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JULY, 1932



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Something About This Number

"STUNT men must die with their boots on so that the stars may live," is a saying among those underpaid Hollywood dare-devils who double for film favorites in dangerous shots. They are the lads who drive dashing blue roadsters over cliffs, and get themselves thrown into the sea from the towering masts of sailing ships; who leap boldly from upper floors of burning buildings and from the wings of hurtling aeroplanes. The veterans among them have faced death so often that, nowadays, when they meet the Old Man with the Scythe, they merely give him a casual nod. Jack O'Donnell's telling of tales from the annals of this suicide squad makes one of the most hair-raising articles we have published for a long time. "Thrill Makers," with which we open this issue of the Magazine, is guaranteed to give you some, or your money back. (Try and get it!)



WHILE this month sees the culmination of The Sun and Moon We Never Sleep Detective Agency's first big case, there are other tales to come of Birmingham's darktown for the delight of Octavus Roy Cohen's devoted readers. If you missed the first half of "Crash and Carry" in last month's issue, we suggest you dig up your copy and get the full benefit to your health and spirits of this hilarious yarn of Florian Slappey, Spasm Johnson and a bold, bad burglar.



AGAIN we are presenting you, in one issue, with articles from two of the most popular series we have ever published. George Creel and Edgar Sisson, the one with his stories of the founding of great American fortunes, and the other with his vivid accounts of famous man-hunts, have written themselves into the pleased and grateful recollection of a large number of our readers. This month Mr. Creel writes of the almost incredible rapacity which drove Jay Gould, and of the boldness and cunning which made of him a master to whom all the great freebooters of history could have gone to school.

Mr. Sisson's yarn tells of the half-million in bills which was lifted from a suddenly oil-rich Pennsylvania farmer who put his faith in a living-room safe, and of the subsequent search for the despoiler.



CAN you recall having taken a drive of any length recently without having a single narrow escape from collision; without being delayed by a traffic jam; without being angered by some other driver? Can you, in short, remember one all-day run totally free from unpleasant incident? If you can, you are to be congratulated. Yet, even so, we believe you will be interested in John Chapman Hilder's "Motoring—Today and Tomorrow," a picture of our national traffic snarl and of some of the efforts being made to untangle it.

Joseph T. Fanning
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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

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The Elks Magazine

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

Features for July, 1932

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Cover design by Fred T. Everett

"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.

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

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



Trout Stream

CAMERA STUDY BY WALDO MENCHI

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks



of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Eight

June 10, 1932
 Chicago, Ill.

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

MY DEAR BROTHERS:

It is with mixed feelings of regret and sadness that I pen these few lines of official farewell to the members of our fraternity who have made possible the experiences of this past year—the greatest of my life.

I also approach the end of my administration with a sense of lack of accomplishment. There run through my mind thoughts of many things that have been left undone.

Yet the passing of the year brings certain confidence in the future of our nation, in the continued development and prosperity of our people and an abiding faith in the institution to which we are devoted—the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

Further confident am I that out of this period of economic stress—of doubt and of trial—will emerge a finer, stronger and more powerful fraternity.

More efficient business administration.

Better and stronger leadership.

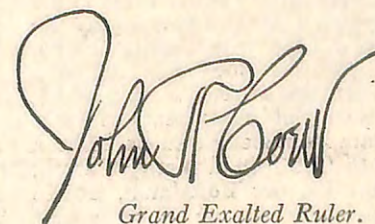
A finer character and constantly increasing spiritual values will be part of our heritage from this time of affliction.

Fraternity in America is to a degree on trial. Lodges that prosper must give to their membership something worth while. Man does not particularly need fraternity when he rides the crest of the wave of undue prosperity.

Lodge leaders must so reorganize activities that their Club quarters, the Lodge room, the entire fraternal temple, shall become a veritable asylum—a retreat, if you will—from which the attending member shall draw encouragement, renewed enthusiasm and increased inspiration to combat the problems of every-day life, secure in the knowledge that we have within our ranks those who will arise to meet any emergency; that an organization such as ours—brought into being to glorify American citizenship and to afford a place of communion of all men, irrespective of creed—has a fixed place in the scheme of things American.

I renew my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to you who have honored me—who have given to me matchless experiences and priceless recollections—and at the same time appeal that you extend to my successor the same loyal support and uninterrupted cooperation that you have given me.

Appreciatively yours,


 Grand Exalted Ruler.



By Jack
O'Donnell

*Buddy Mason takes
a chance on making
a hole in one*

Thrill Makers

NEXT time you go to the movies and see your favorite hero or heroine ride off a cliff in a nifty blue roadster, or leap boldly from the seventh floor of a burning building, or plunge out of a racing aeroplane into the bellying sail of an antiquated windjammer, don't get all hot and bothered about the danger your favorite is courting. The betting is twenty to one that while the camera is grinding on the death-defying spectacle the star is taking a nap in a nearby dressing room, enjoying an ice-cream soda in a nearby drug store, or strolling leisurely to a nearby bank with a fat salary check.

When the big, dangerous moment comes in the filming of a screen play the star, ninety odd times out of a hundred, steps aside and lets Billy Jones or some other member of that daring band of stunt men known as the "suicide squad," take the bumps.

Billy Jones, Hollywood's greatest stunt man, has faced death so many times in the last eight years that nowadays when he meets the Old Man with the Scythe he, figuratively speaking, merely gives him a casual nod. He has doubled in hair-raising stunts for such well-known stars as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Ruth Chatterton, Nancy Carroll, Mary Brian, Eleanor Boardman, Louise

Fazenda, Beatrice Lilly, Josephine Dunne, Buddy Rogers, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Bert Wheeler, Raymond Griffith, Sessue Hayakawa, Raymond Hatton, Stuart Irwin, a couple of the Marx Brothers and many others.

No less an authority than Dick Talmadge, the greatest stunt man of all time, will tell you that Jones is the king of the current "suicide squad." Jones has never been known to refuse an assignment because of the danger involved. He has, however, refused to do stunts which his "sixth sense" has told him were impossible for a human being to execute. And he has the distinction of never having had another member of the suicide club successfully do a stunt he deemed impossible.

When a stunt man, doubling for a star or doing his stuff to add thrills to a picture, gets an opportunity to do a particularly daring piece of work that will enhance the "punch" of a screen play, he is, in the vernacular of the suicide squad, "sitting in the golden chair." Jones has sat in this coveted seat scores of times and he has never failed to deliver the goods—with interest. In so doing, however, he has brought gasps of horror from hard-boiled directors, caused his own brother to hide his eyes from "the kill," and made his mother swoon with fear.

The other night I sat in a Hollywood speakeasy sipping—well, anyway, I sat in a Hollywood speakeasy with half a dozen of the screen's most daring soldiers of fortune, stunt men who have been taking the bumps for the last ten years. They were talking about "the golden chair" and the most spectacular, hair-breadth escapes members of the clan have had before the camera.

"I've seen 'em all from Dick Talmadge to Loretta Rush," declared Jack Holbrook, a veteran "bumps," "but none of 'em ever cut her so fine as did Billy Jones while they were shooting 'Dude Ranch' for Paramount. Billy is doubling for Jack Oakie in a scene in which Oakie, the hero, is supposed to stage a fight with a gangster in an enclosed driverless truck. The script calls for the truck to come to a halt on a railroad track. Then, when the fight is hottest, along comes a fast train. A second before the engine hits the truck the hero is supposed to crown the gangster with a monkey wrench and then dive out of the truck to safety. Frank Tuttle, who is directing, knows this is a thrilling scene—one that'll make the women crawl out on the edge of their seats—but he also knows Jones. He knows that Billy will cut her fine, but he's afraid it'll be too fine. So, he

Floyd Criswell, doubling for Tim Mc Coy in "Heroes of the Flames," takes Louise Lorraine for a ride



to see Billy all messed up and I want to turn away, but I can't. I'm hypnotized. "The engineer, who knows Jones of old, turns his back a second before the pilot hits the truck. A split second later Jones dives out of the machine to one side, toward the engine. There's a crash and a crunch, then no more truck. Jones is still in the air when engine and truck come together. The picture shows that. Jones had timed it to one thousandth of a second. It was the greatest piece of stunt work I ever saw!"

When I asked Jones about this stunt he didn't pretend that it was "nothing at all." He's too good a stunt man not to realize that by "cutting her fine" in that picture he enhanced his reputation as a double and that it will bring financial returns in the future. He did say, however, that it wasn't as dangerous as it appeared.

"It was merely a case of timing," he explained. "Most stunts are simply that. Without a perfect sense of timing most of us wouldn't last a year in this racket. We've got to judge to a fraction of a second and sometimes to a fraction of an inch what will happen under certain circumstances. The worst bumps I ever got were not in apparently dangerous stunts but from carelessness in trivial ones. It was my own carelessness that almost cost me

my life a few years back when I was working in a Fox comedy which was directed by Max Gold, who was killed with nine others during the filming of a sky picture last year.

"This was a pirate picture with a number of comedy sequences aboard a ship at sea. In one of the scenes I was supposed to scramble up the rattling sixty feet above decks, grab a rope that dangled from the top of the main mast and escape my pursuers by swinging out over the water and dropping.

In tying this rope to the yard arm I made a slip knot but failed to pull it tight.

"When the action started I scrambled

Buddy Mason (right) in the closest call of his career. He didn't mean to slip. He was 13 stories above the street



walks up the track about a hundred and fifty feet and puts down a marker. 'Now, Billy,' he says to Jones, 'when the engine gets right here you jump!' Billy says he will but I know he won't. I know that Jones knows he's sittin' in the golden chair and he's going to inject a punch and a thrill into that scene which'll make other companies want him when they have a similar scene to shoot.

"Well, they rehearse the stunt a couple of times to get the timing and then I go up the track about fifty feet and I make a marker. Then I tell Billy I know what he's up to, and I tell him he's simply gotta jump when the engine gets to my marker as it'll just be too bad for him if he doesn't. He tells me not to worry.

"The camera starts to grind, the train comes along, doing the ball and jack, and Billy is crouching in the truck. He's alone, of course, the fight being filmed when there wasn't any train coming. When the engine gets to the spot marked by Tuttle Billy's still sitting tight in that truck. The director's eyes begin to pop and he opens his mouth to shout but realizes Jones can't hear him, so doesn't. Then the engine comes to my marker and still no Jones. Boy! My heart misses a beat. Still no Jones. I am petrified. I don't want

Jack Holbrook at the wheel, bridging an 18-foot gap to give the movie fans a thrill





*Floyd Criswell
tossed into the sea
from a yard-arm*

up the rattling, leaped out and grabbed the dangling rope and swung toward the water. The weight of my body pulled the slip knot tight. This was so unexpected that the rope jerked through my fingers and I found myself falling before I was clear of the decks. I heard the shocked cries of those who were watching the stunt from below but I kept my head. Doubling up like a ball I turned over in the air so's to get into a dive. As I whizzed through the air I calculated that there was one chance in a thousand that I was out far enough to miss the rail of the ship. I knew it would be a close shave if I did miss it, but those on deck didn't think I had a chance. Everybody turned away to avoid seeing me splashed all over the deck. Even the camera man quit grinding.

"As I came near the rail it looked tough for me. I drew in my chest and straightened out my toes. Whizz! I shot past that rail but so close that it tore the buttons off the costume I was wearing and the tips of my toes just brushed the iron. When I hit the water I was on an angle of about 99 degrees and I went down deep—so deep that before I could reach the surface I had to exhale and ship a lot of water.

"Carelessness in tying that rope to the yard arm almost cost me my life."

Stunting in the movies is no occupation for a man or woman who isn't a fast thinker. The

unexpected happens in the most carefully planned and rehearsed situations. And woe be to the stunter who must "stop to think" with death staring him in the face.

Jones had to think and act fast in a picture called "Hot News," featuring Al St. John, which was made by Trem Carr a few years ago. One sequence of this comedy was taken on the twelfth floor of the Union Oil Building in Los Angeles. Jones and another stunt man—Johnny Sinclair—were taking the parts of paper hangers. They were papering the ceiling of a room on the twelfth floor when the board on which they were working was made to slip and slide out of the window. Piano wire, which doesn't register in films, was attached to the safety belts of the two stunters and anchored to a chimney on the building top, so in case anything went wrong they wouldn't plunge to their death on the concrete twelve floors below.

Jones went through the window first. His weight caused his end of the board to go down, like a teeter-totter, while Sinclair's end went up. This caused Sinclair to slide down the board toward Jones while somebody inside the room grabbed the plank and held it. Jones and Sinclair were then supposed to clamber back up the board and into the room. They clung desperately to the piece of wood, waiting for the piano wire to pull taut, thus relieving the terrific strain on their muscles.

Now, while piano wire will hold several hundred pounds of weight so long as there is no sudden jerk on it, it will not hold a good-sized boy if it becomes kinked. And with Sinclair hanging head down, Jones, below him, looked up along that strand of wire upon which so much depended. To his horror he saw that there was a kink in it half-way between him and the roof. Instantly he knew that the moment he was forced to put his weight on the wire

(Continued on page 51)



This car was going forty miles an hour when it hit the building, catapulting Billy Jones through the window



When he reached for the discard to find the king and prove the cheat, the crooked player shot him in the shoulder

Half a Million

OIL wealth in our day means gushers in Oklahoma, Texas or California. We have heard of ranchers, owners of city lots and Indian tribesmen turned overnight into nabobs who soon were at their wits' end to contrive ways of spending their new fortunes.

When oil money was first spouted into the air the geographical scene was quite different, though human nature was about the same. The setting then was Pennsylvania of the East, and the time was just after the close of the Civil War. There was no talk then about subterranean deposits of ocean fishes caught in an upheaval of land and water that they might lay down their bodies for the benefit of an unborn mankind. Nature's new gift came from a coal district. So coal oil it was named. And as speedily the new spenders

Copyright, 1932, by Edgar Sisson

Number Five in the Series of Famous Man-Hunts

By Edgar Sisson

whom it created were called Coal Oil Johnnies.

There was, to begin with, a real Johnny, who cut such a figure in Philadelphia and New York with his lucky gains that he won the Coal Oil christening. After that the title just naturally multiplied.

But all of the gilded crew were not spend-thrifts, some because they had not the imagination to invent ways of tossing

money around, and some because they had saving dispositions. The spenders had at least the better time, and not all of the hoarders were able to guard their treasures. For confidence-men and robbers flocked to the new Golconda, and native gangs of the same nefarious sorts were also not long in forming. The days became violent.

Among the enriched residents near Petroleum Center in Venango County was an old Pennsylvania Dutchman by the name of Bennehoff. Cash from the wells on his lands rolled in on him daily. Except for the trip to the paymaster's office each afternoon, Bennehoff made no change in his farmer mode of living. He had ample acres untouched by oil and he went on cultivating them. Bankers begged him to place his money with them, but banks had been failing rather freely of late. He would not listen. He had two husky sons and

was himself a good man in a fight. He and the boys would take care of the money.

A salesman for a safe-manufacturing company profited by the decision. He sold Bennehoff an iron safe, square, solid and accounted burglar-proof. It had a massive lock worked with a big brass key. Bennehoff put the safe in the family living and dining room.

The time came when this treasure box held more than half a million dollars in greenbacks. The amount sounds fantastic but the fact of this total was proved later to the authorities by comparison with the books of the oil company. More pertinently still, the person for whose enjoyment the fund was really collected finally—and unrepentantly—added his own testimony.

The neighborhood, country and town, knew all about the Bennehoff money. There is a tradition in our own day that when Henry Ford began to get rich he used to have a clutter of un-banked checks lying around his desk and stuffed in his pockets. Bennehoff went him one better, in fact, two better, for he not only carried bills around town on his way home of an evening after drawing his bonus at the oil office, but with pleasurable vanity he displayed them to his friends.

Bennehoff had grown up in the community and believed the members of it were as honest as himself. He only bought the safe as a protection against stranger rascals. He boasted, too, about the safe, and had a childish faith in its strength.

What he did not know was that honesty often is just a matter of absence of temptation. This community never had been tempted before. The wild flow of money unsettled it. Young farmers who did not have oil on their lands thought they had been badly treated by Providence. Some of them began to consider how they could remedy their state. A few of the bolder and more reckless discovered that their thoughts were alike. Soon they had a leader.

JAMES SEAGER was one of the best-thought-of young men in the district, admired for feats of wrestling and foot-racing, for his good looks and his friendly ways. He was a lithe, smiling young giant, with wavy brown hair and blue eyes that had a dancing light in them. That they were cold eyes when his face was at rest few noticed. His manner of address was bluffly gay. He could have his pick of girls but he wasn't inclined to settle down and marry. Before the oil strike he was talking of going west of the Mississippi. After that event he tried in various ways to get into the oil business, neglecting his farm. He was more restless than formerly, laughed less. The process going on within him hardly could be a degeneration in morals. Hitherto he had possessed fair habits because those were common around him and his moral stamina never had been tried. At the test he had none. He decided to become an outlaw. He wanted Bennehoff's half-million of greenbacks.

He made two plots, one within the other. For the first he took into his confidence four young fellows whose envious remarks had shown him that they were ripe for an exploit, could anyone else show them the way. They accepted his leadership. He told them that the Bennehoff money would



Illustrated by
Herbert M. Stoops

have to be taken by force, an idea that staggered them at first. But when he explained that he would do his part in the open while they would be protected, they fell in quickly with his plan.

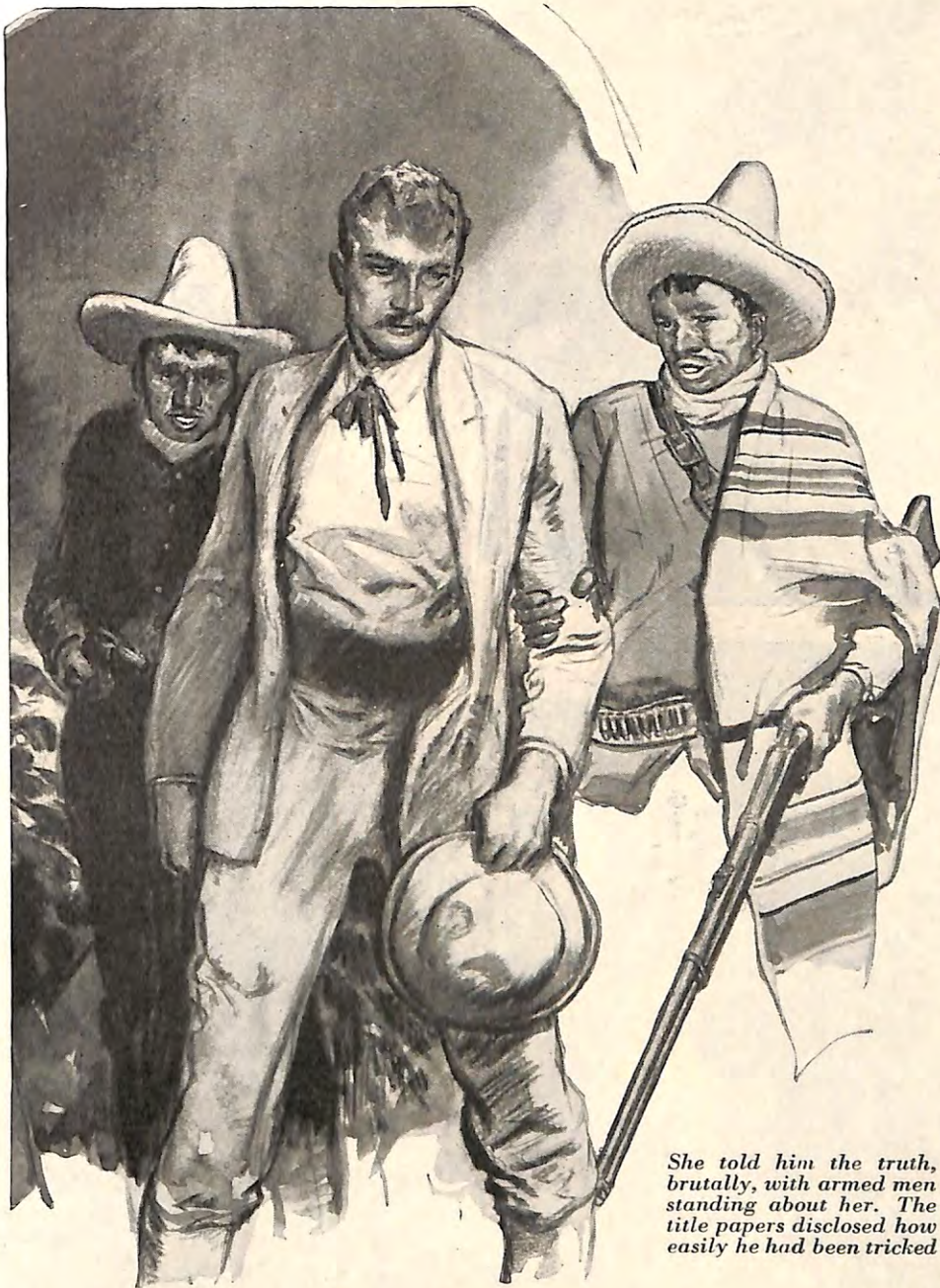
He was on good terms with Bennehoff, so much so that he could count on being invited to sit at table if he happened in around meal time. He explained to the gang members that he would drive his team and farm-wagon into the Bennehoff yard late in the afternoon and would stay to supper. After dark the four who were to act as highwaymen, coming on foot, could reach the farm-house door unseen. The robbers were to mask their faces behind handkerchiefs, and none of them would have to risk discovery by speaking a word after entrance. When the door opened at their knock Seager would disclose himself as their ally, hold up the Bennehoffs with a pistol, and take command of the situation.

Seager made his entrance in an easy manner, saying that he had heard that Bennehoff had some calves for sale and that he might buy. He was welcomed genially, and asked if he wouldn't stable

his horses. He answered that they had been given an early feed and that he would just hitch them to the post. The time was spring and the air balmy. The dicker about the calves was interrupted by the supper call, and Seager was asked into the house. He kept his hosts laughing during the meal, using the safe as the butt of some of his jokes. Old Bennehoff, between chuckles, said that the big box was the only piece of new furniture he had bought since he came into money. He thought it the handsomest as well as the most useful thing in the house.

Seager inquired what were his plans for the money. Bennehoff replied that he wasn't such a hoarding fool as his neighbors thought him. He had his doubts about the banks, but when the right time came he was going to put the whole sum into government bonds. He might wait until he had a million dollars on hand. The safe would be crowded by that time. For the present the greenbacks seemed companionably close. Seager licked his lips in anticipation and listened for a knock on the door.

It came. Nearest the door, he jumped



She told him the truth, brutally, with armed men standing about her. The title papers disclosed how easily he had been tricked

up and opened it. Then he turned and covered the Bennehoffs with a pistol. Armed and masked men entered. One ran to the kitchen and herded the women and help into the dining room. Seager asked the elder Bennehoff for the key to the safe. The old man was not that much cowed. He shook his head stubbornly. Nor was the key found on him. Seager motioned one of his men to the wagon outside. The fellow came back with sledgehammer and crowbar. The handle was knocked off the safe, and with hammer blows the crowbar was driven into the lock. The famed safe succumbed. The door was pried open.

Seager stepped into a bedroom and returned with a pillow-case. Into this improvised bag he crammed the whole half million of bills. One doesn't know that it is considered possible to put a half million of notes into such a space. Partly it would be a matter of denomination, one would suppose. Many of the bills were of large denomination, but there were also quotas of fives and tens. There is the

record of the total sum stolen. There is Seager's relation that he stuffed the contents of the safe into a pillow-case. The Bennehoffs saw him get the pillow-case and depart with the money. But for all that he might have used two pillow-cases and the hysterical watchers been none the wiser. Anyhow, Seager had the half million.

The wagon was brought for the contingency that the safe might have to be loaded and removed to a spot where it could be blown open. Without that need, the team and rig were at hand for escape. The Bennehoffs and their help were bound and gagged to delay the giving of the alarm. A neighbor, seeing no lights in the house, came to investigate, scarcely an hour later, and released the prisoners. The robbers did not have much start.

It was enough, as far as Seager was concerned. Once on the road he pointed out, reasonably, to his companions that they were in peril as long as they remained with him. He was known. They were not. He suggested that they scatter on foot

and meet him later in a barn belonging to one of the group. There the spoils could be divided. He would drive his horses home and then join them, ready for flight. They would not have to run away at all. They might attract attention of any one they happened to meet if one of them carried a sack. He would keep it and bring it with him to the barn. They jumped out of the wagon and disappeared.

Seager had not given them a single bill. He stabled his horses, picked up a blanket in which he had packed a change of clothing, put the pillow-case of bills in a grain sack, tossed blanket and sack over his shoulders and lit out in a direction away from the barn where his dupes were waiting.

THE fate of his foolish tools came upon them fast. They had been masked and they had not spoken at the Bennehoff house. Yet their prisoners had recognized them by their figures and by little peculiarities which long acquaintances get to know in one another. The sheriff had them in jail before morning and a sheepish, jeered-at lot they were when they told how Seager had tricked them into giving the money to him. Bennehoff's rage was the greater when he saw before him all but one of the robbers and learned that the one who was loose had all his greenbacks.

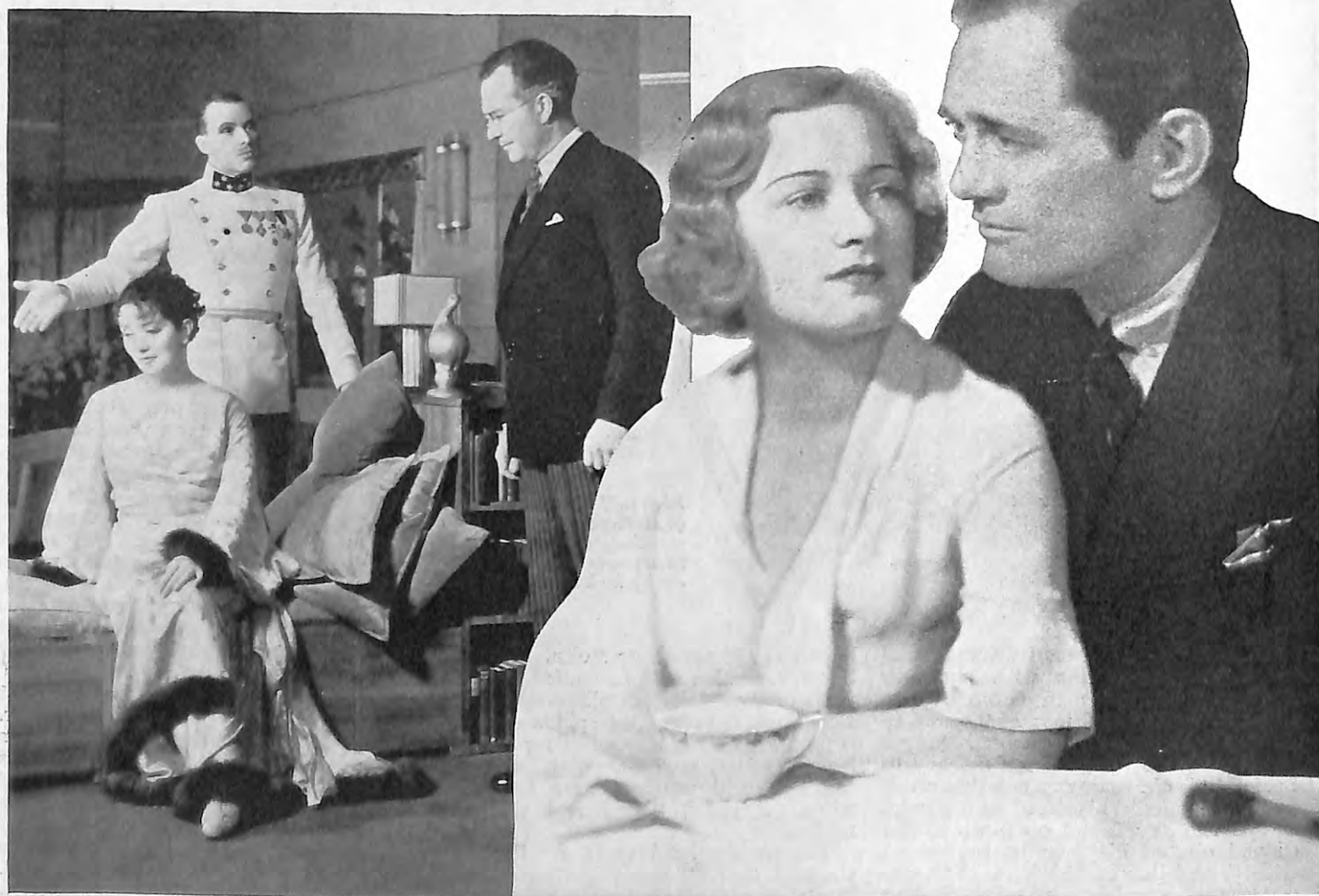
For the capture of that one he offered a reward of \$100,000, thus mortgaging a quantity of future oil royalties. It was a fascinating reward to be dangled before the eyes of needy detectives the country over. From near and far the sleuths flocked to the district to seek for the scent before it grew cold. Never were so many theorists and plain trackers herded together for the same man-hunt. Suave city men, ambitious country policemen, professionals, amateurs, students, and roughnecks shoved each other around the town and along the country roads. The Bennehoffs were questioned and cross-questioned and pestered nearly to death. The four jail-birds talked under a glare of publicity. If there had been tabloid newspapers then they might have gotten rich by signing their names to "memoirs" written by glib reporters, and have looked at their pictures for days at a time. Such opportunities were not for them. When the display was over they went glumly to penitentiary stone-piles.

