americans who visit that city.

The approaching dedicatory ceremonies will formally place in commission this new Elk shrine, which will serve not only as a meeting place for members of the Order, and for their recurring ceremonials in Paris, but will also inspire in every visitor a feeling of respect and admiration for the Order which has so generously shared in the establishment of this splendid American memorial in France.

FLAG DAY— A PATRIOTIC DUTY

■ In his circular letter urging all Elks to cooperate with the Citizens Reconstruction Committees in their respective communities, Grand Exalted Ruler Coen reiterated this confidence in our fundamental institutions, which, as he declared, "are sound and always have been." That thought might well be the basic one in the plans of the local Lodges for the annual celebration of Flag Day, so near at hand.

Whatever may be the conditions in any particular city or in any particular section, our country is funda-

mentally sound; and the flag we hail represents all those finer things which contribute to that stability and insure its permanence. Whatever may invite temporary concern as to individual affairs or as to the commercial situation in any community, thoughtful and experienced men will realize that it is only temporary, and that a brighter future than ever is assured. And the flag may well be acclaimed as the symbol of that national prospect in the certain realization of which all will share.

As the Grand Exalted Ruler expressed it: "Elks are first of all prideful Americans." It behooves each member to give evidence of that fact on every occasion when the example will be inspiring to others. No more opportune occasion can be presented than on Flag Day; and a loyal, patriotic, enthusiastic observance of our prescribed ceremonial can but be helpful to every participant and every person in attendance.



Confidence begets confidence. Faith in our country has never faltered in the heart of any true Elk; and now is the time to give public expression of that faith. Our flag is still the most beautiful that flies. It still floats over the

best and greatest of the nations of the world. Let it be acclaimed not only as a historic emblem, bespeaking glorious achievements in the past, but also as the symbol of an even more glorious future that assuredly lies before us. It is a fraternal and a patriotic duty which loyal Elks will delight to perform.

AN APPROPRIATE BIRTHPLACE

■ A recent number of *Time* contained an appreciative article on the volunteer organization engaged upon the specific task of securing employment for the jobless. It described the development of the movement into one of national scope, efficiently organized, admirably managed and obtaining splendid results.

The article began thus:

"It all started with a few men sitting around the lobby of the Elks Club, in Muncie, Indiana. Tired of talking about national unemployment and the depression, they decided to do something about joblessness in their own town. They canvassed homes and factories, asked every one to make one extra job, bought newspaper space, first to tell their plans, later to detail their achievements."

The article then relates how this local activity was attended by such success that it attracted attention elsewhere; and how newspaper editors became interested, and fostered the extension of the plan until it has grown to such proportions that the national organization, operating from headquarters in New York,

had been instrumental in securing employment for hundreds of thousands all over the country.

Conceding that the most important and most gratifying feature of the undertaking is the result that has been accomplished, the purpose of this comment is to note the pleasing fact that the movement was born of the thoughtful converse of members of the Order, brought together in fraternal intercourse in a local Elks Club. It was an appropriate birthplace for a movement of so benevolent and patriotic a character.

It is to be regretted that many people yet entertain the idea that such informal gatherings of Elks are purely social and without serious purpose. It is true that such incidental associations are not always designedly purposeful. But it is also true that in all their fraternal contacts, whether in the formal sessions of the Lodge or in the casual enjoyment of the social quarters, Elks are ever alert to sense a community need, to recognize an opportunity for community service; and they are eager to discuss such matters with their fellows.

Many activities which have brought helpfulness and relief to those in need, comfort to those in distress, and the promotion of social welfare objectives, have been generated in just such circumstances as attended the launching of the plan to relieve unemployment in Muncie. It is rarely the case that any group of Elks foregather amid fraternal surroundings without at some stage of their conversation, their thoughts and their comments being directed toward matters of a charitable and benevolent character, in which the Order finds its primary interest.

Because of this fact, such gatherings are fostered and encouraged. Therein lies the chief fraternal value of the club houses which are maintained by the several Lodges. They are the natural and appropriate birthplaces for movements designed to serve our country and its people.



NO TIME OF SIESTA

■ The summer months, following so closely upon the change of administration, are too often regarded as a natural period of Lodge inactivity. The newly installed officers are apt to feel that they should adjust themselves to their new positions before buckling down to work. The Grand Lodge Session intervenes. The warm weather invites to pleasurable outdoor engagements. And a considerable portion of the Lodge year slips by with little done.

It should be realized, however, that a fraternity engaged primarily in practical charity and benevolence has no rest period. It cannot afford a vacation. The need for its helpfulness may be somewhat varied in the different seasons, but it never ceases to exist.

The work of doing good unto others is a habit that can be acquired. And just as surely the habit will be lost by failure to practice it. A Lodge which fails to keep

busy, loses impetus; and it is just that much harder to be stimulated into new life.

The Order has experienced a real rejuvenation in recent months. The effect of it should not be lost by failure to keep interest aroused by constant fraternal activities.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has made this the subject of an earnest appeal addressed to the Order generally and to the officers of the subordinate Lodges in particular. He urges them to maintain determined objectives and to permit no lull to occur during the summer season. If it does occur, the following fall and winter activities will surely suffer from its effect.

His injunction is earnestly repeated here: Do not permit June, July and August to be a time of siesta.

TOO MUCH TROUBLE

■ How often it happens, when a member is asked to perform some fraternal service, that the request is met with the excuse that compliance will take too much time from personal affairs, that it will interfere with other engagements anticipated, or that, in some other way, it involves too much trouble. It is true that in some cases the member approached is so situated that he cannot favorably respond, without undue cost to himself. But in all too many instances the excuse comes readily to lip because of an indisposition to make any sacrifice.

The measure of any love is the willingness to practice self-denial in order to serve its object. The measure of an Elk's loyalty to his Lodge and to the Order is his readiness to make reasonable sacrifices in order to advance their mutual interests. If one is not moved to a prompt response to a fraternal call, he is less devoted to the Order's welfare than he should be. He is failing to meet a demand the Order has a right to make of him.

The need for willing and generous service by its members is an ever-existing one in every benevolent organization. It is known to all that the need is greater to-day than ever before. The demands upon their resources are greater; the want and distress which they are striving to alleviate is more general; the appeals for help are more pressing. True loyalty faces that unusual need with a truly commensurate generosity, a readiness for the greater sacrifice required.

No day passes that some compelling petition does not come in to every subordinate Lodge. It can be appropriately dealt with only when some individual Elk gives heed to it and accords it sympathetic consideration. Some one must give personal attention to it.

It may be that the next call in your Lodge will necessitate a request for such attention on your part. If you are a good Elk you will be slow to make excuse to avoid the fraternal obligation. It may be that it will involve some sacrifice of time and convenience. But, before declining, you should think well and soberly, and be sure that you are honest with the Order and with yourself.

Before declaring that the service asked is too much trouble to you, remember that some one else has had too much trouble before the need was presented.





Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Grand Exalted Ruler at Denver, Colo., Lodge for Golden Anniversary

FIFTEEN HUNDRED Elks, seven hundred of whom were visitors from other Lodges in Colorado and States near-by, assembled recently at the Home of Denver Lodge, No. 17, to celebrate its Golden Anniversary, or fiftieth anniversary of its institution. This memorable event coincided with the official visit to the Lodge of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, who presided at the initiation of the Golden Anniversary Class of seventy-seven candidates and who delivered an exceptionally stirring address. Prominent among the distinguished guests present, besides Mr. Coen, were Judge Wilbur M. Alter, Chief Grand Justice of the Grand Forum; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Chester B. Horn, Byron Albert, and M. P. Keating, of Colorado; and J. J. Ryan, of Kansas. The pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by musical programs offered by the Elks Band of Brighton Lodge, No. 1586, and the double quartet of Longmont Lodge, No. 1055. An unusual feature of the initiation was the induction of three brothers, John J. Wafer, Jr., George E. Wafer and William H. Wafer, whose father, John J. Wafer, is a member of No. 17. Floral contributions and messages of felicitation were received from the City of Denver, from Mayor George D. Begole and from the Knights of Columbus.

Aurora, Ill., Elks Ritualistic Team Again Wins State Title

Before three hundred members of Illinois Lodges, the Ritualistic Team of Aurora Lodge, No. 705, recently won, for the third time in four years, the ritualistic championship of its State, in a contest held at the Home of Mendota Lodge, No. 1212. Second place went to Kewanee Lodge, No. 724; third to Kankakee Lodge, No. 627; and fourth to Dixon Lodge, No. 779. Judges of the competition were Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler F. C. Winter; and Secretary William B. Savage, of the Illinois State Elks Association. Nelson H. Millard, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee, presided.

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge Sponsors Seven Boys' Baseball Leagues

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, has adopted a plan whereby this summer it will sponsor at least seven boys' baseball leagues in its community. Each league, under the direction of a commissioner, a member of the Lodge, will play

Flag Day

The laws of the Order require services in observance of Flag Day on June 14th.

Today, when carping critics question American institutions, it is specially important that Flag Day services be most dignified and extensive.

I appeal to every subordinate Lodge to participate fully and enthusiastically in these services.

The Grand Lodge Convention

Our pilgrimage to the Grand Lodge Convention will soon begin. Birmingham Lodge, its city and the entire State of Alabama are working for your entertainment while there.

My personal investigation warrants the assurance that you will enjoy "real Southern hospitality" in Alabama, and be as comfortable physically there as at any point in the country.

Grand Exalted Ruler

The Ritualistic Team of Adams, Mass., Lodge, with the cup they received recently in token of their winning the championship of the western district of their State

a schedule; and at the close of the season a final group of games called a Little World's Series will be arranged to decide the champion of champions. A banquet for all the young players, whose ages range from eleven to sixteen, will be held later. In charge of the entire arrangement is David Schoonover, member of the City Recreation Committee. He has appointed as assistants Joseph F. Riley, Jr., Edward J. Northrup, Benjamin L. Flynn, Charles A. Donahue, Dr. Louis J. Lodico, Harry Fean and Bennie E. Golos.

More Lodges Report Initiation of George Washington Classes

Since the publication, in the April issue, of the first list of initiations of George Washington Prosperity Classes by Lodges, and the subsequent additional list in the May issue, THE ELKS MAGAZINE has received a few still later reports of similar events. It takes pleasure herewith in announcing them: Delta, Colo., Lodge, No. 1235, thirteen candidates; Norristown, Pa., Lodge, No. 714, nine candidates.

Operation Restores Sight of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Benjamin

As a result of an accidental fall some months ago, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin suffered detachment of the retina of the right eye, which occasioned loss of sight in that eye. Mr. Benjamin was most successfully operated upon at the University of Chicago Hospital by Dr. Peter Kronfeld early in March, and four weeks later was able to return to his business, with his sight fully restored.

Father Installs Son as Exalted Ruler of Hudson, Wis., Lodge

Several hundred members of Hudson, Wis., Lodge, No. 640, recently gathered at the Home on the occasion of the installation of the new officers. The ceremonies were featured by the installation of Exalted Ruler-elect William J. Burton by his father, Past Exalted Ruler W. Y. Burton. The meeting was also designated as "New Home Booster Nite." Much enthusiasm was shown by the members for the erection of a new Home, to be ready for occupancy in the early fall.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Holland Out of Hospital After Operation

The friends of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland will be glad to learn that he has returned to his home after five weeks in the Emergency Hospital, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Holland, who was operated on March 20 for a gangrenous appendix, is well on the way to recovering his usual strength and vigor.

East Orange, N. J., Elks Thank Malden, Mass., Lodge for Kind Act

East Orange, N. J., Lodge, No. 630, recently voted to convey a message of thanks to the members of Malden, Mass., Lodge, No. 065, for having given Christian burial to the body of a then unidentified young man who, it was discovered later, was a former resident of East Orange. As reported in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the young man was

found frozen to death in the snow in Pine Banks Park, Malden; and the Elks of No. 965, under the leadership of Exalted Ruler-elect Frank C. Doucette, paid the expenses of church services and burial, to save the body from the Potter's Field. Not long thereafter, when the identity of the dead man was known, Past Exalted Ruler C. Willard Cleveland, of East Orange Lodge, attending a meeting of Malden Lodge, expressed to its members, in behalf of No. 630, his thanks for their beneficence. The written appreciation of the East Orange Elks was set forth subsequently in a letter from their Secretary, H. T. Robinson, to Secretary Thomas C. Kenney, of No. 965. Mr. Robinson wrote, in part: "Your Lodge can well be proud of its members, who exemplify such marvelous humanitarian spirit, and we are indeed happy to belong to an Order where the spirit of 'helping the other fellow' prevails."

New Haven, Conn., Elks Celebrate 48th Anniversary with Banquet

More than four hundred Elks attended a banquet recently at the Home of New Haven, Conn., Lodge, No. 25, commemorating the Forty-eighth Anniversary of the founding of the Lodge. At the business session, which preceded the dinner, a group of fifty-two candidates was initiated into the Order. Prominent among those to be inducted was Governor Wilbur L. Cross, of Connecticut. At the dinner, the Governor delivered the principal address of the occasion. Other distinguished guests to speak were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Skelly, President Martin J. Cunningham, of the Connecticut State Elks Association; and Mayor John W. Murphy, of New Haven.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge Will Induct 500 Before Grand Exalted Ruler

Plans for the initiation of a class of candidates numbering between 500 and 1,000, upon the occasion of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen's official visit, scheduled for June 10, have been made by Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. This class will be known as "The Harry T. Woods Class," in honor of the recently elected Exalted Ruler of No. 22. Besides the induction of these several hundred new members, the Lodge has arranged, as a tribute to the Grand Exalted Ruler, a banquet, to be held in the Lodge Home. Mr. Coen will be met at the Grand Central Station upon the morning of his arrival in New York and, with a special police escort, will be conducted to the Home in Brooklyn. In the afternoon, after his reception at the Home, he will, in company with the members of the Exalted Ruler's class, attend a baseball game at Ebbets Field. The dinner and the subsequent Lodge meeting will be attended also by many Grand Lodge officers, past and present; and other Elks of important rank.

Phoenix, Ariz., Newspaper Praises Charity Work of Bisbee Lodge

In an editorial in a recent number of the Phoenix, Ariz., *Gazette*, the Elks of Bisbee Lodge, No. 671, were commended for the splendid welfare program being conducted by them among the unemployed of their city. "Among the generous agencies of that city," the *Gazette* remarks, "is the Bisbee Lodge of Elks. One of the cardinal principles of the Order is charity. And Bisbee Elks are practicing it nobly, cheerfully and industriously. . . ." The editorial states that the funds for this charity work are being raised by means of card parties, dances and other forms of entertainment, under the sponsorship of the Lodge. In the case of one social event, a card party given at the Lodge a short time ago, the Elks charged an admission price of fifty cents' worth of sugar. By this unusual method they accumulated more than one thousand pounds of sugar for distribution among needy families. On another occasion a dance was given at the Home for the purpose



Governor Wilbur L. Cross of Connecticut, upon his induction into New Haven Lodge, is congratulated by Exalted Ruler August Eirich

of raising additional funds for the welfare program. Other affairs have been conducted and still others are planned. The editorial in the *Gazette* concludes its comment by saying: "Members of this great American Order may well be proud of their brothers in the Bisbee district."

Napoleon, O., Elks Honor Past Exalted Ruler on 80th Birthday

James Patrick Ragan, senior Past Exalted Ruler of Napoleon, O., Lodge, No. 929, is of Irish blood. His birthday, moreover, falls upon St. Patrick's Day. In view of these two facts and of another, the coincidence of a regular meeting of the Lodge upon March 17, Mr. Ragan's fellow members were prompted to arrange for him upon that evening a surprise banquet. He was led to suspect nothing unusual through the pretext of being asked to attend a meeting of the Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers; and he arrived at the Home utterly unprepared for the tribute in store for him. Besides the dinner tendered in honor of Mr. Ragan's eightieth birthday, a portrait of him was unveiled upon the occasion; addresses were made by Past Exalted Ruler G. E. Rafferty and Judge Theodore Daman; and a birthday cake, baked by Mrs. Arnold F. Suhr, wife of the Lodge Secretary, was presented to him.



The new Lodge room of Garrett, Ind., Lodge, upon the occasion of its dedication recently. Two hundred Elks, representing many Lodges of the State, attended the exercises

The toastmaster, introduced by Exalted Ruler Max Eckber, was Past Exalted Ruler Gale B. Orwig.

House-High Colorado Snows Halt District Deputy's Calls

Snow as high as the housetops proved an obstacle, but, at last, not an insurmountable one to District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. P. Keating, of Colorado, South, in the course of his series of official visits during the later winter months to Lodges within his jurisdiction. Mr. Keating's Home Lodge is No. 90, in Pueblo in the San Luis Valley. From there to Alamosa, where Lodge 1297 is, is nearly 150 miles, and the way lies over mountain passes 7,500 feet high. It required several attempts on the District Deputy's part to break through to make his call. Further difficulty was encountered when he sought to reach Creede Lodge, No. 506. This Lodge and its entire community were cut off from the rest of the world by the snow for several days.

Articles by Famous Writers to Appear in Albany, N. Y., Lodge's Bulletin

In the June issue of *Elkdom News*, published under the auspices of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, there will appear a special article from the pen of O. O. McIntyre, one of the most popular newspaper columnists in the country. This article is the first of a series of celebrated writers whose names are to be seen in *Elkdom News*. Others to follow Mr. McIntyre are Arthur Brisbane, Floyd Gibbons, Claude G. Bowers, Arthur "Bugs" Baer, Will Rogers, Fannie Hurst, and Mark Hellinger. This list in itself is an excellent indication of the remarkably fine work being done by *Elkdom News'* editor, R. J. Lewis, Jr.

New Lodge Rooms of Garrett, Ind., Lodge Dedicated Before 200 Elks

Approximately two hundred Elks, including delegations from Fort Wayne, Warsaw, Bluffton, Huntington, Decatur and Columbia, Ind., Lodges, recently attended the dedicatory exercises for the opening of the new Lodge rooms of Garrett Lodge, No. 1447. Prominent among those who took part in the ceremonies were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wiecking; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Lee M. Bowers, and Secretary William C. Groehl, of the Indiana State Elks Association. Following the ceremonies a banquet and social session were held.

"Boys of Auld Lang Syne" Honor Birthday of Indianapolis Lodge

"The Boys of Auld Lang Syne," consisting of those who have been members of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13, for twenty-five years or more, gathered recently at a banquet at the Antlers Hotel, Indianapolis, in celebration of the fifty-first anniversary of the

Ocean Trips Arranged for Elks Going To the Grand Lodge Convention

From New England. Leave Boston July 7. Arrive New York, July 8, sailing aboard Eastern Steamship liner for Norfolk, to arrive there July 9. All-day excursion to Virginia Beach, after which continue by train to Birmingham, arriving July 10. Accommodations during convention at Hotel Bankhead. Special banquet and dance, Hotel Jefferson, July 13. Leave Birmingham by train July 14, for Roanoke, Va. Sixty-mile motor trip, including visit to Elks National Home, Bedford, Va., July 15. Depart for Washington, with stopover to visit caverns at Luray, Va., evening of 15th, arriving in Washington July 16. Leave Washington, July 17, arriving in New York same day and proceeding to Boston by boat, to arrive July 18. Alternate way of return by sea, sailing from Savannah, Ga., for New York and Boston.

For information: address 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.

From Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. Plan A: Leave New York, July 9. By rail to Birmingham, arriving July 10. Return to New York July 15.

Plan B: Sail from New York, July 15, on S. S. *Columbus* for visits to Ireland, England, Holland, France and Germany. Sailing from Southampton, England, August 6, on S. S. *Bremen*, to arrive in New York August 11. For information, address: Robert J. Leik, 110 Livingston Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

From Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211. Leave New York (Pier 48—N. R.) July 2 aboard Southern Pacific steamship. Ar-

rive New Orleans, July 8, for two-day stop-over. Accommodations at Hotel Jung. Leave New Orleans, July 10, by train for Biloxi. Accommodations at Buena Vista Hotel for four days—golfing, boating, fishing. Leave Biloxi July 13. Arrive Birmingham, July 14. Leave Birmingham the night of July 14 by S.A.L. Railroad. Arrive Atlanta July 15. Motor trip to Stone Mountain. Leave Atlanta night of July 15. Arrive Jersey City July 16. For information, address: Secretary, Thomas F. Moore, Jersey City Lodge, 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

From San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3. Leave San Francisco, June 18, aboard S. S. *California* for New York via Panama and Havana. Depart for Philadelphia and Washington after a few days in New York. Special trip from Washington to Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., and thence to Chattanooga and a side trip to Lookout Mountain, including visit to battlefields. Leave Chattanooga for Birmingham. Depart July 19 for San Francisco via New Orleans and Los Angeles. For information, address: Frank P. Noon, Editor Bulletin, San Francisco Lodge, 456 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif.

From New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, District of Columbia. Leave New York, July 4, aboard S. S. *Iroquois* for Havana, arriving there July 7, spending the day there. Leave for Mobile, Ala., to arrive July 9, to spend a day. Depart for Birmingham to arrive July 11. Leave Birmingham, July 14, by train for Mobile; sailing from there July 15 for Havana, for stay of a night and day. Leave Havana, July 17, arriving in New York, July 18. For information, see notice on Page 31.

institution of their Lodge. One hundred and fifty were in attendance. At the social session following the dinner, and conducted by Past Exalted Ruler Joseph J. Bauer, addresses were made by Exalted Ruler Joseph E. Barron and Secretary William G. Taylor; and two striking recitations were offered by John M. Sullivan. Prominent among those present was Past Exalted Ruler George W. June, a charter member. Telegrams were received from other charter members, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning; former Postmaster-General Harry S. New; and Past Exalted Ruler James V. Cook, expressing regrets at their inability to attend.

New York, N. Y., Elks Entertain Fire Chief John B. Conlon

Many Elks gathered recently at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, on the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of one of the Lodge's most distinguished members, John B. Conlon, Chief of the New York Fire Department, Marine Division. Among the prominent guests at the affair who spoke were Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Augustus F. Groll, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee; Esteemed Loyal Knight Martin G. McCue; Moses Altmann, Trustee; the Rev. Lafayette Yarwood and the Rev. Franklin Rosenbloom, all of No. 1. Many tributes were paid to the guest of honor by those speakers. Mr. Conlon responded with modesty and entertained his listeners with stories of the life of a fire-fighter in New York City. Among the many rewards which Mr. Conlon has received in his twenty-seven years'

service with the Fire Department are the Life Saving Medal of the State of New York, the Stevenson Medal, Fire Department Great Gold Medal of China and the Gold Congressional Medal, the highest American honor.

Correcting an Error in Report of Dedication at Hoover Dam

THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this, the earliest possible opportunity, to make a correction which appeared in its May issue, in "Under

the Spreading Antlers." The error occurred in an article on the dedication of the monument erected by the Elks at Hoover Dam, Nevada. The article stated that the ceremonies were opened by President Paul V. Kelly, of the Utah State Elks Association. This was incorrect. Past Exalted Ruler E. W. Kelly, of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, conducted the opening ceremonies for the dedication and delivered the dedicatory address. Mr. Kelly's activities and keen interest in the project were greatly responsible for the complete success of the affair.

Past Grand Inner Guard D. R. Scott Injured in Automobile Accident

Past Grand Inner Guard D. R. Scott was injured recently when the automobile in which he was riding overturned near Terre Haute, Ind. Mr. Scott was badly bruised and cut and was forced to spend a few days in the Union Hospital in that city. THE ELKS MAGAZINE takes this opportunity to wish Mr. Scott a speedy and complete recovery.

Member of Garden City, Kans., Lodge Makes Bequest for Charity

For the increase of its charity fund, Garden City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1404, received a short time ago a bequest from one of its late members, Hiram Armstrong, who had died a short time before. The bequest was made in the form of a title to a plot of land in Garden City. The will instructed the Trustees of the Lodge to sell the property and to devote the proceeds of the sale to the general program for relief of the poor of the city. Welfare work of this sort was an activity of especial interest to Mr. Armstrong. Although he was wealthy at the time of his death, he had been, when he came to Garden City twenty-five years before, virtually destitute.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Wins Two Handball Championships

The handball team of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, recently won, in both the A and the B Leagues, the handball championship of Southern California. In the A League competition, the Elks defeated their nearest rivals, the Los Angeles Y. M. C. A., by a ten-game margin. The struggle in the B League was closer, No. 99's representatives gaining their victory over the Los Angeles Athletic Club by the difference of only a single game in standing.

Prominent Guests Attend Meeting At Oak Park, Ill., Lodge

Twenty-seven Lodges in Illinois were represented by over four hundred Elks at a



The Handball Team of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge and the two trophies awarded its members for winning the Class A and Class B championships of Southern California

meeting held recently at the Home of Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295. Prominent among the distinguished guests present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and President J. C. Dallenbach, and William J. Savage, Secretary, of the Illinois State Elks Association. Following the business session a most enjoyable supper was served in the Lodge's dining-room.

What Eastern Elks Will Do On Grand Lodge Convention Cruise

The following is the day-by-day schedule of activities for the eastern Elks who are arranging to travel to and from the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham aboard the Clyde liner *Iroquois*:

Monday, July 4—Sail from New York, Pier 36, North River, at 3 P. M. with a great bunch of "happy-go-luckies"—all Convention bound, all keyed up to the idea of a grand old time.

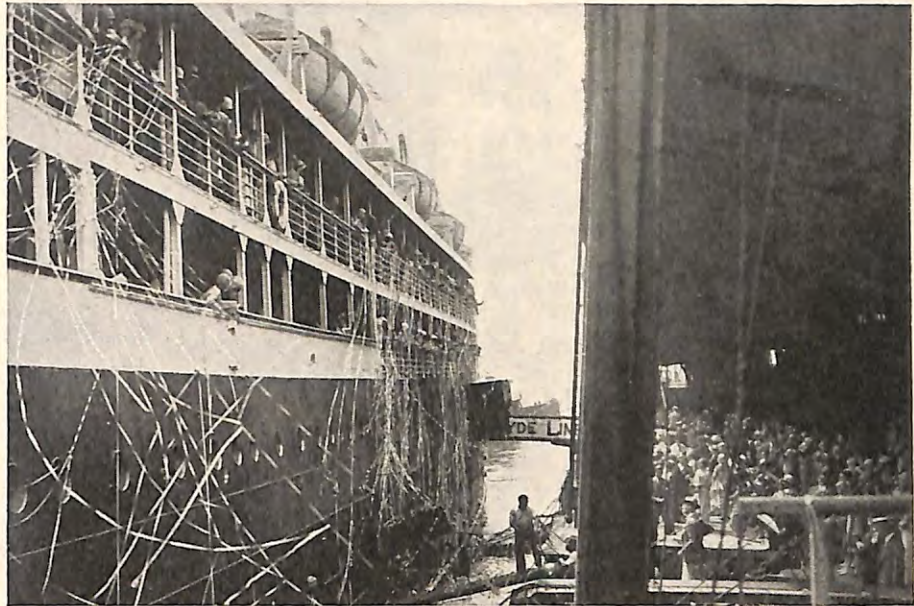
Tuesday, July 5—Wednesday, July 6—What'll you do? Everything imaginable, everything that makes a transatlantic voyage an unforgettable memory. You'll have concerts, card games, parties, dancing, deck sports—3 whopping big meals every day that'll take some time to digest—a snack in between, perhaps, and if you wish, you can "play the ponies," on the deck of course.

Thursday, July 7—Havana—You arrive at 8 A. M. Is there any need to describe Havana or what you do there? The "Paris of the Western World" is everything to everybody. No place on earth has more glamour, more romance, more charm, more interest. You have until midnight to wander its highways and by-ways, returning to the steamer for meals, if you desire. Here are a few pointers—don't miss the Roof Gardens, the National Museum and Capitol, La Playa, Sloppy Joe's, Old Morro—see the rhumba in its native haunt. Well, get back by midnight, for the steamer sails at that time for Mobile.

Friday, July 8—At sea again, this time in the blue and phosphorescent waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Flying fish escort the ship as you and the ladies talk over Havana—some place, that town, eh? Try your golf game down on "B" Deck—write a few postal cards to mail when you get to Mobile. Better rest, for tomorrow will be a busy day, and by the way, watch for some of the most gorgeous "skylines" you've ever seen.

Saturday, July 9—Arrive Mobile at 4 in the afternoon. Can't say anything about what you do there yet but there are plans afoot for "big doings." Of course, the ship is your hotel all the time you're there; don't have to move a thing and meals are served at the regular hours.