The trouble with the detective quest was that there were no clues to Seager. Finger-prints and Bertillon measurements had not arrived either to complicate or to aid in detection. And if either system had then been invented it would not have been of any value. The identity of the robber was the clearest point about the crime. All that was necessary was to get on his trail. Simple enough, if there had been any trail.

Presently the theorists among the detective reward-seekers began to look wise, to avoid each other, and then to vanish one by one, some of the affluent ones bound on long journeys. One dogged chap, convinced by his own reasoning, went as far as the crook-heaven of Central America. As he took the precaution to have in his pocket a commission to induce a forger to disgorge a portion of loot in return for immunity and was successful on that errand, he was not out of pocket for the trip. But he found no Seager. New York

(Continued on page 48)

Behind the Footlights



A group of two comedies and a drama on which Broadway has set its seal of approval. After a summer breathing spell they will set forth on their various ways across the continent and when they turn up in your home town be sure not to miss their pleasant diversion. In the upper left hand corner you have Henry Hull and Helen Chandler in "Springtime for Henry," a rollicking good farce by Benn W. Levy, an Englishman with a very nice sense of humor. It's a tale of a wealthy young man-about-town who is inveigled into taking an interest in business and is simultaneously reformed by an amazing secretary. It is first rate entertainment. At the left is a group from Robert E. Sherwood's "Reunion in Vienna." They are Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt and Minor Watson. The Lunt-

Fontanne teamwork is flawless in this frothy comedy that recounts the adventures of a bombastic young prince of the blood (Mr. Lunt) who returns from exile in Switzerland as a taxi-driver to taste briefly, and incognito, the pleasures that were formerly his royal prerogative. It is a deft and often witty comedy raised to high rank by superlatively good acting. The third play in this trio, "Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. F. Gore-Brown, is in less frivolous vein. Philip Merivale (lower right with Nancy Sheridan) gives a finely sympathetic interpretation of Jim Warlock, the happily married young Englishman whose unyielding attitude toward deception brings tragedy upon his home. It is a human, sensitive drama, intelligently conceived and interesting in solution

And On the Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien



In bed, above, is Constance Bennett, the star of "What Price Hollywood?" The two gentlemen in attendance are Lowell Sherman, the brilliant but eccentric director who discovers Connie as a waitress in the Brown Derby restaurant and makes a star of her, and Neil Hamilton (also in bed), the handsome young polo player she has married. Just when Constance seems all set for fame and happiness complications develop with both men. Her director takes to drink and her husband becomes restive under the burden of being known as Mrs. Mary Evans



Two stars who have great charm plus a story that is both gay and heart-tugging should make "Merrily We Go to Hell" an enjoyable picture. The aforementioned stars are Fredric March and Sylvia Sydney (above). He is a reporter, brilliant but irresponsible, and she is a daughter of millions. They meet at a party, have a whirlwind courtship and a wedding solemnized with a corkscrew. Afterwards, in the car, Fredric remarks to his bride, "Well, merrily we go to hell," and you may accompany them on the screen if you wish to follow their hectic progress

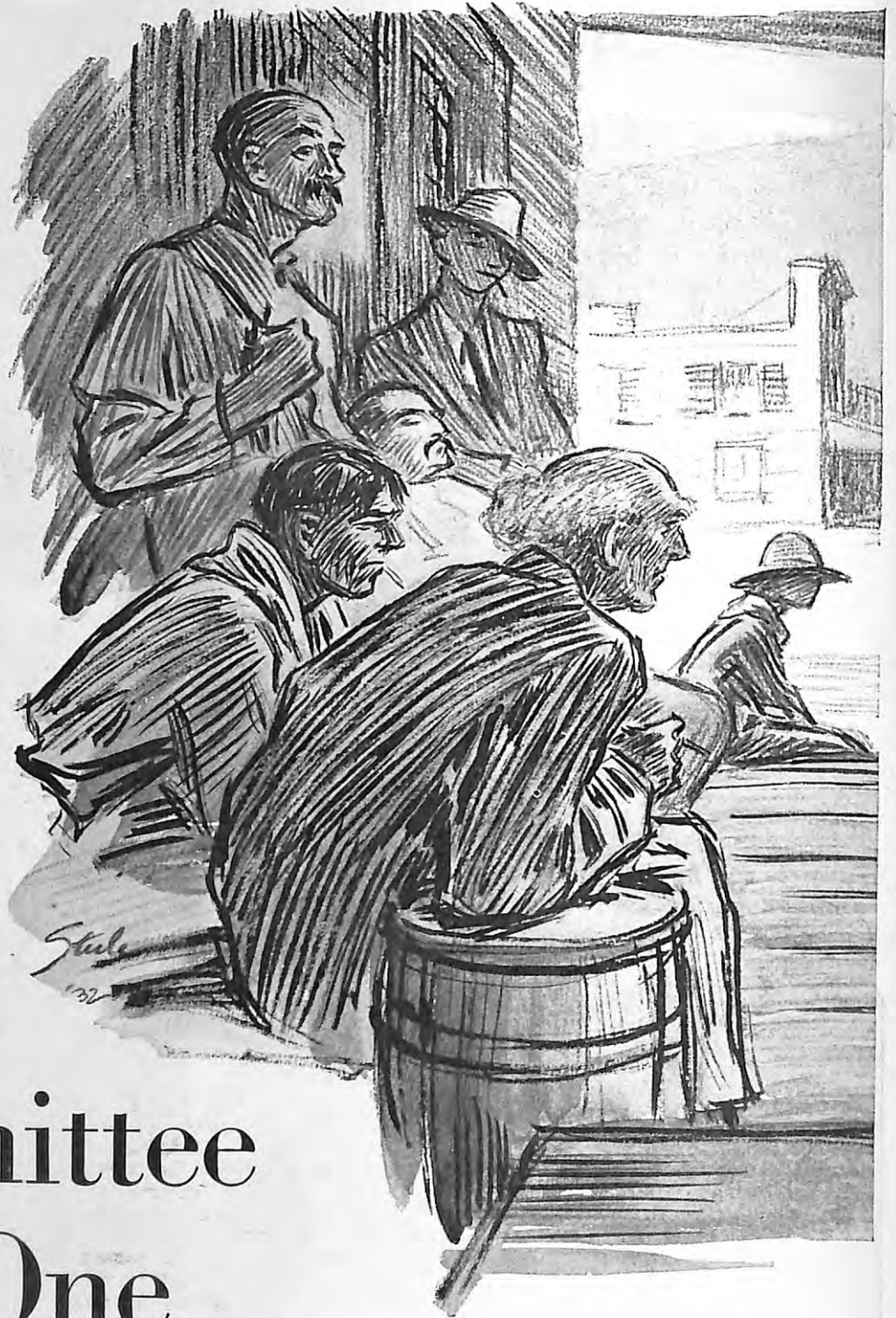


The lady with the automatic is Fay Wray and the gentleman about to make illegal entry into her father's house is Lee Tracy in a scene from "Doctor X." In this murder thriller Lionel Atwill plays Doctor Xavier, an eminent scientist engaged in solving the mysterious "moon killings" by experiments in his private laboratories on Long Island. Tracy, a reporter, discovers the secret investigations and manages to be present. As a result of the first series of experiments Tracy falls in love with the Doctor's daughter (Miss Wray) and another murder is added to the list

"I did my best to clear Eddie," he said, glancing for affirmation about the crowd that had collected on the porch

By
Carl Clausen

Illustrated by
Frederic Dorr Steele



Committee Of One

THEY were going to do the right thing by Eddie. There had been talk of getting up a delegation to meet him at the train. Tim Daugherty had even suggested the American Legion band, but older heads had advised against it. After all, a governor's pardon was no certificate of innocence, and there were too many still on the fence in regard to Eddie's guilt. You couldn't be too careful about people's feelings. Besides, Billy Dawn was an able and fearless man. They wanted him re-elected for sheriff. It was no fault of his that he had had to arrest Eddie. Though, for that matter, it wasn't any special credit to him that his bullet had forced a confession from a dying man. Again, as lawyer Enderly remarked, deathbed confessions

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were open to suspicion. Dying, Black Bert had nothing to lose by doing a kind act by clearing Eddie of the holdup; a remark that made Milliken snort with derision.

"S' if Black Bert ever had a rush of blood to the heart!" the grocery man scoffed as he spat far and wide into Cardinal's dusty main street and sawed the air windmill-fashion at a swarm of flies that clamored for admission at the screen door of the store. "The only kind act he ever done in his life was to get himself in the way of Billy's forty-five, and that was what you might call on-pre-meditated!" he added for the special benefit of Lawyer Enderly, who was fanning himself with a dry palm leaf on the top step of the porch.

The attorney's pudgy hand holding the

improvised fan stopped. His pale-blue eyes regarded Cardinal's leading merchant reproachfully.

"I did my best to clear Eddie, Milly. I don't think anyone will gainsay me in that!" he said, glancing for affirmation about the crowd that had collected on the porch of the store to discuss the reception of the pseudo-prodigal.

He was, however, unable to catch an affirmative gleam in a single eye, since all of them were busy elsewhere. Insulting Milliken by addressing him as Milly was a privilege reserved for magnates like Enderly. None of the crowd cared to have his credit shut off by seconding the lawyer's motion.

The silence was broken by Pop McCraw, who also was eminently able to pay cash



for his flour and bacon, and who furthermore still smarted under the recollection of a boundary dispute with the water company which Enderly had lost for him under the statute of Eminent Domain.

"Shull was too silver-tongued for you, Cunnel, that's all," he mused, at which Tom Warner who had been foreman of the jury that had found Edward Carr guilty of highway robbery, looked at his leathery hands, then buried them deep in the pockets of his overalls and moved away.

Enderly's putty-colored face showed no trace of emotion.

"I'm not casting aspersions on Shull's ability as district attorney," he replied mildly, "but when a client refuses to use a perfectly good alibi—" He stopped speaking and resumed his fanning.

Silence fell upon the crowd again. The alibi Lawyer Enderly referred to was too well known to need recounting. It concerned a woman, and alibis of that kind were not used in the desert valley of Cardinal.

"When you got an alibi, you don't need no lawyer!" Milliken snapped as he went into the store and slammed the screen door after himself expertly on a swarm of outwitted flies.

Pop McCraw rolled a cigarette and regarded the little brown tube at arms' length, like an artist surveying his latest contribution to the unsuspecting muse.

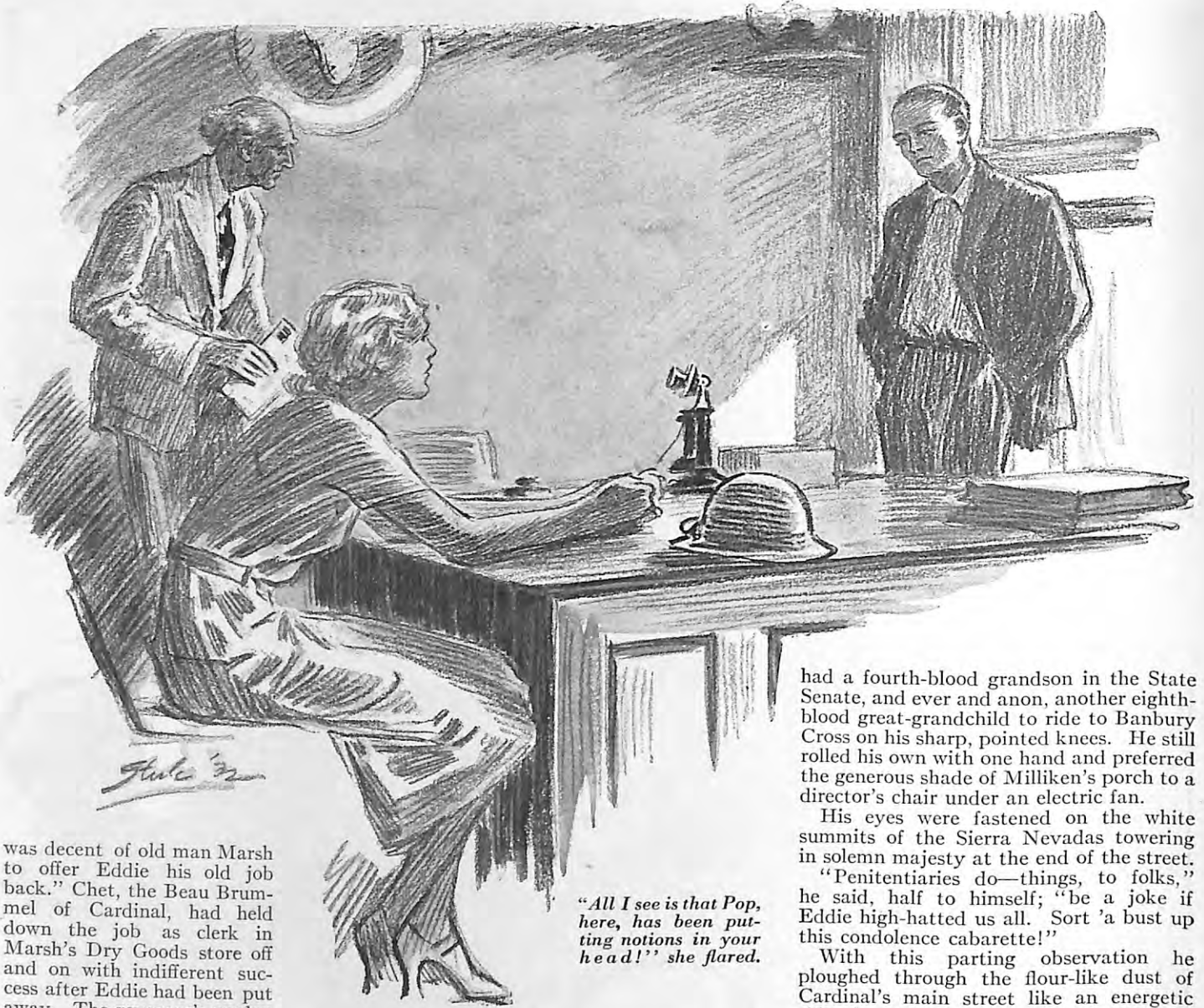
"Better let nature take its course," he advised. "I doubt that Eddie would appreciate having Billy Dawn and Tom Warner and the rest of the jurymen meet

him at the train, notwithstanding the mission of good-will an' peace on earth such a committee would indicate. Unless two years in jail has changed Eddie considerable there might be some fancy shooting. Shull made a passel of nasty cracks about him to the jury in that summing up of his."

"But somebody's got to meet him," Enderly objected; "it's the only decent thing to do."

"We otter 'a thought of several decent things two year ago," McCraw averred. "Better late than never don't hold good when you've spent twenty-odd months looking at the sky through iron fretwork. Unless I'm mistaken, he'll be met. Better leave Connie gather up the remains and put the pieces together by her lonesome."

"Anyway," spoke up Chet Moore, "it



was decent of old man Marsh to offer Eddie his old job back." Chet, the Beau Brummel of Cardinal, had held down the job as clerk in Marsh's Dry Goods store off and on with indifferent success after Eddie had been put away. The governor's pardon had given Marsh a plausible excuse for firing Chet, at the same time saving Chet's face by making a martyr of him, thus not incurring the enmity of Chet's father, a prominent brother Rotarian.

McCRAW made a noise that was more like a gargantuan gargle than a clearing of the throat.

"Bob Marsh knows good publicity when he sees it!" he remarked. "Everybody from Lone Pine to Armagosa will be stopping in to look over his callikker. Like as not he'll need you to take care of the overflow, Chet. Eddie will be too busy being an object of curiosity." He looked belligerently about the circle of citizens gathered on the porch. "I move this here committee of entertainment ajourns. If Gus sees us hanging around the depot when his train pulls in, he'll think it's another stick-up and keep a-going. I got me a hundred-weight of dynamite in his box-car to blow the outcrop out of the upper mesa, so I want that train to stop."

He got to his feet with surprising agility for a man of his age, straightening up like a jackknife snapped open. Cardinal owed its inception to a certain little-known episode of American history. The Civil

War, like our more recent safety-valve of democracy, also had its crop of conscientious objectors, it appears. Mr. Lincoln, an independent spirit himself, observed that a man had a right to have a voice in the manner of his demise, so he had several hundreds of the dissenters shipped to this desert basin of the upper Mojave. They surprised everybody, including Mr. Lincoln, by refusing to die. Indeed, they went so far as to form a settlement, which they called with doubtful propriety, Independence. When the end of the war restored them their suffrage, the thinly populated desert county of Inyo found itself out-voted by men who should have been shot by popular acclaim, a program which was embarked upon with considerable enthusiasm and casualties about even on either side, until the Sacramento militia stepped in and hung half a dozen from each camp impartially. In restoring peace, the name of Independence was changed to Cardinal, but the spirit of the old-timers died hard. Pop McCraw had spent sixty-odd of his eighty-four years objecting, generally speaking, and his conscience was still unimpaired. He had passed through all the intervening stages of desert evolution from squaw man to vice-president of the First National bank of Cardinal. He

"All I see is that Pop, here, has been putting notions in your head!" she flared.

had a fourth-blood grandson in the State Senate, and ever and anon, another eighth-blood great-grandchild to ride to Banbury Cross on his sharp, pointed knees. He still rolled his own with one hand and preferred the generous shade of Milliken's porch to a director's chair under an electric fan.

His eyes were fastened on the white summits of the Sierra Nevadas towering in solemn majesty at the end of the street. "Penitentiaries do—things, to folks," he said, half to himself; "be a joke if Eddie high-hatted us all. Sort 'a bust up this condolence cabarette!"

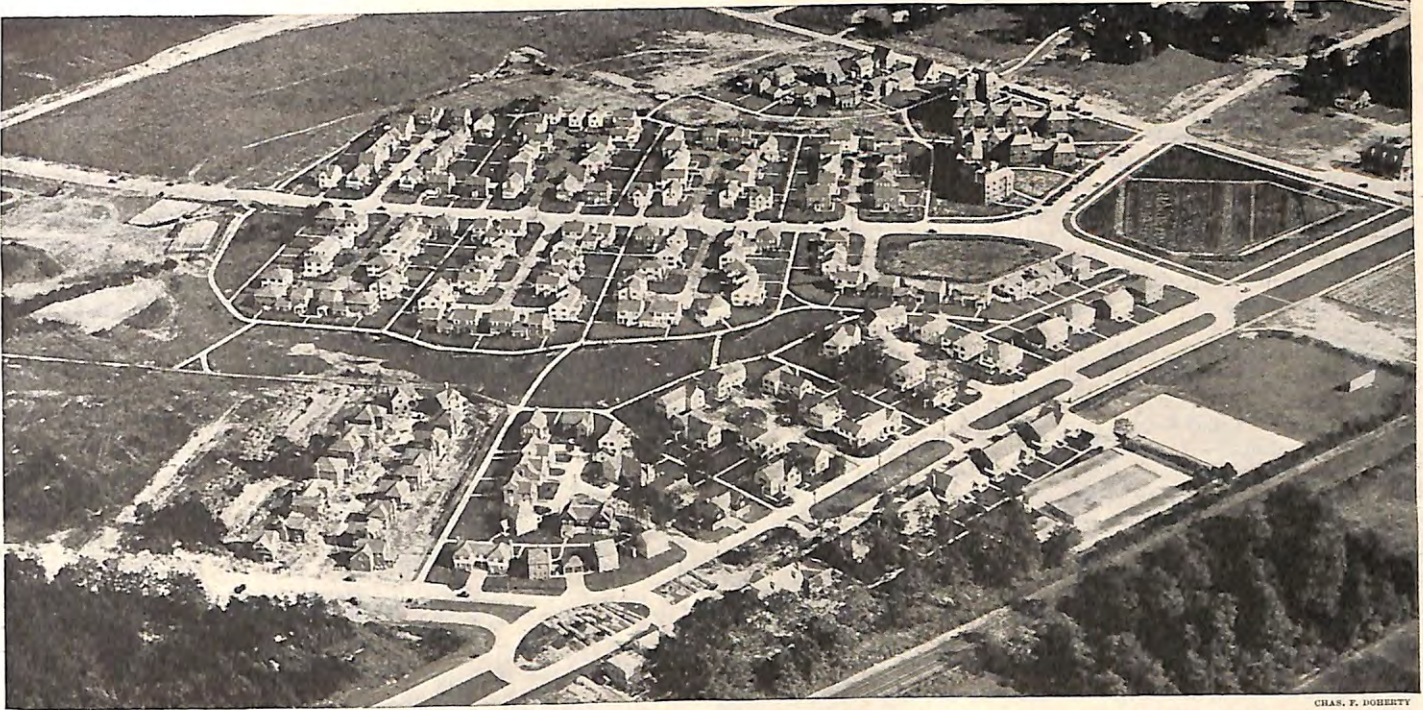
With this parting observation he ploughed through the flour-like dust of Cardinal's main street like an energetic side-wheeler and disappeared through the plate-glass door of the bank opposite.

The gathering on the porch broke up by unanimous unspoken consent. One by one, the men of Cardinal went off to their various duties, occupations, or the lack thereof. Colonel Enderly, alone, remained, fanning himself with the palm leaf. For the better part of half an hour, his pudgy wrist moved with a gentle motion, almost rotary, while the rest of his ponderous bulk reposed inert against the unbarked cedar upright of the porch.

MINIATURE whirlwinds played tag in the dusty street that lay broiling in the noon-day heat. One of them, larger than the rest, spiralled through the vacant lot next door to the Methodist Church, picking up an old newspaper in its wake. The paper soared briefly in the oven-like air, then fluttered down and came to rest in the dust at the Colonel's feet. The headlines in red type stared up at him: Edward Carr Gets Full Pardon, and underneath in smaller type: Miscarriage of Justice Righted by Chief Executive.

When Enderly raised his eyes from the paper, he saw a feminine figure turn the corner of the main thoroughfare from one

(Continued on page 40)



Radburn, New Jersey, first town in the United States planned for the traffic era. Footpaths passing beneath the street connect residences with schools and shops making it unnecessary for household shoppers and school-children to expose themselves to the dangers of fast-moving traffic. The main motor highway skirts Radburn without actually entering it

CHAS. F. JOBERTY

Motoring — Today and Tomorrow

By John Chapman Hilder

ONE morning in January, while the Automobile Show was being held in New York, I overheard a conversation between two commuters. They were well-dressed young business men and if their incomes had suffered from the depression the effect was not obvious to the casual eye. They lit cigarettes, opened their newspapers and then one asked:

"Going to get a car this spring, Ed?"

The other shook his head. "No," he said. "Are you?"

"Got to. The old one's shot."

"Only got it a year ago, didn't you?"

"Sure—but I was hit by a drunken driver last summer and the car's never been the same. You know how it is when everything's knocked out of line. They fix 'em up, but they're never right after that."

Ed nodded. "I'd like to get one," he said. "These new models they're bringing out must be great. But what's the good? We never go driving for the fun of it any more. All we use a car for is to go back and forth to the station and the village. Mary and I used to be crazy about driving. We used to take trips every week-end. But now we never go

Copyright, 1932, by John Chapman Hilder



The rough macadam center lane prompts drivers to keep to the right.

anywhere. And it isn't because we're fed up with driving. It's simply that conditions on the road are so bad that there isn't any pleasure in it."

"You don't have to tell me," said his friend. "If you're anywhere near a town you have to crawl along in a procession

and if you're out in the open country some jackass with a two-year-old mind is liable to come along and push you into a ditch. I know all about that. The thing I'm wondering is how long it'll be before the mud-guards on this new car I'm getting will be full of dents."

"Well," said Ed, "I wish you luck." He looked out of the train window for a few moments. "If conditions are bad now," he went on, "what'll they be five years from now?"

"Search me," replied the other. "Somebody'll have to do something to straighten out the mess. Otherwise it'll be just impossible to use a car at all."

There are probably many people who feel about motoring as those two do, but it would be an exaggeration to say that such a feeling is general. If the conditions of motoring are allowed to drift from bad to worse, however, it must inevitably become general. And that would be serious. It would affect an industry the prosperity of which is important to the well-being of the nation. It would deprive millions of a source of recreation and handicap them in countless ways.

The motor car first made a place for itself in our scheme of existence because it

enabled us to indulge our inborn passion to go places and see things, at a minimum expenditure of effort, time and money. Later it fortified its position by proving a swift, convenient aid to the conduct of business. As a people we have become dependent on the car as an adjunct of our daily lives. But with that fine disregard for the future which has characterized our progress in many other fields, we have neglected to insure ourselves against the possibility that some day the usefulness of the automobile might be materially curtailed.

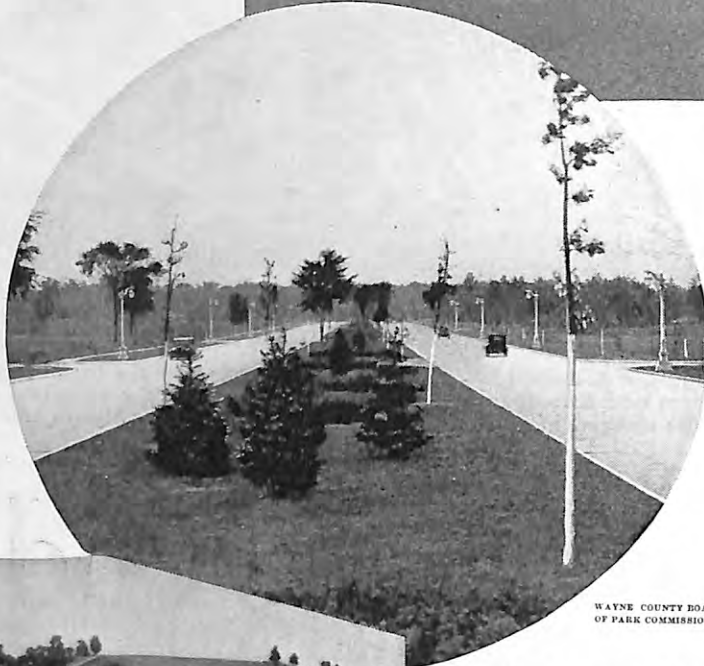
Yet that is, quite definitely, a possibility. Consider, for example, the situation in New York City. There, during a goodly portion of each day—and at night, too, in some sections—it is quicker to walk than to travel by motor. Because of this, numbers of New Yorkers do not bother to own cars, or, if they do own them, seldom use them in the city proper. So great is the congestion that a traffic jam at one corner still frequently makes itself felt ten blocks away. To find a place to park, it is often necessary to circle a block a dozen times. In wet weather, the streams of cars are virtually at a standstill, despite efforts of an efficient traffic squad to keep them moving.

I AM aware that New York is not America. During the last year I have driven in fourteen states and have found in and about their cities, conditions as bad

Grade separation on Bronx River Parkway, New York, showing service roadway at left, which gives access to parkway



WESTCHESTER COUNTY PARK ASSN.



A modern motor highway in Michigan. The center strip, separating traffic streams, makes head-on collisions impossible

WAYNE COUNTY BOARD OF PARK COMMISSIONERS



U. S. BUREAU OF PUBLIC ROADS

Model of the landscaped parking layout at the Mt. Vernon end of the New Washington Memorial Highway. Note the separate spaces for buses and private cars and the traffic circle in the background

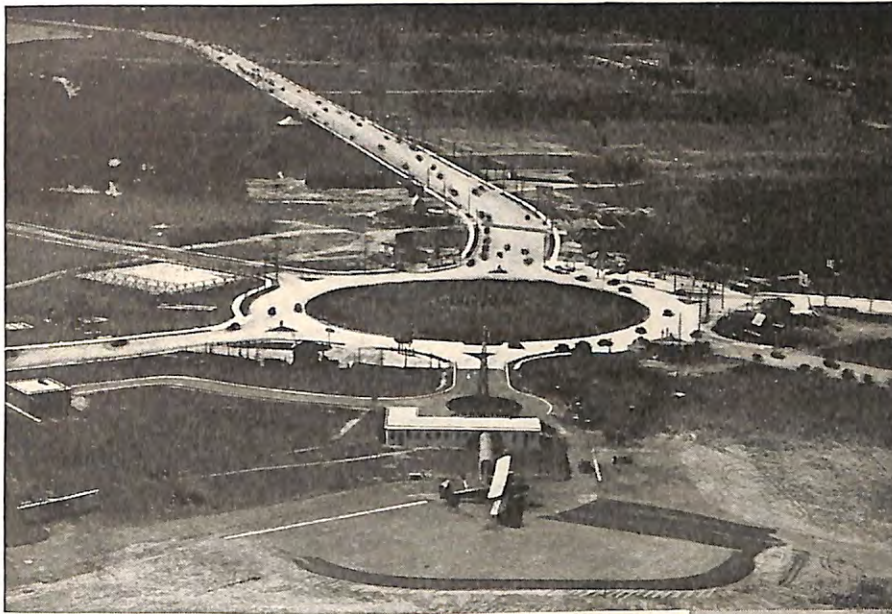
This grade separation of two Michigan super-highways involves two bridges crossing two highways, a railroad and the Rouge River



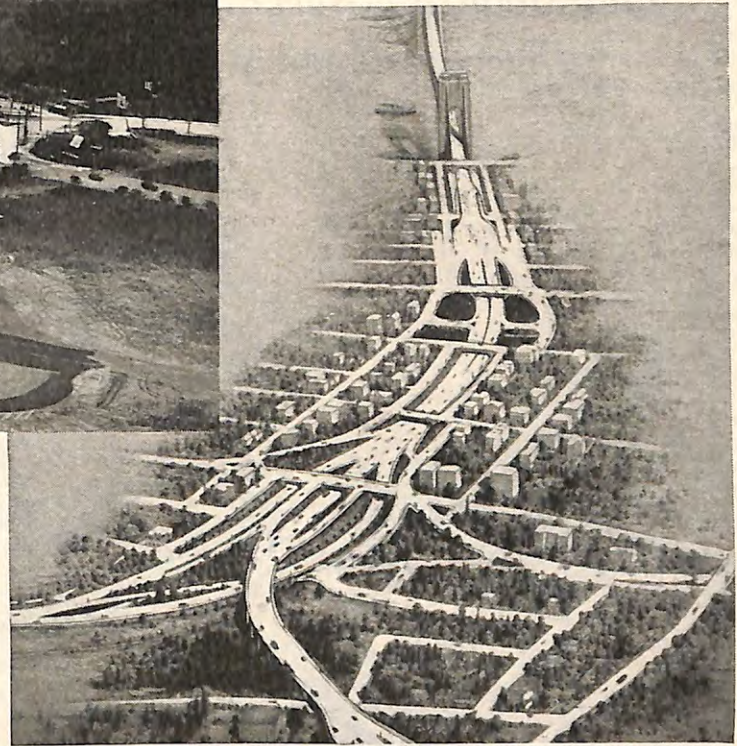
AIRVIEWS

as those in New York and its environs. Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Los Angeles, Atlanta, Portland, Ore., and Portland, Me.—in all these and more I have driven and it seems to me there is little to choose between them. They differ, from the standpoint of traffic conditions, but only in degree.

The majority of you who read this magazine live in communities of 5,000 to 100,000 population, which means that most of the time you are not affected by conditions in the largest centers. You will admit, however, that your own community shares one vital shortcoming with all



Congestion and delays are avoided at this busy intersection, near the Camden, N. J., airport, by means of this spacious traffic circle



Plan of distribution plaza at New Jersey end of Hudson River bridge, showing separation of through and local traffic by underpasses

BOTH PICTURES BY COURTESY OF NEW JERSEY STATE HIGHWAY COM'N

the others, namely, that it was not planned or built in anticipation of the automotive era. The chances are, of course, that it was not planned at all, but merely grew haphazard, from small beginnings, as New York did. That is true of practically every city and town and village in the United States; and it is likewise true of practically all the roads in the United States. They just evolved from ancient trails and cowpaths. City street and country road both were adequate, so long as they were used principally by slow-moving horse-drawn vehicles. Even for many years after the advent of the automobile they still were adequate, more or less. Today they are far from it.

CAN you recall having taken a drive of any length recently without having a single narrow escape from collision; without seeing evidences of a single wreck; without being delayed by a traffic jam; without breaking some archaic speed law; without encountering a dozen varieties of traffic signals and regulations; without being affronted by the sight of scenery blighted by billboards, or a roadside shambles of hot dog stands and filling stations; without being angered by some other driver? Can

you, in short, remember one all-day run totally free from unpleasant incident? If you can, you are to be congratulated.

The question is: What's to be done about this situation? Must we, who have made the automobile our servant, end by acknowledging it our master? With millions of new cars constantly being added to the millions already in service, is it too much to hope that our motoring ills may be treated and eventually cured? Fortunately it is not. But, as the young man on the train observed, somebody'll have to do something—and soon. Let's examine some of the things that can be done.

In the early days of the automobile, when small boys yelled "Git a horse" at every car, the motorist was considered

fair game by everyone not fortunate enough to be in the car-owning class. Possession of a machine was not alone a sign of wealth, but of uppishness. On all sides, hands were raised to keep the motorist in his place, or outstretched to relieve him of surplus funds. Town and city officials sat up nights thinking of ways to harass him and at the same time to provide themselves with extra cash. Thus it came about that in each community he encountered arbitrary and frequently foolish restrictions. Speed limits were imposed, not for their practical value, but to enable Constable Doolittle and his colleagues to take the motorist down a peg or two. "Think ye can make our town a race track, do ye? Well, we'll learn ye different." "Drive slow and see our town," ran the signboards. "Drive fast and see our jail."



COURTESY CITY HOUSING CORP.

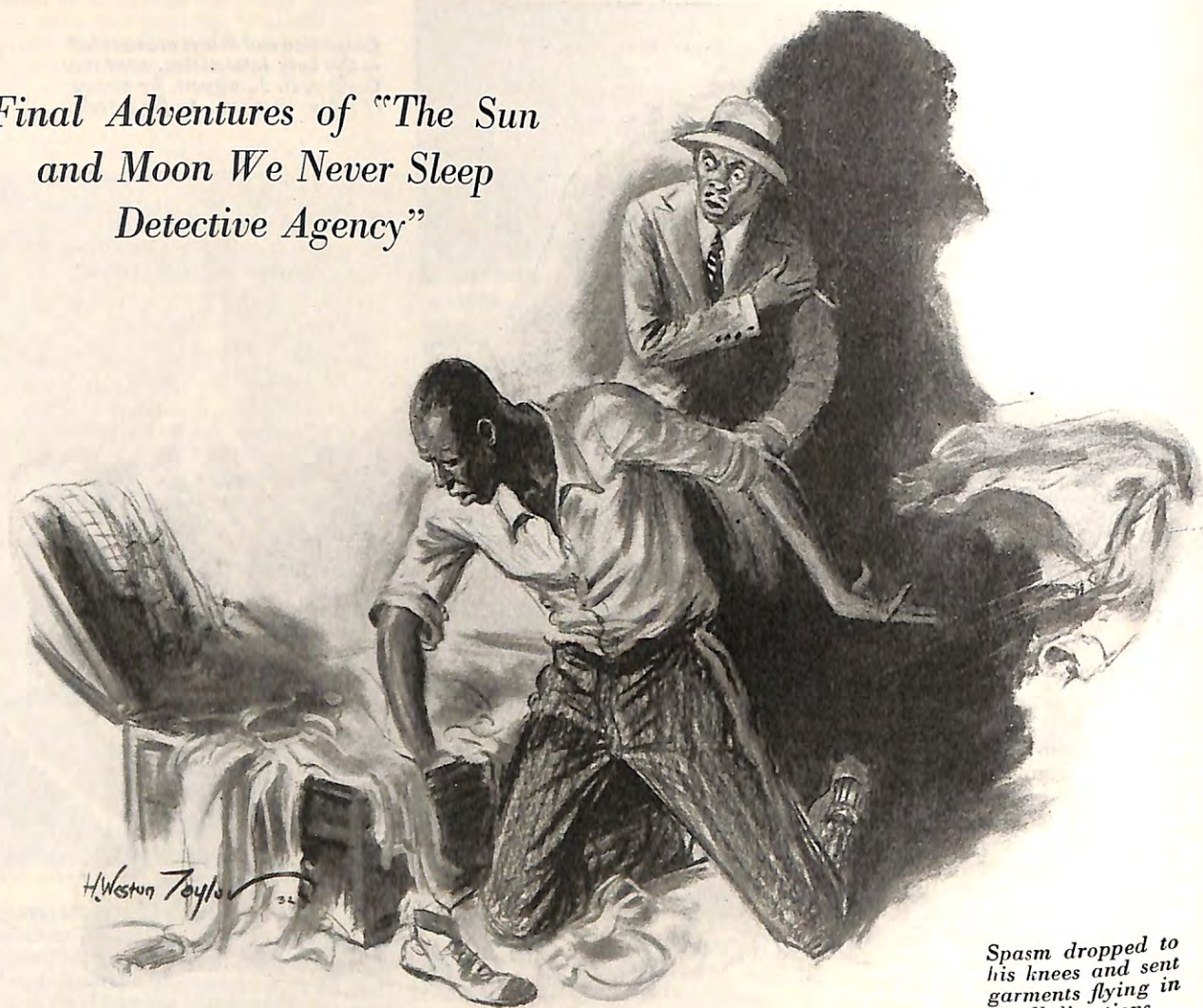
One of the connecting footways in Radburn, passing beneath the street

THE persistence of this attitude, in innumerable places, is responsible for much of the confusion and congestion that now exist. Many public officials do not understand the modern traffic problem. They stubbornly take the stand that the public wants to drive too fast and must be prevented from doing so on general principles. They censure the manufacturers for building cars capable of sustained high speeds, ignoring the safety features that make the use of such speeds practicable. Ignoring, too, the self-evident truth that our crying need is not for slower but faster travel.

Traffic experts and enlightened officials realize that speed restrictions, to be effective, must be based on common sense and scientifically adapted to road conditions. They realize that today the proper function

(Continued on page 46)

Final Adventures of "The Sun
and Moon We Never Sleep
Detective Agency"



Spasm dropped to his knees and sent garments flying in all directions

Crash and Carry

Part II

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

CONSTERNATION swept the office of The Sun & Moon We Never Sleep Detective Agency. Chief of Detectives Florian Slappey stared at Ordinary Detective Spasm Johnson, and Mr. Johnson stared at nothing at all.

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Florian grabbed his companion by the arms. "You utters heaps of words, Spasm Johnson—but so far they ain't made no sense"

Final Adventures of "The Sun
and Moon We Never Sleep
Detective Agency"



Spasm dropped to his knees and sent garments flying in all directions

Crash and Carry

Part II

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

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"Yeh. . . ."

"Well, now we got him, ain't we? We has 'scovered that he is wukkin' fo' us: right heah in this office. What mo' could we ask?"

"We could ask him to leave us alone." Mr. Johnson was pathetically logical: "Now listen at me, Florian. I reckon I ain't right bright, but Ise just as fond of bein' alive as anybody else. Us knows this feller Yodel Harris is dangerous. We seen him rob that sto' an' git away with a watchman poppin' at him with a .38. We know good an' well it wasn't accident that he taken this job—"

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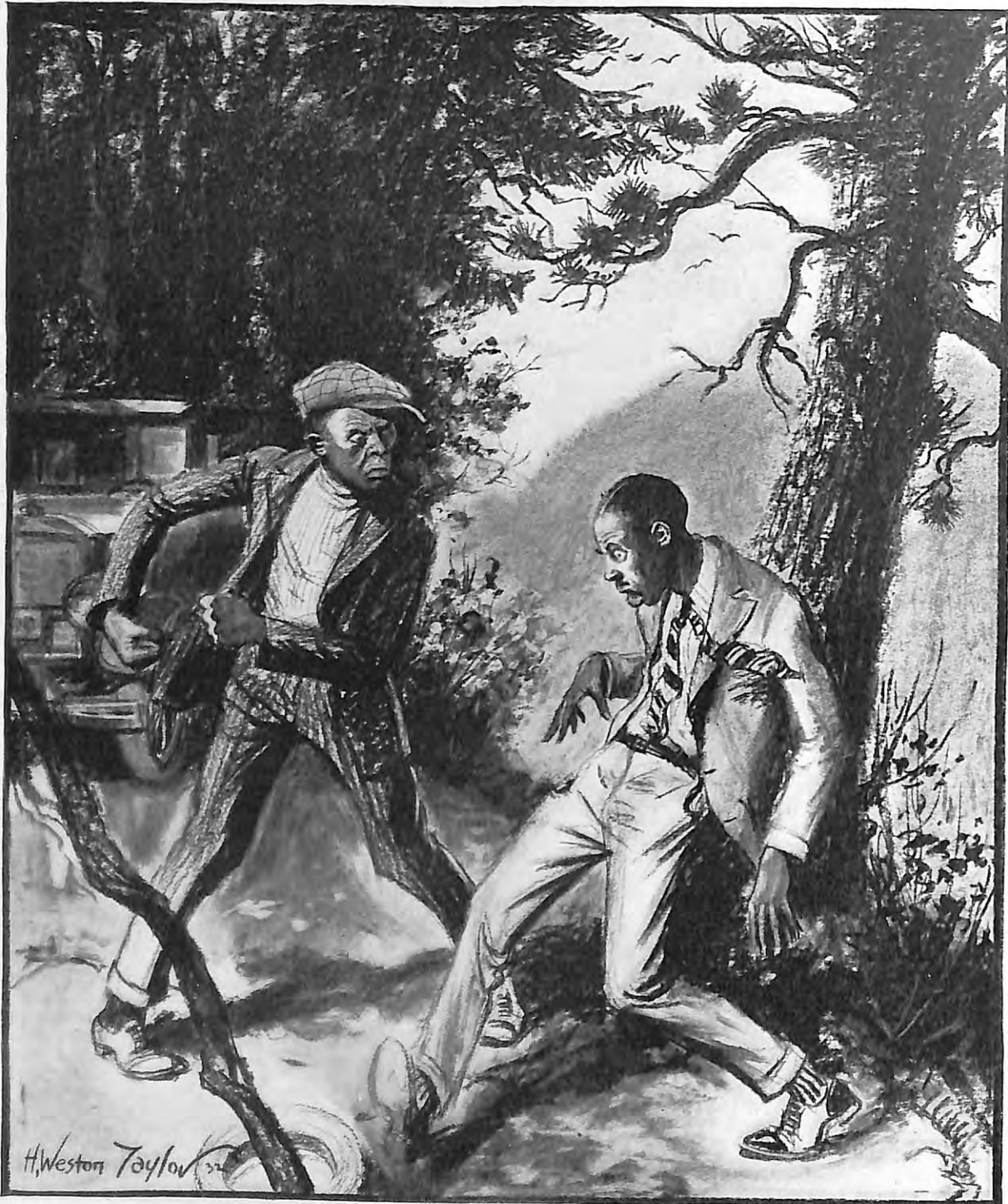
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still working hard when, at four o'clock, Mr. Johnson walked into their office at Sis Callie Flukers's, flung his hat on the table, struck an attitude and made an announcement.

Mr. Johnson said, "Florian, Ise done it!" Sudden fear assailed Mr. Slappey.

"You has done what?"

"Ev'ything . . . an' there ain't no use gittin' mad, 'cause it's completely done an' you can't change it."

Florian stepped across the room and grabbed his companion by the arms. "You utters heaps of words, Spasm Johnson—but so far they ain't made no sense. Tell me what you has went an' done."

Mr. Johnson drew a long, fearful breath. His eyes looked everywhere but at his friend.

"I couldn't stan' the strain no longer, Florian. I written a letter to the police an'

Mr. Slappey staggered back against a pine tree which was fortunately stalwart

told 'em us had the jools which was burgled out of Jasper De Void's store!"

Florian plucked at one ghastly word:

"You told 'em *us* had the jools?"

"Uh-huh. You an' me. I signed bofe our names to the letter."

"Oh, my gosh!"

"An' not on' that, but I disclosed 'em one of our detective cards."

Mr. Slappey wilted. For days he had felt that a crisis was impending, but his worst forebodings had not gone this far.

He motioned Mr. Johnson to a chair and asked a few questions:

"How come you to do such a terrible deed, Spasm?"

"I coul'n't he'p it. This thing was gittin' on my nerves. I coul'n' sleep nights,

an' in the daytime food seemed like it was gwine choke me."

"I wish it had of."

"Aw! Florian, don't go gittin' sore at me. I was the one had the jools—not you. Did Yodel Harris git tough, I was gwine to be the target fo' his bullets."

Mr. Slappey frowned darkly. "You know what's gwine happen now?"

"Tell me."

"Us is goin' to jail—I an' you bofe. Tha's what comes of you gittin' writer's itch."

Spasm sighed. "Well, they ain't no use of cryin' over spilt milk."

"When did you write this letter, Spasm?"

"Bout a half hour ago."

"What did you do with it?"

"I dropped it in the mail box."

Florian closed his eyes. "That gives us 'til tomorrow mawnin' . . ."

(Continued on page 42)

Behind the Mike

With
Philip Coles



Jean Sargent

A notable achievement of the Ziegfeld Hour has been the introduction (and trust Mr. Ziegfeld to produce a siren of no sneezeable beauty) of young Jean Sargent, Philadelphia society girl, who sings Mr. Ziegfeld's torch songs. Sophisticated Jean Sargent of the heartbreaking voice and the beautiful face . . . has gone far in radio . . . will go farther



Sylvia Froos

Sylvia Froos (yes, we said Froos) may be an adolescent, but she is no budding flagpole sitter. At times the sea reaches her, excites her, stimulates her, and she climbs masts. But most of the time she broadcasts in a lovely soprano voice and leaves masts to those who go down to the sea in ships



Ed Wynn

Ed Wynn, "The Perfect Fool," has gathered into the fold, cups, medals, ribbons, for the best broadcast of the season. His giggle, silly, infectious, falsetto, is alone worth the prodigious salary Texaco is reported to be paying him. The gags for one broadcast cost him thirty hours of brain-cracking labor. His present contract expires the third Tuesday in July, we weep to tell you, so you had better listen to those broadcasts left while the listening is good. The Texas Company, N.B.C., Graham MacNamee, and the Don Voorhees band are all holding their breaths and caressing Mr. Wynn tenderly, with the ultimate hope of his signing a new contract. To date the object of their affections remains obdurate.



Singin' Sam

Singin' Sam, the Barbasol Man, thought his name was original with him. But the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun still holds good. In looking through some old prints of the eighteenth century, Singin' Sam found this picture of an old minstrel called "Singin' Sam of Derbyshire." The current Singin' Sam (an improvement over the old model), is a member of Richmond, Ind., Lodge No. 649, and his Southern songs, sung in a rich bass, are always received with a fatted calf or two, what with the declining popularity of crooners, and the undoubted virility of Sam. He is another Columbia star, reaching you over the ether at 8:15, Monday Wednesday and Friday

Lanny Ross

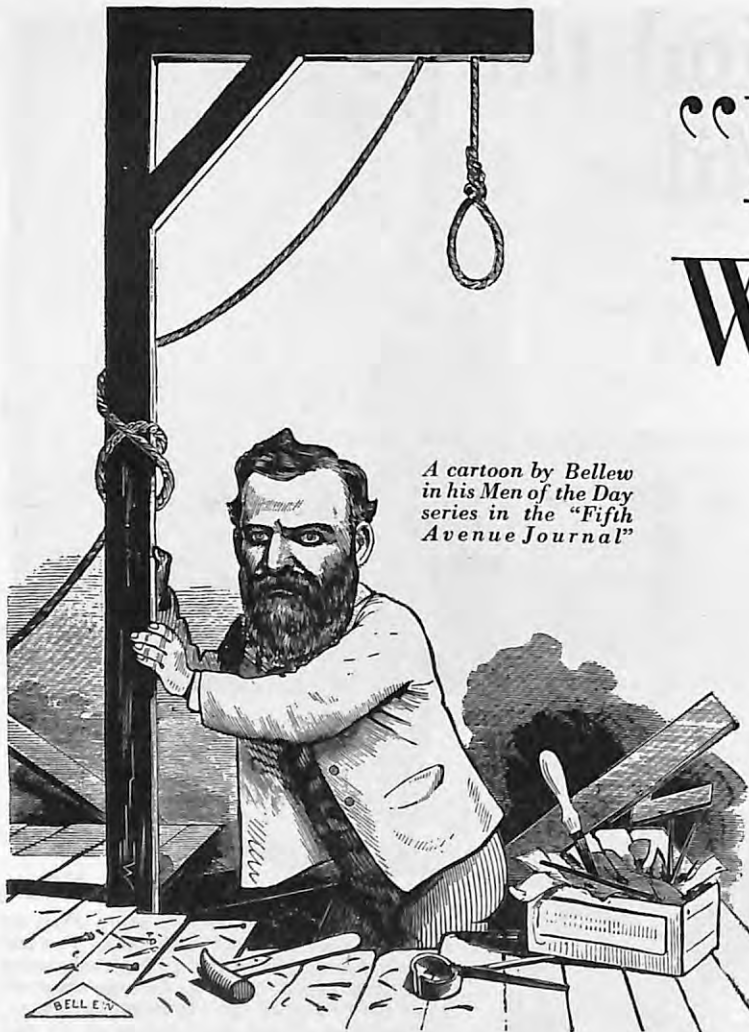
Lanny Ross, an honest-to-goodness tenor who has risen slowly and undramatically to fame as a national favorite, is a boon to those who like their singing straight. He doesn't moan, he doesn't bellow, and he doesn't chirp. A former Yale track captain, Ross now broadcasts on the Maxwell House Coffee Hour over Columbia, and is worth hearing



"His Touch Was Death"

By George Creel

Old prints from the Culver Service



A cartoon by Bellew in his *Men of the Day* series in the "Fifth Avenue Journal"

Jay Gould, the "Black Panther of Wall Street," was neither better nor worse than other money-masters of his fevered and tempestuous time but, a lone killer, he was more feared than any

SIR HENRY MORGAN, Captain Kid and Blackbeard may have fancied themselves masters of their trade, but every buccaneer that sailed the Spanish Main could have gone to school to Jay Gould, the soft-spoken little freebooter who was only saved from an appearance of effeminacy by a set of bushy whiskers. No man was more the dominant figure in Wall Street between 1865 and 1890, and at every turn he spread terror before him and left ruin in his wake.

When he died in 1892, the frail body racked to pieces by the violence of his rapacity, his fortune was estimated at \$100,000,000, and his holdings included great railroad systems, telegraph and cable companies, mining, land, and industrial corporations. Not his wealth, however, nor his mighty achievements, evoked a complimentary editorial, a single word of praise, and from every part of the country came a sigh of relief more blasting in its significance than any cry of hate.

Here was an injustice, for under analysis Jay Gould stands revealed as the product of his day and age, the absolute creation of the era of expansion that followed the Civil War. Never in the world was there anything like it, for the habits and even the thought of a whole people changed almost overnight. The industrialization of the East, the opening of the great West to agriculture, frenzied railroad building, the discovery of new gold fields in Nevada, Arizona, Idaho, Montana and the Black

Hills, the finding of oil in Pennsylvania and Ohio, unrestricted immigration, all these things combined to produce a species of national delirium.

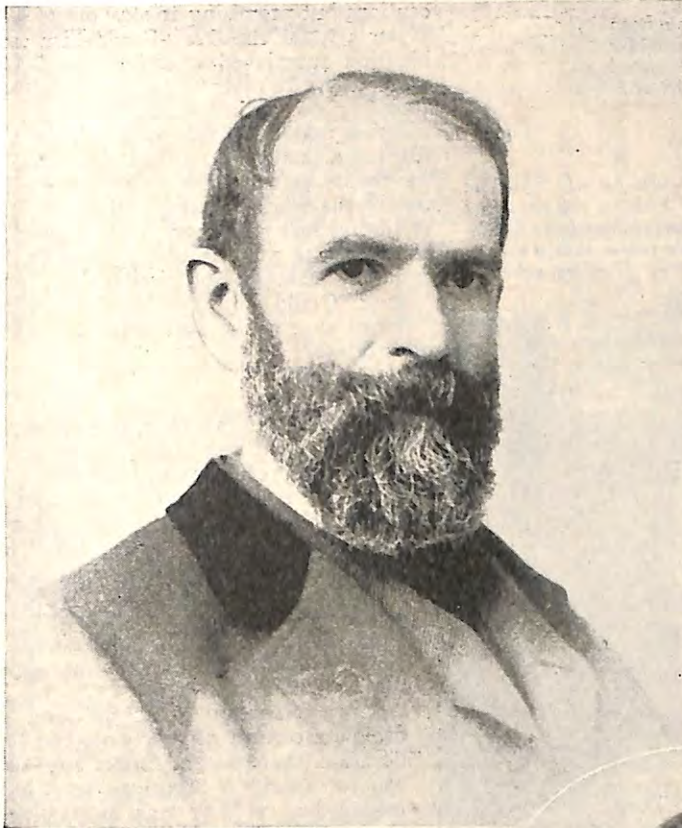
Old ways were changed, old standards uprooted, and honor, honesty and ethics swept away by a tidal wave of greed. A madness of speculation gripped the country, and every man, no matter how humble, dreamed of wealth to be gained by the rise or fall of a stock. Thrift and industry were impatiently put aside as "too slow," law was something to be bought in the open market, wealth measured greatness,

natural resources went to the quickest and boldest grabber, and American citizenship, concerned solely with its own cupidities, lost sight entirely of the public welfare.

Jay Gould was neither worse nor better than other money masters of that fevered, tempestuous time. His crime—the reason for the hate that followed him—lay in the fact that he carried the doctrine of "dog eat dog" to its ultimate, operating with a ruthlessness that took no account of any generous emotion. A lone killer, never hunting with a pack, he dragged down



Following the dumping of 100,000 fake shares of Erie stock, Gould, Drew, and Fisk baled up their cash and fled by boat to Jersey City



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friend as well as foe, seemingly devoid of compassion and loyalty. Of all his associates, men who worked with him and deserved his faith, scarce one but found himself gulled and stripped in the end, a victim of Gould's superior cunning.

Young Jay's first business venture gave plain indication of the road he meant to follow. The son of a poor New York farmer, learning surveying while he clerked, he started out for himself at sixteen and, while engaged in making county maps, won the confidence of Zadoo Pratt, an ex-member of Congress and a man of wealth and power. Pratt, seventy years old at the time, put up the money to start a tannery, but within twelve months complained of irregularities in the books, and faced his protégé with a "buy or sell" proposition.

FOR all his five feet six inches, and his whispering speech, it was ever the case that Gould could charm a bird off the bough by his plausibility, and Charles M. Leupp, a rich New York leather merchant, was induced to put up \$60,000 for the purchase of Pratt's interest. Leupp, in his turn, soon learned that partnership with Gould was something that called for unceasing vigilance and, as a result of losses, committed suicide in 1857.

Before the body was cold, twenty-one-year-old Jason actually engaged in a struggle with the dead man's daughters for possession of the tannery, hiring armed thugs to expel their agents. Defeated at last, however, he slipped off to New York, and, as his record barred him from any return to the leather business, he turned predatory black eyes in the direction of Wall Street. Always able to smell money miles away, he made a good turn in the depreciated bonds of two small railroads, and then formed the brokerage firm of



Joseph Pulitzer who, excoriating Gould in an editorial, closed by saying, "It is not a death that will cause any public sorrow"

Daniel Drew: "Its hotter than I expected. They won't stand my forcing gold beyond 117. I'll get out of this as soon as I can"

Smith, Gould and Martin. Petty operations had to content him for a while, but lucky chance brought him into contact with Daniel Drew and "Jubilee Jim" Fisk, two prominent figures of the day, and both as picturesque as they were incredible.

At various times a circus man, a drover and innkeeper, Drew made up in cunning what he lacked in education. He had risen to wealth and power by a combination of ability, dishonesty, and genius for stock manipulation. Notwithstanding a noisy pretense of religious faith, for Bible texts dripped constantly from his tobacco-stained lips, "Uncle Dan'l" was the crookedest man in Wall Street, blandly excusing himself on the theory that "if a cat wants to eat fish, she's gotta be willin' to wet her feet."

SOME time before, the Erie railroad had come under Drew's control, and he was busy milking that once great property with both hands. Cornelius Vanderbilt, then forming what was to be the New York Central system, viewed these operations with open disgust, and decided to get possession of the line, thus rounding out his virtual monopoly of eastern transportation. "Corneel" accomplished his object, but made the mistake of leaving Drew on the board, contemptuously confident that the "damned old rapsallion" had learned a lesson.