Sunday, July 10—You spend the day in



The festive farewell to the Elks sailing aboard the Clyde liner *Iroquois* for the Grand Lodge Convention in Miami, in 1928. The same palatial steamer will carry several hundred of them this year to Havana and Mobile, for the Convention in Birmingham. The complete itinerary is given on this page, at the left

Mobile, famous for its beaches, ocean drives and deep sea fishing, and board a special train of sleepers that night (time will be announced on board ship) for Birmingham and the official convention.

Monday, July 11 to Thursday, July 14—Convention Days. The entertainment of Elks and their families is in the hands of the Birmingham Committee—enough said. Hotel accommodations will be made in advance when booking for the trip is made.

Thursday, July 14—Leave Birmingham late that night after close of convention, arriving Mobile early Friday morning.

Friday, July 15—Transfer to steamer to enjoy another of those big shipboard breakfasts while the good ship *Iroquois* casts loose for Havana. Another day at sea, and across the Gulf Stream.

Saturday, July 16—Havana again, this time at 4 P. M. and you have all night and all the next day until 6 P. M. to look over the spots you missed. Don't forget Jai Alai, the Malecon, cigarettes, cigars—you know you can bring into the U. S. A. \$100 worth of foreign merchandise per person without paying duty. And while you "do" Havana, the *Iroquois* will wait at the dock—search her out when you're tired or hungry.

Sunday, July 17—6 P. M. is sailing time, so say your "adieux" to Havana and get on board before then.

Monday, July 18—Tuesday, July 19—At sea, steaming up the coast. Watch the log in the Smoking Room; maybe there'll be a daily pool on the distance the ship covers. Well, there isn't much time left now, so get the addresses of the boys, pack the grips and be ready—for once.

Wednesday, July 20—At 10 A. M. you're at the dock in New York. It's all over, but you won't forget it—ever.

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.; George Burden, B. P. 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.

Jersey City, N. J., Elks Arrange Trip to the Grand Lodge Convention

An all-expense vacation tour for Elks and their families to the 68th Annual Convention of the Grand Lodge, at Birmingham, Ala., was arranged recently by the National Reunion Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211. The itinerary will include a sea voyage on a Southern Pacific steamer from New York City to New Orleans, with a two-day stopover there; a railroad journey to Biloxi for four days of golf and other outdoor sports; and from there another trip by train to Birmingham. The return from Birmingham will be made by rail. Those who are interested in the special tour and desire detailed information should apply to Secretary Thomas F. Moore, Jersey City Lodge, 2855 Boulevard, Jersey City, N. J.

Fraternal and Charitable Record Of Everett, Wash., Elks Unusual

Substantial increase in membership and engagement in diverse and valuable welfare work within its community are items upon the list of splendid accomplishments made during the year just past by Everett, Wash., Lodge, No. 470. The Lodge has added 108 to its numbers. Seventy-one of these were inducted in a group, as a George Washington Prosperity Class. Apart from strictly fraternal activities, the Everett Elks have undertaken medical and



The several hundred children who this year were the guests at the annual Easter Party given by Yankton, S. D., Elks in the dining-room of their Lodge Home



Members of Cincinnati, O., Lodge at the special memorial services conducted recently at the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann

other relief work among the needy of their city. Through their efforts, ninety-one operations have been performed for tonsils and adenoids upon boys and girls requiring this treatment. Sixty-five others have received eye glasses and 151 have had the advantage of dental attention. Throughout the winter, the Lodge supplied staple groceries to destitute families in its city. The cost of the entire relief work is estimated to have been about \$8,000.

Clifton Forge, Va., Elks Visit Home of Roanoke Lodge

More than thirty members of Clifton Forge, Va., Lodge, No. 1065, accompanied by their Ritualistic and Drill Teams, recently made a fraternal visit to the Home of Roanoke Lodge, No. 197. Upon its arrival the Clifton Forge delegation was received by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Morris L. Masinter, Exalted Ruler Charles D. Fox, Jr., and a numerous gathering of other Roanoke Elks. At the meeting, the Ritualistic and Drill Teams of Clifton Forge Lodge initiated a group of candidates for No. 197. Before the meeting the visitors were entertained at a dinner.

Exalted Ruler of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge Inducts His Three Sons

Exalted Ruler Albin A. Hartman, of Hilo, Hawaii, Lodge, No. 759, recently presided at the initiation of his three sons into the Lodge. Prominent among those present at this unusual event were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. A. Devine and Past Exalted Rulers D. E. Metzger, F. M. Carr, J. M. Cannon and H. H. Padgett. The three young initiates were F. L., W. A., and Albin A. Hartman, Jr.

Special Memorial Services for Past Grand Exalted Ruler Herrmann

Upon the first anniversary of the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler August Herrmann, members of his Lodge, Cincinnati, O., No. 5, held special memorial exercises at his grave in the German Protestant Cemetery. Assembling at the Home, one hundred and fifty members of No. 5, preceded by a police escort, journeyed to the place of burial. The services were opened by Syl Kirk, a close personal friend of the late Mr. Herrmann's. The de-

liverance of a prayer prepared expressly for the occasion was then rendered by George F. Conner, Chaplain of the Lodge last year. There followed an address of eulogy by Past Exalted Ruler Max Friedman; and the singing of Mr. Herrmann's favorite song, "Old Pal," by George Mulhauser. The Cincinnati Elks assembled concluded the tribute by casting flowers upon the grave and by placing a wreath upon the Past Grand Exalted Ruler's tomb.

40th Anniversary is Celebrated by Steubenville, O., Lodge

More than two hundred members of Steubenville, Ohio, Lodge, No. 231, gathered recently at the Home on the occasion of the celebration of the Lodge's fortieth anniversary. Prominent among those who spoke at the ceremonies were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank G. Thomas; Exalted Ruler-elect George W. McCauslen; and Congressman Frank Murphy. Four of the eight living charter members and many Past Exalted Rulers were also in attendance. The excellent entertainment program consisted of five boxing bouts and an orchestral concert.

Charleston, S. C., Elks Give Play For Benefit of Unemployed

Under the auspices of Charleston, S. C., Lodge, No. 242, two performances of an unusually fine theatrical production were presented recently at the Academy of Music for the benefit of the city's unemployed. It is estimated that the total receipts were over \$1,000. The play received the acclaim of large and enthusiastic audiences at both performances.

Past Exalted Ruler Installs Son as Head of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge

Of exceptional interest recently at the Home of Seneca Falls, N. Y., Lodge, No. 992, was the installation of Clarence S. Conkey as Exalted Ruler, by his father, Past Exalted Ruler Clarence E. Conkey, who was head of his Lodge in 1914. This is said to be only the third instance on record among Lodges of New York wherein a Past Exalted Ruler has installed his son as Exalted Ruler.

(Continued on page 52)

News of the State Associations

Florida

NEARLY 800 Elks, including representatives of twenty-two Lodges of Florida and other States, and their guests, attended the twenty-seventh annual convention of the Florida State Elks Association, held upon three successive days recently at Fort Pierce, under the auspices of Lodge No. 1520. Both the business sessions and the social events of the meeting were distinguished for their well organized programs, and for the remarkable efficiency with which they were managed by the various committees in charge. Prominent among the guests at the meeting were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews; David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Mayor J. K. Walker, of Fort Pierce; and Mayor John Alsop, of Jacksonville. The arrival and registration of the delegates and members commenced on Sunday and continued until noon of the next day. With the singing of "America," and the pronouncement of the invocation by the Rev. P. J. Downey, Chaplain of the Association, the convention officially opened at its headquarters at the New Fort Pierce Hotel on Monday morning. The delegates and their guests were welcomed by Mayor Walker. Retiring President J. Edwin Baker responded on

(Continued on page 50)



One of the ten great coaches which will carry Florida Elks to the Grand Lodge Convention. Part of the profits from the fares will be given to the charity and welfare funds of the Florida State Elks Association



Twentieth Street, Birmingham, in the heart of the city. At the left is the Hotel Tutwiler, Grand Lodge Headquarters

1932 Grand Lodge Convention At Birmingham, Ala.

Final Bulletin

MONTHS of careful and painstaking preparation predicated upon comprehensive and elaborate plans finds Birmingham, the "Magic City" of the great Southeast, ready for the 68th Grand Lodge Convention.

There remain only the finishing touches to a program replete with many and varied features of entertainment to insure for the hosts of Elkdom when they foregather in the Alabama metropolis, next month, five days of unalloyed joy and pleasure.

Hosts for the first time to a major national gathering, the people of Birmingham keenly appreciate the tremendous responsibility which they have assumed and by unity of action and a splendid civic spirit will demonstrate in no uncertain manner that the slogan "Real Southern Hospitality" means all that it implies.

In connection with the reunion the executive committee in charge asks the cooperation of all Elks, planning to attend, in two essential matters, to wit: Hotel Accommodations and Ladies' Identification Cards.

Groups or individuals contemplating attendance are urged to communicate with the Housing Committee at once, specifying, in detail, their room requirements. Upon request, reservations will be made and confirmed, thereby assuring in advance of arrival desirable accommodations. All of the major hotels are already well booked and immediate action therefore is necessary on the part of those who have neglected to engage rooms.

For the protection of all concerned it has been decided that ladies must be equipped with the official card to register and secure badges, hospitality coupon books, etc. Such identification card is provided for by Section 200 of the Grand Lodge Statutes and is issued without cost upon request to the secretary of any subordinate Lodge.

Ritualistic Contest for National Championship

Prizes

First: The \$1000.00 Grand Lodge Cup to be held by the winning team for the year; also, through courtesy of the Birmingham Convention Committee, the sum of \$150.00 in cash.

Second: \$75.00 in cash.

Third: \$25.00 in cash.

Time

Eliminations: July 11, 1932, 10:00 A. M. and continuing through the day.

Finals: July 12, 1932, 2:00 P. M.

Place

Masonic Temple—small auditorium (note change in place of contests.)

Information

For rules or other information, write David Sholtz, Chairman, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, Daytona Beach, Fla.

All entries must be filed with Chairman by June 15, 1932.

Following is the tentative program, which, when and if approved by the Grand Exalted Ruler, will become official. However, the schedule of events is subject to amplification and change without further notice.

TENTATIVE PROGRAM

68th GRAND LODGE CONVENTION
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Saturday, July 9

Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen.

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies and Grand Lodge Members at the Tutwiler Hotel.

Sunday, July 10

Special Services in churches of various denominations.

12 Noon.—Arrival of THE ELKS MAGAZINE "Purple and White Fleet" after triumphant transcontinental tour.

3 P. M.—Pilgrimage to the grave of Hon. B. M. Allen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, in Elmwood Cemetery. Memorial address by John R. Coen, Grand Exalted Ruler.

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers, District Deputies, Committeemen and Representatives at the Tutwiler Hotel.

Registration of Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters. Issuance of badges and hospitality coupon books.

For the devotees of golf, municipal and other courses will be available.

Monday, July 11

Registration of Grand Lodge Officers, Committeemen, District Deputies and Representatives at the Tutwiler Hotel.

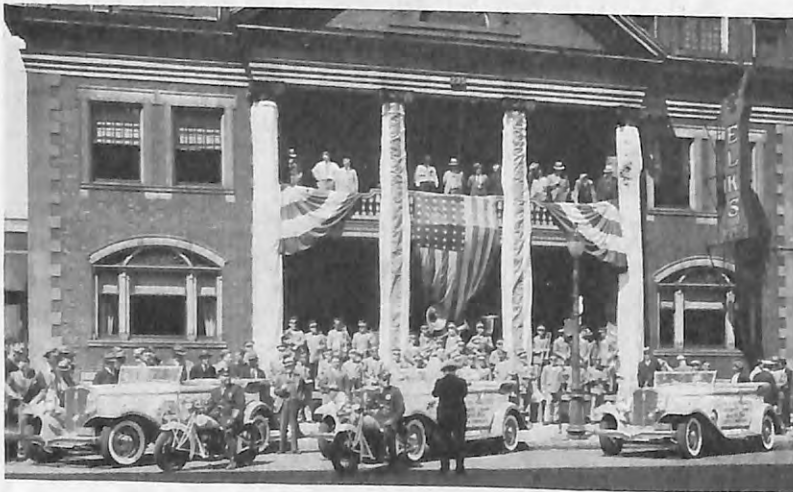
(Continued on page 64)



They're Off!

The Elks Good-will Fleet Leaves for 21,000 Mile Tour . . .

Lodges on Three Transcontinental Routes Scheduled to be Visited by Good-will Emissaries . . .



Upper left: Showing Rufus Dawes, eminent brother of former Ambassador Dawes and President of the Century of Progress, World's Fair, Chicago, 1933, at replica of Fort Dearborn, presenting invitations to drivers of Elks Good-will Fleet to deliver to members of the Grand Lodge at the National Convention at Birmingham, inviting the Elks to come to Chicago in 1933

Bottom: President Paul Hoffman of the Studebaker Corporation with C. W. Miltenger, Exalted Ruler of South Bend, Indiana Lodge, No. 235 and pilots of Good-will fleet in front of South Bend Lodge Home

Another interesting view of the departure of the 1932 Good-will Fleet from South Bend



Members of Casper, Wyo., Lodge (above, at the right) upon the occasion of Mr. Coen's visit. This was the last of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visits during the month of April, and one of the most memorable events in the history of the Lodge



Officers and other prominent members of Denver, Colo., Lodge (below, at the left) with the Grand Exalted Ruler, who paid an official call to the Lodge the evening it celebrated its Golden Anniversary. Fifteen hundred Elks, in all, were present

MILE HIGH PHOTO.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Elks gathered in the Lodge room of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler

THE beginning of April found Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen completing a tour of Lodges in Texas, which he had begun late in March. His initial visit in April was to Dallas Lodge, No. 71. Arriving in the city early in the morning of the first, Mr. Coen was met at the station by a delegation headed by Exalted Ruler George W. Loudermilk, and comprising Past Exalted Ruler William R. Dudley, Jr., formerly Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell. The Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted to the Jefferson Hotel where, together with the officers of Dallas Lodge, he was the guest at a breakfast given by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles A. Mangold. After a day of sightseeing and attendance of a baseball game, Mr. Coen was guest of honor in the evening at a banquet tendered by the Lodge at the Hotel. The enjoyment of this affair was augmented by musical programs presented by the Band of No. 71 and the Dallas Elks Chanters. Prominent Elks present at the dinner included Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. Hochwald, President Harry A. Logsdon, of the Texas State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler Wayne Manning, of Fort Worth Lodge, No. 124.

Two hundred members of the Order welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler the following evening at the Home of Fort Worth Lodge, where one of the barbecue dinners for which the city is celebrated was arranged in honor of the Lodge's distinguished guest. Mr. Downs, Mr. Hochwald, Dr. Logsdon, and H. F. Spellman, Vice President of the Texas State Elks Association, were also present.

Southwestern and Mountain States Welcome Mr. Coen

Returning to Dallas the following day, April 3, Mr. Coen, together with Mrs. Coen, who accompanied him upon this part of his journey, were the luncheon guests of Exalted Ruler Loudermilk, of No. 71. He left the city in the evening for his official call, on April 4, upon Marshall Lodge, No. 683.

Mr. Coen's presence at Marshall Lodge marked the first visit of a Grand Exalted Ruler there since the institution of the Lodge, thirty years ago. Features of his reception comprised a banquet at the Parish House of Trinity Episcopal Church, a meeting of the Lodge, and a dance at the Marshall Country Club. The evening's guests of note, besides Mr. and Mrs. Coen, included Mr. Downs and Mr. Hochwald; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. J. Manhein, of Louisiana; Exalted Ruler T. Leslie Pennington, of Shreveport, La., Lodge, No. 122; and Exalted Ruler Loudermilk and Past Exalted Ruler Dudley, of Dallas Lodge.

By motor, the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled the following day to Shreveport, for an official call upon the membership of Lodge No. 122. He and Mrs. Coen were entertained at luncheon, at the Washington Hotel, by the officers of the Lodge and their wives; and in the evening were the guests of Past Grand Inner Guard John

Mc W. Ford, acting Mayor of Shreveport. A meeting of the Lodge followed. Mr. Downs was with the Grand Exalted Ruler upon this visit.

Accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. J. Manhein, the Grand Exalted Ruler called, upon the evening of April 6, upon Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380. Prominent among the many who welcomed Mr. Coen were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Victor A. Ghio and F. W. Duttlinger; and Past Exalted Ruler Clarence Friedman, Exalted Ruler-elect Edward M. Salomon, and a numerous group of their fellow members of Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27.

From Hot Springs, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to his home in Sterling, Colo., stopping en route at Kansas City for a short period to confer with the officers of Lodge No. 26.

He resumed his official calls on April 17, when he attended the Golden Anniversary of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17. This event is reported elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

The Lodge wherein he was first initiated as an Elk, Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143, was host to Mr. Coen upon the evening of April 20. He was for two terms, from 1912 to 1914, Secretary of the Lodge; and his arrival to revisit it was an occasion especially significant. Eighteen Past Exalted Rulers and many other members of long standing were among those to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. One of these veteran Fort Morgan Elks was Mr. Coen's father-in-law, Justice of the Peace A. V. S. Saunders, eighty-four years of age now, but still an exceptionally active member of No. 1143. Present at the meeting

(Continued on page 64)



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

Rip Van Winkling Cougars

By Dr. E. T. Baker

Moscow, Idaho, Lodge No. 249

WHILE other members are displaying their prowess as mighty hunters or fishermen, the writer, as a practicing veterinarian, has had a few thrills "his own self."

A trapper in northern Idaho had dug out a family of young cougar or mountain lion. A few months later he had sold a pair of them to a middle western zoological park.

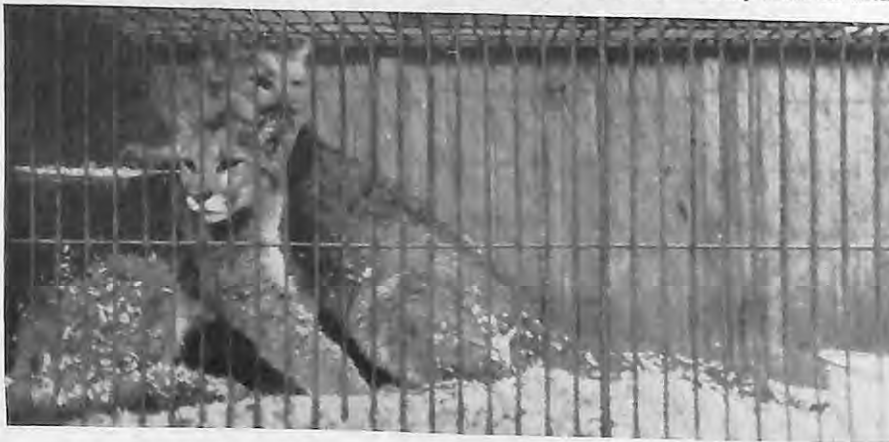
He drove up to my home in an old flivver, with a rickety cage on the back seat, in which reposed the two cougar.

"Gotta ship 'em back east, an' thought they might ride easier if they was doped a little," he explained in a matter-of-fact tone of voice, as though playing with live panthers was an everyday occurrence with me.

I looked over at them, and they returned my gaze with venomous glares.

"They don't like strangers," the trapper said, and I readily believed every word he spoke.

I could see at a glance their teeth were in perfect condition, and, without taking any exact measurements, their claws were at least three inches long. They seemed to have no desire to be fondled, and a phrenologist would have declared their bumps of affection totally absent.



"They ain't as tough as they look," explained the owner, proudly. "Why, at home, they eat right out of my hand!"

"Yeah," I returned, "and they would probably eat off my hand, too."

You see, it was a ticklish problem, for animals of the feline or cat tribe cannot be given morphine in any form. Instead of this drug lulling them to sleep, like a dog, to dream of their Rocky Mountain home, it would have just the opposite effect. They would immediately want to climb up in the air, and end with delirium and convulsions. For that reason, it was impossible to snub them up to the bars

of the cage and quickly give them a hypodermic injection under the loose skin of the neck or back.

Finally, we decided on a harmless drug, acting somewhat like aspirin, only with a more prolonged effect.

The trapper fearlessly drew one of the "varmint" up to the bars of the cage with a small rope and much expressive profanity. He then held a wide board to prevent it from scratching. I had mixed the medicine in thick sirup, and cautiously, but very rapidly, I can assure you, smeared the "dope" over the nose and lips of the snarling beast. The other one was given similar treatment, and they both looked very much abused as they licked the sticky mass off their faces.

In a short time they grew drowsy, and soon were fast asleep, snoring like lumberjacks. They made their long journey without any trouble, and probably gave thousands their first and only view of a mountain lion.

While we know of nothing more cruel or cowardly than a cougar, yet when captured young and treated with kindness, it will exhibit a form of respect for the hand that feeds it. However, we do not recommend them for common household pets.

Of Interest to Sportsmen

MONEY may be tight and there may be a depression affecting most industries, but there is no depression in the fish-growing "business," says the Izaak Walton League, as it points to the story of the little town of Hillsdale, Michigan, which laughed at old man gloom and the "no-money" story, and under the direction of the local chapter of the League raised \$5,000 just to grow game fish.

The Department of Conservation of Michigan matched this \$5,000 with a similar amount, and the result was a rearing pond which produced 472,000 bluegills this year. All of these fish were planted in lakes in Hillsdale county which are open to public fishing.

Fishermen in this county are assured of good sport in the next few years, because all of

the fish produced in the rearing ponds are to be placed in lakes close to Hillsdale for three years. Then, under the terms of the agreement between the Department of Conservation and the State of Michigan, the latter may distribute the fish where they wish.

THERE have been a lot of stories told about the proverbial "wolf at the door," but a goose hunter recently furnished the best information about a real wolf at Chicago's front door.

This goose hunter, who is able to tell the thrilling wolf story, actually found his hunting operations interfered with by several coyotes or prairie wolves, just one hour and forty-five minutes from Chicago's loop. The animals

visited a pen of live decoys and tried to get at these plump wild geese which were in a field close to the Illinois River.

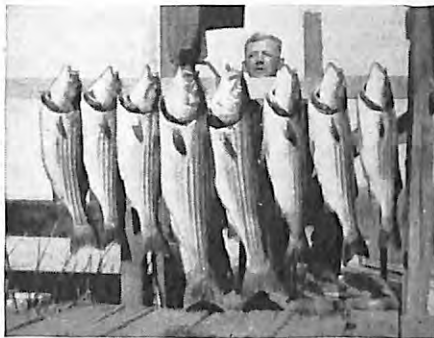
As soon as he knew that coyotes were after the geese, the hunter hid in his blind and shot one by moonlight. Then he set traps near the goose pen and caught two more.

The fact that prairie wolves still can be taken less than sixty miles from the heart of Chicago is a good example of how crafty and smart wild animals become close to civilization. In spite of intensive hunting and trapping, these animals manage to live. Another interesting wild animal recently taken just forty miles from down-town Chicago was a badger, a species which still practices its hole-digging stunts west of the city limits.



Large Mouth and Small

These ten black bass, both large and small mouth, were taken in about two hours from Gunn Lake, Fountain, Mich., by Mr. and Mrs. Walter I. Towne of Lodge 48, Grand Rapids, using 6-ounce fly rods and trolling with live bait. The largest small mouth weighed 3¾ lbs., while the prize big mouth scaled 5½ lbs.



Stripers, Ahoy!

The above bunch of Stripers (striped bass) range from 16 to 32 lbs. in weight and were caught in San Francisco Bay by Mr. H. Hamilton of Santa Monica Lodge, No. 906. Ham enjoys quite a reputation as a striper fisher, which is born out in his recent article in the Pacific Sportsmen, entitled "The Striper." Perhaps he will tell us how it's done some time.

A Bear of a Story

Mr. Charles A. Whitechurch, Long Beach, California, No. 888, says that to shoot a bear is one

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.



thing, but to plant that shot in Mr. Bear's eye is just one of those "Believe It Or Not" miracles. Mr. Whitechurch says that was his good fortune in the Sierras of the Golden Bear State. He said it sounds like a bear story, but it was a grand and glorious feeling. The one smoking the pipe is Mr. Whitechurch.



An Opening Day Beauty

The first day of the season produced the above trout that measured 33 inches in length and weighed 15 pounds. Urban Mangold of Wenatchee Lodge, 1186, says that the trout is a Dolly Varden and was caught in Lake Chelan in Chelan County, Washington.



A Mixed String

Some of the boys who go in for deep-sea fishing scoff at the idea of wasting time on fresh water or sweet water as they call it, but you will never be able to convince Nate Krauss and Les Ritter of Bloomsburg, Pa., No. 436, that it isn't fun. The above snapshot is ample proof of a full day. Thirteen pickerel and eight perch, caught at Lake Wallenpaupack at Hawley, Pa., with the largest pickerel measuring 25½ inches and weighing 5½ lbs. Not so bad.

"I'm Gettin' Back to Nature"

By F. H. Stover

Bay City, Mich., Lodge, No. 188

For us who like to get into the outdoors and rough it, my own section right here in eastern Michigan has all the appeals of a first-class vacation spot.

Even now I am having visions of the open road, the cool, peaceful waters of a lake, the queer broken outlines of picturesque rocks, fish that jump above the water in high glee—camping beneath the trees at sunset, stopping at historic points to muse upon their pasts, rowing and canoeing, swimming and shooting—all these are crowding before my mind as the sun is getting higher in the heavens.

"The long light shakes across the lake," and somewhere in eastern Michigan this year I'm going to thrill to its glory.

I'm going to the places where forests of pines whisper a welcome, where beauty lingers along meandering rivers and peaceful lakes.

I'm going to trek through some of Michigan's state forests. Those forests are an imposing sight from any angle, but there lies a thrill of immensity in their seemingly endless reach when viewed from the top of a State Forest tower. The spectacle of the swaying tops of trees somehow gets inside you and sweeps away the dust that gathers in the soul.

I may be traveling alone this year, but there is

plenty of information stored in my noodle for Elks who want to share the eastern Michigan outdoors with me. There is room galore for us all.

(Ed. Note.) Mr. Stover swears he has never

heard a real estate salesman in action, so what he says must be true. We would feel amply repaid for a trip to Michigan if we could find the place where the picture below was taken.



Crash and Carry

(Continued from page 8)

I bet he's a'ready long gone fum Bumminham an' ain't never comin' back."

"Hmm! Tha's what you think, but I know better. Ol' robber knows them jools is wuth thousands of dollars, an' he knows where at he th'owed 'em. He's comin' right back to that alley an' hunt. Doesn't he find 'em there—or hear that they has been discovered—he's gwine commence searchin' fo' the fellers which really did find 'em, an' he ain't gwine rest easy until he learns who."

Mr. Johnson seemed a trifle uneasy. "An' you is gwine have these jools, ain't you, Florian?"

"Suttinly not! You is!"

"How come I got to keep 'em?"

"Cause you is so dumb nobody wouldn't never suspek you of nothin'. An' besides, if this criminal comes back lookin' fo' that booty an' finds out who has it—you is big enough to handle him, an' I ain't."

"Burglars is ornery fellers, ain't they, Florian?"

"Kind of."

"You reckon he totes a gun?"

"Mebbe."

"Florian, I somehow don't crave this job. Does you take care of the jools, it's all right. But Ise skeered I'll lose 'em—an' beside, I don't yearn to git no burglars mad at me. You see, Brother Slappey—I wasn't awful happy about huntin' fo' no criminal, an' suttinly don't feel so good about him huntin' fo' me."

"Shuh! He ain't huntin' fo' you. He don't even know who has got the jools."

"But I know, don't I? Nossuh, Brother Slappey—I don't git enthusiastic about no part of this thing."

Mr. Slappey rose and bowed. "A'right, Spasm—have it yo' own way. Take them jools an' go along to the p'lice. An' when they got you locked up, I'll come down to the jailhouse an' see you some time."

BEADS of cold perspiration stood out on Mr. Johnson's forehead. Being an utterly simple and forthright individual, he was dazed and frightened by the bewildering complications which had been injected into the affair. He could not realize that his own advice had been soundest from the first; he could not understand why Mr. Slappey—with the best intentions in the world—was causing a simple matter to become highly involved. He only knew that he dared not cut loose from Florian, that he dared not separate himself from the massive Slappeyan brain. Weakly, he took the bag of jewels from the table and dropped them in his pocket.

"A'right, Florian—I keep 'em, but Ise skeered."

"You ain't gwine be skeered to take half that reward, is you?"

"If Ise alive I'll be happy," observed Spasm lugubriously, "but not otherwise."

Florian rubbed the palms of his hands together. "Thing fo' us to figger out now, is how to he'p the robber find out where the jools is at."

"No! I don't think that is such a good idea."

"We got to do it, Spasm. You don't seem to understan' the mess us is in."

"I understan' I don't want no robber gunnin' fo' me."

"You ain't frightened, is you?"

"Who says I ain't? 'Cause who does is a liar."

"You ain't got nothin' to worry about. Ise behind you."

"I'd rather you was in front, Brother Slappey."

"Ain't you got confidence in me, Spasm?"

"Uh-huh, but I got a heap mo' confidence in that burglar."

Mr. Slappey shrugged. "What you ain't got is no cou'age. Mebbe you'd better sleep

heah with me to-night. To-morrow mawnin' things ain't gwine look so bad."

They crawled into bed and extinguished the light. Within five minutes Mr. Slappey was snoring elegantly, but not so Mr. Johnson.

The large man stared into the darkness and listened to the slap of sleet against the windowpanes. He heard the sighing of trees and the whir of passing automobiles. The bag of jewels lay like a hard lump under his pillows; an accusing, dangerous lump which mutely prophesied trouble and lots of it.

Eventually, Spasm slept. He waked as the first gray finger of a chilly dawn poked under the windowshade—and he lay motionless until Florian rose cheerfully at seven o'clock.

Concealing the jewels in his coat pocket, Mr. Johnson trailed his dapper friend disconsolately downtown to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor where they breakfasted frugally on barbecued pork, grits, gravy, biscuits, battercakes. Then Florian accompanied Spasm to the latter's home and assisted in hiding the jewels in the nethermost depths of Spasm's ancient trunk.

"I still don't think this is a good idea," observed Mr. Johnson sadly.

"It's got to be—now."

"Why?"

"Cause us has done burned our britches. Even had it been a good scheme to take them things to the p'lice las' night, it's too late now. Holdin' 'em all this time is just the same as sayin' that we stold 'em."

Spasm's countenance was decorated with an expression of colossal misery.

"An' what do we do nex', Florian?"

"Kind of circulate th'ough the city," counseled Mr. Slappey, "an' see whether anybody knows about Jasper De Void's store gittin' burgled."

Within thirty minutes it became apparent that Darktown was discussing nothing else. The watchman, it seemed, had eventually encountered a policeman and explained the case, and the uniformed authorities were busily hunting for the daring intruder who had blown the safe and escaped with jewels valued at several thousand dollars. A reward of five hundred dollars had already been offered "for information leading to the conviction of the thief and the recovery of the jewels."

"You see," said Florian triumphantly—"It ain't enough just to give them jools back; also we got to catch the burglar."

"Or else he's got to catch us."

Mr. Slappey refused to share his friend's perturbation. He explained to Spasm with great particularity that he—Mr. Johnson—was almost totally lacking in intelligence and owed even his present freedom to Florian's sagacity. This theory, Mr. Johnson was willing to endorse . . . but such endorsement in no way increased his contentment.



Sailing races off Morro Castle, Havana, Cuba

Sitting in Bud Peaglar's place, Mr. Johnson heard snatches of discouraging conversation:

"Boy! I'd hate to meet up with that burglar! I bet he's mean."

"You said it, Cullud Feller. He mos' likely got two guns an' a bomb."

"Think of blowin' up a joolry store with a watchman sittin' right by it!"

"An' imagine gittin' away with somebody shootin' at him."

"You reckon he lives in Bumminham?"

"Even if he don't—he'll come back. He must think they's plenty of soft pickin's heah."

"Well, if he ever comes in the front do', Ise gwine out the back one. All I want 'tween me an' that feller is lots of distance."

SPASM shuffled sadly from the place. He agreed with all the horrific things he had overheard, and felt in a position to add a few more. He knew, for one thing, that the robber had not escaped with his swag . . . and he felt certain that so desperate a man would return to the city—if, indeed, he had ever left—to locate it. As the custodian of the jewelry, Mr. Johnson believed that his position was not entirely enviable.

That afternoon Mr. Johnson presented an idea to Mr. Slappey.

"We cain't take them jools back to the p'lice, can we, Florian?"

"Sho'ly not."

"Then why cain't we walk right up to Jasper De Void an' give 'em to him? He's the feller which lost 'em."

Florian withered his friend with a glance.

"Silliment you talk!"

"How come?"

"Ain't you tol' me a dozen times that what Jasper ain't got fo' you is no use?"

"Uh-huh; he do dislike me somethin' terrible."

"An' he ain't so fond of me, neither. So does us go to him with them jools, he right away thinks—just like the p'lice would do—that us was the crooks, an' that we has got skeered an' just wants the reward. Nossuh, Spasm, we has got to keep our moufs shut until we capture that robber."

Mr. Johnson moaned and walked away and for two interminable days, kept pretty much to himself. Not so Mr. Slappey.

Florian was not a negative person. Arayed in his most elegant haberdashery, insouciantly twirling a malacca cane, Florian circulated among his colored brethren asking questions. He discovered very little, but suddenly it came to him that his inordinate curiosity was exciting comment. This knowledge brought Florian up short. It would never do, he felt, to have his acquaintances suspect that his interest was more than casual. Yet, since it actually was far deeper than that, it behooved Mr. Slappey to evolve a scheme which would explain his enthusiasm.

He went into executive session with himself and indulged in some plain and fancy thinking. At first his brain did not function as it should, but eventually an idea came to him . . . a grand, impressive idea which caused Florian to emit an exclamation of glee.

The following morning, Mr. Slappey called upon his unhappy friend, Spasm. Into the large paw of Mr. Johnson, Florian inserted a card.

"Read that!" he commanded.

THE SUN & MOON WE NEVER SLEEP
DETECTIVE AGENCY

All Kinds of Detecting Done to Order
HAVE YOU GOT TROUBLES?

DO YOU WANT TO DISCOVER ABOUT
SOMETHING?

IS SOMEBODY DOING YOU WRONG?

Only Colored Detective Agcy. in B'ham.

RATES REASONABLE—SERVICE SWIFT
NO RESULTS—NO PAY

OUR MOTTO:

"If It's There We Can Find Out Where"

FLORIAN SLAPPEY—PREST.

SPASM JOHNSON—Assistance.

A frown of puzzlement settled upon Mr. Johnson's ebony forehead.

"What's it all about?" he inquired.

"Cinch. In the fóndest thing I was of. An' in the secon' place, folks has been inquirin' how I happened to be so intrust' in who stold them jools off Jasper De Void."

"Yeh, but Florian—"

"Don't but me, Big Feller. I got ev'ything all attended to."

"Ain't it the truth. You got entirely too much attended to. What do I know 'bout detecting?"

"Right. You don't know nothin' 'bout nothin'. An' anyway, this ain't no ginuwine detective agency."

"The card says—"

"Tha's to th'ow people off the scent. Now that us is detectives we got a right to ask questions 'bout anything. We can ramble aroun' an' discover who is the feller which robbed that jooly store, an' then you can grab him."

"Me?"

"Yeh—you."

"Golla, Brother Slappey—you is sho' considerate."

"Ise got brain; what I got. Up to now, we has had to preceed quiet an' cautious. Now us comes out in the open on this investigation, an' folks ain't gwine think it's funny."

"I do."

"Pfff! Anyway, it's too late now. I done rented a boy to give away five hund'ed of these cards to all the cullud folks, an' f'rall anybody knows we is gwine be doin' a slew of business."

"You ain't talkin' sense, Brother Slappey. Who's gwine hire me to find out somethin' fo' them?"

"Nobody!" snapped Florian with some slight show of irritation—"an' they'd be crazy if they did!"

But within twenty-four hours an amazing thing happened. An emaciated little man presented himself at Florian Slappey's room in Sis Callie's boarding house.

Semore Mashby was not greeted warmly. He was a thin and acidulous little money lender whose name was anathema throughout Darktown. In addition, he was Florian's pet and particular enemy.

Yet Mr. Mashby presented one of the gaudy cards and announced that he wished to retain The Sun & Moon We Never Sleep Detective Agency on no less than eleven cases. It appeared that eleven gentlemen who owed Mr. Mashby various sums of money were engaged in avoiding him, and he desired to locate them so that he might take steps to recover.

NO ONE could have been more astonished than Florian. That his camouflage enterprise would be taken seriously by anybody—and especially so astute a gentleman as Semore Mashby—had never occurred to him. Somewhat bewildered, he accepted the eleven cases . . . and then because it behooved him to show results, started out on the trails of the delinquent gentlemen.

This wasn't at all what he had planned, but he couldn't escape. He was truly delighted when he found one of his missing men at Tuxedo Junction, reported the address to Semore Mashby and received the hearty congratulations of that dour and influential individual. Then he returned to his room to find a bewildered Spasm and a massive colored lady with a burnt sienna complexion.

This visitor explained that two days previ-

ously she had sent her husband downtown to collect some sick benefits due her for two weeks of illness, and that neither he nor the money had returned. She wished to hire the Sun & Moon We Never Sleep Detective Agency to locate him and return him to her tender mercies. Florian accepted the case on a contingent basis, bowed her out of the door and came back gasping.

"Great wiggilin' tripe!" he ejaculated—"Ain't us started somethin'!"

"Wh-what?"

"Looks like we just stumbled across it. Bumm-inham must of been ripe fo' a detective agency, an' we never suspected it. Boy! what us has got heah is a business, an' I don't mean p'raps."

"But I ain't no detective."



"A pound o' prunes—and not like the last time. They was nothin' but skin and bones"

"Seems like you don't got to be. All you need to do is sit down an' colleck money."

"Yeh! An' how 'bout them jools? Why cain't we take 'em back to the p'lice now, Florian, an' say that when we became detectives we found them things, an'—"

"—An' right away they start askin' questions 'bout when an' where did we find 'em, an' fust thing you know we is gittin' ourselfs all tied up, an' after that we go to jail an' languages there fo' the rest of our nachel lifes. Nossuh, Spasm—we got to go on like we started, an' one of these days we is gwine find that robber."

But fate continued to smile upon the new detective agency which so proudly proclaimed its indefatigability. Clients poured in on them with various problems: one lady wished to learn whether certain rumors which might furnish her with divorce grounds were true; another retained the agency to establish an important alibi for her; two owners of fine automobiles desired inside information as to whether their chauffeurs were using their cars for joy-riding; a Negro picture-house owner learned that somebody was printing tickets for him—gratis—and wished the culprit discovered and punished. They came from all directions with their troubles and at the end of a week Messrs. Slappey and Johnson had attained a state of utter exhaustion.

They had created something out of nothing; had startled dusky Birmingham with the

novelty of the idea and their efficient manner of working; had accepted so many clients that they no longer had time to attend to the vital affair which had prompted the thing in the first place.

Ordinarily, Florian would have been delighted with this new sensation of power . . . but not now. Each passing day substantially increased his mental burden; each day he feared that in some unexplainable way it might be discovered that Spasm Johnson was unwilling custodian of the missing jewels . . . and now he had held himself forth to the world as Spasm's partner, and would therefore be involved in any trouble which might befall Mr. Johnson.

He worried day and night. The detective agency had been a mere cover for his inquisitiveness; now the motive could not be seen for the cover. He discussed the problem with Spasm, not because he valued the big man's advice, but because he had to talk to someone.

They agreed that something was radically wrong—and must be corrected. They agreed that they had started something they could not—and did not want to—stop. Spasm confessed that he was in constant torment. Even on his daily tasks of detecting, he looked askance at every stranger, and cross-eyed at many intimate acquaintances; fearing that each might be the desperate criminal who had robbed Jasper De Void's store and tossed his booty at their feet.

Spasm had a single-track mind and a vast capacity for worry. He couldn't forget that even though he was unable to hunt for the robber, that evil individual had all the time in the world to hunt for him. Mr. Johnson was therefore between the devil and the deep blue sea: he couldn't quite determine whether he was huntsman or quarry.

He and Florian checked over every phase of the amazing situation, and finally Mr. Slappey delivered a pronouncement.

"We got to git us an assistant."

"Assistant to what?"

"To our work. We ain't got time to hunt fo' that robber no mo'—we got too many cases."

Spasm shook his head. "That ain't no good idea, Florian. I woul'n't trus' no 'sistant."

"You woul'n't trus' nobody nohow. You is skeered of yo' own shadder. Ev' man you meet, you think he's the burglar an' he's huntin' fo' you. But that ain't the point. The idea is that us has got to keep on lookin' until we arresses the right man, an' we cain't do that so long as we ain't got no time fo' such. Now I prepose to hire somebody smart. This feller can do most of our detectin' fo' us, an' that leaves us free to hunt fo' the burglar."

"Ain't that nice!"

"It's got to be."

Mr. Johnson sighed. "You is the persuad-in'est man, Brother Slappey."

On Friday an advertisement appeared in *The Weekly Epoch*, colored newspaper:

DETECTIVE WANTED: Slick feller with brains and intelligents to work as detective. No previous experience necessary. Must have tight lips. Apply after nine o'clock any morning at The Sun & Moon We Never Sleep Detective Agency, care Sis Callie Flukers Bording House on Avenue F and ask for President Slappey.

Applicants were many. Spasm stared at them apathetically but Florian did the interviewing, crisply and efficiently.

He engaged a particularly insistent man named Yodel Harris, whose chief qualification was that he owned a car. Mr. Harris was a slender person who gave the impression of being all muscle. His eyes were keen and bright; he moved with a springy step and seemed exceedingly sure of himself.

"Good guy," observed Mr. Slappey. "Looks like he ain't skeered of nothin'."

(Continued on page 40)

(Continued from page 39)

"Where's he fum?" inquired Spasm.
 "I dunno. But he ain't been in Bumminham long an' that's gwine help."
 "Help who?"
 "Us. Nobody ain't gwine know him, an' so they won't be suspicious when he starts suspectin' 'em."

Mr. Johnson relented. "You got good sense, Florian. Now you can let Yodel handle them other cases an' you can hunt fo' our burglar."
 "We can," amended Mr. Slappey.

The ensuing days proved conclusively that Mr. Yodel Harris had all the qualifications of a good detective. He was quiet, unobtrusive, energetic and tireless. He spoke seldom and then to the point. Florian was delighted with him, but Spasm did not feel so enthusiastic.

"He's got snake eyes," declared Mr. Johnson.

"Tha's what us craves: snake eyes is good fo' detectives. An' besides, what he is lookin' fo' ain't what us is seeking to discover. Somewhere in Bumminham is our man, an' we got to find him."

"Well, if we do: what then?"

"We walk up to him an' you clap him on the shoulder—"

"Who claps who on the shoulder?"

"You clap the burglar—"

"Florian, that is crazy talk. I ain't gwine clap no burglar nowhere—no time—never."

A little car whirled up to the door and disgorged the lithe, sinewy figure of Detective Yodel Harris. Mr. Harris took the steps two at a time, reported to Detective Slappey that he was on the trail of a colored gentleman who had forgotten to pay alimony or make his whereabouts known, obtained three dollars expense money and sped downstairs again.

Spasm sauntered to the window and draped himself against the frame. Staring down into the street, he saw Yodel leap into his car and shoot down the avenue.

Then, quite suddenly, Spasm's languor departed. His huge figure tensed and he leaned forward, straining his eyes after the car. Florian questioned:

"What's the matter, Spasm?"

Mr. Johnson turned. His countenance was wreathed in lines of colossal worry: his voice was sepulchral.

"Florian Slappey—what was the numbers

on the car the robber used after he burgled Jasper De Void's joolry store?"

Mr. Slappey did some thinking.

"Le's see: The first number was a Nine an' the secon' was a Zero. The las' one was a Seven."

Spasm moaned loudly and collapsed into a chair.

"I just looked at the license on Yodel Harris's car," he announced. "The fust number is a Nine, the secon' is a Zero an' the las' is a Seven."

For an instant Florian stared. Then he leaped to his feet with an exclamation of delight.

"You mean you believe that Yodel Harris is the burglar?"

"Tha's the most thing I got to believe."

Mr. Slappey gave vent to a shout.

"Hot ziggity dam! Spasm—we has found our man."

But Mr. Johnson refused to share his chief's enthusiasm.

"Nossuh, Florian, you got that all wrong. We ain't found our man. Our man has found us!"

(To be concluded)

Him 'nd Alexander

(Continued from page 13)

"You're tired," I says. "You be'n goin' too hard a clip."

He gave me a funny laugh. "Yeah. Tired," he says, meanin' plenty.

"We'll git on home," I told him. "Beef round-up's on. Your apple trees 're loaded. Pewee Harnden's at th' ranch, ready to visit a spell."

I said a lot more, speakin' of things I figured would interest him. Nothin' did. Nothin' a-tall. He just set. He just set, slumped down in th' seat kind of glassy-eyed until I thought about this Turkey Creek horse.

"By th' way," I says, "th' boys spooked a colonel yesterday."

"Huh?" he says; 'nd: "Oh!"

But that was somethin'. I kept on. Bye-'nd-bye he looks at me 'nd I goes on some more about this horse.

"Colonel, sure enough?" he says. . . .

What's a colonel? Well, mister, if you'd lived here long enough you'd 've known without askin'. Folks don't talk wild horse like they used.

The fort in town, see, used to be a cavalry post 'nd one time they had an outfit in there with a colonel who brought a Kentucky stallion into this country that was the finest thing ever stood on hoofs. What a horse! Sorrel, white stockinged, with all the build 'nd coat a horse can get from generations of careful breeding.

He had life 'nd meanness. Hard to handle. Once he got away, run out the barn 'nd hit for yonder at a clip which made it just too bad for the coupla hundred soldiers that took after him.

Well, we threw a dozen riders in to help 'nd old Dan went himself 'nd we got him, all right, but he'd been gone seven-eight weeks, runnin' the range from hell to breakfast 'nd in two-three years you commenced to see the results.

THERE was some good mares on the range, then; some of 'em 'd never felt a rope. Good stock to start with 'nd tough 'nd smart from years of rustlin'. Crossed up with colonel blood, you had somethin' real.

Well, away back a report from th' boys of a new colonel horse 'd always touch Dan off. It was a challenge, see, 'cause they were all smart. I mind once him leavin' two big bankers 'nd a judge danglin' on th' ranch house porch for three days while he tried for one. He run in several 'nd gentled them himself. Sometimes he'd spook one that

didn't look good to him—they'd come in all colors 'nd sizes, understand, dependin' on the mare—'nd then he wouldn't make a try. But if somebody else wanted the bronc 'nd made a play 'nd muffed, then Dan'd bring it in 'nd make a present of it to whoever 'd missed. Oh, a wild-horse man, Dan, 'nd no mistake!

We hadn't seen a real bang-up colonel horse in a long time. Strain like that'll almost disappear, understand, 'nd then show up again. I kept talkin' to Dan about this one, havin' sort of got his interest; he had the old stud's coat, I told him, even to the stockings; a mite under him for height, the boys said, but with a deeper chest 'nd a handsomer head 'nd neck, accordin' to western ideas. Pretty soon, Dan was askin' questions 'nd before we got home he'd took another chew, which is always a good sign.

Two days later he got a peek at him himself, 'nd come tearin' back to th' ranch, wantin' to know where the round-up was camped. Skunk creek, I told him.

"Send down 'nd tell Six-Bits to send five of his top riders in to-night," he says. "Git a wagon loaded 'nd we'll make a ride."

"But what about the beef?" I asks. "Five riders!"

"Hot place with th' beef!" he says, bitin' off a good big chew. "This, Slim, 's important!"

Well, first we tried to catch him up by runnin' his mares in. Nothin' doing. He quit the bunch when he smelled danger. Then we tried to get him into a herd of gentle stock, but he was too smart to go. Next, Dan tried to run him down by having riders haze him in relays, the round-up bein' all off by then 'nd everybody working on this stallion. No luck. He refused to tire out. He wouldn't follow a ridden horse when crowded like most wild ones will; he seemed to smell the rope snares Dan set for him. He wouldn't do anything you'd think a horse would. Last, they tried to wear him down by keepin' on his trail slow, day 'nd night, but it was just a picnic for Turkey Creek.

I'd never seen Dan in quite such a lather. Like old times, see; a wild job 'nd a hard one. He took bigger chews than he had in years which meant he had more heart in what he was doin'.

The stallion quit the valley 'nd for two weeks the boys rode far 'nd wide to head him back. Dan fenced all the water-holes but one 'nd had wire around that 'nd the gate set to shut on a trigger. Would he go in? He'd dried up 'nd blow off first!

Dan, he got fat on these set-backs. He

loved hard chores. He'd wake me up at night 'nd talk over new schemes; that horse wasn't out of his mind a minute. Then one morning he says to me, "Slim," he says, "go to town 'nd buy me five miles of red bunting."

"Five miles of which?" I says, surprised some.

"Bunting," he says. "Cloth. Like they trim town with on Frontier Day. Better make it five 'nd a quarter . . . or a half."

I done like he told me but they had to order special. It was ready though, time we got the corral built in the Neck.

That's where Dan's valley shuts down on itself. The rims on both sides drop off good 'nd sharp, timber peters out fast 'nd then all you got's the flat, broke up some by washes.

WE BUILT this corral against the south rim 'nd run the wings out to the edge of timber. That done, we strung that bunting from the west wing straight across the valley, hangin' on brush or layin' on the ground, to the north side. While we did this old Dan's eyes just glowed; *glowed*, if you understand me. Neither him nor any of us figured but what Turkey Creek would be trapped by next sundown. . . .

He was away down by Eight-Mile tanks 'nd the boys swung in behind him at daylight. They made a big V, the end of one leg in against the north rims, the other stretched out on the flat. They didn't crowd him 'nd he just traveled west, lookin' back curious-like as if he expected any minute to show 'em what coverin' ground was. The boys under the rims rode a little faster, creepin' up abreast of him but that didn't worry Turkey Creek. He had miles of valley ahead.

So he goes along easy seven-eight miles until *Wham!* Up ag'in that bunting he comes! He stopped dead still 'nd Six-Bits Whittaker swears he could hear him whistle where he was, half a mile away. He stood there wringin' his tail 'nd stompin' 'nd then backed off. He gives a look behind 'nd sees that the boys out on the flat are closin' in at a high lope.

All in a second he's foggin' it, helletylarrup off to the south, skirtin' along that bunting which was new 'nd fearful to him, goin' his best to get past the riders to the east so's he can make a swing that way. But those boys were foggin', too, 'nd other riders were poppin' up out of washes 'nd ridin' abreast of him, quarter mile or so away.

Straight along that bunting he comes, right towards where old Dan was hid in a wash, not far from the timber where I was, hid in the

Cross-Word Puzzle

By John D. O'Connor, Chicago, Ill.

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: Hilda E. Allen, Washington, D. C.; Harry E. Beebe, Los Angeles, Calif.; H. R. Billin, Cincinnati, O.; Vera Mosher, Bedford, O., and Jack and Mary O'Bryan, Columbus, Ind.

corral 'nd ready to shut the gate minute he pops in. Into the wash he goes, out of sight for a breath or so, 'nd up he comes, with old Dan a-scratchin' 'nd squallin' right behind.

That, mister, was a hoss race, if you understand me. Dan was on one big strong horse that didn't know how fast he could run, 'nd the sorrel 'd been goin' his best for most five miles.

Twice Turkey Creek tried to cut across Dan but the black wouldn't let him. Then, first thing the stallion knows, he's past the bunting, he's between the wings, Dan's behind him, swingin' his rope across his black's hind quarters, screechin' his throat raw; two more riders are close behind Dan, crowdin' that colonel bronc towards the trap.

His trim little ears snap stiff, he throws up his head, he sees the corral 'nd. . . Bingo! He's goin' the other way! I tell you, mister, that horse turned on a dime while goin' his best. Dirt 'nd gravel flew 'till Hell wouldn't hold it. He lets out a squall 'nd starts along the west wing for the open 'nd old Dan swings so sharp his right stirrup likes to drag the ground 'nd dabs the loop on him.

IT WENT over his head, down ag'in his chest. The black, like a good rope horse, sets his feet. Turkey Creek loses his, goin' sideways to his knees 'nd Dan just sailed after his saddle as the cinch breaks. I'll say he sailed! The morning was full of things: sorrel, Dan, saddle and oaths. For once the old man swore with no evasion.

The stud, he comes up a-runnin'; a-runnin', understand.

Saddle dragging behind him bounces 'nd drops 'nd bounces again 'nd knocks Dude Hetton clean off of his horse, Dude having been close behind, 'nd away goes Turkey Creek, headin' east with nobody in front of him, 'nd all horses winded 'nd Dan's silver-mounted saddle draggin'.

How he gets loose is a guess. We found the kak a week later fifteen miles away 'nd none of us nor nobody else we could locate clapped an eye on that sorrel for over two years.

Well, Dan, being a tough old hand, wasn't hurt. Not in the body. But his heart 'nd spirit were hurt somethin' terrible. He'd figured he couldn't be beat on that bunting scheme; it was the end of his string. All winter we looked for that horse, day after day, 'nd done no good.

Finally he give up. "Mebby he's dead," he says to me. "Mebby he's away off in some other State." Then he waits a long time. "Slim," he says, "that horse 'nd me, we're all that's left of the old times, the old country in here. Now he's gone 'nd I guess. . . I guess I've shot my bolt."

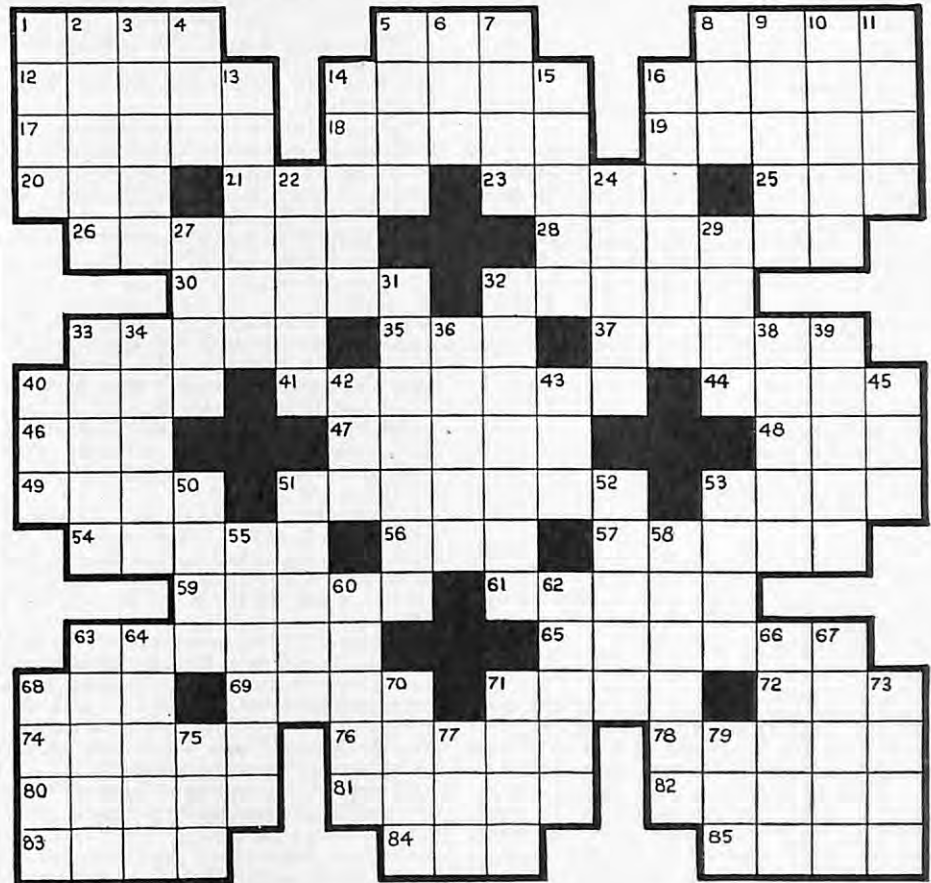
It looked that way. He'd just set. He didn't eat; picked at his grub, where he'd be'n used to put it away like a hearty man should. He neglected his chewin', which, to me, was a worse symptom. All winter he moped 'nd all summer, too. Even his grandchildren—'nd he sure was proud of them seven head of kids—couldn't prod him up for long. I was quite fretted.

He never went any place. He stayed home 'nd read some, but, mostly, just set. Every so often—every month or two—he'd catch me right 'nd he'd say again that he'd played out his string. That there wasn't anything in a country all manicured up for a man like him to do. . .

It was th' second spring after he'd made his play for Turkey Creek 'nd got left that he went east. I'd kind of urged him to. Fact is, I wrote Amy 'nd told her I figured he was in a bad way. . . He was gone a month 'nd didn't write 'nd then one day comes a wire to meet him on Number Nine.