Uncle Dan'l, however, smarting under defeat, lost no time in planning reprisals and, needing capable agents, enlisted the aid of Gould and Fisk, the latter a huge, swaggering broker notorious for his loud clothes, his jewelry, his fast horses and his mistresses. A curiously dissimilar combination on the surface—Drew, the sanctimonious old thief and liar, Gould the mole, and Fisk the libertine and braggart—but at bottom they were alike in their rapacity and cynical disregard.

Putting Gould and Fisk on the Erie board, Uncle Dan'l began to loot the road, and once again Vanderbilt found himself forced to buy control in the open market. As fast as he bought, Drew sold, and when it seemed that "Corneel" had established a "corner," Uncle Dan'l calmly started



Josie Mansfield, in whose apartment, maintained by Fisk, Gould dictated to judges and legislators

The killing of "Jubilee Jim" Fisk, as the result of a quarrel over Josie Mansfield's favor, was a severe blow to Gould's schemes



ecutions but promising to stay out of Erie. For a while the Drew-Gould-Fisk combination functioned effectively and harmoniously. In 1868, for instance, the three took \$14,000,000 in greenbacks out of circulation, forcing banks to call loans and causing a panic that ruined thousands of merchants and farmers. The bottom fell out of the stock market, and as the trio of pirates had sold short, they were able to cover with a profit of millions. In the course of a second and similar deal, however, Gould and Fisk double crossed Drew just as he had betrayed scores of others.

WHINING, weeping, the depraved old scoundrel threw himself on his knees before the precious pair, but while Fisk showed some inclination to mercy, Gould coldly ordered the office guards to throw Drew out. Uncle Dan'l, at least, had the consolation of revenge, for as he staggered away he relieved himself of a phrase that stuck to Gould until he died. "His touch is death," cried the beaten septuagenarian.

Only thirty-two years old and in complete control of a \$35,000,000 corporation, there was no longer any reason for Gould to continue as a buccaneer, but rapacity was in his blood, the raiding instinct part and parcel of his make-up. In 1869, therefore, he set out to corner gold, then traded in on Wall Street as a speculative commodity. About twenty millions was the amount on the market, selling around 133, and Gould, granting that he could buy it up, would be able to force extortionate prices from importers who needed the yellow metal in their business.

The only thing to be guarded against was the release of gold from the national treasury, for if the government threw any large amount into the market, Gould's "corner" stood to break him. As a first step he went to A. R. Corbin, a weak, shifty creature whose one distinction was that he had married President Grant's sister, and offered to carry him for a million and a half

his printing press, and ground out one hundred thousand shares of Erie stock. Gould and Fisk dumped them on the market, and when the smoke of battle had cleared away, Commodore Vanderbilt was a loser to the tune of \$9,000,000.

Drew, Gould and Fisk, well knowing that they faced arrest, loaded their bales of money in a cab and fled to Jersey City, where they hired an army of thugs to guard against kidnapping. Exile, however, was not to their liking, and Gould, carrying \$500,000, was sent up to Albany to persuade the New York legislature into passing laws that would validate the bogus stock issue. Although arrested, he gave bail and went forward with his plans so successfully that Vanderbilt was forced to compromise.

"Reckon it don't pay to kick a skunk," remarked the Commodore, and with this philosophical conclusion, he accepted the return of \$5,000,000 in full settlement, not only dropping his pros-



Gould's hired guard of plug-uglies encamped for the night in the outer offices

gold, giving a profit of \$15,000 on every point jump.

Corbin, fairly drooling at the prospect of a fortune, accepted at once, and President Grant, coming to New York soon thereafter, was induced by his brother-in-law to be the guest of honor at a banquet on one of Fisk's Sound steamers. More than this, the President and his family were actually persuaded to attend the opera as Fisk's guests, that notorious creature preening himself well in the front, while in the shadows at the back, Jay Gould whispered into the ear of the unsuspecting soldier, ignorant of finance as any child.

The argument used by Gould, and driven home by Corbin, was to the effect that a higher price for gold would mean a higher price for the farmer's crops. What he planned to do, in fact, was brazenly painted as a national service. Grant, while not completely convinced, was sufficiently impressed to write Boutwell, Secretary of the Treasury, telling him not to sell gold, and repeating Gould's specious remarks about the effect on crop prices.

Assured by Corbin that Grant had been "fixed," the little freebooter, assisted by Fisk, set out to establish his "corner" on gold. Buying heavily, he shot the



The New York Stock Exchange at the height of the Erie war precipitated by the ruthless Gould and his associates



President Grant, ignorant of financial methods, was lured into being the guest of the notorious Fisk

price as high as 143, and the gambling public also bought, dreaming of gold at 200. So marched the tragedy of that bitter day. Black Friday, September 24, when thousands met their ruin. As early as Thursday night, however, Gould had a warning of disaster that his quick mind seized at once. Corbin, creeping to him in a blue funk showed a letter from Mrs. Grant that told of the President's displeasure of hearing of his brother-in-law's Wall Street operations, and ordering him to clean his hands without delay.

REALIZING that Grant's attitude presaged a speedy release of gold from the national treasury, Gould secretly enlisted the services of a brand new set of brokers, and began dumping the fifty-million dollars worth of contracts that he held. All the while, however, he assured his associates that there was nothing to fear, and on Black Friday, roaring Fisk bought and bought until the price of gold shot to 162, confident that Gould was at his back. Suddenly word came that the Government had put four millions of gold on the market, and in half an hour of pandemonium the price dropped to 135.

Maddened crowds roamed Wall Street for days, threatening to lynch Jay Gould, but "Jim" Fisk, the one betrayed most cruelly, was not a member of the mob, for his salvation had been promised. Gould, essentially a spider, weaving his webs in the background, needed a man of action, and Fisk, for all his braggart ways, had physical courage and invincible egotism that passed for force. Deciding, therefore, that "Jim" was worth keeping, Gould devised a plan to save him.

This plan was nothing more than a bold
(Continued on page 44)



"Justice on the Rail—Erie Railroad (Ring) Smash Up," a contemporary cartoon by the famous artist, Thomas Nast



EDITORIAL

AN IMPORTANT DUTY

■ In a few days after this number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is issued, thousands of Elks will be traveling to Birmingham to attend the annual Convention of the Grand Lodge to assemble there on July twelfth. Hundreds of these will be the chosen Representatives of their respective Lodges. Upon them rests a very definite and important duty.

Every Past Exalted Ruler of a subordinate Lodge becomes a member of the Grand Lodge. If such members attend the Convention they likewise have a definite responsibility to the extent that they participate in its sessions. However, there is no obligation upon them to attend the meetings. It is a privilege which they may or may not exercise as they see fit.

But each elected Representative is specially charged with the duty of attending every session, and of submitting a formal report to his Lodge. Necessarily there is involved in this the duty to take an intelligent part in the proceedings, to contribute the best of his ability to the wise determination of the questions before the Grand Lodge, and to make such observations and take such notes as will enable him to make a comprehensive report to his Lodge. And the best interests of his Lodge and of the Order require that he should observe the obligation with fidelity.

A Representative who attends the Convention with a less exalted view of the responsibility upon him is recreant to his duty.

FOLLOWSHIP

■ It is natural that, in these columns, the plea for leadership has been repeatedly presented. The need for it is so ever-present, and its value is so incalculable, that one who seeks to comment upon subjects of importance to the whole Order is easily led to accentuate that plea by repetition. But the emphasis that has been thus sought to be placed upon that need must not be regarded as evidence of an undervaluation of its correlative need. Leadership can never be effective without *followship*.

If any group, made up of a large number of individuals, hopes to attain a selected objective, there must be those willing to follow as well as those willing to lead. If each member of the group seeks to lead it, and is unwilling to accept a less conspicuous assignment, progress is just as impossible as it would be without any directing authority and influence.

Every Elks Lodge is such a group of men. The special goals for which they severally strive may be quite variant. The purpose to be achieved in one case may require a method wholly different from that necessary in another. But there are always two essentials for success: leadership and followship.

It is recognized that qualities of leadership are possessed by comparatively few. But the capacity to follow is possessed by many. And the willingness to do so

is as much a test of loyalty and fraternal devotion as is the readiness to guide and direct.

This does not mean that the great majority should blindly submit themselves to be led in any direction the accepted leader may choose. The end sought should be one upon which all are agreed. The route selected, and the methods to be employed, should be approved after intelligent consideration. But given these premises, a follower who keeps up with the advancing columns, who bears his share of the burdens to be borne, who accepts and obeys orders from authoritative officers, is as helpful and important an element of success as the captain in command.

An Elk who is fitted to lead should be willing to do so when his services as leader are sought by his fellows. Every Elk should be willing to follow, when true followship is his appropriate contribution to the undertaking.



THE STATUTE SHOULD BE OBEYED

■ It not infrequently happens that one who is a member of a subordinate Lodge, or who is able successfully to pose as such away

from home, appeals to another Lodge for assistance. Usually the conditions are alleged to be exigent; and aid is extended without adequate investigation and without first referring the matter to the home Lodge. In such cases there should be no feeling of resentment if that Lodge declines to make reimbursement.

The Grand Lodge Statutes contain specific provisions for such cases. Section 187 provides that every such appeal should be carefully investigated, and that no Lodge shall be held liable for relief given to one of its members by another Lodge, unless authority therefor be first obtained. Even when difficulty of prompt communication prevents the obtaining of such authority in advance, the liability is subject to ratification by the Lodge sought to be charged.

The reason for the statute is obvious. It is intended to protect the Lodges against imposition by those who are unworthy of the fraternal consideration they seek. It is also designed to insure such consideration for those to whom it is rightly due.

The present-day methods of communication are so prompt and inexpensive that an inquiry, addressed to the Secretary of the home Lodge, can ordinarily be forwarded and answered in full time to meet the demands of the most pressing cases. It is not only a statutory requisite that such inquiry be made; it is also the wise and reasonable course to pursue.

It may be that the applicant is an impostor who should be really apprehended. It may be that there exists a sound reason for the home Lodge to decline responsibility. It may be that the true conditions

call for a character of fraternal assistance quite different from that requested. The records disclose many such cases. And it is in the interest of the whole membership, and for the protection of its cherished fraternal rights, that the statute should be obeyed in every instance.

The reputation of the Order for prompt and generous response to every call of need is one of which all Elks are proud. An intelligent investigation of those calls will in no wise impair that reputation; for it will not unduly delay appropriate deeds of helpfulness nor curtail the generosity of their performance. But it will minimize imposition by the unworthy. And specific obedience to the statute referred to will remove what has been all too fruitful a source of controversy between one Lodge and another.

WINNERS AND QUITTERS

■ Some phrase maker has said that a winner never quits and a quitter never wins. The brevity and catchiness of the aphorism puts into its enunciation of a philosophic truth a real punch and effectiveness that is lacking in the more elaborate wordings usually employed in stating it. But it is necessary to enlarge upon the maxim a little in order to make a desired fraternal application.

The subordinate Lodges, in response to the urgent pleas of the Grand Exalted Ruler, have displayed an increased activity that has brought thousands of new

members into our Order, has recalled many who had withdrawn, and has resulted in a wide-spread renewal of interest in fraternal affairs. The whole Order has benefited by this fine display of loyalty and enthusiasm.

But the call was not for a mere temporary spurt in a long race. It was for the exhibition of a spirit that would

continue to carry the Order forward. Complete success cannot be achieved if that spirit is permitted to flag. Enervation follows fast upon inactivity, disuse is all too often the precursor of disability.

The reasonable attainment of the appropriate objectives of a Lodge requires continuous interest and unflinching effort. A fraternal organization, devoted to charity and human helpfulness, is engaged upon a full-time job. It is not necessarily, nor even desirably, one which calls for high-pressure methods all the time. But it does require persistent attention and constant willingness to undertake what may be essential to see the job well done.

Only those Lodges which recognize this fact and keep the interest of their members aroused, which provide them with repeated opportunities for personal service, and encourage its performance, can hope to be true winners in the field of fraternal endeavor. Those which disregard it, by their very indifference, may as well realize that by so doing they insure their classification as quitters.



It is as true in the administration of the fraternal affairs of a subordinate Lodge as it is in the lives of individuals, that a winner never quits, a quitter never wins. It is a helpful motto; one that should be frequently recalled to mind.

FIND THE TROUBLE AND CURE IT

■ No organization can grow and prosper as it should if there exists a condition which prevents the exercise of its full power in the accomplishment of its objects. If such a trouble exists and be recognized, it should not be concealed. That only preserves the handicap. If it be not known and understood, it should be searched for until it is found. It is neither wise nor courageous to delay the ascertainment of an illness that may be cured.

A subordinate Lodge of Elks has been demonstrated to be an instrumentality capable of splendid achievement. Its aims and objects are most praiseworthy; its administrative structure is admirably adapted to bring into operation its full capacity for usefulness; and if it functions as it should, its success is assured.

But whenever the human element is involved in any proposition uncertainty inevitably follows. Therein lies the problem of every Lodge. Progress and accomplishment depend upon the extent to which its human elements are coordinated and work together for the common end.

If there be failure to make that progress, then assuredly something is wrong. But it does no good merely to acknowledge that fact. The trouble should be promptly and definitely located; and then curative measures should be intelligently applied. If it lie in the indifference and neglect of the officers, they should be aroused to their responsibilities or replaced. If it lie in the apathy of its membership, it should be stirred into interested activity.

The individual who undertakes to find the seat of the trouble and to disclose it so that it may be known and understood is frequently called a kicker. But one who earnestly kicks forward and upward is a useful member. It is only when the kick becomes a stamp downward that it hurts rather than helps.

There are many Lodges which are drifting along, making little, if any, appreciable headway. In many instances the conditions have not been analyzed to find out just what the trouble is. That should be done with thoroughness and without delay. Definite knowledge of a malady is a long step toward its cure. It is not, it is true, the whole advance. But any advance is made a step at a time; and the longer the first step the better.

Primarily this is a job for the officers. But it is not exclusively an official duty. Every member should study the conditions for himself, and when he feels satisfied that he has found the trouble, he should make it known and loyally help to remedy it. If those who fail to undertake this duty themselves wish to call those who do "kickers," then the proper answer to that taunt is to keep on kicking in the same helpful way until the trouble is completely cured.





The dinner given by Elks of California to Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, at Pasadena

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

"Exalted Ruler's Classes" Reported From Lodges Throughout Nation

IN HIS official circular, No. 6, dated March 10th, 1932, and published in the April issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen said:

"The impetus gained by the activities incident to the promotion of the 'George Washington Prosperity Classes' should carry us on to greater achievement, and I therefore ask that the officers installed the first meeting in April immediately plan on securing a class of candidates to be named after the incoming Exalted Ruler, and that said class of candidates be initiated the first meeting night in May, or as soon thereafter as practicable."

Since then he has received communications from Lodges in many States, reporting either the initiation of classes such as he had suggested, or disclosing plans for these initiations. In the course of his official visits to Lodges during May, the Grand Exalted Ruler witnessed personally the induction of classes of candidates at the following Lodges: Grand

Rapids, Mich., No. 48-72; Watertown, Wis., No. 666-15; Malone, N. Y., No. 1303-10; Rochester, N. Y., No. 24-33; Elmira, N. Y., No. 62-18; Lynchburg, Va., No. 321-30; Danbury, Conn., No. 120-10; Manchester, N. H., No. 146-10; Providence, R. I., No. 14-25.

Excerpts from the communications from Lodge officers relating either to their initiations or their plans for them follow:

Alaska: Ketchikan Lodge, No. 1420, "The Fred J. Chapman Class is organized, and I hope will realize a number of new members."

Arkansas: Marianna Lodge, No. 1178, "We are going to have a class of four."

California: Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, "Two candidates initiated, sixteen ready for initiation"; Compton Lodge, No. 1570, "We admitted three for the B. E. Timmins Class"; El Centro Lodge, No. 1325, "Initiated four new candidates and took in one member by dimit"; Glendale Lodge, No. 1289, "We have nine new applications for initiation and twenty-one on going to affiliation"; Merced Lodge, No. 1240, "Will initiate a class of five candidates"; Oroville Lodge, No. 1484, "We have initiated

twenty-seven new members since February"; Red Bluff Lodge, No. 1250, "We are initiating a class of three"; San José Lodge, No. 522, "Initiating class of seven to-night"; San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322, "Initiated six new members and introduced one on a transfer dimit"; Stockton Lodge, No. 218, "Have initiatory program for fifteen candidates"; Taft Lodge, No. 1527, "At least five new applications."

Canal Zone: Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, "For Samuel B. Schenck Class, expecting at least twenty candidates."

Colorado: Boulder Lodge, No. 566, "Nine candidates initiated"; Durango Lodge, No. 507, "We will initiate three candidates."

Connecticut: Norwich Lodge, No. 430, "We have eighteen ready to be initiated"; Wallingford Lodge, No. 1365, "Arranging to initiate class of three."

Florida: Tampa Lodge, No. 708, "Will initiate W. Roger Watkins Membership Development Class."

Illinois: Centralia Lodge, No. 493, "Have several lined up and will have a great many more"; Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019, "Expect to have a large class"; Waukegan Lodge, No. 702, "Our goal is twenty-five new members."

Indiana: Warsaw Lodge, No. 802, "Will initiate Exalted Ruler's Class."

Kentucky: Princeton Lodge, No. 1115, "Thirteen brought in at our last meeting. Sixteen more applicants and two reinstatements."

Michigan: Coldwater Lodge, No. 1023, "Took in four new members."

Minnesota: Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, "Initiated a class of fifteen candidates."

Montana: Helena Lodge, No. 193, "Initiated thirty-four in May."

Nevada: Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468, "Elected twenty-five new members since April."

New Jersey: Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, "Frank X. Bucino Class of sixteen candidates initiated"; New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, "Will have class of twenty-five candidates."

New York: Albany Lodge, No. 49, "Have arranged to initiate a class of twenty-five"; Port Jervis Lodge, No. 645, "Have had a class of nine candidates"; Schenectady Lodge, No. 480, "Initiated twenty-one new members"; Troy Lodge, No. 141, "John J. Hart Class initiated last evening"; Wellsville Lodge, No. 1495, "Initiated a class of six"; Yonkers Lodge, No. 707, "Initiated sixty-six candidates."

Ohio: Dayton Lodge, No. 58, "Initiated three candidates." Toledo Lodge, No. 53, "Thirty-seven candidates initiated. Twenty-five more expected."

Oregon: Tillamook Lodge, No. 1437,



How Louisville, Ky., Lodge distributes milk to the needy families of its city. Funds for this worthy enterprise were increased recently by profits from a dance

"Henry Heisel Class, consisting of thirty, initiated. Twenty-six new members, four by dimit."

Pennsylvania: Renovo Lodge, No. 334, "Eight new members promised"; Sunbury Lodge, No. 267, "M. H. Bower Class initiated. Goal surpassed. Sixty new members."

Virginia: Danville Lodge, No. 227, "Fifty-eight candidates initiated"; Hampton Lodge, No. 366, "Added six new members"; Norfolk Lodge, No. 38, "Initiated nineteen new members."

Grand Trustee Hagan Honored at Surprise Banquet in Pasadena

Expecting to meet with a few close personal friends for a quiet dinner party at the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena recently, Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was astonished to find himself confronted by one hundred and seventy-five representative Elks of the South and South Central Districts of California, assembled at a banquet in his honor. Surrounding Mr. Hagan at the speakers' table were Past Exalted Ruler Walter C. Austin, of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, Toastmaster of the evening; Michael F. Shannon, Grand Justice of the Grand Forum; John J. Doyle, Grand Esquire; Albert D. Pearce, Member of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge; C. P. Wright, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; and Richard C. Benbough, Secretary of the California State Elks Association, of San Diego Lodge No. 168; and Past Exalted Rulers Harry B. Cooper of San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836; and J. Murray Durham of Glendale Lodge, No. 1289.

Louisville, Ky., Lodge Establishes Permanent Milk Fund for Children

For the benefit of undernourished children in its city and in Jefferson County, Louisville, Ky., Lodge, No. 8, established recently a permanent milk fund. The nucleus of the sum necessary for this welfare work was a contribution of \$1,000 from the resources of the Lodge. This was augmented a short time later by profits from a dance and festival at the Jefferson County Armory. These amounted to between \$2,000 and \$2,500. To administer the fund, Exalted Ruler Gus Jacoby has appointed Morris W. Jones, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of No. 8.

Mrs. Lawrence H. Rupp Dies At Her Home in Allentown

Mrs. Lawrence H. Rupp, wife of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rupp, died a short time ago at her home in Allentown, Pa. The cause of death was heart disease. Mrs. Rupp was stricken unexpectedly and suddenly while walking in her flower garden. Although she had not been in the best of health for several weeks, there had not seemed, until the time of her tragic end, cause for undue anxiety about



An emergency exhibit which North Little Rock, Ark., Lodge entered in a parade after its original float had been destroyed upon the eve of the event

her physical condition. Mrs. Rupp was the former Miss Maude B. Berlin, the daughter of the late Alfred F. Berlin, prothonotary of Lehigh County and the recipient of a decoration from the King of Italy for archeological work. Miss Berlin's marriage to Mr. Rupp took place November 28, 1906. The Reverend Harry Rupp performed the ceremony. For many years Mrs. Rupp had been active in the social and civic life of her city. During the war she was a member of the Women's Motor Corps, and subsequently took an important part in the affairs of the Women's Club, the Ladies Auxiliary of Allentown Lodge, No. 130, and the Delphian Chapter. She had traveled extensively in Europe, Central America and the United States. At the time of her death, Mrs. Rupp was forty-eight years old. Besides her husband, there survive one son, Lawrence Berlin Rupp, a freshman at Muhlenberg College, which his father attended; and a sister, Mrs. William Fink. One of the greatest interests Mrs. Rupp had was the unusually lavish and beautiful flower garden in which she died. In token of her love for it, flowers which she herself had grown were plucked from the garden to make a covering for her when she was buried. Funeral ceremonies took place at her residence in Allentown. Her pastor, the Reverend Dr. A. O. Reiter, of St. John's Reformed Church, officiated. Interment was in Fairview Cemetery.

not long ago by Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge, No. 500. Fourteen membership teams were organized, with the understanding that the winners among them were to be the guests of the losers at a banquet the evening of the initiation. Exactly seven days after the outset of the campaign, the Lodge inducted exactly one hundred and two candidates, the largest group in its history. The ceremonies were preceded by a parade of the candidates and two hundred and fifty members of the Lodge, together with the sixty-piece band of the Valparaiso High School; and by the banquet. Addresses were made upon this occasion by former Mayor Perry L. Sisson and Councilman Lee Ragsdale, of Valparaiso; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John Van Delester; and E. J. Greenwald, Trustee of the Indiana State Elks Association. Initiation ceremonies followed.

Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge Inducts Record Class of 102 Candidates

One week to add one hundred new members to its rolls: this was the goal determined upon

North Little Rock, Ark., Elks Lose Float But Win Acclaim

Members of North Little Rock, "Argenta," Lodge, No. 1004, recently turned catastrophe into advantage after a float which they had entered in Greater Little Rock's "Ship by Rail Week's" parade was stripped of its decorations by vandals on the eve of the event. Unwilling to permit this disaster to interfere with their plans to be represented in the procession, the Elks obtained a small cart, harnessed a goat to it and erected on the cart a sign reading, "We Ain't Depressed. They Stole Our Float, But Didn't Get Our Goat." They led this in the parade, creating a sensation and an immense amount of good-will for the Lodge.



These 102 new members were added to the roster of Valparaiso, Ind., Lodge after a campaign of only seven days



The "Henry Heisel Class," honoring the Exalted Ruler of Tillamook, Ore., Lodge, which was inducted into the Order a short time ago

Grand Exalted Ruler at Dedication Of Home of Adams, Mass., Lodge

The Home which Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335, has occupied unofficially for the last five years was formally dedicated a short time ago in the presence of three hundred Elks, among whom were Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and many officers, past and present, of the Grand Lodge and of State Elks Associations. The ceremonies followed a dinner served in the C. T. Plunkett Junior High School. Past Exalted Ruler Hubert W. Flaherty acted as toastmaster during the banquet, introducing Exalted Ruler John J. McAndrews, who welcomed the Grand Exalted Ruler in behalf of the Lodge. Speakers at the meeting which ensued were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, President of the Connecticut State Elks Association; and Charles S. Riley, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. In the course of the session, Mr. Coen presented honorary life membership cards to Past Exalted Rulers A. K. Boom and Edwin K. McPeck, for distinguished services rendered the Order. Notable among those to attend the dedication exercises were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight James F. Duffy, Past Grand Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers; Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCannon; Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick W. Bancroft, of Vermont; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry Martin, of Connecticut; Michael Eisner and John E. Donovan, of Massachusetts; Charles S. Mann, President of the Vermont State Elks Association; and P. J. Garvey, Past President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. The new Home of Adams Lodge formerly was St. Paul's Universalist Church. It is sixty-five years old. The Lodge purchased it five years ago, remodeling it and adding to it to suit its needs. At the rear an extension has been constructed to house quarters for a steward, shower baths, committee meeting rooms and a large kitchen. In the spacious Lodge room a fine organ has been installed.

Pennsylvania Northwest Association Elects Officers for New Term

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Association, held at the Home of Woodlawn Lodge, No. 1221, delegates from fourteen Lodges elected officers for the new term. Those named were President Frank J. Lyons (re-elected), Warren Lodge, No. 223; First Vice-President H. M. Carruthers, Grove City Lodge, No. 1579; Second Vice-President John T. Reed, Greenville Lodge, No. 145; Secretary T. C. McDonald (re-elected), Ellwood City Lodge, No. 1356; Treasurer Fred MacGribble (re-elected), Woodlawn Lodge. Following the close of the regular meeting representatives of Lodges contributing to the Student Aid Corporation met and elected

directors. Officers for the Corporation were then chosen by the directors. They were President Frank J. Bensing (re-elected); Vice-President Walter C. Titus; Secretary H. C. Chandler (re-elected); Treasurer Fred MacGribble (re-elected); and Solicitor Frank J. Lyons. President Bensing of the Student Aid reported that the four students, who were receiving aid this year, were all progressing favorably, and that they were making regular reports to him. The Woodlawn Elks, as hosts, served dinner to eighty guests, twenty of whom were ladies who accompanied the delegates.

Tillamook, Ore., Lodge Increases Membership Eight Per Cent

Despite adverse economic conditions, Tillamook, Ore., Lodge, No. 1437, has, since April, increased its membership 8 per cent. This addition to the Lodge's numbers has been accomplished, moreover, without the reduction of fees or the offering of any other special inducements to prospective candidates. At a recent meeting, a group of thirty initiates, known as "The Henry Heisel Class," in honor of No. 1437's Exalted Ruler, was inducted.

350 Confer on Crippled Children At New Brunswick, N. J., Lodge

Representatives of the Crippled Children's Committees of the New Jersey State Elks Association and of Lodges which are members of it; and of the State Rehabilitation Commission and the State Vocational Examiners conferred recently at the Home of New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324, upon means of maintaining a constant attention to young physical defectives up to the point where they will be, wherever possible, self-supporting. Those who attended the conference numbered more than three hundred and fifty. An important

feature of the event was the exhibition of a motion picture entitled "Opportunity," which presented scenes illustrative of the New Jersey Elks' efforts in "helping cripples to help themselves." Addresses upon the subject were delivered by Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the Association's Crippled Children's Committee; Dr. Fred H. Albee, Chairman of the Rehabilitation Commission; Commissioner William J. Ellis, of the State Department of Institutions and Agencies; Dr. Charles H. Elliott, Commissioner of Education; Labor Commissioner Charles R. Blunt and State Senator Joseph G. Wolber. Members of the Association's Committee present included William Delhagen, Dr. Harris K. Cohan, Eugene J. Sheridan, James D. Moore, S. E. D'Ippolito, John F. Fate, John A. Flood, Frank J. Dunnion, Joseph Salz, Joseph A. Brophy, John H. Cose and Richard P. Hughes. Exalted Ruler James A. Harkins welcomed the visitors in behalf of New Brunswick Lodge.