I drove up in the dark 'nd took him off. He moved slow, like a sick man. He didn't want any breakfast before we started. "Breakfast, th' hot place!" he snorts; but not a real, good, stout snort, either. I offered him my plug

(Continued on page 42)



Across

- 1—A game fish
- 5—Make weak
- 8—Decree
- 12—A coloring substance
- 14—A garment
- 16—A tree
- 17—Coronet
- 18—Healer
- 19—Decrease in intensity
- 20—Border
- 21—Demonstrative pronoun
- 23—Spun wool
- 25—Measure of weight
- 26—Whorled
- 28—A sign of the zodiac
- 30—Small ropes
- 32—Prevent
- 33—View
- 35—A sense organ
- 37—A Muse of poetry
- 40—Surrounded by
- 41—Having no man
- 44—That which
- 46—Anarchistic
- 47—Elevate
- 48—Piece out
- 49—A musical character
- 51—Bears witness
- 53—Tract of country
- 54—Short treatise
- 56—Single
- 57—Port
- 59—Portion of a cruciform church

- 61—Reserve fund
- 63—Gathers laboriously
- 65—Vigor
- 68—Period of time
- 69—Inferior
- 71—Observed
- 72—Deprive unjustly
- 74—A boat
- 76—Coalescence
- 78—Excite
- 80—Opinionated person
- 81—Gains by labor
- 82—Protects
- 83—A vehicle
- 84—Wooden pin
- 85—Tranquillity

Down

- 1—Equally
- 2—A sign of the zodiac
- 3—Rascal
- 4—A title
- 5—Close
- 6—Display
- 7—Quarry
- 8—Lie
- 9—Angry
- 10—Performer
- 11—At that time
- 13—A carbonate of soda
- 14—Cook slightly in hot water
- 15—Vestige
- 16—Flag
- 22—Oriental domestic apartment
- 24—Prices
- 27—Chilled
- 29—First stomach of a bird
- 31—A legislator
- 32—Decks
- 33—A food fish
- 34—A fruit juice
- 36—Foreign
- 38—In that place
- 39—Made of oak
- 40—Part of a circle
- 42—Skill
- 43—Congeal
- 45—A beverage
- 50—Principal surface
- 51—Expiate
- 52—Beamed
- 53—Affirm
- 55—A mountain cottage
- 58—Scenes of combat
- 60—Come forth
- 62—From thirteen to twenty
- 63—A chalice
- 64—Huge
- 66—Serious
- 67—Links
- 68—Subsides
- 70—Break suddenly
- 71—Mere trifle
- 73—Utmost
- 75—Deity
- 77—Strong resentment
- 79—Strife

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 54

(Continued from page 41)

after I got the bags in but he just waves her away.

"Won't take long," I says. It was only thirty miles down the pavement, see, to our Valley trail. "We'll be home pronto."

"Nothin' takes long, no more," says Dan, like he regretted it.

She was comin' daylight when we broke down into the valley. Away went the pavement, straight as a tight rope; to the left of us was Dan's fence with the wild country beyond it 'nd he set with his eyes that way, kind of avoiding lookin' to the right, where civilization was. Stars faded out, the east goes from pink to silver 'nd then, all of a sudden, Dan grabs my arm.

"Stop her!" he says. "What's that yonder, Slim?"

I looked 'nd blinked 'nd looked again. I'm a Chinese if it wasn't the Turkey Creek stallion, nosin' along betwixt the fence 'nd the pavement.

"Sh!" says Dan. "Sh, Slim! Shut up!" he whispers, even if I wasn't even breathin'. "It's him," Dan says. "Him, cowboy! He's be'n outside, out in tame country, 'nd 's lookin' for a way back home."

He reached back 'nd commenced to fumble for a rope. I could feel him tremble.

"Slim," he says, "if we keep our heads he ain't got a chance! He can't beat wire fences 'nd pavements 'nd autos," he says 'nd I want to tell you his voice was like a young man's!

He rose up, cautious, so's he could keep an eye on Turkey Creek who was just goin' over a swell.

"Ease up on to him, now," he says. "Push him; run the vinegar out of him. Don't let him cross ahead of us; use the horn if he tries to double back. . . . It's a-goin' to work, Slim, it's a-goin' to work."

HE SCRAMBLES over into the back seat, then, 'nd I step on it. We busted up that grade 'nd over the top 'nd down on him. He threw his head around 'nd his ears came stiff 'nd he scrooched in his hind quarters 'nd hit for yonder. Right at the pavement, he went, aimin' to get himself away from that fence, you see, 'nd I tromped on her 'nd come up almost abreast of him 'nd gives him th' horn 'nd he drops down off the shoulder of the concrete 'nd streaks it along the fence, twenty feet from us.

Dan was hangin' to my shoulders 'nd talkin' incessant. Turkey Creek was goin' away from us at thirty-five, me havin' set the brake after I turned him. At thirty-eight he was still movin' off 'nd at forty-two miles an hour he was *still* goin' away. I had to go

forty-five to hold even 'nd, mister, you figure that out ag'in' track records!

Well, he sees he can't out run us; he's afraid to try to cross. He drops his head 'nd sets his feet. I rise up on the brake 'nd give him the horn again 'nd Dan comes sprawlin' over into the front seat 'nd the horse lets out a bawl 'nd goes on.

It was new stuff for him, see. This was some infernal thing after him and, for all he knew, with a scratch as bad as its squall.

He commenced to sweat on the flanks 'nd neck. His mane 'nd tail—'nd *what* a mane 'nd tail that is!—just flowed out.

The sun popped up 'nd you could see water flip off his hocks. His ears was back, then; he was thinkin' about nothin' but that heart-breaking pace.

I dropped back to forty-two; to forty. You could see lather run down his legs. His tail wasn't so high; his mane flopped instead of flowin'. Every time he hesitated I'd give him the horn 'nd he'd let out a link. But those bursts of speed were shorter, weaker. He was bay, now, instead of sorrel.

OLD Dan didn't speak for a long spell. We were dropping speed all the time; down to thirty-five, to thirty goes the speedometer. Then Dan says: "Figure he's done, Slim?"

"As good as yourn," I says.

Dan ties down to the foot rest when Turkey Creek drops into a trot for a minute. You could hear him breathe. He begins to gallop, but it was heavy, lifeless.

"Good as mine!" says Dan 'nd I never heard a voice quite like that. Like it might be if the gates of Heaven opened right in front of him! His moment of glory comin', I guess you'd say. "Hold her over to the edge," he says 'nd I done so.

His loop whispered over my head. He took his time. I could see in the mirror that he was standin' on the back seat. He gives her a dozen good whirls 'nd casts 'nd I set the brake. A good, true throw, it was; out to the end of it goes the horse 'nd over, clean over, wackin' his back on the ground for full length.

He didn't savvy rope, see. I started to git out, grabbin' for another to put on his front feet but Dan stops me. Turkey Creek just strains back, keepin' her tight, chokin' himself down. He lays there, breath gurgling, eyes bugged out, watchin' us.

"Well, Dan," I says, "there's your hoss!" He was standin' there bareheaded, havin' lost his hat miles back. What a figure he was! Long 'nd gaunt 'nd gray, old-timer stickin' out all over.

"Yes," he says. "Yes, Slim. . . . I heard you," like he only half had.

He gets down off the seat 'nd commences

pawin' over tools. He finds the pliers 'nd gets out. He walks around the stallion, careful not to scare him too much. He sets the pliers on the top wire 'nd she breaks with a *ping*; then another 'nd another. He opens the whole panel 'nd kicks the strands out the way.

I was mighty curious; shakin' with curiosity. But it wasn't a time to speak, then. Dan, he slips the pliers into his pocket 'nd fishes out his knife. He comes around to the rope 'nd takes hold of it with one hand. He goes down it careful, makin' little chirrupin' noises to that horse, all sweat 'nd dirt, his mane all rumpled by the rope; breath gaggin'. . . . You could see the fright show orange in his eyes. He starts to struggle again 'nd then, with the only quick move he's made, Dan cuts the rope, three feet from Turkey Creek's muzzle.

Did that horse get up? He got *up*, if you understand me! He's up 'nd backin' 'nd step-pin' on his own hind feet 'nd twirlin' on his tail 'nd through that fence in a wink! Through 'nd flouderin' off, head comin' up 'nd tail a-switchin'. He staggers once or twice but he ain't hurt permanent. He keeps goin' 'nd he's a long ways off before Dan moves or speaks. Then he feels in his pocket 'nd turns to me.

"Slim," he says, "I'm plumb out o' eatin' tobacco."

I'm so glad I hiccough. I hands him my plug 'nd he gnaws off a chew; understand, mister, a *chew*. Big as a hen's egg; a satisfactory, might say almost a boastful chew! 'nd he has kind of a foolish look.

"Slim," he says, "'t wa'n't fair. 'T wa'n't fair to a creature like that to ring in extry aces, fences 'nd pavements 'nd autos. He's as good as hosses git. He deserves 'n ev'n break. When we git home, now, we'll put our heads together 'nd do some plannin', we will! We'll fool him yet but we won't ring in no blobblinged progress on him, we won't!"

But I knew he was lyin'. He knew, well as I did, he'd made his last play for Turkey Creek. What was goin' to satisfy him was that there was another what you might call kindred spirit in these hills. Old Dan, he wanted to be wild 'nd free, himself; 'nd he didn't want to be all alone, enjoyin' life.

"Hot place, if that ain't prime tobacco!" he says. "Step on that ting-daddled hootneyanti 'nd git for home. I'm all holler inside. What I need's a regular cow-hand's breakfast, I do!"

"Oh-h-h-h! Onct in th' saddle I used to go gaily-y-y. . . ."

He begins to sing. I step on her. I knew Dan Dade was all right again. All he had to realize to be happy was that there was some-thing of what he liked to do most left undone. Understand? Him 'nd Alexander. . . .

Bargains in Wanderlust

(Continued from page 20)

Denver, \$67.20 to California and \$72.46 to the Pacific Northwest. These are the figures given out as I write; they are low indeed, and yet there are possibilities that even lower excursion rates will be announced from the Middle West to the Olympics at the last moment.

Southern Californians can and will go on by the hour, no doubt, explaining that the Olympic Games are but the smallest reason why you should come out there this summer. There is Hollywood. A visit to the studios would be fun, if you can wangle your way in. And Aguas Calientes, that Deauville in the desert, week-end refuge of talkie stars and directors, where you will see things you never saw before. And the climate, which has been described by better pens than mine, and perhaps enough. The most interesting thing to me in Southern California was the old Spanish Missions, and if I were going again I should want to visit the California Institute of

Technology at Pasadena, where distinguished scientists and engineers are at work on the new 200-inch telescope that is to plumb the outer realms of space and reveal new secrets of the universe. Indeed Southern California does not need the Olympic Games to draw you there.

But there are such a number of things from the Rockies westward that it would be difficult for me to decide whether the California at the end of the journey, or the sights along the route, are the more enticing.

I could put up a good case for the Grand Canyon being alone worth a trip half round the world, if you saw it and nothing else. For sheer emotion, the moment at dawn when I stole out upon Grandeur Point and looked down beat Constantinople from the Golden Horn, the Pyramids, Niagara, St. Peter's and the Alps rolled into one. I should prefer that such wonders as the Grand Canyon always remain a little inaccessible, things to be reached by some privation and effort, a long lonely horse-

back ride across the desert, for instance, and that no hotels or rustic lodges ever be built near them. I have a terror lest the Grand Canyon and our other western marvels be some day ruined as Niagara has been by fussy tourists' conveniences and curio claptrap. But it would never do for me to say so. To-day you can not induce people to travel to far places unless they are assured that they will find everywhere the ultimates of a metropolitan hotel, and that everywhere they will be protected surely against the unusual in food, bed and transit, so that is that.

The side-trip to the Grand Canyon from Williams on the main line can be covered for about \$15, if you stay at the Bright Angel cottages. If you stay at the hotel it will cost you somewhat more. That is one way to see the canyon. Another way is from the north rim. On the trip from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles there is a station at Lund, Utah, from which a branch line runs to the little Mormon town of

Cedar City. Here begins one of the most gorgeous motor-coach trips in the west, visiting three National Parks—Zion, Bryce Canyon and Grand Canyon and the famous Cedar Breaks—all in a region of fantastic mountains and canyons and incredible color. The motor-coach fare for a five-day tour of these three National Parks is \$46, and there is an inclusive-cost trip for \$74.50.

Another thing in the West of interest to the economically minded tourist is the business of alternative scenic routes that are being developed by certain enterprising railway systems.

A striking instance of this is the "Apache Trail" in Arizona. Tourists headed from El Paso to California leave the main line at Bowie for the copper-mining camp of Globe. Here they board motor coaches that carry them to the Tonto Cliff Dwellings, then on to Roosevelt Lake and Roosevelt Dam, and on through a series of wild and fantastic mountains and canyons, and so finally back to the main line at Phoenix. This highly interesting trip of 120 miles lengthens the transcontinental journey by only one day and costs only \$10. Another of these alternative routes is through the "Redwood Empire" in California, available to travellers between Portland and San Francisco. At a cost of only \$10.40 you can quit your train at Grant's Pass, Ore., board a motor bus that takes you through the Rogue River Valley, the Siskiyou National Forest, then on for hours through tremendous groves of giant sequoias, the oldest and biggest of living things. Regaining the railroad at Eureka, you ride on through still more redwood groves to the Golden Gate.

There are innumerable other adventures-by-the-way open to you in the West, not all of them alternative routes precisely, but side-trips, at small cost, by rail, by motor, by horse-back. One of those is the "Indian Detour" that leaves the main line at Lamy, N. M., takes in the old Spanish town and artists' haunt of Santa Fé, the pueblo of Taos, the Puye Cliff Dwellings, Frijoles Canyon and its ancient ruins. The price of a conducted tour of all this, lasting a week, room and bath all the way, is \$85, but it can be done for less.

Now let us step back to Chicago for a moment and consider vacations from the point of view of conducted tours. Chicago is a great center for such enterprises, and there is a good deal to be said for them. If you get into the right party, it is rather jolly, something like a house-party gone adventuring, with the entire lack of responsibility on your part that is the essence of true vacationing. One of the organizations that does this sort of thing has found that the most satisfactory plan is to quote prices without meals. Some people want to eat a lot, others don't eat much, and people are always missing meals and wanting refunds. Of course this business of quoting prices without meals applies only to rail and motor transport. On steamers meals are naturally included.

As a typical example, one of these conducted tours this summer through the Pacific Northwest, Mt. Rainier, Columbia River, Puget Sound, Vancouver, Canadian Rockies, Lake Louise, Banff, and all the rest, fourteen days, comes to \$100 from Chicago back to Chicago. Meals are \$45 extra. A gorgeous "all western" tour to Colorado, New Mexico pueblos, California and the Canadian Rockies, twenty days, costs \$268 from Chicago. A thirteen-day tour to Salt Lake, Colorado Rockies and the Yellowstone, comes to \$196. An eight-day vacation to the Yellowstone, including eats and everything, costs only \$141 from Chicago, and this strikes me as a swell vacation idea. Of course these conducted tours are open to people living east or west of Chicago, and the price is more or less in proportion to distance.

Now let us look at vacations through the eyes of the far Westerner. This is a difficult matter on which to pose as a pundit, I must confess. For after all, you far Westerners live in the world of vacationland. Sometimes when I see a car with a California license plate traversing a drab Eastern town, I wonder why the vacationist has come so far to find so little. How flat and dull and colorless the East—that is most of it—must seem to people who have dizzying canyons and snow-crowned peaks on their doorsteps. We Easterners often have to travel hundreds of miles to escape the heat. Thousands of you far Westerners can flee from a blazing hot valley to the snow-line in an hour.

In the sections devoted to the East and the Middle West, I have touched upon many of the Western wonders, and perhaps I have sug-

gested to a far Westerner a vacation in his own country that he had not thought of. What with the Olympic Games and other special attractions on the Coast this summer, I suspect that fewer far Westerners will be going back East for vacations than usual this summer, except those Elks who combine a vacation with the Convention in Birmingham.

To me the most alluring vacation idea from the point of view of the Pacific Coast is Alaska. I don't know how many Westerners do go, but certainly if I lived on Puget Sound, or anywhere near it, I would have seen at least the Taku Glacier long ago.

Of course there are all sorts of Alaskan trips. You can take the Inside Passage up to Skagway—which trip, they tell me, beats the fjords of Norway. You can go on from Skagway by the White Pass & Yukon Railroad over the White Pass—following the route of the mushers of '98—to Carcross, and from there make the Taku Arm trip by steamer. Or if you can continue on down the Yukon River by steamer to Dawson, visit the Klondike gold-mining fields, then come by railway down to Fairbanks, take in Mt. McKinley National Park, Savage Glacier and several other things of major interest, and so back to Seattle. The price of this last trip, in an escorted party, three weeks, runs to \$560.00. Slightly beyond my pocketbook this summer, but I'd like a lot to go. Wouldn't you?

Finally, what about air? Air travel in the United States increased from 20,000 passengers in 1926 to 450,000 in 1931, yet even this was less than one-tenth of one per cent of the total passenger traffic on railroads. Despite its magnificent achievements and its constant position in the news, it must be admitted that air doesn't yet enter into the calculations of

the average traveller, certainly not of the average vacationist. Partly this is a matter of cost, partly of custom, partly route. For instance, the most highly developed and used air-route in the world is that between London and Paris. It was the first established, it is fixed in the popular consciousness as something everybody does, and it is a hop that eliminates two rather uninteresting rail trips and one sea trip that can be devilishly nasty. I can think of no hop in the United States that accomplishes so much. Yet there are many fairly short hops that have interest for the average vacationist and week-ender, even in this season when we must all shave the costs. I note a company that offers to New Yorkers an all-expense two-day outing in Washington for \$32.50, down and back by air. Now that is where air seems to me to enter very aptly in. The rail trip between New York and Washington is deadly dull, the cut in time is attractive to busy people, and the price certainly fits our economy theme.

For the same reason, I should think that air could be made attractive to Bostonians for week-ends, and other quick outings in New
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The Empire State Building and some of the surrounding satellites, New York City

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York, and to people of Dayton and St. Louis and Minneapolis for quick pleasure jaunts to Chicago. And take such a thing as Estes Park in relation to the Middle West. Estes, a glorious playground, is the nearest Rocky Mountain Park to the big Middle Western cities. Why shouldn't the business man of St. Louis or Kansas City or Chicago put his family in Estes for the summer, and hop back and forth occasionally for week-ends? I offer this idea free of charge to aviation.

Undoubtedly air will enter into our vacations more and more. Prices will come down and speeds increase. An aeronautic engineer suggested to me the other day that the time

will come when everybody will travel by air, and only the rich can afford the leisurely and costly luxury of motors and trains!

Yet there are many trips that I would never want to take by air. For there is an intense pleasure in the details of certain journeys, in the things by the way. In fact, to me a vacation anywhere in America is a chance to relive the scenes of our history. A drive down the Shenandoah Valley brings to life the heroic cavalry battles of Jackson and Sheridan. A pause at lovely Deerfield revivifies the massacre and the terrible march of the captives north to Canada through the snow. A voyage on the Great Lakes gives me the thrill of following the route of La Salle and Pere Marquette

and the couriers Du Bois. When I journey up the Missouri, I think of the heroic adventure of Lewis and Clark, and try, as I go, to pick out the landmarks that Meriweather Lewis set down in his diary. When I scramble through the cliff-dwellings of the Mesa Verde, I am filled with fascinated wonder at the mystery of the vanished people of the Southwest, and I seem, on the spot, to catch a clue to that mystery. I think that this is true of a growing number of Americans. The summer porch vacation is on the wane. We are finding out that the truest vacation is one that widens mental as well as physical horizons.

And what an opportunity there is for all of us in the summer of 1932!

Bostie Plays the Game

(Continued from page 17)

that'll make him look all the better when he's finally mounted and hung over my fireplace at home. I tell you, boys, I'll catch that old dog if it takes me till doomsday!"

As I said, all this happened in June—the early part of the month when the Esopus fishing, generally speaking, used to be at its best. But conditions that season were off balance; the rain-maker was away behind in his dates, and by the time Bostie's ankle recovered enough for him to get around fairly comfortably the stream had dropped six inches and a baking hot spell shut down on the mountains. The trout went badly off their feed and, with the exception of a brief rise just before dark, you couldn't stir a fin.

Yet the change made little difference to Bostie, except in the continued emptiness of his creel. When that young man sets out on a campaign it takes a lot more than mere common or garden discouragement to stop him. Having once decided to effect the undoing of that particular old lunger by the artificial fly route, and by that alone, he settled down for a long pull. Every week-end and odd day that he could sneak away from his office he'd beat it up to The Four Maples, climb into his fishing duds and head for the Landslide Pool. There existed among the rest of us a sort of tacit agreement that, when Bostie was on the stream, he should have a clear field. To be sure, we had designs ourselves on Big Bill, as somebody dubbed Bostie's friend—we were only human, you know. But it is one of the unwritten laws of the Dog-Catchers that the man who discovers any particular whale shall have prior claim whenever said discoverer can beg, borrow or steal a chance to go after him. On any and all other occasions it's just a case of let the best man win if he's man enough to.

So, AS the summer dragged on, I guess every one of us took a few snipes at Bill, but that was all the good it did. When a socking old brown trout like that decides to make himself scarce he can do a mighty thorough job of it. July came and went, August drew toward its close; the last week-end of the season passed into history. Still no sign of Bill, no indication that he still remained in the land of the living. Then, one late September Monday, a letter from old Mrs. Derwent came in my morning mail:

"Tell Mister Bostwick," she wrote, "that Ed Whipple he brung in a five-pounder the day before the law went on, the biggest trout I ever see. He caught him on a Chub minner so he says but you know how Ed is, near as I can make out he came outn the land slide pool so I guess as How it was big bill like as not. Well I must close now, when you boys coming up for some huntin'?"

It was just too bad, but that's the way it goes with those old whoppers—the other fellow is always the one who horses them out on live-bait. Bostie didn't say much when he read the letter, but his face showed how hard the news hit him.

"Well, I hope they made a paper outline of him so we can see just how big he was, anyway," he commented after a minute. "There'd be some satisfaction in that, I suppose."

A couple of weeks later Tommy Wentworth, Bostie and I got simultaneous chances to play hooky from our jobs in order to tramp uncounted miles and send sundry loads of chilled sixes tearing more or less successfully after the grouse that haunted the mountain-sides in the neighborhood of The Four Maples. We went up there with feelings oddly divided between regret for Big Bill's unworthy demise and sheer joy over the prospect of getting out into the country again.

Supper was ready for us when we arrived, and while we ate, the coroner's jury opened with Bostie's inquiry:

"About that big trout of Ed Whipple's, Mrs. Derwent—did anybody draw an outline of him?"

"That I did, Mister Bostwick, for I knew what store ye set by him. On the shelf here I've kept it out of harm's way—there, did ye ever see a finer, with the length and weight of him all wrote down under the date?"

Bostie spread the soiled sheet of yellow paper on the table beside his plate and gazed at it with a sort of "Alas, poor Yorick" expression. "Twenty-three and a half inches long, weight four pounds and two ounces," he read slowly. "Well, that's that, I suppose."

"You wrote that Ed caught him on a minnow, didn't you, Mrs. Derwent?" I asked after a pause. "What part of the pool did he hook him in?"

"That I can't rightly say, sir; Ed was so consid'able het up that he couldn't hardly talk sense when he stopped in to show me that trout. Sakes alive, he was most too excited to know which end he was a-standin' on! But he'll be here directly with the evenin' milk from over to Bailey's farm, an' ye can ask him yeself. I'm thinkin' I hear him now, the old clod-hopper."

A noise like unto that of a stumbling plowhorse came from the kitchen, and we adjourned the meeting to that primitive but superheated sector of Mrs. Derwent's domain. There, in a general atmosphere of wood smoke, frying potatoes and wet wash hung up on convenient lines to dry, Ed Whipple leaned against a door-jamb and described the capture with a glibness which, in view of the customary rheumatic action of his mental processes, betokened frequent practice:

"Turrrible hot day, it was; water like to b'iled in me bait bucket. Hedn't only one minner left by noontime, but I throwed that in an' let'er sink good an' after whiles I says to meself, 'By hickey,' I says, 'thet gol-danged minner's gone an' got hooked onto a snag, gosh-blast him,' an' I gives a good yank to git loose an' wham, I knows it's a bit trout. So I lays into him with the pole an' hosses him in to where I can git a-holt o' the line an' h'ist him ashore. He fell off'n the hook then an' like to flopped back into the crick, but I fotched him a clip with me boot an' he come

down in some willer brush an' I'm tellin' ye he stayed there 'thout no more funny business! An' so I shoved a stick through his gills an' brung him in fer Mis' Derwent to weigh an' she made that there paper picture of him an' by hickey it ain't a smitch too big—no sir, not one smitch!"

We looked at each other sorrowfully, depressed alike by the crudeness of Big Bill's passing and the stark manner of its telling. At last Bostie perked up enough to ask,

"Where was he when you hooked him, Ed—in that pocket among the rocks above the main pool?"

"Huh?"

"I said, was he in the rock pocket—the one where he hung out last summer?"

"Whut rock pocket? I didn't see none."

There was a moment of heavy silence, broken only by the simmer of kettles on the stove. Then Tommy leaned forward.

"Listen, Ed," he said impressively. "We've heard you caught that trout in the Landslide Pool. It's the rock pocket above the deep water that Bostie means."

WHIPPLE'S moon face was a study in bewilderment, but slowly it cleared and he almost grinned. "Wal, *now* I see whut ye're drivin' at, boys. I s'pose Mis' Derwent's been a-tellin' ye as how she thinks I up an' ketched Bostie's pet fish—whut idees women do git, sometimes, with their guessin' an' figgerin'! Wal, don't ye worry no more 'bout it, sonny—the place where I hooked into this old buster is half a mile above Landslide, so he just couldn't 'a' been Big Bill!"

I tell you, Old Man Gloom never traveled any quicker than he did out of The Four Maples kitchen right then and there! Bostie jumped from his chair as if somebody had given him a shot in the arm, clapped Ed on the shoulder and exclaimed:

"Great work, old kid—you're certainly some fisherman! I'll bet that was the biggest darn trout that was ever brought into *this* house. Old Bill himself can't be much heftier, and nobody's lugged him in—yet."

"No, I allow nobuddy hes, ner ain't likely to, neither, less'n they ketch him on a minner."

Well, we tackled the birds next day, but it was pretty discouraging work, for the woods were dry and as noisy as a threshing machine under full power. There'd been no rain for weeks and the little feeder streams among the hills were positively dusty. Even the big creek had dwindled to a mere ghost of its normal self, yet as we looked down upon it at noon from a jutting ledge on the flank of Tice Mountain swift inspiration came to Bostie:

"Boys, there's the Landslide Pool, and she's 'most low enough to wade across. Let's take a look and see if we can spot Big Bill."

"Check!" Tommy agreed. "Though he's probably gone off spawning with his girl friend by this time of year."

Ten minutes later we stood our guns against a log and crept on hands and knees among the

rocks to the stream's edge. No Indians stalking a listening buck could have been more snaky than we, but the caution was of no more use than a spyglass to a blind man, for when we finally peered down into the pocket which Bill had claimed for his own, there wasn't enough water in it to float a sunfish.

"Shucks!" growled Tommy. "He's gone, all right." I nodded, but Bostie, poker-faced and impassive, edged out on his stomach upon a huge boulder that overhung the main pool a dozen yards downstream. For minutes he lay there staring down, still as a stump. Then slowly, dramatically, he turned on his side and signalled us to join him.

"Take it easy, you two!" he whispered sternly as we neared him. "Keep down, and for the love of Mike don't jar these rocks. There—now what do you see?" he finished as our heads lined up beside his.

We looked over the edge to a motionless, impossibly crystalline bowl of water whose glassy surface lay a good ten feet below us and spread away for an equal distance on either side. Not the faintest hint of breeze ruffled that perfect expanse, and the soft autumn sunlight brooding there picked out every rock chip and tiny pebble on the bottom with the sharpness of a jewel. In all that magic basin not a fin stirred, not a tiniest trace of life showed its presence.

There was a minute of silence while our eyes searched vainly. At last Bostie's tense voice sounded in my ear:

"Don't you see it sticking out from under this rock—right where that patch of gravel meets the shadow? My God, are you guys blind?"

Then we saw, and the sight set the blood buzzing in our ears. For thrusting out from below a sunken corner of the very boulder on which we lay was a green-reddish fan tail that, to our excited vision, seemed large enough to belong to a cod. Motionless, it was, yet even as we gazed it stirred, sculled slowly, and gradually there moved into full view a trout of trouts, a thick-shouldered, superbly outlined monster that glided deliberately along with the dignity of a Zeppelin. Right into the sunlight he came, every find as vivid as a painting, circled indolently, and presently coasted back into the darkness whence he had emerged.

"Big Bill!" breathed Tommy reverently. "Big Bill, as sure as God made little green apples! And if he isn't more than two feet long you can hang me for a prohibitionist!"

And Bostie? Well, he never said a word, but his eyes were alight with an unholy fire of desire.

Do you wonder that, as the autumn faded and winter clamped harsh hands on stream and mountain, we Dog-Catchers dreamed long dreams? Idle dreams, I'm afraid, often straying and inconclusive—all except Bostwick's.

Lord, what faith and perseverance that kid had! He just simply would not concede that Fate might choose some other end for Big Bill than being led by the business end of a fly-hook to meet St. Peter, or whoever it is that runs the fish and game-bird section up there.

Cleaves and I saw a good deal of him that winter, and it is my firm conviction that not a consecutive day and night went by without his thinking of that damn trout. Bill got to be a regular obsession with him—not the blatant, noisy kind of nuttiness that slops over on every occasion, fitting or otherwise, but a sort of ingrowing mania that led to day-dreaming in subway crowds, growling through tackle stores during snowstorms and minute checking over of rods and lines and flies at home in the evening. More than once, visiting him in his bachelor quarters, we noticed him judiciously gauging the vacant wall space which, with a calm assurance much too sincere to savor of boasting, he told us he had selected as the one particular spot where Big Bill's varnished effigy, bearing in its jaws the fly of its undoing, would one day show to best advantage. Talk about devotion to a dream—why, with the kid it was more like a religion.

SPRING came at last, and a cold, late and rainy one it was. Not until well along in May were conditions set for a civilized fly-fisherman to be out, and by that time Bostie was fit to be tied. When old Mrs. Derwent finally sent us word that the stream was clearing we went up in a body to open the campaign with a bang, and Bostie was six jumps in the lead all the way.

We got plenty trout, too, but not *the* trout, though Bostie laid over his lair a whole storeful of flies and about a thousand miles of line, all casts added together. The fish in general were rising so freely that Bill's failure even to roll up and take a look at a Coachman or a Wickham's Fancy strongly suggested his having departed this life by some unrecorded road. Bostie shied away from such a disturbing possibility, but just the same you couldn't escape it as we sat around the stove in Mrs. Derwent's parlor after supper on Sunday, swapping lies with Andy King, the local replica of Rip Van Winkle in his younger days.

"Them big trout," Andy observed between pulls at the scarred stem of his pipe, "gits killed in ways ye wouldn't scarcely think of. Fer instance, I've see'd 'em ketched by the ice when she went out in the spring an' smashed up like they'd been through a corn-cutter—not onct, but plenty times. Why, it ain't no more'n two months since there was a turrible bad ice jam all the way from here to where the Bushkill j'ines in. Me an' Ed Whipple was moochin' down t'wards the Reservoir prop'ty after she let go, an' by ginger, we see'd as many

as four-five big old whackers floatin' belly up in the eddies, deader'n doornails. Jus' 'bout the size o' Bill, one of 'em was, too," he finished, with a wink in O'Meara's direction.

Bostie never batted an eye; perhaps his respect for Bill's intelligence precluded his acceptance of any such ignoble fate as that. But the priest sought further enlightenment:

"Ye were on the Reservoir property, ye say? And how do they be getting along with that mighty project, Andy?"

"Purty good—purty good. Gol a'mighty, thet main dam's a buster! I hear as how it's a-goin' to back the water up five-six mile."

"Yes, and when it does we'll all be dished out of the best fishing stretch on the whole stream, including the Landslide Pool," growled Cleaves. "Why, hang it, there just won't be any stream, except up above."

"I reckon so—I reckon so," Andy nodded. "'Twon't be long, neither, I cal'late."

"And what would ye be meaning by that cryptic remark?" queried O'Meara.

"Nothin', only that they closed the last sluiceway in the big dam yestiddy, an' by next fall thet whole section is a-goin' to be so fur under water that ye won't be able to find it with a grapplin' iron!"

In the stunned silence that ensued Andy eyed us sardonically, savoring the sensation he had caused. Presently,

"Wal, I got to be goin', boys," he drawled. "The old woman will be layin' fer me with a len'th o' cordwood if'n I don't git home an' milk the cow." He unfolded gangling legs, shambled to the door and paused, his hand on the latch.

"O' course, Bostie, I ain't sure sartin' thet was Big Bill I see'd floatin' dead there under the willers," he said disarmingly. "Mebbe it only *looked* like him. But if'n ye want to make plumb sure he's still to home, I tell ye whut to do."

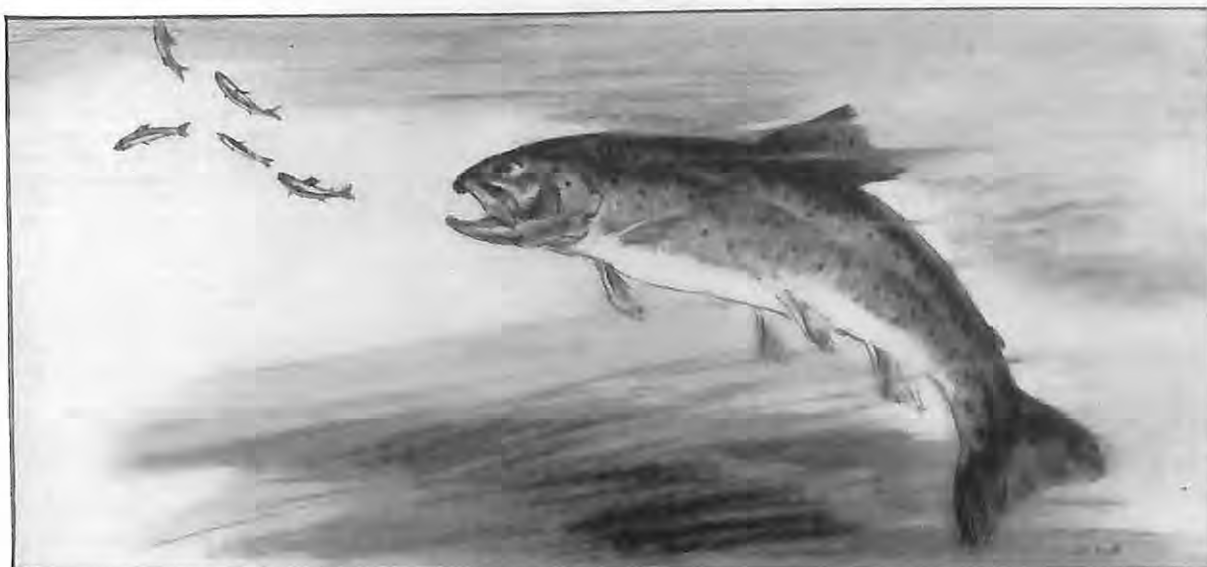
"What's that?" Bostwick asked, not without suspicion.

"WAL, fust-off ye wait till it comes a moonshiny night with thin clouds. Then ye git ye'self a good fat fieldmouse—a live one—an' ye scrouch up easy-like to where ye can throw over where Bill used to lay, an' ye take that mouse an' string him on a good big bait-hook—"

"Get out of here!" Bostie exploded. "I'm no fish-hog—I stick to flies!" But Andy had already vanished into the darkness chuckling victoriously: "Big Bill hisself couldn't 'a' golped the bait no easier!"

And so began the final drive for the capture of the biggest trout in all the annals of the Dog-Catchers Club, a drive against time and the rising waters of the Reservoir that young Bostwick pressed with every ounce of resource

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and ingenuity and perseverance at his command. Week-end after week-end it was renewed with a sort of fatalistic grimness, and almost before we knew it May had passed and the seventeenth of June, the day on which we still look back as the strangest and most ironic in the Club's whole history, was at hand.

On Saturday, the sixteenth, we had all managed to scuttle up to The Four Maples—all, that is, except Bostie. For some unexplained reason he had failed to keep his promise to meet us on the noon train. Indeed, he didn't show up even on the last one of the day, which rumbled laboriously up the valley a little after dark. At breakfast next morning we were speculating futilely on what the devil could have happened to him when a rattle of buggy wheels on the old road in front of the house announced somebody's arrival.

"There's the lad, now!" exclaimed O'Meara, nearest the window. "And by the grimness of his face and the hurry in which he do be disembarking from yon one-hoss-shay I'm thinking there's some 'at serious amiss. Here he comes in."

The kid certainly did have something on his mind—a cat could have told that by the way he strode into the dining-room, dropped into a chair and explained succinctly:

"Couldn't get away yesterday—big powwow with the boss. Caught the paper train this morning, though, and hired a rig to bring me up the ten miles from the Junction. How 'bout some coffee, Mrs. Derwent—and anything else that these hyenas have left in the kitchen? I'm in a hurry to get on the stream."

"Easy, lad, easy," soothed the priest. "Ye're here now, an' a sweet day for fishing it looks. Happen ye'll land Big Bill afore the darkness falls from the wings o' night, as me old friend Shakespeare didn't say."

Bostie looked at him with a queer do-or-die sort of expression. "Well, Father, if I don't make it this time I never will. To-day's my last chance."

"And why so?" MacGregor put in. "The season's open until the end of August. You'll have that long, unless the Reservoir fills up a lot faster than we think it will."

"Thanks, Mac, but that won't help. You see, the firm decided yesterday to ship me abroad next Wednesday to straighten out our

London office, and I'll be lucky if I get the job finished by Christmas!"

Dusk at the Landslide Pool. O'Meara and I, through for the day, sprawled at the top of the bank out of the way of Bostwick's back-cast, watching him as, careful to the last, he stood on a great gray rock that sloped gradually into the deep water and shot an accurate line over Big Bill's lair. Not a sound broke the stream and the faint hiss of the line, leaping through the air; not a motion came from that tall, alert figure except the to-and-fro swing of hand and forearm.

IMPERCEPTIBLY the darkness deepened. Presently we could scarcely distinguish Bostie's outline against the dim background of the water. O'Meara muttered resignedly:

"'Tis love's labor lost, I'm thinking. All day he's been at it, and divvul a flicker of life from yon perverse monster. I'm afeared no fly will take him this night—or ever."

Still Bostie cast on. In the brushy pasture behind us whippoorwills began to call weirdly, endlessly. To the east a faint luminance in the sky above Tice Mountain hinted of the rising moon. Stars brightened, dropped their pale reflections on the mirror of the pool.

And then—suddenly, sharply, there came a floundering splash from young Bostwick's direction, a sound of splattering, slapping struggle and then his voice through the gloom, quick with astonishment:

"What the hell! Hi, boys, bring a light, will you? Something damn queer's going on here!"

I yanked out my flash-light and with O'Meara skidded down the bank. As the beam from the reflector flooded the stream's edge the priest gripped my arm and pointed.

"There—look—in that bit of a puddle on the rock! Saints preserve us, it must be Big Bill."

Not a yard from Bostie's feet, where a sharp depression in the rock's surface still held rain from the night before, a huge trout lay stranded on his side, fins distended, tail quivering. Burly in contour, instinct with life and strength yet helpless in the absence of enough water even to float him properly, he gleamed in the light's rays like some ghost fish dropped from the mystery of the night.

We stood peering down at him incredulously,

wordless in bewilderment. Bostie was the first to find his tongue:

"Of all the crazy, cock-eyed things I ever heard of, this is the queerest! I was standing still casting over to that far shore, when this bird came tearing out of the water right beside me, blundered over that little ridge in the rock, and flopped into the puddle like a ton of brick. Acted as if the devil was after him, or something! And yet, there's not a mark on him," he finished, stooping over. "Not a damn mark!"

Father O'Meara grunted. "Aye, there's naught the matter with him. Let's see, now; happen he was after something himself, and couldn't stop. Ha!—yes, here it is, the owld cannibal!" He groped quickly at something wavering in the puddle and lifted out a three-inch minnow, minus most of its tail.

"Chasing ye up from the pool, was he?" he addressed his small captive. "Up along the slope of the rock where it shelves into deep water, I misdoubt, and the speed of him so great that he could not stop but popped over into the crevice and was trapped like a wolf in a pitfall! Well, Bostie me lad, the mountain has come to Mahomet at last—congratulations!"

BUT young Bostwick was busy with thoughts—strangely so, it seemed, in view of the queer stroke of luck that had come his way. He knelt quietly beside Big Bill and laid the ribbon of his steel pocket tape along the wet body. "Here, you fellows, I want witnesses to this. Twenty-six and a half inches—am I right?"

"Right!" we echoed. "But Bill will prove it himself, if anybody ever doubts your word; he won't shrink when he's mounted. What's the idea of witnesses when you have the evidence itself?"

"Because," said Bostie slowly, and in his voice was irrevocable decision, "after this evening there won't be any evidence."

And then, while we stared speechless he did a strange thing. As deliberately and sadly as one takes leave of a close friend who will never return, he slipped both hands beneath the unresisting fish, lifted him steadily over the ridge of rock and slid him back into the pool.

"It wouldn't have been playing fair, boys," he said, turning to face us as Big Bill vanished into the dark water. "I didn't catch him—he caught himself—and on bait, too!"

Chips From The American Block

(Continued from page 25)

whaling industry. He did it, those two pups backing him up every step of the way, and as Captain Jones he sailed his ship home.

Len Sanford was sixteen when he started on a whaling cruise in the *Lancer*. In the South Atlantic he was pulling an oar in a boat which made fast to a whale. "Jump for your lives!" yelled the boat-steerer. When Len jumped, he jumped literally out of the whale's mouth, just as the vast jaws clapped together on the boat. The boat was stove to kindling, and the boy knocked unconscious; he was picked up out of the sea by the waist boat. Later mutiny broke out, and at Paita he ran away. Hiding in a native hut in the Peruvian Andes he was trapped by a band of robbers. He broke through them, knocking one of them cold. When he was nineteen years of age he was United States Consul for the port of Tumbes, Peru.

But on the land as well as the sea, the youth of America answered the call to arms; to brave the battles fought by men—chips from the American block made of black walnut.

On Sunday, May 24, 1861, in Newark, Ohio, Johnny Clem, aged ten, was eating dinner. Suddenly he said:

"Father, I'd like mighty well to be a drummer boy. Can I go into the Union Army?"

"John Winton Clem, haven't I told you not to talk with your mouth full!" said his stepmother.

"You finish those potatoes or you won't get any Indian pudding," growled his father.

Johnny dallied with the potatoes. When dinner was over, he conducted his sister and his brother Louis to the Francis de Sales Sunday School. He left them at the door.

"I'm going to take a swim," he said. "I can be back in time."

That was the last any of his family saw of him for two years.

Johnny enlisted at Columbus as drummer boy in the 24th Ohio. He saw an uncle there in the outfit before his uncle saw him, so he went over to the 22nd Michigan. He was beating the long roll in front of Shiloh until his drum was smashed by a piece of shell, and from then on they called him Johnny Shiloh. They sawed off a musket for him at Chattanooga. At the close of that bloody day his brigade was all but surrounded, and falling back so fast his little legs couldn't keep up with them. A rebel Colonel rode him down.

"Halt, surrender, you damn little Yankee!" Well, what else could he do? Johnny halted.

He also fired his musket. That Colonel toppled off his horse, dead.

Johnny dropped, too, and played possum until it was dark. Then he trailed the rest of the army into Chattanooga.

He was taken prisoner while on detail to bring supply trains up from Bridgeport. He

was stripped of everything, clothes, shoes, his little gun, and his cap. Losing that little cap hurt, because it had three bullet holes through it. He was exchanged and came home, a starved skeleton done up in a mess of rags, thirty inches high and sixty pounds in weight.

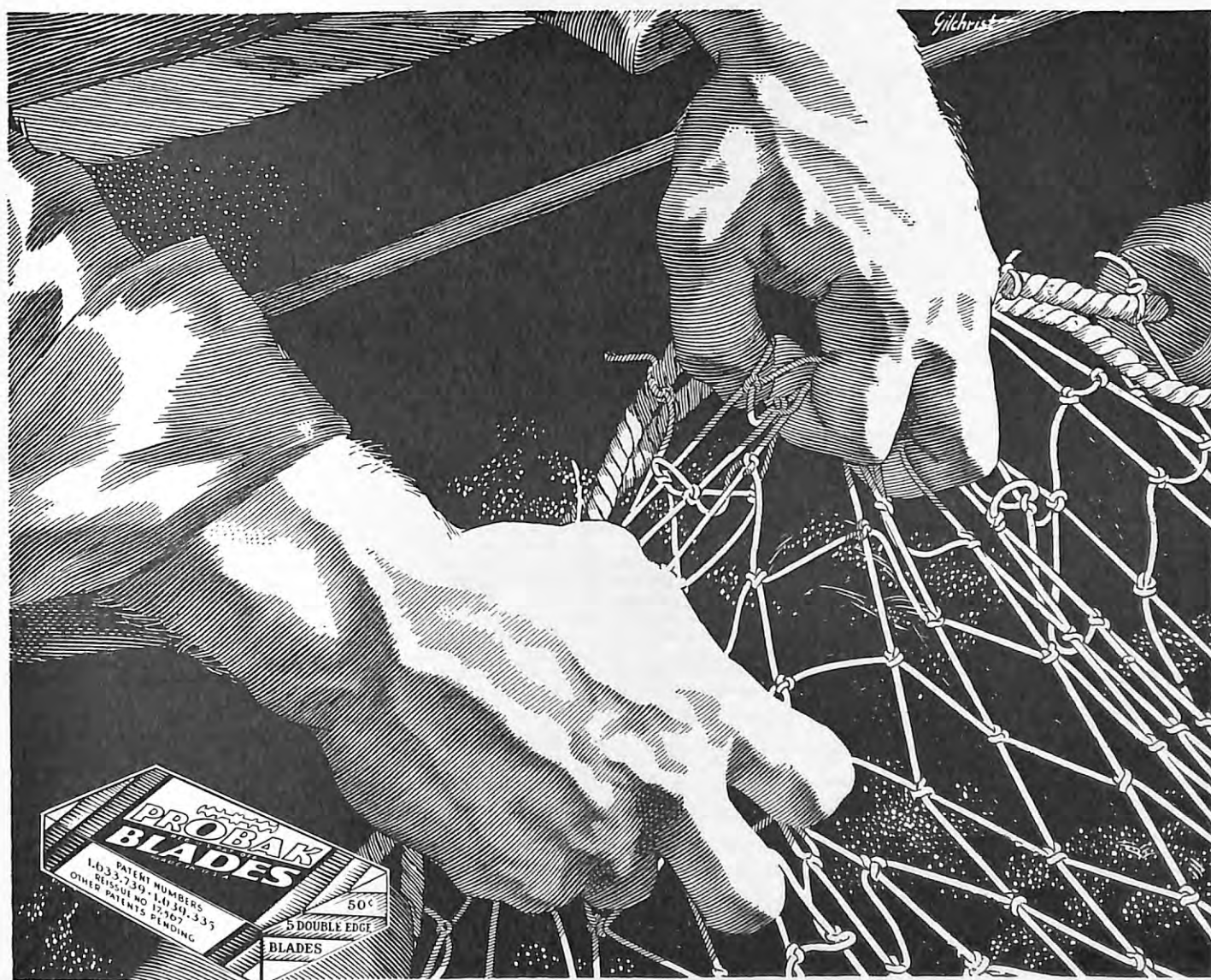
The beauties of peace lasted Johnny just a week. He went back, and General Thomas made him an orderly sergeant on his staff. Johnny knew nothing about staff prerogatives. He just thought they gave him a chance for more fighting than ever. He sneaked away into action at Chickamauga and got a piece of shell in his hip. When he recovered they gave him a pony. Now he was all over the place. At Atlanta, Thomas sent him with a dispatch to Logan. A ball killed his pony under him, and wounded the midget in the right ear. Rosencrans placed him on the roll of honor and attached him to headquarters. A daughter of Chief Justice Chase gave him a silver medal: "Sergeant Johnny Clem, Twenty-Second Michigan Volunteer Infantry, from N. M. C."

After the war Grant commissioned him a lieutenant because Johnny couldn't get into West Point on account of his tininess. He never grew larger than 5 feet or weighed more than 105 pounds.

Johnny was just one of hundreds of drummer boys, not much older and not so much bigger,

(Continued on page 48)

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT *ARE* MEN



● Attention — you regular men with “untamable” beards. Probak is the blade for you. Here’s a sturdy, smooth-shaving blade that’s especially made to shave tough bristles without pull or irritation. Its shaving edges are exceptionally keen — honed and stropped for swift, easy strokes on grizzled stubble. Try Probak

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PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT ARE MEN

(Continued from page 46)

from the drummer boy of Marblehead, "The tether of my books is broke, Brace me the drum instead," to Eddie Lee who drummed the Flowers of Edinboro' to get into the Iowa First, and died drumming in the ravine at Wilson's Creek.

Johnny McLaughlin, of Lafayette, Indiana, enlisted in the 10th Indiana in the fall of 1861. He was ten years old and the youngest enlisted soldier in the Army. He and Johnny Clem tried to drown the guns and each other's drums out at Donelson and Shiloh. When the guns finally got so loud that Johnny McLaughlin couldn't hear his own drumsticks he laid them down, grabbed a musket and cartridge box off a dead soldier, and fought. He got into Colonel Jacob's Cavalry, and the Colonel gave him a good horse. At Richmond, in the summer of 1862, he was handling sabre, revolver and revolving rifle like any veteran. He got shot in the leg at Perryville where Johnny Clem was drumming. He shot a major who called on Colonel Jacob to surrender, exactly as Johnny Clem had shot his Colonel. He got wounded in a fight with Morgan's men. They furloughed him out of the army to let his wound heal, and as it wouldn't heal they discharged him. He went to a recruiting office and tried to get in again. When they refused again Johnny McLaughlin simply went up and saw Mr. Lincoln in Washington, and Mr. Lincoln gave him a special order for enlistment, and back he went into the cavalry as a bugler.

HAD the American boy of the frontier been given dime novels to read, the probability is that he would not have been able to read them—so he lived them instead.

Frontier life demanded not only bravery and physical strength, but skill. Long before the boys west of the Alleghenies had any but the most cursory bowing acquaintance with the three R's, they were savants of all the lore of the greatest R of all—the rifle! These boys, sons of pioneers, born in the rough, were indeed chips of the American block, this time made of flint.

A little light-haired boy of eleven named Lars Anderson rode on horseback from Kentucky to Cambridge, to enter Harvard, for Harvard took them earlier than now. A few days after he got there he strolled out to a long range turkey shoot on Oxford Street. It cost sixpence a shot, and the proprietor of the rifle and turkeys usually went home with all his birds and all the undergraduate sixpences. When the little tow-head said he would like to try it, the turkey owner gave him instructions about holding and pointing the rifle so that the child, who was not quite as long as the gun, would at least shoot in the general direction of the birds. The youngster listened to the directions, lifted the rifle, and downed one of the birds. The man grinned sourly at the accident, and asked him to try again. He put up another bird, the boy sighted, and the second turkey fell to make an undergraduate banquet.

"Well, where the hell do you come from?" exclaimed the bereaved turkey master.

"I come from the State of Kentucky, sir," replied Master Anderson. "The next time you meet a gentleman from that State just remember there's not much you can tell him about a rifle."

The frontier lad cut his eye teeth on wild animals and Indians. Literally thousands of boys were captured by Indians, and the likelihood of Indian captivity was a frontier commonplace. Henry Johnson, eleven, and his brother John, thirteen, were captured by two Indians on Beach Bottom flats,

Ohio, in 1788. The next night, while camped in a hollow, the youngsters killed both, one with a tomahawk, the other with a gun, which they pulled out from under the sleeping redskins, and by dawn they reached Carpenter's Fort.

Sul Ross, whose father killed Chief Big Foot in a hand-to-hand conflict, used to spend his vacations from the University of Alabama fighting Indians. In his sophomore year he commanded a band of warriors in the battle of the False Wachita, in which a hundred Comanches were slain. The year he graduated Sam Houston gave him permission to raise a company of rangers. He charged a Comanche village on the Pease River, and himself killed Peta Nocona, the Chief of the Quahadas, the most famous Comanche since old Big Foot's time.

One November night in 1835, near the Three Forks of Little River, Texas, a dog barked. An arrow killed him, but the bark had aroused Joe Taylor and his family consisting of his wife, two daughters, and two sons, one thirteen, the other twelve. War yells burst out and arrows and bullets crashed against the logs of the solitary cabin.

The twelve-year-old was put on the table with a rifle; the barrel shoved through a hole over the door. His brother took one window and his father another. The two girls made a fire and moulded bullets on the hearthstone.

Silence outside. Nothing stirred. The dread agony of suspense. Suddenly the little fellow on the table tightened. He said nothing. He squinted along the barrel of his rifle through the hole at something in the brush halfway between the house and barn. He waited. He watched, cheek squeezed against the stock, and his sights lined. He pressed the trigger. The explosion shook the room.

"Hey, ma!" he yelled. "I got my first Injun!"

He got others, too, that long night, in which the little family fought off both Indians and fire.

No, they didn't have to read some fiction-writer's pale attempts to match the breathless reality of the West. Adventure was bred under their eyes. One can picture a boy like La Bonte, who became one of the most famous of the Rocky Mountain trappers, strolling around St. Louis some spring morning in the '30's when bands of traders and trappers were starting out for the mountains. One can almost hear the desire and envy which sang in him as he watched them swagger around in their splendor of beads and buckskin, and

shoulder their rifles at the door of Jake Hawkins, the gun-maker of St. Louis.

"Hurrah, Jake, see you on the Pawnee, boy!"

"You seed sights this spree, eh, boy?"

"At 'em, boy. Give the varmints hell!"

"Wagh, boy, strike a coup and keep your topknot."

"Whar's Bill Williams, boy?" "Gone out, boy, they say. The Diggers took his harr, boy."

They were all boys to each other and stayed boys till they died, and had mountains and forts and streets and pieces of scenery in the most desolate here and there named after them.

Youth properly exploded in '49. It burst lungs, ribs, and bonds. Boys among boys, no women, no conventions, often no law, and money for the picking up thereof. In Frisco, you could head in at the Palace and pass a precocious blackguard of fourteen or fifteen dealing French monte on a cask head.

"I'll bet any man one or two hundred dollars he can't pick up the ace of spades!"

Inside a gambling house an infant of ten or eleven, puffing a cigar as big as himself, and up to all the guiles and wiles of this masculine world, would lose \$100 at a shot with the nonchalance of a veteran gambler.

A lot of them went bad, of course.

"Oh, once in the saddle I used to go rowin',
Oh, once in the saddle I used to go gay,
First took to drinkin', and then to card playin',
Got shot in the breast and am dyin' to-day."

This was the classical program of the hell-raising wild bunch. Ending in Boot Hill Cemetery, they generally ended bravely and very, very young.

In wars, both on land and sea, in the pioneering fight for existence, in the wild camps of the wild gold-rush days, the youth of America went out of his way to find trouble, adventure and a living. In some cases, however, the fighting was a wholly private affair, and it was accepted by the boys of the families involved as a matter of course.

ONE of the goriest feuds in America, between the Earps and the Clantons, was shot out in Tombstone on October 26, 1881. Billy Clanton was the youngest in the fight. This eighteen-year-old desperado was the first hit and the last to quit. He slid down against a

wall behind him, clutching his six-shooter in both hands and firing away. Virgil Earp bored a hole through his hat. He plugged Virgil through the calf of the right leg and brought him to the ground. He shot Morgan through the shoulder. Ike Clanton ran. Tom and Frank McLowery were dead. Mortally hurt, he kept on firing bullets and curses at the Earps. Virgil got him in his breast, and toppled him over.

"Just one more shot," he prayed. "God! Just one more shot."

He propped his head against the house behind him, flat on his back he raised his gun and wavered it toward his enemies, his finger fumbled on the trigger, his arm collapsed, his six-shooter rolled on the ground. He lay still.

"Pull off my boots," he whispered. "I promised my mother I'd never die with my boots on."