Past Exalted Ruler McNulty, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, Is Dead

After a long period of ill health, Past Exalted Ruler Thomas Francis McNulty, of Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, and one of its most beloved and colorful members, died at his home a short time ago. Many conversant with the political campaigns of a generation ago will recall Mr. McNulty for his contribution to them of the influence of his remarkable tenor voice. His singing, both in his native State of Maryland and in other parts of the country, brought success to many candidates for office, including himself. He began using the suasive power of his voice at the age of twenty-six, and with such effect as to be in great demand. Outstanding among the earlier successes which he assisted in this manner was the candidacy of Dr. William H. Cole for Congress. In 1887, when Ferdinand C. Latrobe, seven times Mayor of Baltimore, was running for that office, Mr. McNulty composed the now famous song, "The Old Gray Mare." The mare in question was one that drew Mayor Latrobe's buggy, and had drawn it for so long as to have become an animal landmark of the city. In presidential campaigns Mr. McNulty also was active, lending his abilities to the cause of Grover Cleveland and later to that of William Jennings Bryan. His last public appearance was in 1927, on St. Patrick's Day. He said, at the close of his vocal career, that he believed he had sung "The Star Spangled Banner" more often than had any other one man. In 1913 he was a successful candidate for Sheriff of Baltimore, and this office he held until 1923, after completing three successive terms. Subsequently, in 1930, Sheriff Joseph C. Deegan, whom Mr. McNulty had supported loyally, appointed him Deputy. A stroke of paralysis in February of last year compelled his retirement from the duties of this post. Between that time and his death he had never



The several hundred dollars' worth of food accumulated by Lakeview, Ore., Lodge at its "Grocereria Ball," for the relief of destitute citizens

been well. His initiation into Baltimore Lodge took place May 24, 1891. For the term of 1894-1895 he served as Exalted Ruler. Mr. McNulty, born in Baltimore September 10, 1859, was nearly seventy-three years old when he died. Surviving him are his widow, Mrs. Isabella B. McNulty; five daughters, a son, a brother and a sister. The officers of Baltimore Lodge conducted Elks funeral services at his residence upon the evening before the ecclesiastical ceremonies at St. Paul's Catholic Church. At the ritual of the Order, Past Exalted Ruler William F. Broening, former Mayor of Baltimore, delivered the address of eulogy. Burial was in New Cathedral Cemetery.

Grand Exalted Ruler at Dedication of Ogdensburg, N. Y., Elks Home

Upon the thirtieth anniversary of its institution, and in the presence of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 772, a short time ago dedicated its new Home. The ceremonies incident to the event were the climax to a day of celebration in which not only the Lodge but its community as well took an interested and active part. To welcome the Grand Exalted Ruler, a number of members of No. 772, assisted by a detail of State Police, met him when he approached the city and conducted him to his suite in the Hotel Seymour. In the afternoon his hosts and their many other guests, four hundred in all, assembled at the State Armory. There they formed a procession which marched to the hotel to greet Mr. Coen for a second time and to escort him to the Home for the dedication of a new flag and flagstaff. The American Legion Drum Corps, the Ogdensburg Free Academy Band and a troop of Boy Scouts were part of the column of marchers. In honor of the dedication and of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Ogdensburg Lodge, the streets were gaily decorated in the colors of the nation and the Order. The flag-raising ceremonies at the Home were opened by Exalted Ruler Harold A. Foster; and in them Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, and George J. Winslow, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, participated. The formal raising of the flag was performed by Past Exalted Rulers Michael T. Paquette and John A. Wert. Second among the events of the day was a dinner, early in the evening, at the Hotel Seymour, in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mayor Ralph J. Morissette welcomed him in behalf of the city. One hundred members of the Order attended. Dedication ceremonies took place at the Home after the banquet. At these Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert presided, introducing the Grand Exalted Ruler, and later himself addressing the gathering of several hundred. Other speakers were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John W.

The new Home of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, a structure remodeled a short time ago at a cost of \$50,000; and since formally dedicated



LeSeur, James H. Mackin and Charles T. Lanigan; and Trustee Perl W. Devendorf, of the New York State Elks Association. Notable among their audience were Past President D. Curtis Gano and Past Secretary Amon Foote, of the Association. An incident of interest during the session was the conducting of Mr. Foster to the Exalted Ruler's chair by James T. Murphy, Exalted Ruler of No. 772 at the time of its institution thirty years before. A prominent participant in the exercises of dedication was Past Exalted Ruler H. J. LaRocque, Chairman of the Home Purchasing Committee. The new Home of Ogdensburg Lodge is a building designed especially for club use. It formerly was the property and the quarters of the Century Club. It is a three-story structure, adjoining one which had been the Lodge's Home for a quarter of a century. The basement of the new Home is given over to bowling alleys. Upon the first floor are the reception, reading, lounging and billiard rooms; upon the second the Lodge room; and upon the third sleeping quarters.

Price, Utah, Lodge Increases Its Membership 40 Per Cent.

Both in the furtherance of the welfare of its fraternal interests and in the encouragement and sponsorship of affiliated social organizations, Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, has, within the first-half of the present year, achieved remarkable results. Despite adverse conditions, the Lodge has increased its membership by 40 per cent. The spirit responsible for this was evident a short time ago at the

celebration of No. 1550's third anniversary. Upon the social side, the Lodge has shown itself equally energetic. It has a proficient and smartly uniformed band of twenty-nine pieces, and besides is the sponsor of an Antlers Band of fifty. A newly formed group active in informal entertainments of the Lodge is the Lady Elks of Price Lodge, an organization comprising nearly one hundred members.

Monticello, N. Y., Elks' Second Annual Minstrel Show a Hit

Monticello, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1544, recently presented, and with a success surpassing even that of its last year's performance, its Second Annual Minstrel Show. The entertainment was given at a local theatre, before an audience both numerous and responsive. Dancing followed the show.

Pilgrimage Will Be First Event At Grand Lodge Convention

A pilgrimage to the grave of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Basil Manly Allen will be the first event upon the program at the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham. Assembling at the Home of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, promptly at three o'clock in the afternoon of July 10, Elks will proceed in automobiles to the cemetery where Mr. Allen is buried. There exercises in his memory will be held. These will include an opening prayer by Grand Chaplain Dr. John Dysart and an address of eulogy by Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen.

Elks of Florida Mourn Loss of Past President H. A. Bennett

Elks of Florida recently lost one of the most loyal and respected of their number when Harry Arthur Bennett, honorary life member of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Florida State Elks Association, died of a cerebral hemorrhage. The fatal attack occurred after Mr. Bennett, candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Supervisor of Registration, had collapsed while making a campaign speech at Jupiter. Until the time he was stricken, he had appeared to be in good health. He was sixty-two years old, and a native of Bennettsville, N. Y. The energy and enthusiasm which carried Mr. Bennett to a high place in the esteem and affections of the Elks of Florida and adjoining States brought him prominence likewise in business and civic affairs. He was one of the pioneer merchants and bankers of West Palm Beach. At the same time, he found opportunity to render service to his community in civic affairs, as Secretary-Treasurer of the Red Cross



Portland, Me., Elks, with members of the opera company which took part in a week's music festival for the benefit of Portland Lodge's charity fund



A window display advertising the benefit entertainment sponsored recently by Charleston, S. C., Lodge. The show earned over \$1,400 for the unemployed

and as Executive Secretary of the City Welfare Department. His initiation into West Palm Beach Lodge took place February 27, 1918. In April of the following year he was elected Exalted Ruler, to officiate for the term of 1919-1920. His appointment as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler followed in 1922, preceding by four years his Presidency of the Florida State Elks Association. A signal honor conferred upon him in 1927 was his nomination as presiding officer of the Tri-State Elks Convention, a gathering of members of the Order from Georgia, South Carolina and Florida. In 1925 his Lodge awarded him its first honorary life membership, for distinguished services rendered to the Order. Funeral services were held at the Home of West Palm Beach Lodge, with the Reverend William B. Hayes, of Holy Trinity Church, performing the ceremonies of the Church; and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 1362, among whom was Past President J. Edwin Baker, of the Florida State Elks Association, conducting the funeral rites of the Order. Honorary pallbearers upon the occasion included Past President Harold Cole, of the Association; and Past Exalted Ruler R. C. McGriff, of West Palm Beach Lodge. Burial was in Woodlawn Cemetery. Surviving Mr. Bennett are his widow, Mrs. Harriett M. Bennett; and two nephews, City Commissioner Charles Watkins, of West Palm Beach; and Neil Watkins, of Los Angeles.

Las Vegas, Nev., Elks Display Energy; 25 New Members Added

Energy and enthusiasm are being displayed throughout the membership of Las Vegas, Nev., Lodge, No. 1468. Recent evidences of this have been the initiation of twenty-five new members within the last few weeks; and the large and spirited attendance at a smoker held a short time ago at the Home.

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge Celebrates 20th Anniversary at Banquet

Wakefield, Mass., Lodge, No. 1276, recently celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its institution at a banquet, attended by many of its charter members and by Elks prominent throughout the State. After an address of welcome by Exalted Ruler William F. Maguire and under the direction of Selectman Eugene J. Sullivan, Toastmaster of the occasion, the senior Past Exalted Ruler of No. 1276, Colonel Edward J. Gihon, called upon each charter member of the Lodge to stand and be introduced to the gathering. Speakers at the dinner

included Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCannon, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler E. B. O'Brien, who instituted the Lodge in 1912; William H. McSweeney, who was Esquire at the ceremonies; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Robert M. Dowe; Charles S. Riley, President of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; State Representative Charles F. Young, and Joseph N. Shafer, Editor of *The Eastern Elk*.

Fire Causes \$15,000 Damage to Macon, Ga., Lodge Home

Approximately \$15,000 worth of damage was caused by a fire recently which partially destroyed the Home of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230. The flames burned out the entire third floor before firemen were able to get them under control. The third floor contained the Lodge-room, a ladies' reception room, private dining rooms and a card-room. Furnishings in the Lodge-room were of mahogany and were valued at \$6,000. President Charles H. Smith, of the Georgia State Elks Association, salvaged membership records from the second story while the fire raged on the floor above him. The financial records of the Lodge are kept in a bank.

Lincoln, Ill., Elks' Work in Behalf Of Crippled Children Is Praised

In an article published in the Lincoln, Ill., *Evening Courier*, Miss Rea Snyder, visiting

nurse for the Logan County Tuberculosis Association, recently expressed appreciation of the assistance which Lincoln Lodge, No. 914, had rendered her organization in the part of its work concerned with the treatment of crippled children. Miss Snyder said: "We all owe a debt of gratitude to the Elks Lodge who made the crippled children's work possible, and to pay for the examinations of the little ones who otherwise would not be able to walk or have the proper use of their bodies. We notice that the attendance at these six regular clinics was 143 during the year. Sixty different children have had the benefits of this splendid service this year."

Cristobal, C. Z., Elks' Children Win Essay and Poster Contests

In a series of contests conducted recently by the American Legion, Department of Panama, and by its Auxiliaries, for essays and posters submitted by boys and girls of the community, sons and daughters of members of Cristobal, Canal Zone, Lodge, No. 1542, carried off every honor. In the high school division for essays on George Washington, Jerry Gorin won first prize; and for essays on Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington, that of Miss Helen Aanstooos was adjudged best, and that of Miss Anne Gibson the next most meritorious. In the grammar school class, Miss Macel Marie Goulet proved victorious. Theodore Aanstooos, Jr., of the Junior High School, received the award in the Poppy Poster contest.

Elks of Southwest Pennsylvania Association Elect Officers

Delegates representing twenty Lodges of the Pennsylvania Elks Southwest District Association, meeting at a regular monthly session at the Home of Braddock Lodge, No. 883, recently elected officers for the coming year. Those chosen were James A. Ellis, Carnegie Lodge, No. 831, President; L. A. Donaldson, Etna Lodge, No. 932, Vice-President; Charles S. Brown, Allegheny Lodge, No. 339, Secretary; Alfred J. Parker, Monessen Lodge, No. 773, Treasurer; and Clarence E. Stoner, Braddock Lodge; F. F. Bickert, Knoxville Lodge, No. 1196; H. B. Furlong, Wilkesburg Lodge, No. 577; E. C. Longdon, Washington Lodge, No. 776; Ray J. Miller, Homestead Lodge, No. 650; and John A. McConnell, Sheraden Lodge, No. 949, members of the Executive Committee.

Past State President C. L. Justice, Of Ohio, Fatally Stricken

Judge Charles L. Justice, of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, Past Exalted Ruler and Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association, died unexpectedly in Marion of a sudden attack of angina pectoris a short time ago, at the age of 52. He had been attending the class day exercises of the Harding High School, (Continued on page 58)



The class of seventy-two candidates inducted into Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge upon the occasion of the visit there of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen

Along the Road to Birmingham

A few views of some of the splendid receptions accorded the Elks Good Will Tourists on their journey to the National Convention

Many later photographs will appear in subsequent issues.

Elks Good Will Fleet enthusiastically welcomed everywhere.



Hammond, Indiana

Above—Tacoma, Washington



Lawrence, Massachusetts



La Crosse, Wisconsin



Duluth, Minnesota



Elizabeth, New Jersey



Mount Vernon, New York



Lynn, Massachusetts



Boston, Massachusetts



Merrill, Wisconsin



Milwaukee, Wisconsin



The Grand Exalted Ruler (left) at Ogdensburg, N. Y., Lodge; and (right) at Malone, N. Y., Lodge. Below, with the champion band of Appleton, Wis., Lodge



Brattleboro, Vt., Elks (left) and those of Adams, Mass., Lodge (right) greet Mr. Coen at their Homes



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

IN a seventeen-day tour during May, Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, either in official visits or attendance of informal receptions, called upon the membership of twenty-three subordinate Lodges. The course of his journey led him into the States adjoining the Great Lakes, into New England and into New York and Virginia.

His initial visit was that of May 4, to Watertown, Wis., Lodge, No. 666. Upon this occasion he was twice welcomed: first by Exalted Ruler A. E. Bentzin and a delegation of greeting, at Oconomowoc, as he approached Watertown; and again by a large group of the membership of No. 666 as he arrived at the Lodge Home. Subsequently Mr. Coen was the guest of honor at a banquet at the Home; and addressed the formal Lodge session which ensued. Present upon this occasion were representatives of twenty-one Wisconsin Lodges. Among them were Charles E. Broughton, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. J. Geniesse, Thomas F. McDonald, G. Holmes Daubner and E. E. Fell; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. W. Mackey, William F. Schad and Frank A. Maxwell; and President Raymond C. Dwyer, of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. Eleven candidates were initiated at the meeting, seven into Watertown Lodge and four into Janesville Lodge, No. 254. Among them was Mayor Charles Lutovsky, of Watertown. In the afternoon and in the evening, while the Lodge was in session, Mrs. Coen, who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his travels in May, was entertained by the wives of Watertown Elks at bridge and the theatre.

Mr. Coen, proceeding by motor May 5, for an official visit to Appleton, Wis., Lodge, No. 337, was met at the city limits by a delegation of officers and the Lodge's Band, champions of the State. The Grand Exalted Ruler's ar-

Mr. Coen Calls Upon Lodges in Widely Separated States

rival in Appleton came in the midst of the city's celebration of its Diamond Jubilee, or Seventy-fifth Anniversary of its foundation. A week of festivity had been arranged by the municipal authorities to commemorate this event and, at the same time, that of the Bi-Centennial of the birth of George Washington. In honor of the presence of the chief executive of the Order of Elks, the day was designated "Fraternal Day" of the celebration. The incidents of his stay in Appleton were many. At noon, he addressed an assemblage of Elks and of members of several other fraternal and patriotic organizations. After a banquet in his honor, in the evening, he led a parade of these combined groups through the city. Represented in the procession, in addition to the Elks, were the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of Columbus, the American Legion, the Modern Woodmen of America, the Loyal Order of Moose, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Catholic Daughters of America, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Scouts, the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Fraternal Order of Eagles, the United Spanish War Veterans and the United Commercial Travelers. Music for the parade was provided by the Band of the 120th Field Artillery. After the termination of the march, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to the Lodge Home, there to address four hundred members of the Order gathered to welcome him.

The following day, May 6, Mr. Coen called upon the membership of two Lodges. The first occasion was a luncheon with the officers of Kalamazoo, Mich., Lodge, No. 50; the

second an official visit, in the evening, at the Home of Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48. After dinner at the Home, the Grand Exalted Ruler led a parade of members to the Coliseum, where the formal meeting of the Lodge took place. One thousand Elks were present to witness the initiation of seventy-two candidates as "The Edward T. Donahue Class," in honor of No. 48's Exalted Ruler. An event of especial interest at the meeting was the presentation to Mr. Coen of a token of esteem by Dr. Louis Barth, one of the two surviving charter members of Grand Rapids Lodge. Prominent among the Elks in attendance were Grand Trustee John K. Burch, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Leo J. Wykkel and W. Dickson Brown; and President George C. Ackers, of the Michigan State Elks Association.

On May 7, Mr. Coen again made two visits, the first to Flint Lodge, No. 222, where he addressed the members at a luncheon given in his honor by the Lodge's officers; and later, to Detroit Lodge, No. 34, where he took part in a business conference of the officers. With him upon these two occasions were Mr. Burch and Mr. Brown.

Departing from the region of the Great Lakes, the Grand Exalted Ruler, on May 8, arrived in Utica, N. Y., for a call upon the membership of Lodge No. 33 in that city. In the course of his stay, he spoke twice. The first address was delivered at the Mother's Day exercises of the Lodge, held in the afternoon; and the second at a dinner at the Lodge Home in the evening. At this George J. Winslow, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials, acted as Toastmaster. Two prominent Elks who joined Mr. Coen at Utica were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert and Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. Seventy-five attended the banquet.

(Continued on page 58)

News of the State Associations

Minnesota

MEETING upon June 2 and 3 at Mankato, under the auspices of Lodge No. 224, the Minnesota State Elks Association recently held its twenty-eighth annual convention. At the concluding business session, delegates elected as officers for the coming year, the following: Walter F. Marcum, of Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052, President; Martin A. Nelson, of Stillwater Lodge, No. 179, First Vice-President; John B. Christgau, of Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395, Second Vice-President; Art P. Johnson, of Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022, Third Vice-President; Vincent C. Jenny, of St. Paul Lodge, No. 59, Secretary; Henry G. Ogdahl, of Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44, Treasurer; and Harry E. Boyle, of Duluth Lodge, No. 133, Trustee for three years. Prominent speakers upon this occasion were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and W. C. Robertson, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee. Among the motions introduced during the session was one by Past Exalted Ruler A. L. Dretchko, of Minneapolis Lodge, urging the purchase of a cemetery lot at Rochester for the burial of Elks of the State who may die without relatives or other source or means for funeral expenses. Rochester was chosen as the place of the 1933 convention. Events of importance, in addition to the legislative assemblages, were two drum corps contests, the Class A competition, won by St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; and the Class B, in which Rochester Lodge, No. 1091, won first place, and Winona Lodge, No. 327, second. In the band contest, Owatonna Lodge was declared the winner. The famous Band of Minneapolis Lodge, by special invitation of the convention committee, gave a concert at Sibley Park the evening of June 3. This musical organization did not compete in the band contest, which was restricted to Class B bands. A. J. Berndt, Chairman of the Music and Contest Committee, estimated the attendance of the Minneapolis Band's concert at 7,000, the largest number ever to attend such an event at the Park. A luncheon for the ladies attending the convention was a social event of note. The victor in the trap-shoot was

Harry Maginnis, of Minneapolis Lodge, former State champion and winner of the Elks National Shoot at Chicago in 1926. Upon the final evening of the gathering, a spectacular parade was held. In this the delegation of Minneapolis Lodge had the place of honor in line, following immediately the officers of the Association. The procession included, besides the marching units, four bands, three drum corps, and a score of splendidly decorated

his Boy Scout troop in the parade. A medal for his chivalry and bravery is to be presented to him later. Exercises celebrating the Bicentennial Anniversary of Washington were held upon the afternoon of the day before the parade. They took place upon the Court House lawn, and included a program of speaking and the planting of an oak tree, in memory of the occasion. This was the gift of Newport Lodge to the Court House Commission. Those

who made addresses at the ceremonies were Judges A. M. Caldwell, of Campbell Circuit Court, and Rodney G. Bryson, of Kenton Circuit Court; and John L. Grayot, Commonwealth Attorney, who subsequently was elected a Trustee of the Elks Association. The complete list of new officers chosen at the election the following morning comprises Leland O'Callaghan, of Louisville Lodge, No. 8, President; Col. James A. Diskin, of Newport Lodge, First Vice-President; K. D. Harper, of Catlettsburg Lodge, No. 942, Second Vice-



The parade through the streets of Schenectady, one of the most spectacular events of the recent annual convention of the New York State Elks Association

President; M. Schwarz, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 1368, Third Vice-President; Richard H. Slack, of Owensboro Lodge, No. 144, Secretary-Treasurer; and Roger L. Neff, Jr., of Newport Lodge, the retiring President of the Association; Clyde R. Levi, of Ashland Lodge, No. 350; and John L. Grayot, of Madisonville Lodge, No. 738, Trustees. At the Lodge Home, upon the evening of the opening day, initiation ceremonies, attended by 400 Elks, were held. A special group of Past Exalted Rulers of Newport Lodge officiated to induct a class of twenty-seven candidates. Prominent among those to witness the exercises were James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Sellmeyer, and Past Presidents Edward Williams and Clyde R. Levi. The initial business session of the convention took place upon the morning of the second day. Keys to the city and the county were presented to the Elks by Mayor Fred C. Weber and Judge Conrad Matz, of the County Court. The delegates, at the second and final official meeting the following morning,

floats. The Grand Ball, held at the armory, followed the parade and terminated the festivities of the convention.

Kentucky

OVER a period of three days, the Kentucky State Elks Association met a short time ago at its annual convention at Newport, under the auspices of Newport Lodge, No. 273. Noteworthy events of the gathering were a parade, one of the most striking in the history of the Association; patriotic exercises commemorating the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington; the election of officers for the coming year; and a series of brilliant social affairs. The parade took place upon the final day of the convention. Marching in it were members not only of the Elks but also those of other fraternal, educational and patriotic organizations. Fifteen bands, together with floats decorated in honor of Washington, were a part of the spectacle. Prizes were given for the largest representative unit in the procession, the award going to the Park Avenue School; and for the best-dressed musical unit, with the James Wallace Costigan Post of the American Legion pronounced best. Five thousand men, women and children in all took part. A special award was made by the judges to a twelve-year-old boy, Frank Kravitz. He is a cripple, but he marched with

President; M. Schwarz, Shelbyville Lodge, No. 1368, Third Vice-President; Richard H. Slack, of Owensboro Lodge, No. 144, Secretary-Treasurer; and Roger L. Neff, Jr., of Newport Lodge, the retiring President of the Association; Clyde R. Levi, of Ashland Lodge, No. 350; and John L. Grayot, of Madisonville Lodge, No. 738, Trustees. At the Lodge Home, upon the evening of the opening day, initiation ceremonies, attended by 400 Elks, were held. A special group of Past Exalted Rulers of Newport Lodge officiated to induct a class of twenty-seven candidates. Prominent among those to witness the exercises were James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Sellmeyer, and Past Presidents Edward Williams and Clyde R. Levi. The initial business session of the convention took place upon the morning of the second day. Keys to the city and the county were presented to the Elks by Mayor Fred C. Weber and Judge Conrad Matz, of the County Court. The delegates, at the second and final official meeting the following morning,

(Continued on page 54)



The celebrated band of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, presenting a concert at Sibley Park, Mankato, during the annual convention of the Minnesota State Elks Association. A record crowd of 7,000 gathered to hear the concert



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

Elks Are Enthusiastic Golfers

By J. H. Hamilton

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

GOLF is playing an important part in Elkdom today, and its steady growth is shown in the tournament schedules published in the various bulletins of the subordinate Lodges. Every State Convention features an Elk State Championship as a major part of its program, and inter-Lodge tournament play has reached such proportions that it is likely to match Elk interest in trap-shooting. Over six hundred Elks' Clubs held exclusively Elk golf championships last year and a great many Lodges own their own country clubs. ELKDOM OUTDOORS heartily approves of inter-Lodge team play, for the opportunity afforded to get acquainted with neighbor Elks can but promote good fellowship and additional interest in the Order.

Golf is no longer a game for the rich only. Ball and club manufacturers, through modern machinery methods, are able to supply golf equipment of the very finest at reasonable prices and, in the smaller cities, at least club initiation fees and dues are in keeping with present conditions.

The average attendance at the Elks National

Golf Championship held in conjunction with the Grand Lodge Convention every year has been close to three hundred, and plans are being made to take care of a like number at Birmingham this month.

On Monday July 11th, opening day of the Convention, the inauguration of the Fourth Elks National Fifty-four Hole Golf Championship will be started at the Highland Park Country Club. On the following day, a continuation of the medal play championship will be played at the Roebuck Golf and Country Club, which is located seven and a half miles from the City of Birmingham and reached by inter-urban and automobile. On the following day, the golfers will return to Highland Park Country Club for the last eighteen holes of the tournament.

The winner of the championship will be presented with the John J. Doyle perpetual trophy, valued at \$2,000, to be held for one year, by his Lodge. In addition to this trophy,

the winner will receive a special trophy for his own permanent possession. There will be also other valuable prizes for gross and net scores.

J. Russell Thompson of Glendale, Calif., was the winner of the John J. Doyle Trophy in 1929 and 1930. In 1931 the trophy was won by Jack Gaines, likewise a member of Glendale. Glendale Lodge also won team honors in both 1930 and 1931. That the National Championship attracts Class A golfers is shown by their scores. Last year Gaines had a total of 222 for 54 holes, carding a 71, or two under par, in his first round. Chuck Hunter of Tacoma, Wash., Lodge finished second, only two strokes behind Gaines and Fay Coleman of Los Angeles, who has played consistently good golf in the National Amateur, was third with a total of 226.

The committee in charge of the tournament at Birmingham, in July, has requested all golfers who plan to take part to send in their entry blanks as early as possible in order that starting time may be allotted. Those who have not received blanks can secure them by writing The Elks 68th National Convention Committee, 320 No. 21st Street, Birmingham, Alabama.



Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen presenting the Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842 Championship Cup to W. H. Cole at the conclusion of the first golf tournament held at the Elks National Home at Bedford, over the five hole "home made" golf course on the Home grounds. The longest hole measures 150 yards and the shortest hole measures 48 yards



L. to r.—Louis Mochon, Joe Corsi, Peter Aimoni, John P. Antonio, Max Antonini

Porterfield Lake in Marquette County, Michigan, supplies the Northern Pike and the boys from Iron Mountain Lodge, No. 700, supply the knowledge of how to catch them, as the picture above shows. With an average catch of six Pike each, ranging from two to eight pounds, a real days sport was enjoyed by all.

Nesting Ground for Game Birds

The Conservation Department of the State of Maryland is sponsoring protection for game birds. Under the caption of "Leave a Nesting Ground for Bob-White," are the following suggestions, which can be applied quite easily in many localities:

"With very little expense and inconvenience, our agriculturists should by all means leave cover to furnish nesting areas for our ground-nesting birds—a strip of ungrazed blue grass, clover, timothy, or alfalfa, especially if it is along a fence row or near a woods; a gully containing briar bushes, rag-weed or other growth, will furnish nesting grounds, whereby bob-white will not have to nest in hay and grain fields which are cut and their nests destroyed by mowers or binders." This practice will help insure bob-white increase.

M. L. Golladay of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge No. 673, not being satisfied with the very fine bass fishing to be had in the Ozark section of his state, journeyed to Mustang Island, Texas, in the Gulf of Mexico and was well rewarded with an 85 lb. tarpon shown in picture at the right. Perhaps Mr. Golladay will send us some Missouri bass pictures in the near future.



Joe H. McGregor of Kalispell, Mont., Lodge No. 725, has sent in the above proof of his claims regarding trout fishing in the Glacier Park region. The trout shown in the picture are cut-throats and represent a three-hour catch in Hell Roaring Creek, a tributary of Big River in the Big River country. This river flows along the main range of the Rockies to the south of Glacier National Park. If you contemplate doing any trout fishing and want to get first-hand information, just write to Joe McGregor at Kalispell Lodge and we are sure he will accommodate you. Joe claims that the cost of a hunting or fishing trip in this territory is very reasonable for the results obtained.



Mr. Charles H. Grant of Redondo Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 1378, is shown alongside a 532 lb. deep sea bass caught at Redondo Beach by Eli Dessery, a member of Salina, Kansas, Lodge, No. 718. The rod and reel held by Mr. Grant were used in the capture of this monster bass. Mr. Dessery donated the fish to the Salvation Army summer camp, where it was used in feeding 225 people.



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Committee of One

(Continued from page 16)

of the side streets. The woman was walking rapidly on the opposite sidewalk. As she drew abreast, the Colonel got up heavily and went into the store. Over his shoulder he saw the glass door of the bank swing shut after her.

McCraw saw her pass the window of his private office, facing the street. He, too, got up from his seat, a swivel chair that creaked even under his slight weight. Opening the drawer of the flat-top mahogany desk, with which his brother directors had short-changed him in lieu of a cherished roll-top of golden oak, the vice-president of the First National bank of Cardinal took from it a feather duster of home manufacture and began to dust his collection of big-horn mountain sheep and antelope antlers that adorned the walls of his sanctum, mounted on plaques of green and vermilion velvet.

At the knock on the door, he said: "Come in," then added: "Hello, Connie—have a couple of chairs." This last with a flourish of the duster.

The girl slipped onto the nearest seat, removed her hat and laid it on the desk. McCraw lifted it politely, dusted the desk under it and put it down again.

"What's on your mind, Pop?" she asked.