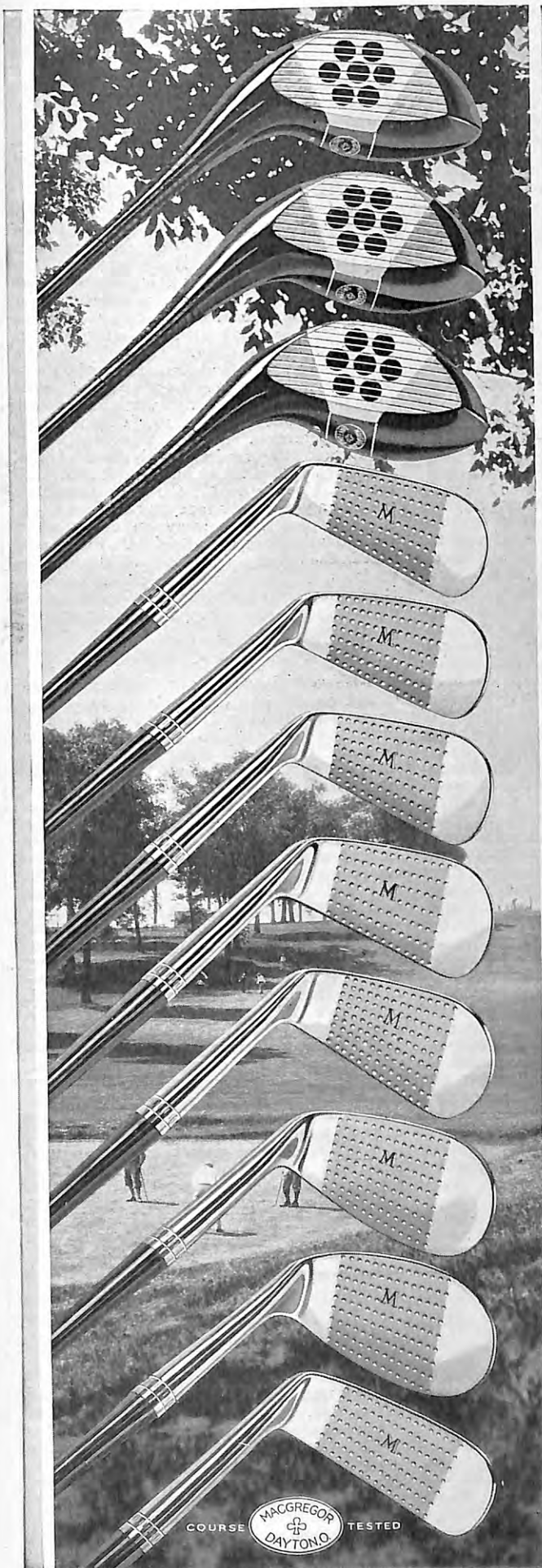
Yes, mostly the hell-raisers died young and bravely enough, but bravery was cheap in the old West, and they did not die nearly young enough.

Many stalwarts of law and order started wild, but by the

(Continued on page 50)



Traffic cop: "I hate the game, but I gotta play it to keep myself sore at the world"



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that built-in "feel"



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grace of the same God who gave John Bunyan a break, something in them better than mere physical bravery, moral bravery perhaps, threw them on the side of the righteous when they got past the stage of adolescent unmorality.

One of the truly bravest boys who ever lived in the West was Billy Simms, who had come from the East. He was headed bad, but an unquenchable fire of moral courage burned in him. He ran foul of the greatest gunman and killer in the Southwest, Ben Thompson, a king among killers, and ruler alike of order and disorder.

Thompson played with him. He sent him telegrams to Austin, where the boy had gone to see his sick mother, saying that he would kill him the minute he came back to San Antonio. Then he sent him telegrams announcing that he couldn't wait but was coming to kill him. Others sent word to Billy to make tracks, and on no account to come to San Antonio. Billy Simms was scared to death. Billy Simms went to San Antonio. Ben Thompson happened to be away. The terror-stricken boy had another chance to clear out. He stayed. He went to the city marshal and to the sheriff. Nobody dared buck Ben Thompson and his band of gunmen. The authorities left Billy as severely alone as though he had the pest; absolutely alone to face the thing that was moving on him. He sweated with cold fear, and yet he couldn't run away. He knew no man had ever beaten Ben Thompson with a gun. He knew twenty good gunmen had tried it, and he knew he had to face it out.

He walked around town waiting for Thompson. He walked to the Variety Theater. He was met at the foot of the stairs by the barkeeper. The barkeeper jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"He's up there, Billy," he said.

Billy paused, brushed by the barkeeper, and forced his legs to carry him up the stairs. Ben Thompson was sitting in the back row of the theater, opposite the bar, with King Fisher, another killer. He heard Billy come. When the boy reached the top of the stairs, Thompson was waiting for him. Just then another brave man appeared at Billy's side, a man named Foster whom Thompson had also sworn to kill.

"Ben," said Foster, "this world's not big enough for both of us."

Thompson rammed his gun into Foster's mouth. Billy Simms jerked out his pistol and opened up. Thompson and Fisher got tangled, and Billy kept after him, wildly pumping away. Thompson, Fisher, and Foster were down, and Billy Simms' gun was empty. He was alive, and all of Ben Thompson was dead.

The West was full of boys wandering in seemingly aimless fashion here and there the world for to see, and popping up when least expected and wherever excitement popped. With the remotest encouragement, or no encouragement at all, one of them would step from a spectator's stand into an actor's rôle.

At the top of a hill down from Red Bluff the Shasta coach was held up in the '50's.

"Hands up! Keep your seats and we won't shoot."

"Shoot and be damned!" said Billy Dobson, the shotgun messenger, and planted a shot in the bandit's stomach.

The road agents let loose a volley of buckshot which killed an old Negress inside the coach. Billy stood alone on the box, one against five who were firing out of the protection of the brush. Just when his pistol was empty down the road charged a wandering boy, a gangling kid not yet sixteen. That day Clark Stocking fired his first pistol shot on the side of the law in the Wild West, downed his first man, drove the outlaws away, and saved Billy and the stage.

In one of the fights of the Lincoln County war, which featured Billy the Kid, a fifteen-year-old boy strolled up from a near-by ranch house and wiggled up to a position along the sink hole in which Frank Coe was cornered, which was just about a lifetime nearer than any of the thirty-five gunmen who had Coe trapped would venture. He let fly with an old Sharp's singleshoot buffalo gun and blew Coe's hat off.

THESE kids wiggled in and out of everything, but when they became set they were not to be trifled with. They had all the old pioneer's instinct to protect what they got. The outlaw Bob Costello, who had held off posses and shot it out with experts in barrooms, was killed by a small boy in a camp which he had jumped. An Iowa boy on the Kansas southwestern border was a buffalo hunter and government scout at sixteen, and in time became the dean of all the peace officers of his time, William Tilghman. When Willy was seventeen he was out with a small party of buffalo hunters around the Medicine Lodge River. He was guarding the camp alone during an Indian scare. In fact he was in camp because the Indians had scared his older comrades so thoroughly that they were all for abandoning their buffalo skins and returning home to save their own. But William had worked for those hides and he meant to keep them. Seven Indians raided the camp. There was a battle. Young Mr. Tilghman killed four out of the seven, and the others went away from that place.

There were dozens of boys in their teens along on the ill-fated Miers Expedition, in which three hundred Americans started out to conquer Mexico. They wound up in Saltville drawing beans out of a jar for life or death. After defeating three thousand Mexicans at Miers, in December, 1842, they were surrendered by their officer and imprisoned at Hacienda Salado. Under the leadership of the first cowboy of them all, Ewen Cameron, two hundred and fourteen unarmed captives overpowered two hundred and fifty armed soldiers, and set out for the border, four hundred miles away. Mexico beat them. Granite mountains and no water. Captured again, Santa Anna ordered them all shot. A storm of protest arose from prominent Mexicans. Santa Anna changed the order to decimation. One out of every ten was to be stood against the firing

wall. They drew beans for the privilege. A white bean for life; a black bean for death. It was one of the grimmest gambles in the world.

A heroic boy, George W. Crittenden, of Kentucky, thrust his hand in the jar. He drew a white bean and was safe. He gave it to a comrade.

"You have a wife and children," the boy said. "I'll take another chance."

He did, and won.

The fiber of the American boy has by no means softened although, what with the passing of the frontier, the technical rigmarole of steam and a mechanistic age, truant officers and Gary societies, a boy's opportunities on land and sea have become considerably restricted. But even so, Boy Scouts accompanied the Johnsons to Africa and Byrd to the Antarctic. Kennett Dawson of Chicago signed as a ship's boy at fourteen on the Bowdoin Expedition, the youngest white boy ever to go into the far north, and was at the wheel when the Bowdoin broke through the ice pack off Cape Harrison.

However, the modern equivalent of the prairie schooner is the airship, and it is toward the high blue sky rather than the deep blue sea that a young lad's fancy turns these days. Some strippling stows away on every other transatlantic plane and dirigible. Every airport in the country has a flock of juvenile attendants, and there is no more chance of keeping them from trying forbidden wings than out of forbidden jam, or keeping a Johnny McLaughlin out of a war.

ONLY a little while ago the newspapers carried an account of a pair of such lads. Every day Tommy Davis passed Hadley Field, New Jersey, on his way to and from the Plainfield High School. Some days he probably never got past the flying field to school at all. He noticed a plane parked in an adjoining field. He had watched fliers long enough, and anyhow what was there to it? So one day when no one was watching the solitary plane Tommy went up in it. Not only that but he came down. He went up again, and again came back in a perfect landing. Then, with the sublime arrogance of youth, this seventeen-year-old self-taught pilot offered to teach his pal, Jack Kohler, how to fly. Jack was two years older, and they went up, Tommy taking off perfectly. But when Kohler took the controls he froze to them, and they crashed. Kohler was killed; Tommy escaped with a couple of bruises. And just the other day, Joseph Sheehan, twelve years old, the age at which Farragut took over his first command, made a perfect ten-minute solo-flight over Roosevelt field in a Bird monoplane. He was so short a soap-box and cushions were used to raise the seat.

Well, Lindbergh wasn't exactly bowed down with years when he flew to Paris, and what he had done in the air with a crate and a tin can before he reached his majority might well have sent cold shivers up Johnny Clem's young back or down Buffalo Bill's spine, and given even Mr. Farragut pause.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 32)

behalf of the Association. Features of the morning session, following the opening exercises, were an address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews and the reading of the reports of the Association's President and Secretary. Among the important matters pertaining to the affairs of the Association was the ratification of the action of the Executive Committee in accepting the Harry-Anna Memorial Building at Umatilla, a splendid building given to the Association by Mr. and Mrs. H. R. P. Miller for use as a home for crippled children. The delegates unanimously approved of the

adoption of the plan to detail all the work for crippled children through the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Committee, Incorporated. The first event to take place when the delegates met again on Tuesday morning was a ritualistic contest between the teams of New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, and Lake Worth Lodge, No. 1530. This the New Smyrna team won. The victors will probably represent Florida in the National Ritualistic Contest at the Convention of the Grand Lodge when it meets at Birmingham in July. Following his contest, the delegates elected officers for the

ensuing term. L. F. Chapman, of De Land Lodge, No. 1463, was chosen to serve the Association as President. Other officers named were: F. E. Thompson, Lake City Lodge, No. 893; First Vice-President; W. P. Moody, Miami Lodge, No. 948, Second Vice-President; George N. Bickner, St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224, Third Vice-President; C. Harold Hippler, Eustis Lodge, No. 1578, Fourth Vice-President; Alto Adams, Fort Pierce Lodge, Fifth Vice-President; J. Frank Isaac, Daytona Beach Lodge, No. 1141,

(Continued on page 52)

Birmingham bound!

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Prices f.o.b. South Bend. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

STUDEBAKER BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS
PIONEER OF FREE WHEELING

(Continued from page 50)

Secretary-Treasurer; Carl Kettler, West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, Tiler; and A. C. Altwater, Sebring Lodge, No. 1529, member of the Executive Committee for three years. After the elections and the installation of the officers, the delegates selected Daytona Beach as the meeting place for next year. The social side of the convention, as arranged by the committees in charge, provided much interesting and varied entertainment. Among the many events to choose from were band concerts, baseball games, golf and other sports, dinners and dances. Climaxing the three-day meeting, the Past Presidents' banquet and the President's ball were held on the concluding evening at the New Fort Pierce Hotel. The banquet, attended by 250 Elks and their guests, was one of the outstanding events among the social festivities that marked the convention as being one of the best ever held in the State. The President's ball, which followed the banquet, was an equally brilliant affair. During the intermission of the regular dancing a group of professional actors entertained the guests.

Indiana

PREPARATIONS being made by all entertainment and convention committees of Huntington, Ind., Lodge, No. 805, for the meeting there on June 15 and 16, of the Indiana State Elks Association, indicate that no expense or effort will be spared to make the occasion one long to be remembered. This is the first time that Huntington Lodge has entertained the Association, but with the broad experience gained from many other conventions the heads of the various committees are confident of success. Among the features of the meeting will be the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. Business sessions will be held each morning, starting promptly at nine-thirty and continuing until noon. On the afternoon of the first day there will be held the ritualistic contest for the Joseph T. Fanning cup. The banquet in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Coen is scheduled to follow that evening. Other events of interest will be a grand ball in honor of all distinguished guests, a parade and a monster outdoor picnic on the banks of the Wabash.

New Mexico

SEVEN Lodges were represented at the fourth annual convention of the New Mexico State Elks Association, held a short time ago at the Home of Roswell Lodge, No. 969. The meeting extended over a period of two days, the first of which was devoted principally to a hearing of the reports of committees and to the nomination of officers for the coming year. Presiding at the session was President J. P. Gribbin. The invocation was pronounced by acting Chaplain O. O. Stewart, of Carlsbad Lodge, No. 1558. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leland C. Fellows wel-

comed the visiting delegates to Roswell. The following morning, at the second day's session, Mr. Fellows, a member of Roswell Lodge, was chosen President of the Association. Joseph Wertheim, of Carlsbad Lodge, was elected First Vice-President; Francis E. Wood, Albuquerque Lodge, No. 461, Second Vice-President; W. B. Walton, of Silver City Lodge, No. 413, Third Vice-President; Henry D. Johnson, of Roswell Lodge, Secretary; L. J. Benjamin, of Albuquerque Lodge, Treasurer; and J. P. Gribbin, of Gallup Lodge, No. 1440; Walter G. Turley, of Santa Fé Lodge, No. 460; and C. M. Bueler, of Tucumcari Lodge, No. 1172, were named Trustees. Installation of the new officers was conducted by O. R. Dibblee, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge, and attending the convention as the special representative of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen. Before adjournment, Mr. Benjamin, Treasurer of the Association, announced the presentation of a check for \$100 to the Elks National Foundation, in part payment of the Association's purchase of a Founder's Certificate in the Foundation. Gallup was chosen as the convention city for 1933.

Arizona

FROM the Tuberculosis Sanitarium near Tucson, maintained by the Arizona State Elks Association, three patients already have been discharged as cured. Two of these have been able to resume active work. The third is living in Tucson with his family. Announcement of this was made recently by Jacob Gunst, President of the Association, and the principal sponsor of its sanitarium for Elks in Arizona. The sixteen other patients in the institution, citizens of twelve different States, are all showing improvement.

Texas

UNDER the auspices of the Texas State Elks Association, President Harry A. Logsdon recently arranged and presented a radio program in the interest of Elks throughout his own and near-by States. The broadcast was made from station WBAP, operated by the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. Prominent among the speakers on the program, besides Mr. Logsdon, were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs and Secretary W. R. Dudley, Jr., of Dallas Lodge, No. 71. Mr. Downs spoke on the activities of the Grand Lodge; Mr. Logsdon delivered a short talk on the importance of the State Associations; and Mr. Dudley upon child welfare and community service. Since the broadcast many letters have been received by the President commending him and those who assisted him in this effort.

Massachusetts

PLANS to send the officers of Brookline Lodge, No. 886, who compose the present champion Ritualistic Team of Massachusetts,

to the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham for the national ritualistic competition, were initiated recently at the sixth meeting this year of the officers of the Massachusetts State Elks Association, held at the Home of Boston Lodge, No. 10. Other prominent incidents of the session were reports of the giving of a number of entertainments at Bedford, Chelsea, Leeds and Rutland Hospitals. President Charles S. Riley occupied the chair during the meeting.

North Carolina

AFTER a several years' lapse of activity, the North Carolina State Elks Association was reorganized, a short time ago, at a gathering held at the Home of Wilmington Lodge, No. 532, of representatives of fourteen Lodges of the State. The meeting was arranged by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler R. E. Stevens. Officers elected by those in attendance were Grand Inner Guard Harry T. Paterson, New Berne Lodge, No. 764, President; and T. B. Kehoe, of the same Lodge, Secretary-Treasurer. These officers were empowered to appoint a Board of Directors which, at a meeting soon to be called, will establish by-laws for the Association. Noteworthy among the incidents of the Wilmington assembly was an address by Judge I. M. Meekins, of the Eastern North Carolina District Federal Court. A banquet, tendered by Wilmington Lodge to the visitors, followed the business session.

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., July 13. (Business meeting only, during Grand Lodge Convention.)
- Idaho, at Blackfoot, June 16-17.
- Illinois, at Aurora, August 11-12-13.
- Indiana, at Huntington, June 15-16.
- Iowa, at Sioux City, June 13-14-15.
- Maine, at Rockland, in June.
- Massachusetts, at Northampton, June 12-13-14.
- Michigan, at Pontiac, June 20-21.
- Minnesota, at Mankato, June 2-3.
- 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, June 9-10.
- Oklahoma, at Pawhuska, September 11-12-13.
- Pennsylvania, at Greensburg, August 22-23-24-25.
- South Dakota, at Madison, June 5-6.
- Utah, at Cedar City, June 4-5.
- Vermont, at Brattleboro, October 2.
- Washington, at Yakima, June 9-10-11.
- Wisconsin, at Appleton, in August.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 32)

Past Exalted Ruler C. H. Cosgrove, Of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, Dies

Members of Woburn, Mass., Lodge, No. 890, suffered a severe loss recently when Past Exalted Ruler Charles H. Cosgrove died of a sudden attack of pneumonia. He was sixty-eight. Officers and other members of the Lodge, upon the evening before they attended ecclesiastical ceremonies at St. Charles's Church and burial in Calvary Cemetery, gathered at Mr. Cosgrove's residence for the conduct of the Elks ritual. Mr. Cosgrove, prominent in the business life of his city, was one of the most energetic and devoted members of the Lodge. It was during his term as Exalted Ruler that Woburn Lodge won the trophy

awarded by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson, symbolic of the ritualistic championship of Massachusetts. His widow, Mrs. Ida C. Ellsworth Cosgrove; three daughters, two sons and three grandchildren, survive him. To these members of his immediate family, to those of his Lodge and the many friends outside it who mourn Mr. Cosgrove's passing, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to take this opportunity to extend its sincere condolence.

San Francisco, Calif., Lodge Event Reported Again After 25 Years

Many of the older members of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3, found a pleasant

interest recently in a report of the activities of the Lodge of a quarter of a century before. In a special column in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, of April 20, 1932, entitled "Twenty-five Years Ago Today," there appeared this notice: "Elks of this city made the installation of officers of San Francisco Lodge a special occasion because it was conducted by Judge Henry A. Melvin, of Oakland, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. It was the first time he had officiated at an installation since his election to the high office. W. M. Abbott was the new Exalted Ruler of San Francisco Lodge, Thomas W. Hickey the representative to the Grand Lodge, and Percy V. Long the alternate."

(Continued on page 54)

Firestone

EXTRA VALUES COUNT

The Tire That Taught THRIFT to Millions



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 GUM-DIPPED CORD PLYS UNDER THE TREAD

This is a patented construction, and the two extra Gum-Dipped 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.

LOW PRICES on tires is one thing—extra quality at low prices is quite another.

When you can get the *Extra Values* of Firestone's two patented construction features—*Gum Dipping* and *Two Extra Gum-Dipped Cord Plies Under the Tread*—at no premium in price, you are getting the most in Safety and Mileage your money can buy.

Prices for these *extra quality* tires are unbelievably low today; in fact, the *lowest ever known*.

You owe it to the safety of your family and yourself to equip your car with Firestone—the *Strongest* and *Safest* Tires you can buy at the prices you want to pay.

Drive in today. The Firestone Service Dealer will show you sections cut from Firestone Tires—also special brand mail order tires and others—take them in your own hands and check the construction for yourself. You and you alone be the Judge. Then you will understand why Firestone Tires are the outstanding preference★ of car owners.

In these days of thrifty buying—**FIRESTONE EXTRA VALUES COUNT!**

Listen to the "VOICE OF FIRESTONE" Every Monday Night over N. B. C. Nationwide Network

COMPARE CONSTRUCTION • QUALITY • PRICE

MAKE OF CAR	Tire Size	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type		MAKE OF CAR	TIRE SIZE underscore denotes Heavy Duty	FIRESTONE Oldfield Type	
		Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair			Cash Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
Ford.....	4.40-21	\$4.79	\$9.30	Stu'bak'r Gardner..	5.50-19	8.48	\$16.46
Chevrolet..	4.50-20	5.35	10.38	Marron... Oakland... Peerless... Chrysler... Stu'bak'r Viking.....	6.00-18	10.65	20.66
Chevrolet..	4.50-21	5.43	10.54	Stu'bak'r Franklin.. Hudson... Hup'bile... La Salle... Packard ..	6.00-19	10.85	21.04
Ford.....	4.75-19	6.33	12.32	Pierce-A... Buick.....	6.00-20	10.95	21.24
Chevrolet..	4.75-20	6.43	12.48	Pierce-A... Buick.....	6.00-21	11.10	21.54
Whippet... Plymouth.. Erskine... Plymouth.. Chandler De Soto... Dodge..... Durant... Cr. Paige Pontiac... Roosevelt Willys-K..	5.00-19	6.65	12.90	Pierce-A... Stutz..... Cadillac... Lincoln... Packard ..	6.50-19	12.30	23.86
Essex..... Nash.....	5.00-20	6.75	13.10	Stutz.....	6.50-20	12.65	24.54
Essex..... Nash..... Olds'bile.. Buick M. Chevrolet Olds'bile.. Buick.....	5.00-21	6.98	13.54	Cadillac... Lincoln... Packard ..	7.00-20	14.65	28.42
Chevrolet.. Olds'bile.. Buick.....	5.25-18	7.53	14.60	Truck and Bus Tires			
Stu'bak'r Auburn... Jordan... Reo.....	5.50-18	8.35	16.20	30x5 H.D.....	15.45	\$29.96	
				32x6 H.D.....	26.50	51.00	
				34x7 H.D.....	36.40	70.60	
				36x8 H.D.....	51.65	100.20	
				6.00-20 H.D.....	14.50	28.14	
				6.50-20 H.D.....	16.30	31.62	
				7.50-20 H.D.....	26.45	51.60	
				9.00-20 H.D.....	46.50	90.40	
				9.75-20 H.D.....	61.65	120.00	

Firestone COURIER TYPE			
TIRE SIZE	Cash Price Each	* Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	\$3.63	\$3.63	\$7.04
4.50-21	3.98	3.98	7.74
30x3 1/2 CL	3.57	3.57	6.92

Firestone SENTINEL TYPE			
TIRE SIZE	Cash Price Each	* Special Brand Mail Order Tire Price Each	Cash Price Per Pair
4.40-21	\$3.95	\$3.95	\$7.66
4.50-21	4.37	4.37	8.46
4.75-19	5.12	5.12	9.94
5.00-19	5.39	5.39	10.46
5.25-21	6.63	6.63	12.86

Other sizes proportionately low

* 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 and the quality excels that of special brand mail order tires sold at the same prices.

Firestone
COURIER TYPE
\$3.46
EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
30 x 3 1/2

Firestone
SENTINEL TYPE
\$3.83
EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.40-21

Firestone
OLDFIELD TYPE
\$5.27
EACH
WHEN BOUGHT IN PAIRS
4.50-21

★ One of the largest magazine publishing houses published a survey which they recently made to find out the tire buying plans of car owners for this year.

In this survey they covered twelve states and interviewed 1,403 of their subscribers. They found that 68% of those interviewed are going to buy tires this summer, and that 27.2% of these car owners are going to buy Firestone Tires—the next highest is only 20.6% which shows the demand for Firestone Tires is 32% more than for any other make.

TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • BRAKE LINING • SPARK PLUGS • RIMS • ACCESSORIES

(Continued from page 52)

Crippled Children's Committee of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, Reports

In so far as its Crippled Children's Committee has been able to determine, every disabled boy or girl within the jurisdiction of New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, has had, within a period of twelve months recently terminated, opportunity for medical examination and treatment at the clinics sponsored by the Lodge. This fact was disclosed a short time ago in the report of the Committee, through its Chairman, John H. Fate, to the Lodge. It represented the full achievement of one of the primary objects of the program for the welfare of crippled children which the Committee has fixed for accomplishment. During the year covered by the Committee's report, 423 cases were listed. Fifty-one cases already were undergoing treatment at the Lodge's clinics, and to these twenty-seven new ones were added. In forty-four instances improvement was noted, and in seven cures were effected. The attainment of these results involved the performance of four operations, the making of two hundred and forty-four medical examinations, the giving of nearly two thousand massage treatments, in addition to the provision of various sorts of casts and appliances. In the educational and vocational steps which the Lodge Committee took to make the children literate and self-sustaining, it had the cooperation of both municipal and State educational officials and that of the Vocational Examiners and Supervisors of the New Jersey State Rehabilitation Commission. The cost of the year's work in behalf of crippled children to the Lodge amounted to \$4,815. Middlesex County, in conjunction with the Lodge, expended \$1,699. A tribute to the value of the New Brunswick Elks' effort is seen in the fact that recently the county appropriated for its share in the coming twelve months' work \$1,500 more than it did in 1931.

Past Exalted Ruler Froeschke, of Linton, Ind., Lodge, Dies

Past Exalted Ruler Otto W. Froeschke, of Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, died recently at his home in Linton. His sudden end came as a severe shock to the members of No. 866, and to his many other friends in the community. Mr. Froeschke was initiated into Linton Lodge in December, 1914. He served as an officer of the Lodge in the several chairs and was Exalted Ruler for the term of 1928-29. The entire membership of his Lodge and the community in which he lived as an able and a useful citizen feel keenly the loss of so active and forceful a character.

J. H. Hart, Founder of Flag Day Association, Dies

Joseph H. Hart, a charter member of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, No. 109, and the founder of the Allentown Flag Day Association, died recently in Allentown. He was 82 years old. His many friends in Allentown and Wilkes-Barre were shocked at the news of his sudden end. Mr. Hart's career in the Order began in 1887, when he was initiated into Memphis, Tenn., Lodge, No. 27. A year later he moved to Wilkes-Barre and there later was one of those who founded Lodge No. 109. Mr. Hart's devotion to the Flag Day Association earned him a respect that was nation-wide. His last major patriotic movement was aiding in the securing of passage by Congress of the bill adopting "The Star-Spangled Banner" as the national anthem.

Michigan and Indiana Elks Meet at Saint Joseph, Mich., Lodge

Members of several Michigan and Indiana Lodges gathered recently at the Home of Saint Joseph, Mich., Lodge, No. 541, on the occasion of the official visit of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Leo J. Wykkel. The

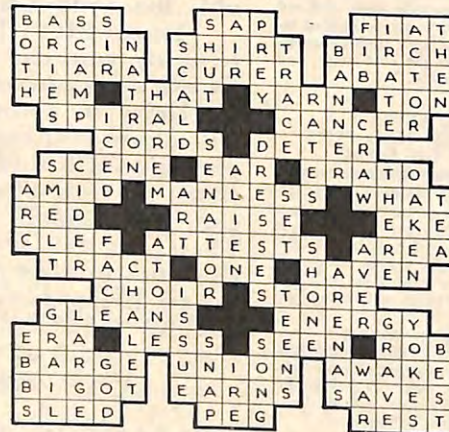
delegations attending the fraternal gathering represented Benton Harbor and Holland, Mich., and La Porte, Ind., Lodges. The feature of the meeting was the initiatory ceremonies at which officers of each Lodge took part in conducting initiations for groups of candidates for all Lodges present.

Canadian Lodge Secretary Warns Against Defrauder

Secretary M. Stewart, of Vancouver, B. C., Lodge, No. 1, of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of Canada, has asked THE ELKS MAGAZINE to warn Lodge Secretaries against a man calling himself Costello and claiming to be a member of Vancouver Lodge. This man has been obtaining money under false pretenses from a number of Lodges throughout the

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 41)



eastern section of the United States. Letters reporting his activities have been received by Mr. Stewart from Chester and Bethlehem, Pa., Jersey City, N. J., and Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodges. According to Secretary Stewart, Costello, who is not and never has been a member of Vancouver Lodge, asks for temporary assistance, explaining that he has been robbed of his money and all his papers. Sometimes, Mr. Stewart reports, Costello claims to be a retired railroad man.

Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Elks Praised For Kindness Done Years Ago

Joseph M. Egan, recently initiated into Pittsburgh, Pa., Lodge, No. 11, reports to THE ELKS MAGAZINE the story of an act of kindness on the part of the members of Wisconsin Rapids, Wis., Lodge, No. 693, to a stranded theatrical troupe ten years ago. Mr. Egan was then a member of the Earl Young Stock Company, which was playing at the Daly Theatre in Wisconsin Rapids. A fire broke out in the theatre, completely destroying the equipment and leaving the company of actors destitute. Members of Lodge No. 693 rallied to the aid of their theatrical guests and presented them with over five hundred dollars to help them through their tragic situation. This story of kindness is one of the reasons why Mr. Egan wanted to become a member of the Order. Through THE ELKS MAGAZINE he wishes to take this opportunity to thank the generous members of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge for their humanitarian deed.