"Just what you see," McCraw grinned, smoothing down the fringe of sparse white hair that encircled his bald freckled head like a slightly misplaced halo. He put the feather duster back in the drawer and shut it. "Sure glad to hear about Eddie. You and him will be getting marrit right away, I reckon?"

The girl nodded.

"I'd have waited for him until—his time was up—even if he hadn't been pardoned," she replied, her wide blue eyes brilliant with emotion.

"Hump," said McCraw. He had the sudden notion that the name Constance was a handicap to any girl. Carried obligations hard to live up to. It wasn't giving young ones a square deal to hand out names like that. You never could tell what they might bump into in life. "Fifteen years was quite a spell, Connie. Was Eddie willing for you to wait?"

The girl shook her head.

"He stopped answering my letters after the first few months," she replied in a low voice.

"That's what I figured," McCraw mused. "Eddie wasn't the sort to keep a girl wasting her time." He dropped into the creaking swivel chair. "About that there eighty acres of grandma Hutchins—I don't know what to say, Connie. Money is mighty tight these days." He dropped his eyes. They came to rest upon the girl's shoes, which though polished bravely, had that unmistakable roughness that desert sand imparts to leather after long continued wear. "How much would you be wanting to borrow on it?"

The girl smiled faintly.

"How much have you got, Pop?"

"'Bout six hundred thousand, I reckon, counting the timber back of Mount Whitney and the borax plantation on the Armagosa," the old man grinned. "All frozen assets, though," he added with a sigh. He liked the term "frozen assets" and peered owlishly at the thermometer registering a hundred and seven in the shade beside the fluttering window curtain.

"Let me have four of it," said Connie, "I mean four thousand."

"I was wondering," McCraw chortled drily, "what you aim to do with that four thousand?"

"Eddie will need it for a new start," she replied.

The old man was silent for some minutes, then he said:

"Beats all how this town is hankering to give Eddie a new start. Almost as enthusiastic as they were in seeing his finish two year ago. Marsh has offered him his old job back; Billy

Dawn's preparing a petition to the State to get him compensation for false imprisonment; the city council is running in circles trying to create a new post in the street department, and you want to hock your grandma's eighty. Looks to me like Eddie won't have no chance to show if he's got any gumption left in him."

The girl leaned back in her seat wearily. "When a man has spent two years in jail it's no time to prate about gumption," she replied. "I had always thought you a friend of Eddie's!" she added with a spurt of vehemence.

"His grandpa and me was deported together," McCraw replied with prideful reminiscence, "and so was your grandpa, Connie. How's Grandma Hutchins, these days? Spry as ever?"

"Yes," said the girl.

THE banker drummed the desk with his thin fingers. He had read somewhere that financiers in a quandary always drummed their flat-top desks with their finger-tips. 'Bout all flat-tops were good for! Every time you let go of a letter, it blew off unless you nailed it down, and you never could find your chewing tobacco in the deep, dark drawers.

"S' about all she's got left—that there eighty, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes, but Eddie and I will work and pay it off. Besides, she's going to make her home with us."

"Meaning that you and Eddie are going to live in her house?"

"Of course!" The girl colored faintly. "Grandma deeded me the eighty three years ago—when I was eighteen."

"I see," said McCraw. "Hump! How does she feel about it—I mean about you borrowing money on it?"

"You know how she'd feel, Pop!"

McCraw nodded. "You got to admit, Connie, that Eddie was kind 'a—wild. If he hadn't been, he'd never have got himself in a fix where he'd have an alibi he couldn't use."

The girl's face turned scarlet. "I don't know what it was!" she cried, "and I'll never ask him!"

The old man regarded his thin hands with disinterested concentration. Women were like ostriches—always burying their heads in the sand when there was something they didn't want to look at.

"Just the same, I wouldn't blame your grandma too much, Connie. Eddie was drinking a lot more'n was good for him," he said gently.

"You're a fine one to be passing out advice about drinking!" she blazed—"with your spring house full of hard liquor!"

McCraw's white bushy eyebrows hitched themselves into a frown.

"I ain't passing out no advice about it, one way or the other," he replied slowly. "Drinking is a pussonel matter. There are men like me who could drink enough to irrigate the Mojave and still keep all four wheels on the concrete, and then there are others like Eddie with nerves geared on steel springs. His grandpa was like that. They ain't got no business to monkey with it, nohow"

The girl made a gesture of futility. "Did you send for me to tell me—that?" she demanded bitterly.

The old man regarded her in silence for a long time. His keen old eyes saw a girl—a young and very pretty girl with blue serious eyes, and light brown hair which the desert sun was turning tawny; he saw a rebellious mouth that somehow reminded him of pictures he had seen of early martyrs; in his mind, he also saw something else—the eternal woman eager to sacrifice herself. He didn't doubt but

that she cared for Edward Carr. He merely wondered how much of it was love—the kind his own Indian wife had felt for him, which was something more profoundly biological than immolation.

"Well, no," he replied, "there was something else." He paused. "I had a letter from Eddie day-before-yesterday, Connie. He's coming straight here from the train."

"Here?" the girl ejaculated. "To the bank? To your office?"

McCraw inclined his head. The girl drooped in her chair.

"I—I don't understand," she said in a low voice, "what's he coming here for?"

"Because I axed him to." Again the old man paused. "The train pulls in in half an hour," he said, "don't go to the depot and make a show of yourself, Connie."

She recoiled as at a blow.

"Make a show—I—I don't know what you mean! What would he think if I didn't meet him?"

"He won't think nothing. Him and me's been sort 'a corresponding for the last year or so. I told him you'd meet him here."

The girl ran a small white hand across her eyes.

"You told him—! What would people say if I didn't meet him?" she stammered.

McCraw's gray eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly and his bony hand resting on the arm of the swivel chair closed until the knuckles showed white, but when he spoke his voice was gentle.

"Caring about Eddie the way you do, you don't have to worry about what people think, Connie."

The girl shot him a frightened, breathless glance.

"You said that you and he had been corresponding? About what?" she asked faintly.

"His grandpa and me were from the same town—back East," the old man replied evasively. "I was sorta interested in seeing how he got along down there to San Quentin jail."

Connie shuddered.

"It must have been two horrible years for him," she whispered; "why didn't he ever write to me?" Then without waiting for an answer, said: "I'll make it up to him! I'll be the best wife, ever, Pop!"

HER eyes were luminous with the prospect of sacrifice. Edward Carr would come back, broken in spirit and health. The tan returning to his cheeks would be her accolade. With the breathless imagination of the woman in love she conjured up a thousand little pictures of personal sacrifice. The going to church together under the stares of curious eyes. The whisperings of their enemies. In fancy, she crucified herself in a hundred ways, while McCraw sat looking at her with his gray unblinking eyes, wondering what she would assay on the final test.

"It ain't going to be no cinch living with a man who's been convicted of highway robbery," he said, addressing himself rather than the girl. "There's them that don't think much of Black Bert's confession, governor's pardon, or not."

"I know! Shull and his crowd!" the girl cried contemptuously; "they want him elected to district attorney again!"

"I reckon. Still and all, you can't blame people, Connie."

Tears were in the girl's eyes.

"You don't believe he did it, Pop!" she pleaded.

"I wouldn't have bothered keeping a line on him at San Quentin if I had."

Connie leaned forward.

"Did he tell you what that—that alibi was?" she asked in a small faint voice.

McCraw's eyes were expressionless.

"I never axed him. When a man's willing to spend fifteen years of his life in jail, I figured he is entitled to keep the reason for it to himself. I kept in touch with him because—well, because of that break he made when the judge sent him up, and—other things," he added looking away.

"You mean what he said about killing Shull when he got out? It was just because he was desperate, Pop! Eddie wouldn't hurt a rabbit!"

"He might a rattler," McCraw replied. "It took me the best part of the first year to get him outa the notion. Not that I blame him. The way Shull lit into him at the trial was enough to make a saint forget his vows, and Eddie wasn't no saint, exactly." He looked at the ceiling. "Dropped in on him when I was down to San Francisco, last May a year ago, I did."

"They let you see hi?" Connie asked. "What did he look like?" she demanded in the same breath.

"Sure. The warden and me got quite sociable. Eddie looked—all right, considering that he just got out from solitary confinement for losing his temper."

The girl covered her face with her hands. "Oh," she whispered.

The swivel chair creaked. "Feeling sorry for people don't get them nothing, Connie," the old man said. "If I had my way, the word pity would be yanked out'a the dictionary. It's made a lot 'a boneless herrings out of the human family. If you feel sorry for a guy because he's up against it, he'll begin feeling sorry for himself, and if he feels that way long enough, the best thing he can do is to hop off the end of something. According to my observation, a man is usually to blame himself for most of the hard luck that comes his way, and a swift kick in the pants will make him snap out of it a lot quicker'n a pat on the back. Pity ought 'a be put down as number eight of the seven deadly sins."

A long oration for a man of few words. McCraw drew a deep breath from the exertion, and from the vehemence with which it was delivered. His bony right hand shook just a little as it came to rest again on the arm of the chair. Connie Sargent was staring at him with a blank, frightened look. As an inkling of what McCraw meant reached her groping mind, her lips became edged with faint scorn. From the distance came the long-drawn whistle of the train passing through Moody's Cut. She arose and put on her hat.

"People say you're hard, Pop! They're right! You're harder than bedrock!"

The old man's withered hand rose in protest, but Connie turned her back on him and passed out of the door to the torrid swelter of the street.

McCraw sat sunk in thought. Even the clanging of the train bell failed to rouse him from his reveries. Above his head, the electric fan droned at half speed, churning the hot air sluggishly. Presently, there was a knock on the door which he answered mechanically.

The young man who entered was the living refutation of the fictional idea of what a released convict should look like. Except for a certain bleached appearance of his skin, he looked in excellent fettle. He was lean and hard without an ounce of superfluous flesh, and the brown, deeply-set eyes that met the banker's were calm and serene.

"I managed to dodge Connie," he said with a smile, "got off the far side of the train."

"She'll be here when she finds she missed you," McCraw replied.

"Think so?" the boy asked eagerly.

"Know so." The old man regarded him covertly. "I wouldn't bank 'too much on her, Eddie. You never know which way a woman's gonna jump." At the shadow of pain that passed across the boy's face he changed the subject abruptly. "Had a time to keep the boys from meeting you with a brass band," he winked. "Shull went fishing on Piute creek for a week. You got this here town guessing, son. Sit down. Connie just got up from that chair, spitting mad!"

"What did you tell her?" Edward Carr asked, easing himself into it almost reverently.

"I didn't tell her nothing. Tried to give her a new slant on the theory of relativity. It didn't work." He lowered his voice as a shadow passed the window. "Here she is now. Stand over there by the window, son. First impressions last. Come in, Connie!" he called out, raising his voice at the knock, and picking up a letter in which he proceeded to give a good imitation of being deeply absorbed. He even refrained from looking up until he heard Connie close the door softly upon entering.

"Eddie!"

"Hello, Connie!"

McCraw squinted over the edge of the sheet of paper. He made a motion to arise.

"You'll excuse me," he muttered, "I got to take this here letter out to the filing case—"

"Don't go, Pop," the boy said. He turned

"Where to? I—I can't, Eddie! Grandma Hutchins needs me. She hasn't much longer to live."

McCraw gave a startled look at his wizened image reflected in the gilt mirror opposite, then reassured, smiled softly, as Eddie said:

"You were willing to borrow money on her eighty and run the chance of losing her home."

"It was for you, Eddie."

"I know. That's just it. I don't want anybody to do anything for me. I got to do it myself. If I didn't we'd never be happy. They wouldn't let me here in Cardinal. Don't you see?"

"ALL I see is that Pop, here, has been putting notions in your head!" she flared.

The boy drew a deep breath.

"You don't know the half of it, Connie," he said.

"This here letter's got to be filed right away!" McCraw interjected, taking a step toward the door.

Edward put forth a restraining hand.

"Sit down, both of you," he said with an effort.

The girl challenged him with her eyes for an instant before she sank into a chair. McCraw remained standing like an old pelican poised for flight, but Eddie barred the way.

"I had a lot of time thinking things over down at San Quentin, Connie," he said; "that's one thing jails can't take away from you—the right to think. What happens to you after you get out, depends on what you've been thinking while you were there.

The first few months I was filled with mean thoughts about Shull and Billy Dawn and the rest of them, and took my spite out on the men who were hired to watch me. I was in trouble about all the time. Then, one day, the warden called me into his office. I thought I was in for another spell of solitary, so I went there with a chip on my shoulder. Pop, there, was sitting in the Warden's chair!"

"Had a mighty hard time to get the warden to let me see you, Eddie," he said, "because of your cuttings up. 'Bout time you were acclimatized. He's a pretty decent hombre, the warden, if you give him a show. Why don't you try it?"

The boy paused.

"I cussed Pop and the warden and everybody until I was out of breath, then Pop got busy and lit into me. Well, the short of it was that I had a little meeting with myself after Pop had gone. Things began to change after a while. First thing I knew the warden had me over in the stock-room checking up on the stores. I hadn't been there more'n a year when they made me clerk permanently. I was sort of puzzled at first, but pretty soon what Pop had said began to soak in. I had been hitting the pace pretty fast back here, burning the candle both ends and through the middle, and getting myself into one jam after another. Down there, I had to keep regular hours. Eight hours sleep every night, when I wasn't grousing myself awake, plenty of good plain grub, no liquor and enough work to keep from going soft. I'm feeling better this minute than I've felt since I left high school. That's why I want to do what's going to be done myself. I'm not saying how I would have felt after fifteen years of it, only that two years have learned me a lot that I'm not going to let myself forget, ever!"

His face was flushed and his dark eyes were fastened on the girl, but there was no supplication in them. They demanded surrender on his terms or nothing.

(Continued on page 42)



to the girl. "I stopped off here to give you back your promise, Connie."

Her hand moved to her lips.

"But I don't want it back, Eddie! Everything is fixed. They've got a job for you at the city hall, and we can go to housekeeping with Grandma Hutchins!"

The boy shook his head.

"I'm not staying in Cardinal, Connie."

The girl turned accusing eyes upon McCraw.

"Why not? It's his doings!"

"I reckon!" said Eddie.

"You don't care for me any longer—is that it?" she asked with a catch in her voice.

"It isn't, Connie. Only I care for myself, too, if you put it that way. Will you come away with me?"

(Continued from page 41)

"I stopped off here to see if you were willing to throw your luck in with me, Connie—not here in Cardinal, where I won't have a show because everybody wants to give me one. I'm a free man, once more, and unless you have been where I have for two years, you don't know what freedom tastes like. I want my woman to look up to me—not down."

Old Pop McCraw watching the girl's face while Eddie spoke, saw her bitterness and

apathy drop from her like a mantle as the boy went on. She seemed to sway forward, her eyes fastened on his face, as if drawn toward him by a power over which she had no control. At times she seemed almost to rise in her chair at his homely eloquence.

The old man grasped the doorknob with a determined air.

"I'm going to file this here letter—" he insisted for the third time, then forgetting himself, crumpled it up and threw it in the

waste basket, as Connie got up and flung her arms about the boy's neck.

"Take me away from here, quick, Eddie!" she sobbed.

McCraw closed the door behind him.

"Beats all how them silver-tongued spellbinders can bust up all of a woman's prerogatives and get away with it!" he muttered. "Here she was all set to burn herself at the stake, and he comes along and stomps the fire out and starts a conflagration of his own!"

Crash and Carry

(Continued from page 22)

"What gives who until when?"
"Mailin' that letter gives us 'til then. It don't git collected 'til tonight at ten o'clock an' the p'lice won't receive it until mawnin'."

"What's that got to do with anything?"
"Heaps, Dumbhead. An' while Ise talkin', you keep still."

"I is still."

"You ain't. You is shakin' like an aspirin."

Mr. Johnson made a gesture of resignation.

"You is the nervous one, Brother Slappey. You ain't sore at me, is you?"

"Oh, no—I ain't sore at you. Right fum the fust you has been wantin' to git us into the Big Rock—an' heah you has gone an' done it—unless."

"Unless which?"

"Unless my idea wuks."

Spasm leaned forward. "Has you schum a scheme?"

"I ain't done nothin' else. Now listen: them p'lice ain't gwine git yo' letter until tomorrow mawnin', is they?"

"Not hahdly."

"They won't. So what we gwine do is simple. Maybe it'll wuk an' maybe it won't, but it's our on'iest chance."

"Splain, Brother—an' splain tho'ough. What at is you drivin'?"

"Just this. Right now we go to yo' bo'din house an' git them jools. Tomorrow mawnin' we hang aroun' p'lice headquarters until we see they has got their mail. Then we walk in, straduce ourselfs to who is in charge an' say—

'Mistuh, we is them two fellers which written you—an' heah is the jools.'" Suddenly Florian's eyes narrowed: "Did you mention it was Yodel Harris which stold 'em?"

"Nossuh: I was skeered to do that."

"Thank goodness you had some sense."

Mr. Slappey rose and reached for his coat. "Le's go git that bag of d'monds. You ain't to be trusted no mo'—even with yo'se'f."

They climbed into Florian's modest coupé and drove across town. En route Mr. Johnson became almost tearful—endeavoring to assuage Florian's anger. He was pathetically eager to have Florian understand that he had only done what he thought was best—that he had cracked under an impossible strain, and that he was prepared to go to any lengths to make amends.

Mr. Slappey gave dignified ear to the protestations of his giant friend, but vouchsafed no encouragement. As a matter of fact, Mr. Slappey was severely frightened. From the unfortunate moment when the stolen gems had been flung into their laps in a storm-swept alley, Florian had worried. Even his most exalted moments had not been untinged by pessimism—and now all that he dreaded had come to pass.

He rolled up to the curb in front of Spasm's boarding house and alighted. Mr. Johnson followed. The two men entered the house and moved toward the rear, where Spasm occupied a dingy room adjoining the kitchen.

They entered this room and Florian waved a limp and languid hand.

"Fetch them jools to me, Spasm."

Mr. Johnson disconsolately approached his trunk and placed a hand thereon. Then he started back with eyes distended. He uttered

an exclamation of terror. Florian leaped forward.

"What's the matter, Spasm?"

"Ev'ything! Ev'ything, Florian. Us is lost!"

Spasm said no more. He flung back the lid of his trunk and the bad news commenced to penetrate—for Mr. Slappey observed that the lock was broken. He could see the marks of a chisel.

Feverishly—and with most awful groans—Spasm probed. The interior of the trunk, beneath the tray, was in horrid disarray. Spasm dropped to his knees and sent garments flying in all directions. Then he rose, faced Florian, swayed slightly and spread his arms wide:

"The jools is gone!"

Florian shuddered. "I knowed it."

"You knowed what?"

"That ev'thing would go wrong, the minute you started attendin'. An' besides, I could see the lock had been busted."

Mr. Johnson rocked with grief. "They ain't nothin' us can do."

"Who says there ain't? Where at has yo' fightin' sperrit fled? Is you a man or a fish?"

"A fish," confessed Mr. Johnson sadly—"Just a po' tripe."

Faced by this disaster, Mr. Slappey's brain commenced to click. He spoke with staccato sharpness.

"Yodel Harris stold them jools off you!"

"Co'se he did."

"How come he gotten suspicious that you had 'em?"

For a single fleeting instant Mr. Johnson had a disturbing recollection of his meal with Mr. Harris at Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor. He had an intuitive flash that perhaps he hadn't been completely subtle in that conversation—and so decided he had better not tell Florian about it.

"I dunno . . ." he answered. "Cept I has thought he was suspicious ever since he taken that job with us. Tha's how he come to do such."

"Well, he's got 'em. That makes our next move clear."

"Meanin' what?"

"Us goes an' gits 'em off him."

"Aw Florian. . . ."

"Come along, Mis'able! You has th'owed me in the ocean bad enough a'ready. I ain't gwine stan' fo' no mo' fumadiddles."

Sadly Mr. Johnson climbed into the little car beside the dynamic and determined Mr. Slappey. Florian bent over the wheel and talked decisively:

"Fum now on—you obey orders. Tomorrow mawnin' the p'lice git yo' note, an' we got to have the jools—else we's in a terrible fix, sho' nuff. We is headed fo' Yodel Harris's house, an' if he's there. . . ."

Yodel Harris was there. At any rate, his car, with its damning license tag, was parked at the curb. Florian pulled over and stopped his own car a quarter of a block behind the spot where the Harris vehicle was parked.

"Now," he snapped—"Go git him!"

Spasm felt distinctly disinclined. "I can't go after that feller: he's pizen."

"You got us into this mess," asserted Florian grimly: "You git us out."

"S-s-s-posin' you come along with me."

"Ise gwine stay right heah."

"B-b-but Florian—"

"Ise doin' my part. Ev'y job you ever heard tell of has got an inside man an' an outside man. Ise them latter."

Spasm protested with passionate vehemence, but Florian's will was iron, and he fairly drove Mr. Johnson toward the residence occupied by Mr. Yodel Harris.

"Ise gwine see him," mourned Spasm.

"But Ise got a hunch that one of us is soon gwine be patronizin' the Over the River Buryn' Sassiety, an' his fust name won't be Yodel."

Florian climbed back in his car as Mr. Johnson disappeared inside the house. Then, to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Slappey depressed his starter button and was rewarded by the hum of the motor. If it became necessary to make a quick getaway, Florian had no intention of standing on the order of his departure.

He was really sorry for Spasm. Yodel Harris was a dangerous man. "Little," soliloquized Florian anent Mr. Harris—"but so is a stick of dynamite."

Mr. Slappey found his vigil rather nerve-racking. He imagined all sorts of dire things, most of them having to do with the probable decease of his friend, Mr. Johnson. He was sorry for the big man, but after all, Spasm had brought this on himself, and certainly Florian could see no virtue in a double demise.

ONCE he fancied he heard a shout. Then suddenly a figure emerged from the house: a small, lithe, slender figure.

Yodel Harris dashed from the cottage and leaped into his car. Without a backward glance, he started the motor, whipped the gears into low and shot down the street.

Mr. Slappey had no time for thought. Briefly he surveyed the situation and realized that his worst fears were justified. He caught a mental picture of Spasm's entrance, of Yodel's venomous resentment, of an attack . . . he hoped with a weapon not entirely lethal. Mr. Slappey visioned the large figure of Mr. Johnson lying prostrate inside that house while Yodel Harris eloped with the jewels.

Florian acted by instinct. The motor of his car was running and Florian found himself pursuing Yodel's car even before he had decided that pursuit was a good idea. He was glad indeed that Mr. Harris did not realize somebody was chasing him.

Mr. Slappey didn't know what he intended to do, but he did realize that the entire responsibility had somehow devolved upon his own slender shoulders. Yodel Harris was escaping with the jewels; Spasm Johnson had notified the police that he and Florian had them . . . now indeed Florian knew that they'd have no part of an alibi.

The two cars sped up Cliff Road, dropped down on the far side of Red Mountain, shot across Shades Valley and thence to the crest of a second mountain beyond. The road was of good dirt and Florian was pleased to see that Yodel's car kicked up a dust screen. Small chance now of recognizing Florian, even if Yodel did happen to look around.

Cross-Word Puzzle

By Nelle F. Osborne, Terre Haute, Ind.

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

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The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Harry E. Beebe, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jack T. Hinchey, Tacoma, Wash.; Royal LaRue, Ottumwa, Ia.; William H. Powell, Baltimore, Md.; and Mrs. Chris J. Wuhlfarth, Central Islip, N. Y.

Mr. Slappey, however, was distinctly uncomfortable. He was in the position of a man who has caught a bear by the tail. He couldn't let go and he dared not hold on. On the one hand was the danger of annihilation, and on the other—the fear of Birmingham's police force. Mr. Slappey reviewed the situation briefly and decided that the detective business wasn't so hot.

Keeping a few hundred yards in the rear of the car he was chasing, Mr. Slappey tried to think of some solution to this grim problem. Here he was chasing a man whom he most pointedly did not wish to catch. Yet he dared not abandon the chase, for he realized that never again would he see Yodel Harris or the jewels.

It was an annoying situation, and Florian shuddered at the thought of what must have occurred to Mr. Johnson back in Yodel's boarding-house. He realized that he was dealing with no ordinary miscreant, but with a hardened and experienced perpetrator of major crimes. Yet instinct kept Florian in the chase. All very well to argue that he didn't desire to catch his prey, and to admit that he wouldn't know what to do if he did catch him . . . but there was the awful thought of the police who would visit them the next day and demand the jewels. Mr. Slappey had no relish whatsoever for the prospect of spending several years behind the bars of the State penitentiary—particularly for an offense to which he had been a mere passive onlooker.

BENDING over the wheel, eyes glued on the car ahead, Mr. Slappey observed that Yodel Harris twice turned to glance backward. Then suddenly Yodel's car veered to the left and abandoned the main highway. Florian followed.

The progress was necessarily slower, inasmuch as the road selected by Mr. Harris was of red clay, and exceedingly bumpy. Mr. Slappey was unable now to gaze afar; the ruts and bumps and natural hazards forced him to concentrate on the job of negotiating the road without severe accident to himself. He was, frankly, annoyed with Mr. Harris for being so inconsiderate as to choose this route.

He bumped around a curve, swept into a glade—and stared into space. With a howl of terror, Mr. Slappey clamped on his brakes and the car jerked to a halt. Florian gazed down the face of a ghastly precipice over which he might have plunged had he braked his car less efficiently.

He breathed deeply—then frowned. He wondered—somewhat hopefully—whether Mr. Harris might not have shot into space. Certainly there was nowhere else the robber could have gone: the road had not forked since leaving the chert highway, and it terminated with startling abruptness at the cliff.

Mr. Slappey alighted, moved forward, and peered over the edge. Then—like a knell o' doom—he heard a voice: a cold, harsh, evil voice:

"Who you lookin' fo'?"

Florian turned on feet which counselled him to go elsewhere. He gazed into the grim countenance and bleak eyes of Mr. Yodel Harris. Then, for the first time, he observed Mr. Harris's car had slewed violently from the road and was resting peacefully twenty feet to the right.

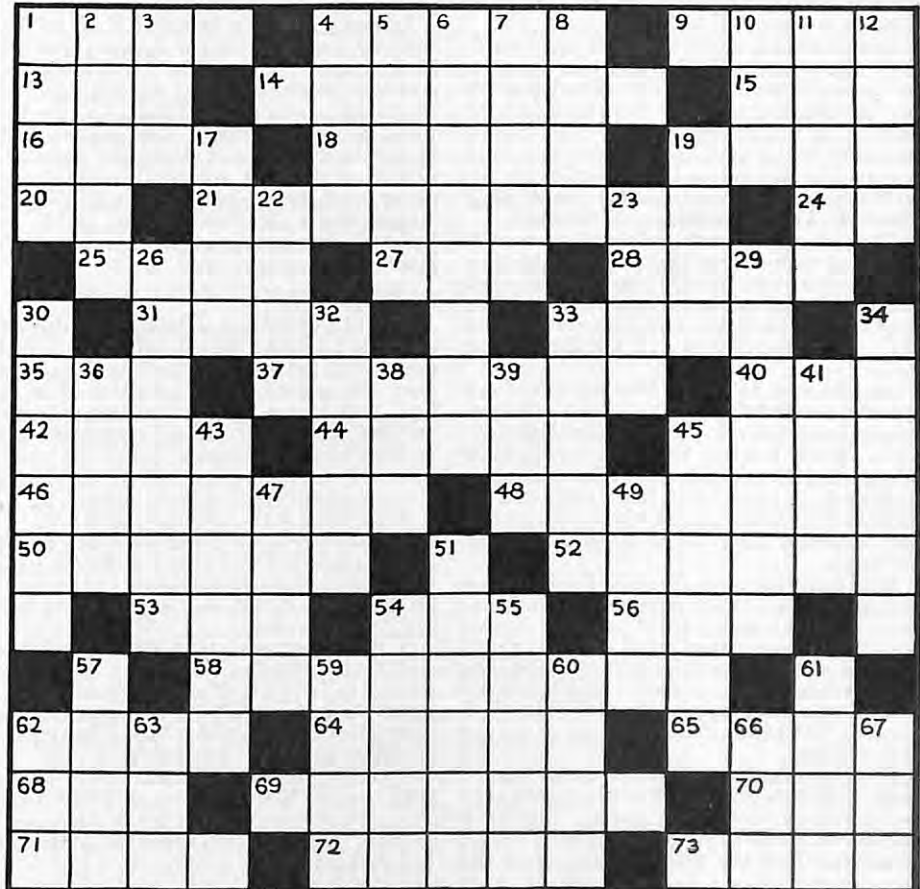
Mr. Harris was advancing on Florian—and in the eyes of the burglar there was no hint of mercy. In fact, Mr. Slappey was positive that he had never before seen so much actual menace in the expression of any single individual.

"I'll teach you . . ." started Mr. Harris.