Many Attend Father and Son Night at Racine, Wis., Lodge

One of the most numerous gatherings of the members of Racine, Wis., Lodge, No. 252, assembled recently at the Home on the occasion of the celebration of "Father and Son

Night." The feature of the meeting was the installation of Exalted Ruler-elect John R. Jones by his father, Past Exalted Ruler J. Roland Jones, Jr. An interesting fact was brought out during the course of the evening, when it was reported that about ten per cent. of the membership of the Lodge is composed of fathers and sons.

New York North Central Elks Bowling League Holds Banquet

The first annual banquet of the Elks Bowling League of the New York North Central District was held recently in Iliion at the Home of Iliion Lodge, No. 1444. Honored guests at the affair were the League officers: President F. A. Miller, of Herkimer Lodge; Vice-President Charles T. Lanigan, of Rome Lodge; Secretary Thomas Leahy, of Iliion Lodge; Treasurer Earl Hamlin, of Utica Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll; Dr. A. P. Faass, representing the New York State Elks Association; and Exalted Rulers William Wolff, of Rome Lodge; Herbert W. Pearson, of Utica Lodge; Charles E. Crandall, of Herkimer Lodge; and Charles L. Jones, Jr., of Iliion Lodge. Following the dinner, District Deputy Ingersoll, Dr. Faass, Vice-President Lanigan and Exalted Ruler Jones addressed the gathering.

Past Exalted Ruler Kittrick, of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, Dies

Members of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, are mourning the loss of Past Exalted Ruler Thomas F. Kittrick, who died recently at the Jersey City Medical Center from injuries received in an automobile accident. His sudden death was a great shock to all his many friends both within the Order and without. Mr. Kittrick was initiated into the Lodge in December, 1909, and held various offices for a number of years. In 1921 he served as No. 211's Exalted Ruler. A number of years ago he was a member of a committee to aid crippled children, headed by Governor A. Harry Moore, of New Jersey. Mr. Kittrick recently served as a Deputy Director of Finance of Jersey City.

Eight Charter Members of Red Wing, Minn., Lodge Made Life Members

In recognition of their distinguished services to the Order, Red Wing, Minn., Lodge, No. 845, awarded, at a recent meeting, honorary life memberships to every one of its eight surviving charter members. The presentation of the membership cards and the address incident to this ceremony were made by William M. Ericson, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 845, and Past President of the Minnesota State Elks Association. The recipients of the honor were Past Exalted Ruler C. W. Hartuppe, Charles E. Lillyblad, John H. Webster, Fred W. Reichert, L. C. Stromberg, M. H. Cremer, Otto Remmler and R. A. Hoyt.

Week's Musical Festival Given By Portland, Me., Elks a Hit

The twelfth annual Musical Festival to be sponsored by Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, presented recently at the Jefferson Theatre in that city, won a success pronounced even in comparison with its splendid predecessors. The festival consisted in the performance, by the Civic Light Opera Company, of three of Gilbert and Sullivan's operettas, "The Mikado," "Trial by Jury" and "H. M. S. Pinafore," in the course of a week. The affair was held in behalf of the Charity Fund of the Lodge and in conjunction with observances of the three-hundredth anniversary of the founding of Portland and of the one-hundredth anniversary of the city's incorporation. Responsible in great measure for the success of the affair were Ralph W. E. Hunt, General Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, and his associates.

Albany, N. Y., Lodge Reclaims \$10,000 in Back Dues During Year

Within the Lodge year recently terminated, the Lapsation Committee of Albany, N. Y., Lodge, No. 49, reclaimed over \$10,000 in unpaid dues. This was revealed a short time ago in a review of No. 49's activities for twelve months prepared by the retiring Exalted Ruler, Louis Snyder, and published in the splendid 24-page bulletin of the Lodge, *Elkdom News*. This fraternal periodical is regarded as notable among those of the New York Lodges. In addition to its last dozen regular monthly issues, it has had two extra editions. These contained the names of Albany Lodge's candidates for the two George Washington Prosperity Classes initiated.

Ft. Dodge, Ia., Lodge Has Gained Nearly 300 Members This Year

Since the beginning of the year, Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge, No. 306, with a membership in January of four hundred and fifty, has added nearly three hundred new members to its rolls. Of the first group of two hundred and ten of these, one hundred and ten were derived from new applications. Fifty-six still newer applications since have been received. In his report of No. 306's achievement, Exalted Ruler J. H. Mitchell gives credit for much of the increase in the Lodge's numerical strength to one member, A. D. Bailey.

New York, N. Y., Lodge Honors Past Exalted Ruler Brogan

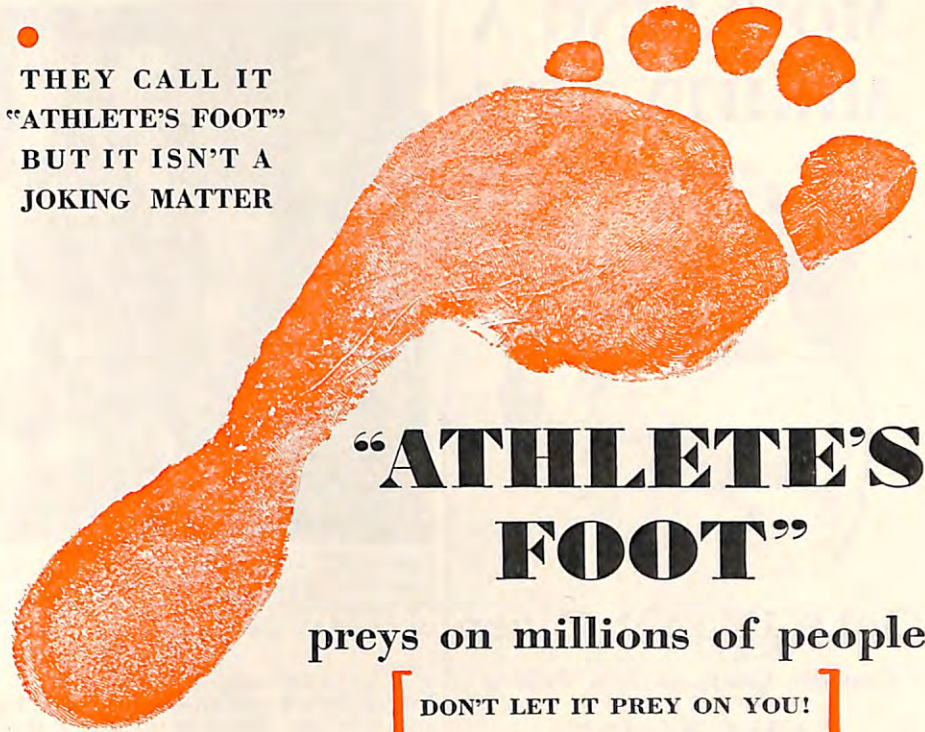
One of the largest gatherings to be seen at the Home of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, was that which took place recently at the Jubilee Anniversary Celebration of the Lodge, an event arranged in honor of the senior Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1, Thomas F. Brogan, upon the attainment of his fiftieth year as an Elk. The throng which assembled in tribute to Mr. Brogan crowded the Lodge-room to its utmost. In the distinction of its members, too, as well as in their number, it was noteworthy. Present upon the occasion were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Lester G. Brimmer, of New York; Past Presidents Joseph Brand and Philip Clancy, and Trustees Dr. James H. Brennan, of the New York State Elks Association; fourteen Past Exalted Rulers of New York Lodge and officers of similar rank from neighboring Lodges in New York and adjoining States; and eighteen members of No. 1 who were initiated during Mr. Brogan's term as Exalted Ruler of the Lodge. Speakers were Mr. Nicholson, Mr. Brand and Ferdinand Pecora, Treasurer of the Lodge. Exalted Ruler John D. Dyer delivered an address of welcome in behalf of those assembled; and Loney Haskell, whom Past Exalted Ruler Brogan had inducted, read an original acrostic eulogizing him. In the course of the meeting, Mr. Brogan received several gifts in token of affection and esteem. Among them were remembrances from his own Lodge and from New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756; and a floral offering from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning. A special tribute to the guest of honor of the evening was the initiation of a class of thirty-nine candidates. Members of the Committee in charge of the Jubilee Anniversary were Past Exalted Rulers Daniel A. Kerr, Chairman; Dr. John E. Dearden, James E. McDonald, William T. Phillips and Edward A. Neyland.

New York, N. Y., Elks Honor Memory Of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Leach

More members than ever before had done so took part a short time ago in the annual pilgrimage of Elks of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward Leach in Riverside Cemetery, Waterbury, Conn. Services in the Past Grand

(Continued on page 56)

●
**THEY CALL IT
"ATHLETE'S FOOT"
BUT IT ISN'T A
JOKING MATTER**



**"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"**
preys on millions of people
[DON'T LET IT PREY ON YOU!]

BEFORE the green leaves of summer fade into the gold of fall, many men and women who read no further than this paragraph will wish they had followed this message to the very end.

Here is a simple statement of fact: *At least 10 million people will be prey this summer to that widespread infection called "Athlete's Foot."*

Here is another: *Countless people who have "Athlete's Foot" today are doing nothing about it because they do not consider the danger signals serious.*

The peril comes from the fact that the germs, when unchecked, dig deep into skin and underlying tissues. They cause the skin to crack open, bringing on a soreness often so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

That's how serious "Athlete's Foot" can become. And even more serious, if other infections such as blood poisoning, lockjaw and erysipelas pass into the blood stream through those open sores.

**Watch your step in places
where "Athlete's Foot" abounds**

It is one of nature's ironies that "Athlete's Foot" should attack most people when they are exposing their bare feet to damp

surfaces in the very act of promoting health.

For the tiny ringworm germ which causes this infection lurks by the billions on locker- and dressing-room floors. It swarms on beach walks and on edges of swimming pools, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

**Use Absorbine Jr. to kill
the germ of "Athlete's Foot"**

You may have the first symptoms of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign douse on Absorbine Jr., morning and night.

Laboratory tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills it quickly, when it reaches the germ. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Write for free sample

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle on every outing. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 410 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. *In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.*

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse soothing, cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



MOULDING A MIGHTY ARM



Get a 17-Inch Bicep

Complete Course on Arm Building

ONLY 25c

Get an arm of might with the power and grip to obey your physical desires. Within 30 days you can now build your arm from a scrawny piece of skin and bone to one of huge muscular size. I don't mean just a 17-inch bicep but a 15-inch forearm and an 8-inch wrist. This specially prepared course will build every muscle in the arm because it has been scientifically worked out for that purpose. You can develop a pair of triceps shaped like a horseshoe and just as strong, and a pair of biceps that will show their double head formation. The sinewy cables between the biceps and elbow will be deep and thick with wire cable ligaments. In that arm of yours, the forearm will belly with bulk, and the great supinator lifting muscle you can make into a column of power, while your wrist will grow alive and writhe with cordy sinew. All this you can get for 25 cents—send for this course today and within 30 days' time you can have a he-man's arm built to be as beautiful, brawny and magnificent as the village blacksmith's.

You can't make a mistake. The guaranty of the strongest armed man in the world stands behind this course. I give you all the secrets of strength illustrated and explained as you like them. 30 days can give you an unbreakable grip of steel, and a Herculean arm. Mail your order now while you can still get this course at my introductory price of only 25c.

I will not limit you to the arm. I can develop any part or all of your body. Try any one of my test courses listed below at 25c. Or, try all six of them for only \$1.00.

RUSH THE COUPON TODAY

Mail your order now and I will include a FREE COPY OF THE THRILL OF BEING STRONG. It is a priceless book to the strength fan and muscle builder. Full of pictures of marvelous bodied men who tell you decisively how you can build symmetry and strength the equal of theirs.

Reach Out—Grasp This Special Offer

Jowett Institute of Physical Culture
422 Poplar St., Dept. 93Fb, Scranton, Pa.

George F. Jowett: Your proposition looks good to me. Send, by return mail prepaid, the courses checked below for which I am enclosing.....

- Moulding a Mighty Arm, 25c
- Moulding a Mighty Back, 25c
- Moulding a Mighty Grip, 25c
- Moulding a Mighty Chest, 25c
- Moulding Mighty Legs, 25c
- Strong Man Stunts Made Easy, 25c
- All 6 Books for \$1.00

Also send a free copy of "The Thrill of Being Strong."

Name.....Age.....

Address.....



Officers of New Kensington, Pa., Lodge, who welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen when he visited there not long ago. Upon this occasion, M. F. Horne (third from the left, standing), President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, presented to the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Coen a set of aluminum ware of local manufacture

(Continued from page 55)

Exalted Ruler's memory were held at the place of burial. Those who officiated at these were Past Exalted Rulers Daniel A. Kerr, James E. McDonald and Arthur V. Dearden; Robert A. Reilly, Al. Darling and John J. Campbell. Past Exalted Ruler William T. Phillips delivered an address of eulogy. Past Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, accompanied the New York Elks to Waterbury. Upon the return from the cemetery, all those who made the pilgrimage were the guests of Waterbury Lodge, No. 265.

Elks Memorial Hall in Paris Will Be Dedicated on Flag Day

Elks residing in Paris, France, will dedicate the Elks Memorial Hall in Pershing Hall, the American Legion war-memorial building in the French capital, on Flag Day, June 14, in connection with the Flag Day exercises of the Order. Plans made for this double ceremony indicate that it will be most impressive. Ambassador Walter E. Edge, a member of Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge, No. 276, will act as the representative of Grand Exalted Ruler Coen upon the occasion, if his official duties permit his presence in Paris at the time; or if not, to delegate a suitable representative. General John J. Pershing will also be present to take a prominent part in the ceremonies, should he be in Paris. A striking decoration of the Hall for the ceremonies will be a great bell of flowers. After their termination, this will be taken to the American Veterans' Ward of the American Hospital, where there still are several members of the American Expeditionary Force undergoing treatment.

Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Is Host to Bowlers of Many States

Elks bowlers, from a number of States, took part in the annual tournament of the Elks' Bowling Association of America in Toledo, Ohio, during a recent period of six weeks, with Toledo Lodge, No. 53, acting as host to thousands of members of the Order. The tournament was opened auspiciously March 19, when sixty-four of the seventy-five local teams engaged in rivalry, after Governor George White of Ohio, and city and county officials had rolled the "first ball" on the Interurban alleys. The official opening was preceded by a dinner in honor of the State's chief executive and John J. Gray, Secretary of the Elks' national bowling organization. Part of the opening ceremonies consisted of radio talks

by Governor White, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Exalted Ruler John M. McCabe, of Toledo Lodge; Harry Zahrlly, General Chairman of the local committee on arrangements; Otto Hohly, City Service Director, who represented Mayor A. O. Thacher in his absence from the city; and P. A. Birkenhauer, Secretary of the bowling league of Toledo Lodge. One of the pleasing features of the opening night was the distribution of 110 good-fellowship prizes among Toledo bowlers. All of these had been donated by Toledo Elks and their friends. During the tournament 220 five-man teams, scores of doubles and many singles participated. Among the cities which sent especially strong delegations were Detroit, Lakewood, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago and Fremont; and other cities in northwestern Ohio. Dr. Samuel Sher, of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, President of the Elks' Bowling Association, accompanied his Lodge's contingent to Toledo. Winners of the several events were the following: Five-men Event, Hank Smith No. 1, of Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34; the players being V. Fitzgibbons, C. Goodrow, A. Bamberg, Capt.; H. Allen and Joe Scribner, with a score of 3,068; Two-men Event: Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, the players being E. Hall and O. Peters, with a score of 1,280; Individual Event: George Kielwasser, of Ann Arbor, Mich., Lodge, No. 325, with a score of 728; and All Events: William J. Mattison, of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, with a score of 1,978. The tournament in 1933 will be held under the auspices of Indianapolis, Ind., Lodge, No. 13.

News of the Order From Far and Near

Attending a session of New York, N. Y., Lodge, William M. Hamline, charter member of Macon, Ga., Lodge, recently received many felicitations from his fellow Elks upon the occasion of his seventy-ninth birthday.

Hampton, Va., Lodge recently held tablet services in memory of the late Past Exalted Ruler David Johnson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Virginia State Elks Association.

Members of Clifton Forge, Va., Lodge and the ladies of their families recently inaugurated, and with pronounced success, a series of monthly bridge parties.

Albion, N. Y., Lodge a short time ago completed improvements in its Lodge room which make it one of the most commodious and impressive in the western part of the State.

Ball Sense

(Continued from page 10)

players who have arrived not only because of special training and physical qualities, but because they have ball sense, the gift of genius.

Following the meteoric reign of Maurice McLoughlin—of course you are old enough to remember the red-haired Californian—Bill Tilden came along to restore the all-court game to American tennis, to show that a cannon ball service and terrific smashing coupled with unusual speed must, to be successful, be backed up by an all-court game. In much the same way last fall Henry Ellsworth Vines, a college boy from Los Angeles restored the all-court game to American tennis after the dazzling service and volleying of John Doeg. Of all the champions of the game at present none possess ball sense to a greater degree than does this solemn faced Californian. Like Cochet, like Tilden before him, he has that rare gift of the super-champion, the ability to lift his game in the pinches, to feel the critical points of a match and go out for them, to put on pressure just when his opponent commences to weaken.

LAST summer Vines won seventeen singles titles, including that of national champion, a record that has never been equalled. He has been playing ever since he was three, and by the time he was eight was a useful player. What he learned of tennis he got from the public parks, and from Mr. Mercer Beasley, one of those rare souls who are continually making sacrifices for the love of sport. Mr. Beasley is a professional coach, he took an interest in Vines and helped him with his strokes for nothing. In this connection his mother says: "The boy has done it on his own. He comes from a family of moderate circumstances. He had no money to back his tennis career and he must earn his living in the future. Though Mercer Beasley deserves more credit than anyone else for developing my son into a champion, my son is primarily responsible. He has always loved the game. Whenever I couldn't find him I had only to locate the nearest tennis courts and he would always be there. He has great natural ability and he has always played for the fun of it." Which is merely another way of saying that he has ball sense.

A curious kid, this six foot two inch, one hundred and fifty pound Californian. For him tennis is a game, yes, but not a light thing, rather something to be treated seriously, carefully. Is there in life an event more important than a tournament? More sacred than one's form? More glorious than a rise of two places in the national ranking? Unlike many of his colleagues—I could name one or two in particular—who never miss a shot through their own fault but always by some act of God, Vines forever finds a scientific answer for his mistakes in a match. His thumb was a tenth of an inch too high on the handle, his right foot half a degree too open. Patiently, quietly, he sets about to remedy these defects.

Incidentally, because tennis is a serious thing to him, he carries to its practice an exemplary manner, respects the umpires, plays with loyalty toward his opponent and himself, and never grouches or frets over bad decisions. Even when they are against him. He makes his shots according to correctly defined principles, and I really believe that he would rather miss a stroke according to those principles than succeed by a lucky stab. Whenever Vines is on his game, which to tell the truth is most of the time, he misses very little. This in spite of a forehand drive hit with a flat racquet which allows only the slimmest margin of error.

The other day a story was told me which is probably not true. I shall therefore refrain from mentioning the hero's name. Suffice it that in a California garden a young man was

(Continued on page 58)

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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 57)
talking in the tenderest of tones to a lovely girl. A bystander who observed his earnest passion approached, thinking to hear words consonant with the full moon above, with the heavy scent of roses abloom, with the odors and colors of the dying day. The young man extended his arm about the waist of the girl. No, it was not around her waist. It was directly in front of him. "My forehead," he was saying, "is made like this." And in the same tone in which some young men would have whispered, "I adore you," the hero of this tale remarked, "And I made a couple of good smashes against Lott in that last set, too."

VINES was born on September 28, 1911. Several weeks later a lad was born who was to be one of his rivals; Sidney B. Wood of New York. Wood comes from a tennis family, he has a tennis brain in the best sense of the word. Like Vines he was a star as a youngster, like Vines he came to the front early, like Vines he has ball sense to an extreme degree. In other respects they are widely different; Wood is nervous, intense, high-strung, a spark plug of energy, whereas Vines is cool, calm, collected, always master of himself, walking slowly about the court between rallies whereas Wood taps his racquet eagerly on the ground and tries to hurry the tempo of the match. He has broad shoulders, a slim torso which he uncoils to hit a smash or a service with tremendous speed. In action he is a ball of fire when he wants to be. The galleries like to watch Wood, he is picturesque and attractive, one of the most colorful players in the game. Moreover he possesses ball sense to a greater degree than almost anyone else in tennis. The knowledge of when to go to the net, what to do when there, when to try a drop shot and when to lob, all that comes naturally to Sidney Wood. His strokes run the whole gamut, he has everything. In fact his record last season when, after capturing the English title at Wimbledon, he was hardly victorious in a single match on this side of the water may almost be attributed to having too much ball sense. He knew so much, he was so confident of himself, he had so many strokes and such a rare touch, such an extraordinary ability to do whatever he liked with the ball that he seemed at times unable to make up his mind what weapon in his repertoire to use. He became confused, uncertain, at sea. That is merely a temporary condition. Sidney Wood is a great player with a future before him and he will prove it to the skeptics this summer.

Vines is champion of the United States in singles. Another boy you will hear about this year is his doubles partner, Keith Gledhill, the six-foot Stanford undergraduate who besides being intercollegiate champion ranks No. 8 in the 1932 ranking in singles. So far he has made his name as a doubles specialist with his friend and partner, Vines. Last season the pair made a record that has never been equaled. Starting in June in the California State Championships they played ten consecutive tournaments, losing only one match in forty-three. By the time they reached Longwood, Massachusetts, where the official doubles championships were held in August, they were overtrained, stale, drawn and thin. In that tournament for the national title they were the general favorites, but unexpectedly fell to Clifford Sutter and Bruce Barnes. Their defeat was a big disappointment to the two Californians, for they would gladly have lost every early meeting could they have been victorious in that most important one of all. Afterward the two losers were talking things over in the locker room. "I wish I'd shifted over to the left court in that fifth set," said Gledhill regretfully. "I feel I could have handled Barnes' service better." "Aw, forget it," drawled Vines. "We were due for a licking and we got it." Which, when you come to think of it, is a fairly sportsmanlike and philosophical way of looking at the knocks and disappointments of this life.

The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. What is the longest river in the world?
2. What distinct difference is there between an ape and a monkey?
3. Who is Vicki Baum?
4. What is a titmouse?
5. What number is signified by the Roman numerals MM?
6. Who said, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever"?



7. What is a compound fracture of a bone?
8. What is Al Smith's middle name?

9. On what continent is Mesopotamia?
10. What is the capital city of Norway?
11. What is a philatelist?
12. Are penguins found in both the polar regions?



The answers appear on page 64

Gledhill, who comes from Santa Barbara is tall, thin, blonde, not unlike Vines, his pal and partner, in appearance. He is the only player in the United States who defeated the champion in tournament play in 1931. Six months older than Vines, he is the captain of the team, and if he is today less famous than his illustrious friend he will certainly not remain unknown to the world of sport long. Like Vines he has ball sense, he has a touch for lawn tennis that makes him a dangerous opponent in a tight match. Ball sense as I have attempted to show is not an easy thing to define; an excellent illustration of it occurred however during that same contest of Vines and Gledhill against Barnes and Sutter at Longwood last summer. In the fifth set match point was called several times before the Californians finally were vanquished. On the first occasion Sutter served in the left court to Vines. The average star, the normal good player who lacked ball sense would have played that shot carefully. Not Vines. He hit at it with all his force on his backhand, the ball left his racquet and shot by Barnes at the net so fast the latter never saw it, landing two inches inside the far corner of the baseline. Brilliant, daring, it was the shot of a champion!

You will discover that one universal char-

acteristic of all great champions is that they are never timid or afraid to put their fortunes to the test. Never afraid to tackle a good adversary because a defeat would injure their ranking for the year or cost them a place on the Davis Cup side. All great players have this fearlessness, Tilden had it, now Ellsworth Vines has it, and a young Englishman named Frederick John Perry has this trait also. Last year between January and December he played championship tennis in six different lands and on three continents.

For many years England has lacked a great champion. She has one now in this twenty-two year old star whose father was a Member of Parliament in the last Labor Government. Unranked in the English ranking in 1928, by 1931 young Perry was their best player, defeating Borotra in the Davis Cup matches and later in the summer, during a trip to the United States, conquering almost every member of the American First Ten, including Lott, Sutter, Van Ryn, Wood, Grant and others. Perry has ball sense. In common with every possessor of that important quality his game is individualistic, it is not stereotyped, not copied after that of another player as Satoh modelled his style on Cochet; but strictly the product of

(Continued on page 60)

**Bad-tempered
next-door
neighbor**

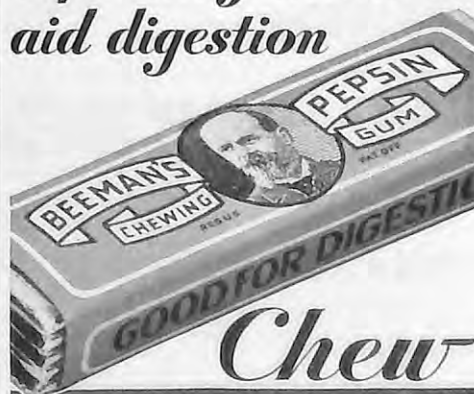


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JUNIOR and NANCY... afraid to step on his lawn. Even dogs slunk away from him. The neighbors all pitied his wife. And then he found a way to end his indigestion.

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(Continued from page 59)

his own brain and imagination. While a boy in school Perry became an expert at ping-pong; when he was eighteen he was good enough to represent England in an international match and beat the best men on the Continent where the game is widely played in winter. One day he turned his attention to tennis.

Instantly he was able to translate his strokes from table tennis to the outdoor sport. Supple of limb, tall, broad-shouldered with a fine physique, he plays a game that is entirely of his own conception, a game which for speed of foot and hand no Englishman has equalled for thirty years. The ball is taken on the rise, hit early and fast as in table tennis, struck so quickly as it comes off the ground that his shots are like half-volleys, they are back upon an opponent before that unlucky individual has recovered position. In many ways Perry's brilliant game, supported by ball sense, is the most advanced and daring of modern times; indeed when this young Englishman is in an inspired mood no one, not Vines, not Tilden, not even Cochet can stop him. The duels this year between Perry, carrying the hopes of England, and Vines, the champion of the United States, which will take place on the red clay of Roland Garros during the Davis Cup matches and later on the green turf of Forest Hills, Long Island, during the American championships, will be epic matches of tennis history.

The two rivals are a contrast. Vines is taciturn and controlled, both on the court and off. He resembles Billy Larned, the former American champion. He reminds you of the conventional Englishman. Perry is the reverse, always chattering, joking, ever with a wisecrack for everyone. At home everywhere, he might pass, except for his speech, for a typical American. Naturally he is a tremendous favorite with the galleries, for he has a cheery disposition which makes him an amusing and entertaining actor on the courts. In action and out he is forever grinning. When he wins a point with that lightning fast forehand, he grins. When he is cleanly beaten in a rally, he grins. When he serves an ace, he grins, when aced by Vines, he grins also. Easy to

see why that fashionable gallery at Los Angeles last fall, when Vines beat him in a terrific match, went wild over the Englishman, although he was a stranger in a foreign land.

Super-champions are few in number; they do not happen often. Every nation at one time or another, however, has produced super-champions in different sports. A super-champion, the player with ball sense, is a freak. He is born with this rare gift, he does not develop it. You may almost say that it develops him; it comes to him and he exercises it, often without knowing why. Rarely does a single nation put forth more than one of these sporting geniuses at the same time. The United States was fortunate in tennis; they were able to put two such men in the field at once—the two incomparable Bills, Tilden and Johnston. Alone these super-stars were able to win the Davis Cup, alone they defended it; first against Japan, then three times against Australia, and twice against France, six times in all! A remarkable record. Time told in the end. Time and a team of players with ball sense. France, luckier even than the United States, suddenly produced not one but three super-champions together: Lacoste, Borotra, Cochet. United these three captured the Davis Cup, and of late years the two latter have held it for five long years.

NOW the pendulum swings the other way. Our turn is at hand. Not because Jean Borotra has succumbed finally to Time, the greatest enemy of the athlete, not because Rene Lacoste's health is no longer what it was five years ago, not because Henri Cochet is more interested in skiing, in swimming, in flying and in hunting than he is in lawn tennis. No, not for these reasons shall we be victorious in the Davis Cup; but rather because we have been favored by a gift of the gods: players with ball sense, players with a genius for the game. Vines, Gledhill, Wood, these lads have that precious quality. Which is why at no distant date the Davis Cup is bound to make a journey from the Place de la Concorde in Paris, where it has remained since 1927. When it finally returns home again it will not soon leave its native land.