He took three more forward steps. Florian parried the vicious right which was hooked at his jaw, but he had no defense against the short left which curled upward and imbedded itself in his ribs. Mr. Slappey staggered back against a pine tree, which was fortunately stalwart.

Yodel backed off for just one second, then returned to the attack, satisfied that his initial

(Continued on page 44)



Across

- 1—Separate article
- 4—Splendor
- 9—Scrutinize
- 13—Of us
- 14—Wounds
- 15—Substance containing metal
- 16—Perennial woody plant
- 18—Shaded nook
- 19—A wild goat
- 20—One
- 21—Suspects
- 24—In proximity to
- 25—Disturb
- 27—Term of respectful address
- 28—Exclamation of sorrow
- 31—Very small particle
- 33—To the side of a ship, opposite the windward
- 35—Skill in accomplishing a purpose
- 37—Distinguished
- 40—Portuguese coin
- 42—An insect
- 44—Vexed
- 45—Become formed into a solid mass
- 46—Non-metallic element.
- 48—Disputes

- 50—Football team
- 52—Most excellent
- 53—Group
- 54—Leased
- 56—Revolutionary
- 58—Consigns
- 62—Weapons
- 64—Love-feast of the primitive Christians
- 65—Breat short
- 68—Regret extremely
- 69—Feign
- 70—Mimic
- 71—Small coin
- 72—Arrange
- 73—Unfasten

- 17—Utter
- 19—Island
- 22—Fetter
- 23—Reckoning
- 26—Blabs
- 29—Charged with gas
- 30—Maiden
- 32—Adult lacking mental development
- 33—Genus of tree found on moist land
- 34—After-dinner nap
- 36—Render muddy
- 38—White malleable metal
- 39—Bottom of a river
- 41—Pieces out
- 43—Collectors of bees into hives

Down

- 1—Insignificant part
- 2—Transforms
- 3—Before
- 4—Epochs
- 5—Two-wheeled vehicles
- 6—Having a smooth surface
- 7—Love intrigue
- 8—Sailors
- 10—Male swan
- 11—Particular tracts of country
- 12—Nearest to

- 45—Pet
- 47—Fish-like mammal
- 49—Expose
- 51—Envoy
- 54—Light and fine
- 55—Fillets of linen
- 57—Faithful
- 59—Garnish
- 60—Units of ten
- 61—The back of the neck
- 62—Bow
- 63—Adult males
- 66—Doze
- 67—Sty

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 46

(Continued from page 43)

devastating punch had turned the scales in his favor. Mr. Slappey—understanding for the first time the adage about the cornered rat—put up his hands and accepted combat.

Ordinarily, Florian might have been a fair adversary for the other man, but Yodel's initial assault had robbed Mr. Slappey of wind and ambition. Furthermore, it had inspired in Mr. Slappey a profound respect for Yodel's punching power.

Had there been any avenue of escape, Florian would have used it with enormous enthusiasm. But he now had his back to a cliff and his only out blocked by a vindictive little man who already had half-paralyzed him with a punch.

Florian did his pitiful best. He fought with desperate courage, but he took two blows for every one he landed—and he sensed that his own punches lacked force. Once he considered arbitrating the matter, but found he had no breath to waste—and besides, when he opened his lips Mr. Harris inserted a brutal fist in the aperture. Mr. Slappey decided immediately that he had better keep his teeth clenched.

They struggled back and forth across the carpet of pine needles; they rained blows on each other—but mostly on Florian—and suddenly Yodel's right fist crashed against Mr. Slappey's jaw and the world dissolved into a thousand brilliant lights . . . and then became dark.

Half an hour later Mr. Slappey opened one eye—the other being entirely closed—and was pleased to discover that he was at least partially alive. From head to waist, he was a flame of agony. His right fist was swollen, his clothes were torn . . . but in the face of this disaster he smiled a twisted smile as he looked around and observed that Yodel Harris had disappeared.

With many groans and grunts, Florian sat up and probed his own anatomy. No bones broken, but he couldn't find a square inch of flesh which wasn't throbbing. He rose to his feet and stumbled weakly against a tree. He stared across the valley and refused to become enthusiastic over the view. Mr. Slappey's mood of the moment was not one of artistic appreciation.

He approached his automobile: then stopped short. The canny Mr. Harris meticulously had deflated all four tires. Florian determined to ride in on the airless casings, but when he clambered into the seat and depressed the

starter, he was rewarded by a total absence of response. Painful investigation disclosed the fact that Mr. Harris had ripped loose a handful of electric wiring.

Staggering, groaning—and frequently pausing to rest—Mr. Slappey commenced his melancholy journey toward the city of Birmingham. Night was falling, but it loomed no darker than the future. Of course, Florian was faintly grateful that he was alive, but aside from that, life held no savor. His courage had brought no results, his pursuit of Yodel Harris had yielded a dividend of bodily torture . . . and now Mr. Harris was speeding blithely into the distance, safely in command of the bag of jewels.

At seven o'clock a truck rolled along the highway and the colored driver permitted Florian to ride. He was kindly and solicitous, and even paused for a few minutes beside a limpid branch to permit Florian to lave his worst hurts. Eventually they crossed Red Mountain and dropped down into the city. Florian alighted at Avenue F, offered the driver some money—which was refused—and lurched down the street toward Sis Callie Flukers's imminently respectable boarding-house.

MR. SLAPPEY was wallowing the deepest slough of despond as he entered the house and commenced the laborious climb to the second floor. He sneered at the sign which leered at him: THE SUN & MOON WE NEVER SLEEP DETECTIVE AGENCY. Grim jest, indeed. He visioned Spasm Johnson in a hospital somewhere—if indeed he was still alive—himself battered and discredited; both facing jail . . . and their quarry riding happily away.

Mr. Slappey opened the door and found himself blinking. The room was flooded with light, and Florian's eyes narrowed and he shook his head—as though refusing to credit the evidence of his senses.

At the center table sat Mr. Spasm Johnson—and it was instantly apparent that Mr. Johnson was in perfect health and excellent spirits. For a fleeting moment, Florian experienced a sense of resentment which was, however, instantly swallowed up by wonder.

Spread out on the table before Mr. Johnson were many beautiful twenty-dollar bills. Florian stared and Spasm made a gesture—“Five hund'ed dollars, Brother Slappey—an' half of it is yours.”

Florian sank into a chair, forgetting for the moment his physical agony.

“Five hund'ed dollars!” he echoed weakly.

“Where at did you git it, Spasm?”

“Fum the police.” Mr. Johnson was obviously quite proud of himself.

“Wh-what you mean: fum the p'lice?”

“Shuh! Florian—you know dawg-gone good an' well what I mean. I took them di'monds down to the station house an' tol' 'em about the letter I had wrote. They sent a man to the post-office, got the letter, and gimme the money just as soon as Jasper De Void identified the jools.”

Mr. Slappey was frankly bewildered. “Yeh, Spasm—I heah what you is remarkin', but it don't make no sense. Where at did you git them jools?”

“I took 'em off Yodel Harris like you tol' me to.”

Mr. Slappey grimaced. “An' when he come downstairs fum that boardin' house an' started off in his car, you had the jools all the time?”

“Sho'ly, Florian; sho'ly. I just grabbed him by the th'roat an' made him give 'em to me.”

“But the p'lice, Spasm? How come they give you that reward money without knowin' you was tellin' the truth 'bout Yodel Harris?”

“Golla, Florian—I ain't that dumb.”

Spasm made a modest gesture. “Not on'y I taken them jools off Yodel, but I made him write a confession befo' I left him go. I took that confession to the p'lice, an' they has telegraphed ev'ywhere fo' other p'lices to be on the watchout fo' Mistuh Harris.”

Florian knew that he should feel very happy, but somehow his joy was incomplete. He could not forget that the agony of his pursuit had been unnecessary and that the terrific beating he had suffered was entirely pointless. As from a great distance he heard Spasm's kindly voice:

“You look kind of bunged up, Brother Slappey. Where has you been?”

Florian's pride was not entirely gone. He opened his one good eye and made a heroic effort to appear casual.

“I was out on a case,” he answered vaguely.

“Tell me about it.”

Mr. Slappey shrugged. “No use, Spasm—you is too dumb to understand.”

And Mr. Johnson nodded meekly: “Reckon I is, Florian—but, gosh! ev'ybody can't be smart like you.”

THE END

His Touch Was Death

(Continued from page 27)

repudiation of Fisk's gold purchases, running high into the millions. Calling up a judge that he carried on his payroll, Gould ordered him to come to the apartment of Josie Mansfield, Fisk's mistress, and when the eminent jurist had duly reported, commanded him to issue an injunction preventing the enforcement of any contract against Fisk. As a consequence, the brokers who executed the orders were left holding the bag, bankruptcy their only refuge.

Gould's gold conspiracy was a scandal that shook the country, and Congress, forced to action, appointed a committee of investigation headed by James A. Garfield. The report, when issued, branded Gould as “the guilty plotter of all these criminal proceedings,” but no prosecution was instituted. After a time the fury died down and the buccaneer, emerging from his covert, walked the street again in safety.

Turning back to Erie with renewed zest, Gould now entered upon a series of operations that were to bring him back into even greater jeopardy than the sinister activities of Black Friday. “Boss” Tweed, New York's political boss, and Peter Sweeney, his right-hand man, were put on the board of directors, and \$64,000,000 of watered stock was issued, presumably for improvements, although not one dollar

ever went for any such purpose. Enormous sums were spent in Albany and other state capitals, and Gould, put on the stand at a later day, smilingly explained that the money came from what was called “the india-rubber account.”

It was his day of greatest power, but Fate, tired of waiting on the law, suddenly took a hand in the game. “Jubilee Jim” Fisk, the boastful Don Juan of hotel lobbies and bar-rooms, was assassinated in 1871 by “Ed” Stokes as the result of a quarrel over Josie Mansfield's favor. Worse still, fiery Samuel J. Tilden began his reform crusade, not only bringing about the arrest of “Boss” Tweed, but forcing the impeachment of the corrupt judges who had been Tweed's chief instruments in the loot of city and state.

As if these two blows were not enough, the English owners of Erie stock now came forward to contest Gould's control. In 1872, borrowing a leaf out of his own book, they took the law in their hands, elected a new board of directors, and seized possession of the records and offices by physical force. Gould secured court orders, and attacked the usurpers with some half-hundred policemen, but even as it seemed he might win, an old treachery turned up to defeat him.

One Henry N. Smith, aforetime senior partner in the brokerage firm of Smith, Gould and Martin, had been rooked by Gould in a particularly shameless fashion, and by way of securing revenge, the ruined man now came forward with some old books that showed the smart little president of Erie to have lifted \$12,000,000 out of the treasury in a single lump. Gould, facing indictment, agreed to make restitution, but as always, he made it in such manner as to insure him a handsome profit. By announcing that he would return the \$12,000,000 and withdraw from Erie, he sent the stock up, and then following with a denial that he contemplated any such course, sent the stock down. By selling short at the high price, and covering at the low, he made a goodly sum, and on top of this, actually bamboozled the Erie on his final settlement.

OUT of Erie, Jay Gould's darting eye turned to the Union Pacific, apparently a lemon that had been thoroughly squeezed. The Credit Mobilier, the notorious graft that involved a Vice-President and many members of Congress, looted the line of \$23,000,000, and various other manipulations had milked additional millions. The road was still a valuable prop-

erty, however, and aside from its earnings owned twelve million acres of land donated by the Government, much of it valuable for its timber and coal deposits.

Heavy purchases of Union Pacific stock in 1873 gave Gould a place on the directorate, and from the inside he studied ways and means of extracting profit from his new venture. His first step was to obtain control of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, running from Kansas City to Denver, a property so thoroughly looted and depreciated that Gould bought the stock at \$10 a share. Following this he picked up all floating stock in the Denver Pacific, another run-down line, and then made a hurried trip to Holland, where he bought a bunch of the securities from a despairing group of Dutch holders. A third acquisition was control of the Central Pacific, equally worthless.

THESE things done, Gould now went before the directors of the Union Pacific and blandly proposed a combination of that road with his own Kansas Pacific, share for share. His answer was a burst of laughter, for Union Pacific was selling at sixty as compared to twelve for Kansas Pacific, but merriment changed to consternation when Gould began to cut rates, and announced an intention to join and extend his roads so as to parallel the Union Pacific. Another meeting was held, and the two roads were put together at par, although Gould, as a gesture, did throw in the Denver Pacific as "trimmings." His profit, according to his own admission, was \$10,000,000, but by the time he quit the Union Pacific, in 1883, this amount had grown to \$40,000,000.

Inasmuch as the Union Pacific had been built by government land grants and a loan of \$27,000,000, President Cleveland appointed a committee of investigation in 1887, and this body found that the sum of \$136,314,000 "had been dissipated." Proceeding, the report declared that "The Union Pacific Company has received \$176,294,000 in surplus earnings and land sales during eighteen years, and if its stock had been fully paid, as Congress required that it should be, and as its officers certified under oath that it was, nearly all of that money would be applicable to-day to the payment of the Government debt. The company has paid out \$28,650,770 in dividends and \$82,742,850 in interest on bonds, nearly all of which was distributed to shareholders without consideration. It has sunk over \$10,000,000 in Denver, South Park and Pacific; it paid out \$10,000,000 to Jay Gould and his associates for branch lines and other investments which were worthless."

Turning away from the Union Pacific, Gould now proceeded

to acquire the Wabash, the Missouri Pacific, the Denver and Rio Grande, the Texas Pacific, the St. Louis and Iron Mountain and the Missouri, Kansas and Texas, welding them into what he called his "Southwestern system." Here again the man had the chance to rise to greatness as a railroad builder and a constructive force in American life, but he ignored these opportunities and remained the same epitome of rapacity that had looted the Erie and Union Pacific.

The Wabash was a combination of some sixty-eight small roads in Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Iowa. Gould added \$10,000,000 to its capitalization, increased its indebtedness by \$56,000,000, and in 1884 forced the property into a receivership, naming two of his tools as receivers. The conduct of these men was so scandalous that Judge Walter Q. Gresham, of the United States Circuit Court, removed them for misconduct, and appointed a new receiver. In spite of judicial decisions, however, and the screams of stockholders, Gould managed to retain control of the Wabash, and passed it on to his heirs.

Each one of Gould's railroad campaigns was huge and complicated enough to have absorbed the time and mind of the average financier, but the dynamic midget, driven by his rapacities, not only carried on two or three at the same time, but simultaneously conducted other raids in widely separated fields. As an example, along with the attack on Union Pacific, and

the formation of the Southwestern system, he engaged in the daring foray that captured control of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

At the head of this rich monopoly stood William H. Vanderbilt, a lethargic gentleman with none of the force of his father, so that when the smart little freebooter began his attack it was about as much of a struggle as a fight between a pike and a carp. Gould's first move was to build an opposition telegraph line along the Union Pacific, and when poor Vanderbilt had been forced to buy this for a huge sum a second competing company, the American Union, was gaily announced.

The next step was a campaign against Western Union stock. By cutting rates, by hiring Vanderbilt's best executives, and by persistent and skilful short sales, Gould beat down the price, and, buying heavily at low figures, managed to get control away from slow-moving, slow-thinking Vanderbilt. The third step was the absorption of the American Union by the Western Union and the addition of new millions to the Gould fortune.

Another famous Gould coup was in connection with the elevated railroads of New York City. Two lines were in operation in 1881—the Metropolitan and the New York—but their control was vested in the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company, a holding organization. Gould, nosing about, his black eyes searching for a weak spot, found that while the Manhattan was incorporated for only two millions,

it had paid thirteen millions in stock for its lease on the operating lines.

Crouched in the background, the master mind now pulled the strings that started various puppets into furious action. The Attorney-General suddenly leaped forward and asked the annulment of the Manhattan charter, and this was followed by injunctions restraining the Manhattan from further payment of dividends. At the same time the *New York World*, bought by Gould a year before, launched a bitter attack against the solvency of the Manhattan, terrifying stockholders with gloomy prediction of bankruptcy.

A complaisant judge threw the Manhattan into receivership, and by way of facilitating the attack established himself in the Western Union offices so as to be on call when Gould had papers for him to sign. As the stock dropped lower and lower Gould began to buy, and when the rumor spread boldly came out with denials and further attacks on Manhattan values. "In my opinion," he declared in one signed statement, "the Manhattan Railway Company is hopelessly and irretrievably insolvent."

Slowly at first, but more swiftly, Manhattan sunk from a high of fifty-seven to a low of fifteen and a
(Continued on page 46)



Taken during an American Legion carnival in the heart of New York, showing the Chrysler and Daily News buildings, contrasts in modern architecture

(Continued from page 45)

half, and Gould secured the control that was his purpose. No sooner was his object accomplished than the obliging judge ended the receivership, confirming the validity of all leases, while an equally subservient Attorney-General dismissed the suit for the annulment of the charter. Almost overnight Manhattan stock swung back from fifteen to forty-three, and there were still more millions to add to the Gould fortune.

One of Gould's principal helpers in the Manhattan raid was Cyrus W. Field, famous as the projector of the first Atlantic cable. Like many another, Field thought himself important enough to rest assured of Gould's good faith, and shrewd enough to protect himself against betrayal even if mistaken in his first assumption. In 1887, therefore, he confided to Gould and Russell Sage that he wanted to run the price of Manhattan up to two hundred, and asked them to come in on the plan. Both gave their enthusiastic assent, and Field, buying valiantly, actually succeeded in boosting Manhattan to 175.

Precisely at this moment Gould and Sage threw great blocks of stock on the market, and, at the same time, arranged with various banks to call Field's loans. Down went Manhattan like a plummet, and the ruined man, pleading

with Gould for mercy, had 78,000 shares of Manhattan taken over at about seventy-five points under the price he had paid for them. Pride crushed, and courage gone as well as money, Field took the charity of Pierpont Morgan for a while, but died in 1892 of a broken heart.

There seemed to be a moment when Field, Smith, Leupp and other victims were to be avenged, for, in 1888, stockholders of the Denver Pacific charged Gould with the embezzlement of 30,000 shares of the stock and asked his indictment. James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *Herald*, seized the opportunity to discharge some of his own grievances, beginning a savage attack, and to add to Gould's danger, the foreman of the grand jury happened to be a capitalist he had double-crossed several years before. Frightened as never before, the little black man fled to his yacht and lost himself in the ocean lanes, only returning when a friendly judge ruled that the statute of limitations had run.

It was the last attempt to bring Jay Gould to justice. Possessing millions, master of 18,000 miles of railroad, owner of America's telegraph monopoly, his wealth and power mocked the rage of his victims and the hate of a nation. Rival money masters, all of whom had denounced him as a public menace, now sat with him in apparent amity, for on his boards were

J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Francis Adams, Collis P. Huntington, and John Jacob Astor. No less than President Benjamin Harrison received him as an honored guest, and the most exclusive society of New York opened its doors to his sons and daughters.

Lordly were his days but not so the nights. Along in the still small hours, the policeman on the beat would see a weazened figure slip out of the door of the mansion at Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue, and watched while the tortured millionaire padded up and down the deserted street, inviting exhaustion that it might bring him sleep. Insomnia wore him down, opening the way for tuberculosis, and on December 3, 1892, life left the wasted little body.

A couple of clergymen, preaching over the remains, fumbled miserably for words of extenuation, if not praise, but the press refused to let charity curb its comment, and Joseph Pulitzer, in particular, loosed his exhortation: "He leaves a great fortune, built upon the ruin of his early benefactors, and increased beyond the dreams of avarice by the remorseless sacrifice of later associates and friends. He could have done vast good in many directions. He has done nothing but heap up money, often by dishonorable means, and leave it in trust for his children. It is not a death that will cause any public sorrow."

Motoring Today and Tomorrow

(Continued from page 19)

of street and highway regulations is not to hamper, but to accelerate traffic movement as much as may be consistent with safety. They have found out that it is not what speed the law may permit that governs safe driving, but what speed circumstances may dictate. The most modern practice is to indicate, on roadside signs, rates of speed considered reasonable under normal conditions, but to hold the motorist accountable for bad driving at all times, whether he is exceeding the indicated speed or not. This should be the rule everywhere. The volume of traffic requires that not only speed limits, but all regulations, be based on expert study and analysis of conditions, rather than on personal opinion, or old-established custom.

BY THE same token, the volume of traffic, a large portion of which is composed of "out of state" cars, makes uniformity of regulations an absolute necessity. Confusion and danger result from the thousand-and-one divergencies in rules that now confront the motorist almost everywhere. In one town left turns must be made from the extreme right, while in the next they must be made from near the center. In one town right turns may be made only on a green light, while in the next they may be made on a red light, too. In some you may pass halted street cars at a distance of eight feet, whereas in others you may not pass halted street cars at all. There is no need for me to enumerate such differences at length. You've encountered enough of them yourself to know how absurd they are.

The National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, inaugurated in 1926, under the auspices of the U. S. Department of Commerce, has worked out a model Uniform Motor Vehicle Code, applicable by states and municipalities. It includes systems of traffic regulation based on scientific studies of the problems involved, together with specifications for standardized lights, roadside signs and markers. These systems are sufficiently flexible to allow deviations where special local peculiarities require them, yet are designed to permit the motorist to drive from coast to coast with only one set of basic rules to remember.

That is so eminently sensible an arrangement that you might assume every state and every

municipality would have adopted it as soon as possible. Some states have done so, making the entire code a part of the state law. Among these are New Jersey, Wisconsin and New York. Massachusetts also has taken unto itself, very wisely, the right to dictate to individual communities within its borders exactly what regulations, and what signals, signs and markers they may or may not use. That is a step in the right direction.

Many municipalities have adopted the model traffic ordinance, which was designed to harmonize with the Uniform Code. Yet despite the fact that these very tangible aids to the motorist have been proved practical in actual use, many states, cities and towns still adhere to outworn, slipshod methods of traffic regulation based largely on guesswork and

York state there is so wide a variation in penalties that a conference of mayors has been organized for the purpose of stabilizing them.

We are a great people for doing things on a big scale. Last year we killed some 33,000 men, women and children in automobile accidents and injured a million more. We spent, in round figures, a cool billion dollars on those accidents. All told, a scandalous waste of human material, of time and of money. A billion dollars would buy groceries for two million average families for a year.

How can motor accidents be prevented? That question can best be answered by seeking the answer to another, which is: what causes them? The place to look for that information would seem to be among the official reports describing them. Most cities and large towns maintain bureaus of vital statistics in conjunction with their police departments, health departments, or both. Such bureaus classify and analyze information received from the local police, whose duty it is to report in detail on all accidents occurring within the town or city limits. But nowadays an increasingly large proportion of automobile accidents occur on state highways, outside the jurisdiction of any town. There are a few states which require that every motorist involved in a smash-up make immediate report of it to the Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, or some other central authority. But there are far more states which make no such requirement. The result is that their accident records are incomplete and of little value.

If state officials know where, when and why mishaps are taking place on their highways, they can engage in preventive measures to fit the need. For instance, if the records show that a certain intersection is a danger spot, then something can be done to make it safer. But if there are no records to call it to the attention of those in authority, then that intersection remains a danger spot. You know—or at any rate you should—whether or not your state requires you to report any accident you may be involved in. If it doesn't collect such statistics, and make use of them, can it be deeply interested in the welfare of those who travel its highways?

When you take a train, you do not wonder whether the engineer knows his business; boarding a steamer, you do not inquire as to the fitness of the captain. You know very well

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 43)

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| I | T | E | M | E | C | L | A | T | S | C | A | N | |
| O | U | R | T | R | A | U | M | A | S | O | R | E | |
| T | R | E | E | A | R | B | O | R | I | B | E | X | |
| A | N | M | I | S | T | R | U | S | T | S | A | T | |
| S | T | I | R | S | I | R | A | L | A | S | | | |
| D | A | T | O | M | C | A | L | E | E | S | | | |
| A | R | T | N | O | T | A | B | L | E | R | E | I | |
| M | O | T | H | R | I | L | E | D | C | A | K | E | |
| S | I | L | I | C | O | N | D | E | B | A | T | E | S |
| E | L | E | V | E | N | L | R | A | R | E | S | T | |
| L | S | E | T | L | E | T | R | E | D | A | | | |
| T | R | E | L | E | G | A | T | E | S | N | | | |
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custom. If yours is delinquent in this respect, you will do yourself and all other motorists a favor by finding out why.

There should also be uniformity in penalties for violations. It is not right that the fine for speeding, say, should be \$5 in one town, \$15 in another and \$25 somewhere else. In New

that men can't become engine drivers or steamship captains without first proving their qualifications. If I invited you to go up in an airplane with me, I rather imagine you'd want to know whether or not I was a licensed pilot. If I said I hadn't yet passed the tests, but knew all about flying, anyway, you'd probably remember quite suddenly that you had a pressing engagement elsewhere. But if I offered to drive you in my car to keep that engagement, the chances are you'd accept at once, without bothering to find out whether or not I was qualified to drive.

The motor car is so familiar an object to-day that a lot of people take it for granted that anyone is competent to handle one. That this is a mistaken belief is shown by the accident records, which reveal that 90 per cent of our motor mishaps are traceable to failure of the human factor. While it is perhaps true that all men are created equal so far as concerns their right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is far from true that they are created equal in mental and physical equipment. That is so obvious as to be a pretty dull statement. But seemingly it is not obvious to the legislators in fully half of our states, where no effort is made to determine who is and who is not capable of driving an automobile safely.

To be a good driver a person must have many qualities in combination. Among the first of these are eyesight and hearing that measure up to a certain standard, intelligence enough to learn the highway regulations and understand their application, the ability to reason from cause to effect and to apply this reasoning quickly in cases of emergency. And that is not all. To be a safe driver a person must also have self-control and a sense of responsibility.

That seems like a good many qualifications; but could you discard any of them as unessential? And do you think that all the men and women in your community possess them in equal degree? I doubt it. Do you think that every boy and girl over fourteen possesses them in equal degree? Well, hardly.

IS IT fair to the persons who do possess the necessary qualifications to drive well, and who want to drive carefully, to give the unfit the same privileges of the road? Is it right that you, for instance, should be exposed to the danger created by the fancy driving of some irresponsible schoolboy, the mistakes of some dull-witted adult, or the antics of a driver under the influence of liquor or drugs? Doesn't it seem reasonable to suppose that keeping the unfit out of the driver's seat might make conditions more pleasant and safer for the majority?

It is objected in certain quarters that depriving some persons of the privilege of driving is an infringement of their natural rights. In one large state, incredible though it may seem, that silly argument actually prevailed against the enactment of an operators' license law. Incidentally, that particular state is one of the worst, from the standpoint of accident rates. Results are what count. The states which have been testing and licensing drivers over a period of years have reduced motor accidents 29 per cent as compared with the rates of increase before they adopted license laws. Translated into other terms, that means a saving of approximately 20,000 human lives.

The only valid objection to the testing and licensing of drivers is that the tests are not in every case conclusive. They show whether or not a person is physically fit to drive and knows how to manipulate the pedals and levers, and also, by oral examination, reveal

his knowledge and understanding of the regulations. They do not, as yet, show to what extent he is responsible and to be trusted to do the right thing in a moment of stress. In Massachusetts and Connecticut the authorities are working with psychologists in an attempt to devise tests that will be more completely revealing. In both states particular attention is being paid to the education and treatment of persons whose records show them to be "accident repeaters," with a view to



"—And remember, children, keep your ailerons level and don't try to bank until you gain flying speed"

helping them overcome their faults. Meanwhile, granting that operators' tests are not all that they might be, there remains the power of the license, which is very great. The testing of a driver may not prevent him from driving recklessly, but the revocation of his license can do so very effectively.

Much valuable accident prevention work is being carried on with the help of the National Safety Council and other agencies among drivers of trucks, taxis and buses. Its results are significant because they demonstrate beyond question that drivers educated in the principles of safety, and determined to apply them, can consistently avoid accidents. Owners of fleets of trucks who impress on their men that there is no such thing as an "unavoidable accident," so far as they are concerned, and that it is up to them to keep out of trouble, find that they can do it if they try. Investigation into the basic causes of mishaps reveals the importance of the personal element, for example:

John Doe applied for a position as chauffeur with a taxi company. His references were excellent. Inquiry showed him to be a steady young married man of exemplary character. Tests indicated him to be physically fit, mentally alert and a skillful driver. He was employed and for some weeks had an unblemished record. Then he became involved in a succession of minor collisions, which brought him to the attention of the personnel director. Why had this man, originally a safe driver, suddenly gone haywire, so to speak?

Questioning brought out a very simple explanation. John Doe's father owned a cigar store, but had been taken ill. During the daytime, therefore, the young man had been tend-

ing store himself. Driving a cab at night after a full day's work in the store, had left him insufficient time for sleep. Fatigue had slowed up his reactions, so that though he knew what to do in emergencies, he couldn't do it quickly enough.

Because employers are insisting on the exercise of care and are keeping checks on their drivers' records, the commercial vehicle accident rate is being materially reduced. When all states adopt similar methods with respect to the operators of private passenger cars, then the accident rate in general will also be reduced.

Next comes enforcement, without which the most sensible regulations are valueless. As things now stand, the enforcement of traffic laws throughout this country is in a sadly disorganized condition. For this there are several reasons: the existence of ill-conceived and out-of-date regulations that cannot be enforced; the lack of police in sufficient numbers detailed exclusively to traffic duty; and the lack of facilities for the swift and just handling of motor-vehicle cases.

There are two classes of traffic-law violations: minor and major. As the National Safety Council points out, the first class consists of acts which affect principally the convenience of motorists. The second class are infractions of rules essential to safety. Minor violations, such as overtime parking, failure to stop on signal of an officer, driving with defective lights, and a host of others, are misdemeanors. These are punishable through the medium of small fines, except in the cases of habitual offenders. The major violations, on the other hand, such as reckless driving, driving when intoxicated, leaving the scene of an accident, are felonies punishable by large fines, jail sentences, or both.

THE increasing number of violations of both classes makes it absolutely necessary that the distinction between them be taken into account and that they be dealt with separately. The driver guilty of a misdemeanor should not be treated as a felon. He should be penalized for his offense, of course, but the process should not involve the wasting of hours of his time, and that of the officer who has given him a ticket. Wherever minor violators and traffic officers are forced to spend hours in crowded courts, simply to ensure the payment of a trivial fine, enforcement is lax. To escape going to court the motorist says to the cop: "See, here, can't this little thing be fixed up?" And the cop, equally anxious to avoid going to court, says: "Well, maybe, if nobody's looking." The result is not only that the motorist thinks he can get away with the same offense, or other offenses, in future, but that he actually can do so. He comes to disrespect the traffic laws; and at the same time seriously impairs the morale of the police.

To do away with this situation there has been evolved an institution known as a "Traffic Violations Bureau." This is a clerical office, organized as an adjunct to a court, or to police headquarters, to which minor violators are summoned. They can go there, sign a card on which they plead guilty to the offenses charged, pay the prescribed penalty and leave—all within a few minutes. The presence of the arresting officer is not required. The records of offenses of all persons appearing at the bureau are kept on file there, however, and after a certain number of violations the motorist is haled to court.

Wherever, as in Akron, Los Angeles, Chicago, Dayton, Indianapolis, Detroit, and a scattering of other cities, these Traffic Violations Bureaus have been set up—whether known by that or some other name—the result has been to relieve congestion in the courts and to effect a tightening of law enforcement. Even in small communities, where the establishment of

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a bureau might not be justified, the principle can be used, by making it possible for minor violators to pay fines to the police department, the town prosecutor, the town clerk, or some other official, without the necessity of appearing in court.

Despite the practical success of the violations bureau already functioning, in scores of cities and towns not only are no provisions made for separating the two types of violators, but no special provisions are made for dealing with traffic cases apart from ordinary criminal cases. Not every community is large enough to warrant the establishment of a separate traffic court; but almost any community can, and should, establish special sessions of its court, in which none other than traffic cases are heard.

IT IS human nature to wish to escape punishment and it is also human nature, when one is in a position of authority, to exercise leniency in certain cases. But there is too great a tendency among traffic law violators to exert personal or political influence in order to evade penalties, instead of taking their medicine like responsible citizens. There is also too great a disposition, among judges and magistrates, to be lenient with motorists. Before me I have a chart showing what was done in a certain western city with 1,287 drivers arrested for major violations during the first-half of 1931. Of these 574 were dismissed, 335 found not guilty, 38 jumped their bonds, others were granted stays—and in all only 171 were punished. There is no need to comment on that record, which speaks for itself. If it were an isolated case, it would not be significant, but it's fairly typical of a nation-wide judicial laxity in traffic law enforcement. Apart from giving dangerous drivers the notion that they are above the law, this looseness discourages the police from making arrests.

In these times, legislatures and town or city governments are not over anxious to add to their expenditures. For that reason I have mentioned first the least expensive remedies for some of our motoring ills, saving until last those which will cost most, namely the construction of new highways designed for modern motor traffic and the modernization of old ones.

In the recent past, billions of dollars have been spent by towns, counties and states, all working independently and trying to outdo one another in amount of mileage. But though all that money did give us a network of connecting roads, it did not give us a highway system suited to the expanding requirements of our automobile traffic. Already thousands of miles of highway not yet fully paid for are hopelessly out of date.

We must not too freely condemn the experts of even a decade ago for lack of foresight.

What we must do, however, is to insist that not a dollar more be put into haphazard construction, such as the widening of ancient turnpikes running into the hearts of towns, when the common good would be better served at lower cost by the erection of entirely new routes in new locations. In this respect our newspapers can render great service by keeping us informed of proposed highway programs and explaining exactly what they should mean to us in terms of added safety, convenience, attractiveness and effect on adjacent property values.

It is beyond the scope of this article to deal in detail with the technical and many-faceted highway problems. Local conditions are so varied that no general remedy for them exists. There are, however, broad principles which can be applied everywhere.

The pressing need of motoring today is for additional street and highway capacity, in order that congestion may be relieved, traffic flow accelerated and danger minimized. This need can only be filled by making thorough studies of the causes of congestion and danger, with a view to eliminating them as permanently as may be.

The capacity of a street or highway can be increased in two ways: by widening the pavement to accommodate more lanes of cars, or by making possible higher speeds on the pavement already existing. The important thing in choosing a method of improvement is that it be based not on guesswork, but on analyses of facts. The more time and labor spent in preliminary studies by expert traffic engineers and city planners, the less money will be spent, in the long run, on construction which merely changes situations but does not improve them.

Take, for example, the comparatively simple matter of traffic lights of the automatic "fixed cycle" type, that is, the kind which are set to operate at stated intervals. These devices have been installed and are still maintained at hundreds of points where their use produces unnecessary and wasteful delays. I know of dozens of intersections on main routes where through traffic is stopped by red lights every few minutes, regardless of whether the side roads contain drivers wishing to cross or not. Years ago, when such lights were the only available substitutes for policemen, there was doubtless some excuse for using them; but today their use is justifiable only at crossings where both roads carry an almost equal volume of traffic. At the intersection of an important road with an unimportant one, cars on the former should be permitted to keep moving, except when the actual demands of cross traffic make a stop necessary. This can be accomplished by the use of lights actuated by the arrival of vehicles on the side road. Studies of traffic flow, revealing the average number of machines using one road as compared with

the other should be made before the installation of any signal, so that the type best fitted for the purpose may be determined in advance. Such studies may show that no light is needed at all, but only a stop sign. Or they may show that, because of the number of cars traveling in all directions at all hours, the only satisfactory way to overcome congestion and danger at that particular spot will be by means of a rotary traffic circle, or an overpass.

WE NEED two kinds of highways, just as railroads need two kinds of tracks—one for local and the other for express travel. Our existing network of roads leading into towns can be made, with alterations and extensions, to serve local requirements. The next step must be to provide "expressways" for the long distance motorist. Such routes must be so designed as to permit the use of high speeds with safety. To do this they must be free from grade intersections, sharp turns, narrow bridges and the hundred and one other bad features that characterize our older highways. They must, in short, be so planned as to give the express motorist a clear track. They will be roads that approach everywhere, but end nowhere.

Though the science of planning them is only in its infancy, a few motorways of this character have already been built. Among the most noteworthy of these are the parkways of Westchester County, New York, one of which, recently completed, makes possible a fifty-mile non-stop run through a thickly populated suburban territory without entering the streets of a single town. Another is the Washington Memorial Highway, from the capital to Mt. Vernon, soon to be opened by the U. S. Bureau of Public Roads, which designed and built it. Still others are the systems of "super-highways" of New Jersey and Michigan. It should be noted that not alone speed and safety are being considered in the design of the best of these expressways, but beauty also. Hitherto our road building has taken little account of that item, with the result that in countless instances our roadsides have degenerated into eyesores, with depreciation of property values as a further result. Considering the amount of time we spend in our cars, it would seem that in future no highway plan should be deemed complete which does not provide for the preservation of natural beauty, or the beautification of unattractive roadsides by landscaping. Not only because beauty gives pleasure, but because it has a definite investment value.

When the horseless carriage was young, we had no past mistakes to guide us. Nowadays we have plenty. Let's profit by them, so that we may look forward to enjoying, in the not too distant future, the golden age of motoring.

Half a Million

(Continued from page 11)

detectives, with good descriptions of Seager on paper, returned to the big town confident that a cash-heeled scamp would at some time or other desire to eat from the city's fleshpots and that they would get him while he feasted. Their patience was in vain.

Pittsburgh, near at hand, took charge of the hard police work, and kept at it long after the first furor of chase subsided. When he was certain that the fugitive had slipped out of the vicinity, Chief of Police Hugh spread out maps of the West on his desk and scrutinized them. He had concluded that Seager was a smart, crafty man, who had planned as carefully for escape as for the robbery itself. He had heard of Seager's earlier talk of wanting to go West. Where, he asked himself, would a shrewd man decide he would be safe? His finger on the map came to rest on the printed name of Denver. No one with money would be questioned there, he thought,

and opportunities for its investment would be plentiful. In his theory, a person with such a big fortune in his possession would be more apt to turn respectable than to continue as a reckless criminal. For that matter, too, Denver was wild enough should Seager choose to gamble or to hit the high spots generally. Chiefly, the city was remote and harder to reach than many places more distant.

The Police Chief may have known more than he ever told. One may suspect that he had come upon a bit of evidence that Seager had headed westward. At any rate, the chief had either reason or faith enough to go himself to Denver. The Union Pacific Railroad had just linked the Missouri country with California, but no railroad line had yet been laid to Denver, either from Kansas City or Omaha. The Chief went to the latter city and then wearily by stage-coach to Denver. He remained in Colorado for many months, going into the

high mountain mining camps, searching with methodical thoroughness. Even when he abandoned a personal hunt, he arranged with General D. J. Cook, its intrepid head, that the Rocky Mountain Detective Association should continue a watch and report to him regularly. Having set the trap, he returned to Pittsburgh.

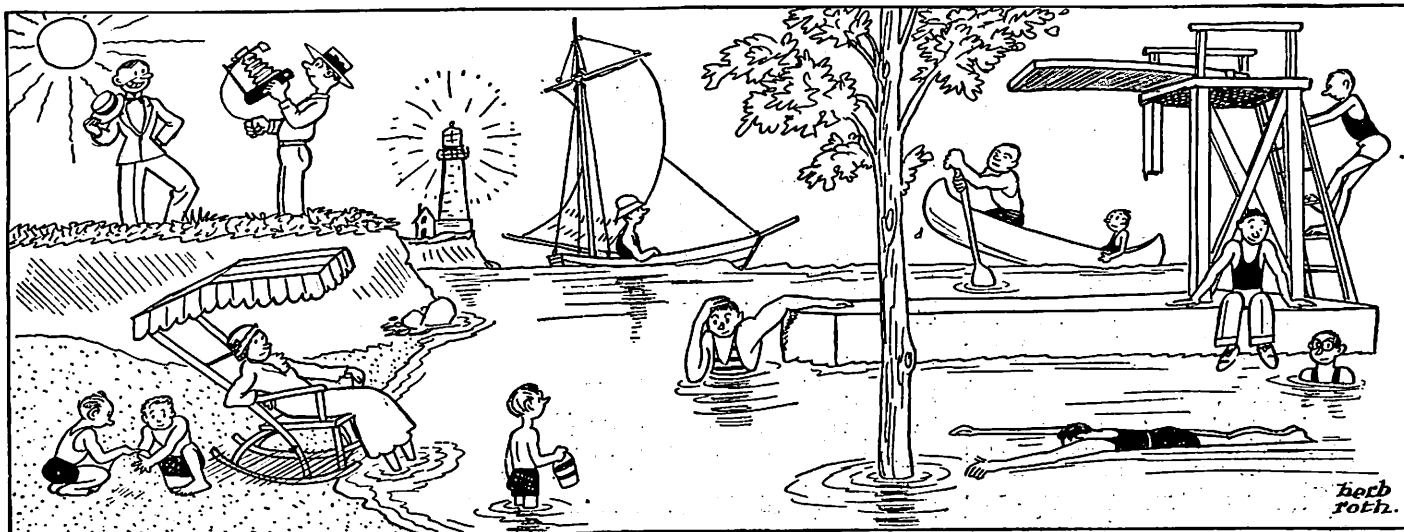
Rarely has a theory been worse mangled by fact than this one of the sturdy Police Chief's. He was about as wrong as any one could be, except for the truth that Seager laid a course for the West—that is, as far as the Mississippi.

By the shortest route from his barn Seager cut for the Ohio River, stole a row-boat, drifted down stream to a town with a steam-boat wharf, pushed his own little craft back into the current, walked across the crew's plank to the steamer, and hired himself out as a coal-heaver. The ropes were cast off an hour later and he was stoking a boiler.

On the trip down stream, his only oddity

What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 52)



was choice of his grain sack as a pillow for his bunk. He could not keep the sack under his eye when he was doing his spell of duty, but the risk wasn't great. The law of the river was to mind one's own business. A worker's bunk was his own. Besides, this big man looked like a fighter. The half-million was unguessed and unmolested.

Seager took his pay at St. Louis. He had been Jim Roberts on the boat. In St. Louis and thenceforth he called himself Tom Magee. He bought himself good black garments, fine boots, linen, and a black felt hat. The coat was long-skirted, double-breasted, and square-cut at the bottom. It would have suited either a minister or a gambler. He was, in fact, outfitted as a conventional river-boat gambler. He had selected his vocation. Acutely, too, for the gaming table not only would allow him to put his bills into circulation, but let him change big bills for smaller ones and get him currency that would be safe for spending elsewhere. He feared for a while that the numbers of the bills might have been listed and an alarm raised for them. There was no number list. He need not have worried, and did not very long.

He ran back and forth on the river palaces between St. Louis and New Orleans for more than a year, living generously, drinking wines instead of whisky, gambling excitedly, winning sometimes, losing more often. He didn't seem to mind. Gamblers and passengers liked to play with him. He was a river figure. Half a dozen chiefs of police along the shores called him Tom. Beyond growing a heavy mustache he made no attempt at physical disguise. He needed none, for his way of life had so softened him that he bore no resemblance to the farmer James Seager. Hard brown hands had become delicate and white. His face had lost its tan and was thinner and sharper. He looked more Southerner than Northerner.

The pillow-case had been transformed into a plump sofa cushion. The original feathers had been removed and the bills stuffed in. It did not look like a comfortable cushion, being at once too large and too hard, but it was the apple of the gambler's eye. He said it had been given to him by his best girl and that it was his lucky piece. A gambler's superstitions are respected by other members of the cult. The cushion, with that aura about it, was safer than if it had been behind steel walls. Up and down the river it traveled, tossed from berth to chair, slept upon, sat on, pummeled, tenderly regarded.

The new Tom Magee worried, of course. The tension showed in the lines of his face, but those who pass their nights betting on the fall of the cards are expected to display some signs of strain. He was unusually marked by his nervousness.

When there was need he entered his bank by ripping a seam, resewing it with care. He became a good thread-and-needle man. After the first year, the cushion was a little less bulky. His luck began to run against him, casting a shadow on the saying that a gambler who can afford to lose wins easiest. Having been secure for a year, he was lighter of heart, and more reckless. He gained and relished the reputation of being at the call of any big game. He became, too, more of a target for the sharpsters—a perambulating treasure-chest for them.

One night he was cheated too crudely. The winner laid down four kings, when Magee had discarded a side king to draw for the fourth queen, which also he had gotten. He had backed the four queens until \$15,000 was in the center of the table. When he reached for the discard to find the king and prove the cheat, the crooked player shot him in the shoulder, claiming that he mistook the movement for an attempt to seize the pot. He apologized contritely. In the confusion the cards were pushed off the table onto the floor. When the deck was recovered and sorted there were only four kings in it. The sleight-of-hand trickster had retrieved the evidence and got rid of it. He kept the pot. Magee's accusation was not believed, and never would have been had not the cheater been caught, months later, trying the trick in a gambling house ashore.

IT is doubtful if Magee ever heard. His river days were ended. He had been shot as the boat was nearing New Orleans, and a shore doctor gave him speedy treatment. Though the injury was serious he refused to go to a hospital, and he was taken to private lodgings. His cushion, he said, was the most comfortable rest for his damaged shoulder. He and the cushion were carried together on the stretcher on which he was taken from the boat. When he was able to sit in a chair the precious cushion belonging bolstered his back.

Up to this time, Seager, or Magee, as we will continue to call him, had spent about \$75,000 of the half million and had been engaged a year and a half in doing so. He had not been under suspicion from his associates or the police of the river cities for a single hour. No one had his secret. While he had not kept women at a distance he had not surrendered his liberty to any one of them.

The country was safe enough for him but he thought that there might be more pleasure to be found in other lands. River gamblers had told him that Havana was a delightful city, and that the Spaniards welcomed free spenders. So, when his wound was healed, he traveled, cushion under arm, to the West Indies. He found the surroundings as agreeable as he had

anticipated; in fact more so. Spanish women of respectable families were closely guarded and beyond his acquaintance. There were others, not demure, handsome creatures of the half-world, nightly to be met around the gambling tables of the casinos, as eager for the excitement of play as he. One of the most luxury-loving smiled on Magee. That is, after she had assured herself that he was unusually wealthy.

She called herself Donna Felice de Moncade, and claimed to be the widow of a Spaniard who had possessed large estates in Mexico. She said she had been deprived of her property by her husband's relatives. She spoke of Mexico as a paradise, urged Magee to take her back there, and advanced a plan for the purchase of a great ranch where they could live as lord and lady.

The picture she painted appealed to him. An estate would bring a perpetual revenue, whereas if he continued to spend cash at the rate it was going, even his hundreds of thousands would roll away in a few years. The City of Mexico would be near enough to afford diversion whenever they tired of the country. The Mexican capital, she said, was gayer even than Havana.

Donna Felice had her way. The pair went to Mexico. Magee guarded the cushion as well as she guarded him. His luck would be out, he told her, if he ever lost it. She also had a weakness for amulets and charms and his story was satisfactory to her. She was equal warden of the cushion thereafter. One might expect that some day she would notice a badly sewn seam and in repairing it would happen upon the heart of the mystery, and so rob her cavalier. Nothing of the sort occurred.

HER device for getting Magee's money was more complicated, more in keeping with her temperament as a plotter. The ranch, several thousand acres of grazing land radiating away from a commodious manor-house, was selected and bought. Herds of cattle, droves of horses, a village and the people on the land, all were included. Donna Felice seemed to know just where to find the ranch. She also did the bargaining. Magee signed his name in the indicated places after she had read the papers naming him as the new proprietor. He was learning Spanish, but slowly. The legal jargon was beyond him. Everyone bowed to him, and addressed him as a magnificent personage. He expanded his chest and strutted.

The cushion was a lot slimmer after he took out the sum necessary to buy the ranch. He stuffed in cotton to bring it back to its former shape. There was some trouble, too, about the

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use of greenbacks as payment. Donna Felice straightened that out by taking him to Mexico City and helping him negotiate for an exchange into gold. The good bills somehow lost some of their value in this trade. He couldn't understand why. The Spaniard who supplied the gold talked about rates of exchange, meaningless to Magee. Donna Felice and her friend split quite a bonus on the transaction. She did not want to share good pickings even with a friend, but that latter argued politely and secretly to her that she doubtless did not want the land-buying enterprise explained to Magee just yet. She did not, indeed, as long as he still had other money.

The amount gone into the ranch was lost forever to Magee. The papers he had ignorantly signed made Donna Felice the sole owner. He was not apt to guess the deceit, considering the way he was allowed to lord it over the domain. It was astonishing, however, to realize how much additional capital would have to be invested before the ranch returned the revenue of which it was capable. The old owner had let the strains of both horses and cattle deteriorate. It would be good business, Donna Felice explained, to sell poor stock at a loss and replace it with better. Blooded stallions and bulls of royal pedigree cost fabulously but their descendants would make the ranch famous. Magee was convinced. More cotton padding went into the cushion.

The woman, by instinct, had come upon a trait deeper inset in the former Pennsylvania farmer than his weakness for gambling. He had a healthy love for land, horses and cattle. He learned to ride herd with the best of his cowboys, lived his days in the open, lost the taste for cards, began to forget that he had robbed old Bennehoff of half a million dollars. The cushion now was just a cushion. The money, as such, was gone, being represented by the acres and its produce. Donna Felice was right. In five years the estate was yielding a fine income.

Who knows but what the story would have been different if Magee had been an ardent courtier to Donna Felice during the five years instead of spending his days in the saddle? Or would it have been the same? At any rate, she did not soften her original plan. When he told her that henceforth they would rely upon the

ranch for money and that it would give them an abundance, she knew that she had exhausted him as a mine. She was as familiar as he with the operation of the ranch. It would be easy to hire another foreman, who would be servant, not master. She had prepared a nest for herself and did not intend to share it.

She told him the truth, brutally, with armed men standing behind her. He learned that he was landless, as poor again as he ever had been, without right to so much as his saddle-horse and equipment, and a foreigner among enemies. He would not believe at first. She let him see the deeds. He knew the Spanish language now. The title papers disclosed to him how easily he had been tricked. In Mexico City, in final, desperate inquiry, he found he had no rights at law. Donna Felice held all the cards.

IN THE largeness of her heart, she sent word to him, she would not see him starve or have harm come to him. He could have his favorite horse, blankets, rifle and revolver, and she would give him a bag of silver dollars. She suggested that he ride toward the Rio Grande. He yielded, traveled to the village nearest the ranch, and took the leavings offered him.

Weary weeks later, the dollars nearly gone, a Mexican vaquero pulled up his horse at the challenge of a Texas Ranger. He was, he explained in English more twangy than the ranger's southern speech, not a Mexican but a homecoming American. He had been robbed, he said, by bandits who had seized his ranch, and had escaped only by the fleetness of his horse, after he had evaded a drowsy guard. His tale was not unusual. Many Americans had gone into Mexico immediately after the Civil War. Not all had fared well. The ranger advised him to hire out with the first cow outfit he met.

Magee could think of no better plan. After some drifting about, he got a job on a cattle ranch in the Llano Estacado district. He suited the boss so well that presently he was made foreman. The next season he was given charge of the big cattle drive to the railroad shipping point.

Denver was the destination of the cattle drive. By this time the railroad had reached there.

To Magee, Denver was just the name of the city where he would get rest and good food at the end of a spell of hard work. He never gave a thought to whether or not it was a safe place for him. He believed he was secure anywhere. Memory of his original offense did not trouble him at all. His regrets were all for his lost ranch and its herds.

He brought the drove up the long trail in good shape, left it at Cherry Creek in charge of his crew, and rode into Denver to arrange for railroad cars. With that task completed, he went into a restaurant, ordered a big supper, and ate with the relish of a man who hadn't been catered to in American style since he left New Orleans more than six years before.

The proprietor of the restaurant was struck both by the performance and the appearance of his guest, about whom there was something tantalizingly familiar. He walked over to where he could study the stranger more closely. Then he recognized him as Jim Seager, who stole Bennehoff's half million. He himself was Gus Potter, who had come west from Pennsylvania three years before. He and Jim Seager had been raised next farm to each other. He would know Jim anywhere, in cowboy clothing or any other togs. He stepped up and addressed the diner as Jim Seager.

The cattle man had been through too many rough experiences to be thrown off balance. Perhaps a readier man would have denied his identity. Perhaps Seager was keen enough to see that denial would not get him out of trouble, possibly he didn't care or thought Denver was lawless enough to shelter him anyway. He not only admitted he was Jim Seager, so casting away the alias of Tom Magee, but he greeted Potter happily and asked for the news from home.

Potter's next query was about the Bennehoff greenbacks. Did Seager have them yet? Seager replied that he supposed they were back in circulation, but that they had been useful to him while he had them. He implied that he owned a county stretch of land in Texas and that tens of thousands of cattle grazed on the grass. He said he had just brought a steer-herd to Denver for car loading. His claim to wealth turned out to be a clever defensive maneuver.

He arranged another meeting with Potter next day, kept the appointment, and related



The statue of Shakespeare in Central Park, with some of New York's most striking skyscrapers silhouetted in the background

CHARLES FIELDS CUSHING

then the story of his wanderings, not overlooking the misfortunes brought upon him by Donna Felice. His present prosperity, he said, was due to lucky gambling in Texas and to the quick investment of his winnings in land and cattle. The recital presumably was to convince his boyhood friend that he had lost the stolen money and was now going straight. He was not making the impression he desired. Curiously, too, he did not suspect that Potter had a deep grudge against him. Seager, as a big youngster, had bullied and beaten the smaller Potter. As bullies often do, he had forgotten the injuries. Potter had not. Potter knew also about the \$100,000 reward. That doubtless was the prime incentive for his action.

He went from the second meeting with Seager to General Cook, the detective chief, and related the facts. General Cook pulled out the file of papers left with him so long ago by Chief Hugh of Pittsburgh, and smiled as he read that officer's deduction that Seager surely would head for Denver and could be captured there. Well, thus it would be—and an ironic outcome, whether of logic or of luck. To assure the vindication of the Pittsburgh policeman as a reasoner, the General took down a

pair of handcuffs from a hook, surrounded himself with a mounted posse and rode to Cherry Creek.

That night Jim Seager was behind bars in the Denver jail and wires went east to Bennehoff to come prepared to pay a \$100,000 reward, and to the Pittsburgh police to send escort for a prisoner. Seager appeared more defiant than cast down, froze his face into poker immobility, and asked who were the best lawyers in Denver. He acted as if he had both money and influence behind him.

Bennehoff hurried to Denver, leaving his check-book at home. He had gained a faith in banks. The reward, however, could wait until he learned the whereabouts of the stolen greenbacks and the chances of getting them back. Seager smiled at him and confided to him more truthful details than he had given either to the restaurant man, or to his own lawyers. He said that not only was the half million gone beyond hope, but that he was hired man and not ranch owner. He intimated that Bennehoff might at least save \$100,000 by getting out of the State of Colorado speedily. If he believed the tale wasn't true he might go by way of Texas and visit the

ranchman who owned the cattle driven to Cherry Creek. Bennehoff did not doubt him. He wrote a letter to the prosecutor stating that seven years, he considered, outlawed a reward as well as a debt. He might consider paying \$250, and would decide the point later. He mailed the letter from the train en route home.

General Cook and the prosecutor did the best they could under the circumstances. Yet it was not strange that a Colorado court freed Seager on habeas corpus action brought by his attorneys. Seager was heard of no more in those parts, nor, as Seager, anywhere else.

There is a tradition on a Texas ranch that Tom Magee led a band of raiders into Mexico and was killed in a rash attack on a fortified ranch house owned by a Spanish widow woman. One version gave a name, calling the amazon defender Donna Felice. It may be so or it may be myth.

Whether he lived on as an obscure western desperado or died in a vengeful effort to regain twice stolen treasure, Seager got no good from the half million. Who indeed did? Unless, perchance, Donna Felice passed her remaining days serenely, which is very doubtful.

Thrill Makers

(Continued from page 8)

it would snap like a piece of dry spaghetti. It was a ticklish moment; one that called for cool thinking and quick action.

"My wire's kinked!" he shouted to Sinclair. Sinclair knew what that meant.

"Grab my hands!" he yelled.

Jones managed to get hold of one of Sinclair's hands just as the wire snapped.

Grover Jones, Billy's brother, now a writing ace at Paramount, who was directing the stunt from the top of the building, saw the predicament his brother was in and gave orders to haul the boys up to the roof.

Slowly, carefully, so as to avoid sudden jerks, assistant directors, cameramen and others began pulling the two men up.

"Your hand is sweaty and I'm slipping!" Jones called to Sinclair. "I've gotta grab your hair, Johnny!"

"Grab ahead!" called Sinclair.

Jones swung slightly and managed to reach up with his free hand and take hold of his partner's thick locks. The strain on Sinclair's scalp was terrific. Slowly but surely the men on the roof did their work and finally pulled the two stunt men over the ledge to safety. When Jones let go a handful of Sinclair's hair stuck in his hand. Seeing this Sinclair let out a yell!

"You dirty so and so! Now I'll be bald-headed!" he screamed. "And just to save a lousy stunt man!"

"Just a big-hearted pal!" said Jones, hugging Johnny.

Stunt men have an uncanny way of detecting danger that is not apparent to the director or anyone else on the set. Jones is particularly keen in this respect. A few years ago he was doubling for John Miljohn in a melodrama which his brother was directing for Billy West, an independent producer. The script called for a scene in a barroom in which Jones, doubling for the hero, was surrounded by a gang of thugs and cutthroats. There was but one exit from this room and the gangsters were between