Good Company

(Continued from page 21)

Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes

By Silas Bent. (Vanguard Press, New York.)

IN JANUARY of this year there retired from the Supreme Court of the United States one of the greatest living Americans—Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

At ninety-one he felt entitled to rest himself from the public service which he had given to this country in one clear, unflinching stream since the Civil War, in which he was wounded six times and in which he shone with conspicuous bravery. After he was mustered out of the army he entered the Harvard Law School, and from that moment, Mr. Bent tells us, "he never once scattered his fire. As a writer, as a speaker, as a lawyer, teacher, jurist, every moment and every outgiving were the products of a considered and concentrated attention."

This star-like singleness of purpose is the foundation upon which this extraordinary story of a man's life builds itself. In these days of the utmost spiritual and ethical confusion, this biography comes like a sword flash from Olympus. It brightens the air. It makes ideals seem the one thing worth while. "The power of honor to bind men's lives," he once said, "is not less now than it was in the Middle Ages."

It is obvious that a span of ninety-one years is a difficult thing to crowd into one volume, however generous; and still more obvious that it must be totally absurd to attempt to touch here, in a few lines, the value of such a life as encompassed in such a book. We can only urge you, as you love a "great man," to read

this biography. It is a high-hearted and masterly piece of work—no one could have done it better than Mr. Bent. You are utterly won not only by the protagonist of the story, but by the thrilling manner in which Mr. Bent has presented him. An aristocrat of the most conservative New England group, he still is a democrat and a liberal. A scholar and a philosopher, he is above all else a superbly developed personality. The eminence upon which he has dwelt has not separated him from the simple humanities. The little details of his every-day life are illuminating: he has been throughout his career a voracious reader of detective tales and "wicked" French novels. Until he was well past sixty, he and Mrs. Holmes used to "run to fires."

When he retired, Mr. Justice Hughes said: "We place upon his brow the laurel crown." Another should be bestowed, we think, on Mr. Bent, without whom we would not have known this beloved old man as well as we do to-day.

Grover Cleveland—A Man Four-Square

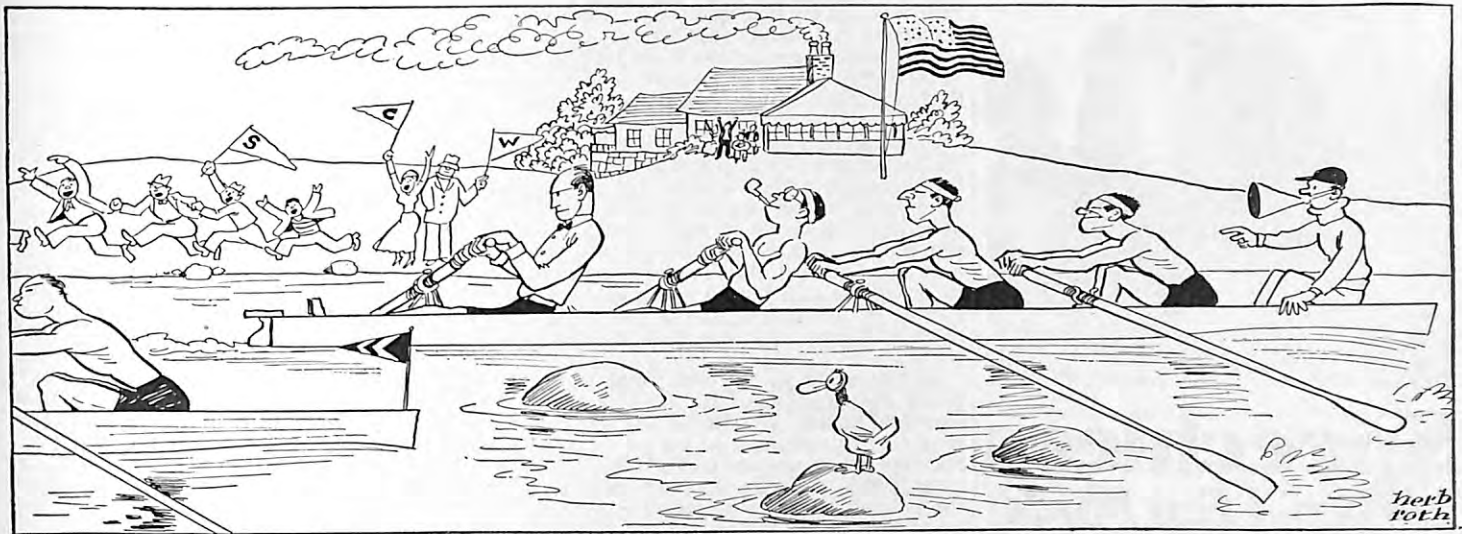
By Denis Tilden Lynch. (Liveright, New York.)

ARE you headed for either of the Presidential Conventions this summer?

If you are, we can think of no better "warming-up" exercise than the reading of such chapters in this biography as are devoted to the wildly exciting convention in Chicago, in 1884, at which Grover Cleveland was nomi-

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 63)



nated for the Presidency. What a scene! What battles! What midnight conclaves! Here in a volume of the greatest importance lies a surprising picture of the political arena. Mr. Lynch, author of other books of significance, has done a grand piece of work. His whole heart appears to be with his hero. Cleveland, to him, was indeed four-square, and to prove it to American readers he reveals the man's life fearlessly, giving us even the scandals and the historic fist-fights in hotels and barrooms. He quotes friend and foe alike, and in the final analysis presents a picture of

an incorruptible gentleman. The book covers one of the most colorful epochs in our political annals. Great names appear on almost every page: James Russell Lowell—Theodore Roosevelt—Jay Gould—Henry Ward Beecher—Richard Croker—Nathan Straus—Morgan—Belmont—Tweed, and so on. These men were either incredibly loyal to one whom they believed to be the standard-bearer of honesty in public life or, on the other hand, the most relentless foes on record. Needless to say, such conflict is the very soul of drama, and Mr. Lynch has handled his material with a sure

instinct not only for writing history and defining character, but for delighting his audience with a warm, human story.

So Far, So Good

By Elsie Janis. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)

THE "Sweetheart of the A.E.F." tells all. This is Elsie Janis's own story of her life—a life that has belonged to the theatre almost from the time it began. She has been mimic, (Continued on page 62)

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Speechless ...When A Few Words Would Have Made Me

But Now I Can Face the Largest Audience
Without A Trace of Stage Fright!

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

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

And then a week later like magic I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new, home-study method I rapidly developed this gift until, in a ridiculously short time, I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright. This remarkable training has made me a self-confident, aggressive talker—almost overnight.

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You are told how you can bring out and develop your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. You can obtain your copy absolutely FREE by sending the coupon.



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Name

Address

City

State

(Continued from page 61)

dancer, singer, actress, director, motion-picture player and magazine writer during her luminous progress so far. But, in her own words, "the War was my high spot and I think there is only one real peak in each life!"

You know, of course, how Elsie Janis went "over there" to put on "shows" and make the boys laugh and sing. And did she do good work? Listen to this . . .

One American officer declared: "You see, the British give their men rum before a battle, the French give them cognac, but we give them Janis!" And General Pershing said to her after seeing her do her stuff: "Elsie, when you first came to France someone said you were more valuable than an entire regiment, then someone raised it to a division, but I want to tell you that if you can give our men this sort of happiness, you are worth an Army Corps."

All this might have proved "heady" to a young woman without Miss Janis's common sense and humor. But though she was completely thrilled and proud, she was not "snooty." She wore seven stars, and used a khaki-colored motor which bore a headquarters insignia on the radiator. When she breezed into a new sector the men would stand up at salute until they recognized the girl who had become part of the army. She and her mother traveled under an American Army Movement Order, and they possessed one of the rare British White Passes. She gave "shows" from trucks, improvised platforms and tabletops, in rain or shine. Rest camps and hospitals sent out details to bring her in. Here was a job that called for grit and good nature—two qualities that impress the reader of this book as being Miss Janis's liveliest possessions.

The war, however, is only part of her tale. One of our most popular "stars," she, of course, knows everyone of professional importance. They appear in her book in a series of delightfully intimate snapshots. A volume of unusual personal charm.

The Evidence for Immortality

By Don B. Halsey. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

THE very title of this book should carry it quickly into the hands of every intelligent reader. For there is no thinking human being but has asked himself "after this, what?" And now, added to the myriad attempts to solve the eternal question, comes another writer weighing the query not as a theologian or philosopher, but as a man seeking comfort and certainty. The author is Judge of the Lynchburg, Virginia, Circuit Court, who in this, his first book, sifts the evidence for immortality with a lawyer's logic and the enthusiasm of a searcher after truth.

Every bit of authority that he has been able to collect on the side of immortality he presents—simply, interestingly, and he has surrounded this with his own observations, which are of unique value. He undertakes to establish the thesis that "man is not only justified in acting upon the assumption that his life goes on forever, but that no man is justified in acting upon the contrary theory."

To prove his case—on trial in every human heart—he brings forward his evidence; the theories of the world's greatest thinkers, from the Attic philosophers to Will Durant. He swallows nothing whole. Einstein's doubts of soul-survival leave him believing Einstein to be a great scientist but a poor philosopher. For Mr. Halsey, besides his stupendous research for "witnesses for the defense," is possessed of the gift of faith—the "imperial faculty," as he calls it. But it is not on faith alone, but reason and faith, that he erects his case.

He shows us why Kant is acceptable as authority by both science and religion; and why Professor J. S. Haldane became the "chief liaison officer between science and philosophy." These are but two of hundreds whose words are defined by the author, who

claims that he is writing for "the man in the street."

The "man in the street" should be grateful. Here is a book on a paramount question, capable of complete understanding by the lay mind. Without writing "down" in a single instance, Mr. Halsey has still managed to make his volume of popular appeal.

Way of the Lancer

By Richard Boleslawski, in collaboration with Helen Woodward. (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, Ind.)

FROM the first word of this volume to the last, a complete spell is cast over the reader. Of all the books concerned with the War, this seems to have struck a truly new note, has shown us something that we have not even imagined, has conjured up a series of events that resolve themselves into a terrific phantasmagoria.

The author, long associated with the theatre in Moscow and in this country, was a Polish Lancer in the Russian Army during the great conflict. The Polish fighters under the Czar fought not so much for Russia as for the restoration of Poland as a nation—one of the promised results of Russian victory.

When the Russian Army collapsed, the Lancers, having actually nothing to do with the Revolution which was gathering at every crossroads, attempted to ride back into their own country. The several hundreds of miles that they had to traverse through what, overnight, had become more than an alien land, unreeled like a panorama, a series of brutal, heroic, ludicrous and horrifying scenes.

One watches the dawn of the Revolution in the Russian soldiers' heads—one witnesses the insane reaction to this new "freedom"—one reads of the most cold-blooded slaughter—the most incredible orgies. And all the while, the Lancers were picking their way back carefully, avoiding death often by a mere hair's breadth. At moments, as you may imagine, they were pretty debonair, and their friendships and loyalties form a spiritual part of the whole stupendous picture.

Mrs. Woodward has done much toward Mr. Boleslawski's success. She has preserved his fine detachment, and the adventurous essence of his memoirs. In the book lie the germs for at least a dozen melodramas, any one of which would have made the tale worth reading.

The Story of My Life

By Clarence Darrow. (Scribner's Sons, New York.)

WITH the participation of Clarence Darrow in the Massie-Fortescue murder trial in Hawaii, America's foremost criminal lawyer emerged from his retirement into the glare, once more, of legal headlines. Naturally, he carried along on this unpremeditated publicity, a keen interest in his biography, recently published.

Here is a man who, after a long life spent in the courts fighting for the oppressed and the under dog, can say, "no client of mine had ever been put to death." He stands heart and soul against capital punishment as contributing nothing toward the suppression of crime. He looks back upon all his hunger and thirst after justice and admits that of "justice" nothing is really known. What he himself strongly feels is that life is hard for most men and women; that he is drawn toward the distressed, the harassed and the pursued; that he has had—throughout his career—a passion for going to the foundation of motive and conduct. His opinions are brilliant and the man's deep humanity, so apparent throughout this rich, blunt, but always thrilling volume, is the final impression that one retains after closing the book.

Among the famous cases that resounded with Mr. Darrow's name have been the Loeb-Leopold case, the Eugene V. Debs case, the Scopes trial in Tennessee, Bill Haywood and the murder of Idaho's Governor, the Mc-

Namara bombing case in Los Angeles, significant rail and coal strikes, and so on.

Once, a huge, helpless creature, acquitted of a murder charge through Mr. Darrow's efforts, turned up after years of disappearance and offered to kill a man who was Mr. Darrow's enemy. He had ridden freight cars and bumpers to place his simple suggestion before his benefactor, who, though he declined to have the "bumping off" take place, knew that he was here face to face with an extraordinary though slightly distorted devotion.

A book ringing with truth and kindness, and providing much real inspiring reading.

Fighting Men of the West

By *Dane Coolidge*. (E. P. Dutton, New York.)

THE tragic affair at the Espinosa ranch on the New Mexican "line," the first of this April, startled America into a remembrance of what the border still stands for. We may lull ourselves into thinking that the Southwest is "tamed," but when the newspapers break out with a story like the Espinosa affair we are confronted with the wildest of wild-west facts; facts that envelop such a book as *Fighting Men of the Southwest* with a vital and timely interest.

We have here a collection of breath-taking, true adventure tales which are in reality biographical sketches of famous cattle kings, pioneers, desert prospectors, mining millionaires, sheriffs, Rangers, cow-men and outlaws. But first-class fighting men, all.

Mr. Coolidge (who, by the way, is a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden) writes western stuff in novel form, but nothing he has ever produced has held the same sense of real life as these accounts of the picturesque individuals, some of them still living, who were a part of the history of the border states. Their romantic personalities, their astounding courage, their outrageous overlording, their melodramatic surroundings and activities—these are just so many bunches of luscious grapes in Mr. Coolidge's wine-press. The result is a vintage of very strong stuff. It elates you with its human recklessness, and the sense of its large and free fighting space. The author's style is perfectly fitted to his subject. It is colloquial, savagely humorous, and keen as mountain air.

Lead and Likker

By *Owen P. White*. (Minton, Balch & Co., New York.)

YOU can tell from the title and the jacket of this book that it stems from that same Southwest that Mr. Coolidge describes, and that it also concerns itself with some of the local heroes and bad men of that flamboyant locality. Blood flows, by the bucketful, but who are we, these days, to put a delicate hand before our eyes! Mr. White writes, with almost too much speed and dash, of Pat Garrett, who killed Billy the Kid; of John Wesley Hardin, the homicidal celebrity of El Paso who coveted the large blonde lady belonging to a fellow townsman and who was ultimately slain by John Selman, who in turn was disposed of by one Mr. Scarborough—and so on down the line, neatly, like that. Mr. White includes a description of the early El Paso days of Mr. Albert B. Fall, who was such a clever lawyer that he could, in a few words, turn a cold-blooded assassination into a clear case of self-defense, but who at that time had to wear a

long-tailed coat in order to cover the precarious thinness of the seat of his only pair of pants.

Snapshot Reviews

Mary's Neck
By *Booth Tarkington*.
(Doubleday, Doran,
New York.)

Midwestern Masseys there for a summer, and then sits back, pen in hand, and watches New England and Illinois go "to the mat." He observes with deepest affection Enid Massey, eighteen, who tries to set her family right, artistically; but his most brilliant portraiture is reserved for that dearest of all Tarkington subjects—a lad about seventeen. This one is six feet tall and has bought a crazy racing car for fifty dollars and owes two hundred and forty on it for repairs. "But don't say anything about that." Eddie Bullfinch bids fair to become one of our pet heroes—next to Mickey Mouse. Here is a fine piece of work; truly American, full of native satire and geniality.

The Long Rifle
By *Stewart Edward White*.
(Doubleday, Doran,
New York.)

"long rifle" once belonged to Daniel Boone. It goes now with Andy Burnett when he joins the trappers who push West on that far search for furs which helped, in a way, to break the trail for Lewis and Clarke, the Santa Fé riders and the Forty-niners. Mr. White's romance is important for its wealth of carefully authenticated facts and for its picture of a little-known scene and era.

Hold Yer Hosses
By *Bob Sherwood*.
(The Macmillan Co.,
New York.)

leaped to fame over the back of six horses, two elephants and two camels. How he ran away from the circus to marry a preacher's daughter, and how he finally returned to his three-ring love via the radio.

Arizona Ames
By *Zane Grey*.
(Harper & Brothers,
New York.)

personally conducted exile. Surrounded with an aura of mystery, he is a "straight shootin' hombre" with several dead men to his credit or otherwise—as you want to look at it. The tragedy of Arizona Ames which led him to this lonely, nomad existence, and the winning of his way back to love and happiness, form another of those one-hundred-per-cent Zane Grey tales without which a whole portion of our reading brethren would simply fold up and die.

Peril at End House
By *Agatha Christie*.
(Dodd, Mead & Co.,
New York.)

race, picks up a spent bullet and with it the first clue in a swell detective yarn. The beguiling girl owner of End House has obviously just missed death—there have already been three other attempts upon her life. A mounting mystery in the end reveals one of the most amazing "villains" in this year's long list of thrillers.

Mary's Neck is a resort on the Maine coast. Mr. Tarkington transplants the

Rather grand history—America between 1810 and 1840—in the form of a novel of adventure. The

The last of Barnum's clowns tells how, under the "big top," he

"Rich" Ames, typical cowboy of the Southwest, rides the range for years during a

Hercule Poirot, famous sleuth of "The Mystery of the Blue Train," basking on a terrace,

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To take orders and deliver home necessities in this locality. Permanent, pleasant, dignified work with old responsible Company. Must be industrious and willing to work steady for good pay. Give age, occupation, references; mention minimum salary—profits expected in first letter. Write (don't call) Retail Sales Division, W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. F-39-EKM, Freeport, Ill.



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YOURS FREE We will send you a Master-Hone absolutely free WITH FIRST ORDER of 12 for \$3.00, or send 50c for 1 or \$1 for 3. POSTPAID. Or, send no money and pay postman plus postal charges. But send today. These are Agents' prices. Regular retail price \$1.

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Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 67)

- The spectators are running the wrong way.
- The oarsman on the left has no ear.
- The race course is too rocky.
- The stroke oar is wearing a shirt and collar.
- Number three is smoking a pipe.
- The oars do not alternate rightly.
- Two oarsmen are pulling—two are recovering at one time.
- The bow oar is not the same as Number two.
- The bow oar has wrong oarlock.
- The coxswain sits in the wrong place.
- The flag has too many stripes.
- The smoke blows left—the flag blows right.

1932 Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham, Ala.

(Continued from page 33)

Enrollment of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters.

9 A. M.—Automobile Tours leaving Woodrow Wilson Square for the principal points of interest in Birmingham and environs.

8 A. M.—Inauguration of Elks Fourth National 54-Hole Golf Tournament, 18 Holes, medal play at handicap, at the Highland Park Country Club.

10 A. M.—Trapshooting practice as a preliminary to the Elks Eighth Annual Trapshoot at Southern Skeet Shooting Club grounds.

10 A. M. and 2 P. M.—National Ritualistic Contest, Masonic Temple.

12:30 P. M.—Annual Meeting and Luncheon of Alabama State Elks Association at Tutwiler Hotel.

8 P. M.—Official Public Session in the Birmingham Municipal Auditorium celebrating the opening of the Elks 68th National Convention.

11 P. M.—Public Reception to Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers at the Tutwiler Hotel.

All Day—Privileges of all Municipal Swimming Pools free to all visiting Elks and their ladies.

Tuesday, July 12

10 A. M.—First business session of the Grand Lodge in Masonic Temple Auditorium.

8 A. M.—Continuation of Elks Fourth National Golf Tournament at Roebuck Golf and Country Club. Eighteen holes, medal play at handicap.

10 A. M.—Inauguration of Elks Eighth Annual Trapshoot at Southern Skeet Shooting Club grounds.

9 A. M.—Automobile Tours leaving Woodrow Wilson Square for all points of interest in Birmingham and vicinity.

2 P. M.—Reception and entertainment at

Birmingham Country Club in honor of ladies attending the convention.

2 P. M.—Finals of National Ritualistic Contest, Masonic Temple.

9 P. M.—“Purple Bubble Ball,” Municipal Auditorium, as testimonial to Grand Exalted Ruler Coen and Mrs. Coen.

Grand Lodge Registration will be continued

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 59)

1. The Nile, 4,000 miles long. Next comes the Amazon, with a length of 3,900.
2. Monkeys have tails; apes do not.
3. The author of “Grand Hotel.”
4. A small bird.
5. 2,000.
6. Keats.
7. One where the bone, after breaking, pierces the skin.
8. Emanuel.
9. Asia.
10. Oslo.
11. A stamp-collector.
12. No; only in the Antarctic.

at the Tutwiler Hotel and registration of Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters.

All Day—Privileges of all Municipal Swimming Pools free to visiting Elks and their families.

Wednesday, July 13

10 A. M.—Grand Lodge Business Session, morning and afternoon, in Masonic Temple Auditorium.

9 A. M.—Automobile Tours leaving Woodrow Wilson Square for all points of interest.

8 A. M.—Finals of National Golf Tournament at Highland Park Country Club.

10 A. M.—Trapshooting Tournament at Southern Skeet Shooting Club grounds.

10 A. M.—Drill Contests at Legion Field.

10 A. M.—Band Contests in the Municipal Auditorium.

3 P. M.—Annual Meeting of Georgia State Elks Association at Tutwiler Hotel.

9 P. M.—Presentation in the Municipal Auditorium of the “Dixie Jubilee.” Three hundred colored singers in Plantation Melodies and Spirituals. Alexander’s Ragtime Band of fifty.

All Municipal Swimming Pools free to Elks and their ladies.

Grand Lodge Registration at the Tutwiler Hotel and enrollment of visiting Elks and their ladies at General Registration Headquarters.

Thursday, July 14

10 A. M.—Grand Lodge Business Session at Masonic Temple Auditorium. Installation of officers.

4 P. M.—Elks spectacular Grand Lodge Parade terminating in Legion Field for review by Grand Lodge Officers.

9 P. M.—“Auld Lang Syne” Ball in Municipal Auditorium, marking finale of the Elks 68th National Convention.

ELKS 68th NATIONAL CONVENTION

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

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 35)

also were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers D. P. Saunders and O. T. Mallory; and President George L. Hamlik, of the Colorado State Elks Association. Supplementing the large number of Fort Morgan Lodge members in their welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler were delegations representing Sterling, Greeley, Fort Collins, Lamar, and Denver Lodges.

In the company of President Hamlik, the Grand Exalted Ruler, on April 21, visited Boulder Lodge, No. 566. Incidents of the program arranged in Mr. Coen's honor were a banquet at the Boulder Hotel and the Lodge session. After the meeting the Grand Exalted Ruler, escorted by Past Exalted Ruler Robert E. Burgener, called upon Past Exalted Ruler George L. Teal, City Treasurer, who was ill at his home.

The next day, after being entertained at luncheon by the officers and other members of Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309, the Grand Exalted Ruler called upon the membership of Canon City Lodge, No. 610. A group of members of Colorado Springs Lodge served as an escort to him upon this occasion. A din-

ner in Mr. Coen's honor, at the Strathmore Hotel, preceded the Lodge session, where 400 member of the Order were gathered to welcome him. This number included delegations from Florence, Cripple Creek, Victor, Salida, Denver, Sterling, La Junta, Leadville and Trinidad Lodges; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler M. P. Keating and Past District Grand Exalted Ruler Fred W. Merriam.

Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804, entertained the

Grand Exalted Ruler on April 26 at a dinner at the Armstrong Hotel. Those present numbered 250.

Upon the day before Mr. Coen's visit to Casper, Wyo., Lodge, No. 1353, paid on April 27, its membership announced the event in a full-page newspaper advertisement, supplemented with a special news notice, in the Casper *Tribune-Herald*. The Grand Exalted Ruler, arriving in the morning, was escorted to the Townsend Hotel for breakfast; and

later, to the Casper Country Club, where fifty members of No. 1353 were his hosts at luncheon. After participating, in the afternoon, in a golf tournament the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor in the evening at a banquet at the hotel, attended by 175 members of the Order. These and nearly as many more, including delegations from Greybull, Rock Springs and Rawlins Lodges, gathered later to greet Mr. Coen at the Lodge meeting. District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James G. Wiederhold introduced the distinguished guest.

After his visit to Casper Lodge the Grand Exalted Ruler traveled to his home in Sterling.



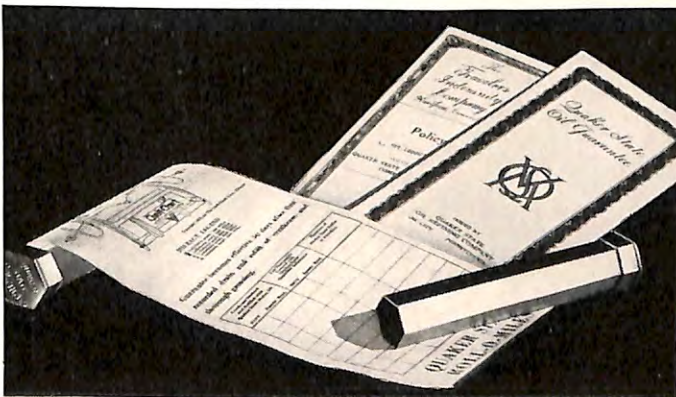
The lake and grounds of the Country Club, Havana, Cuba

Tough luck, MR. ALLISON

...instead of kissing the bride
you kissed \$52 good-bye

You certainly got the worst of that exchange, Mr. Allison, no matter how homely the bride. Suppose it had been your own wedding you were going to! Dry, poorly lubricated bearings are no respecters of persons, or the urgency of occasions. They fail without warning. Next time you grab a gardenia and strike out for a nuptial, be prepared.

The drivers in the Elks Official Good-will Tour are prepared. They are not taking a chance on bearing failure. Their cars are completely lubricated with Quaker State Motor Oil and Superfine Greases.



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Discriminating motorists now rely on Quaker State Motor Oil and Greases and refuse others. Why? Because Quaker State alone backs its claims to superiority with a bona-fide guarantee, insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn.

Now motorists can be free from expense of burned out bearings—Quaker State's Insured Guarantee protects them.

Read Quaker State's clear, sensible proposition to motorists. Think about it a minute. Don't you believe that Quaker State's impressive confidence in its oils and greases thus expressed deserves your patronage? Why be satisfied with lesser lubrication when you can so easily insist on the best—the oil with "the extra quart of lubrication in every gallon!"

Adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication—the right lubricant at the right time, in the right places. Equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at a cost of \$3.50 and receive free the Insured Guarantee. "Roll-o-Miles" is a unique lubrication diagram and Chek-Chart of your car. It enables any Quaker State dealer to serve you with Insured Lubrication!

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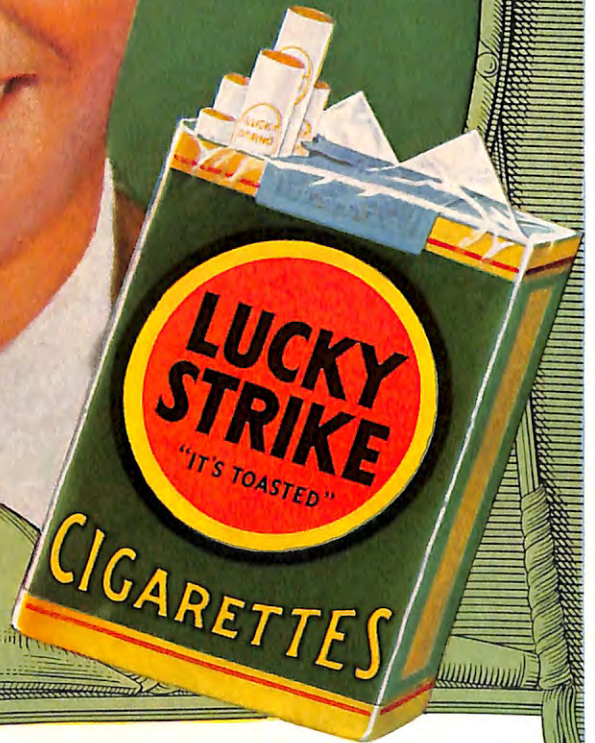
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"Cream of the Crop"



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"LUCKIES are my standby. I buy them exclusively. I've tried practically all brands but LUCKY STRIKES are kind to my throat. And that new improved Cellophane wrapper that opens with a flip of the finger is a ten strike."

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

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And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh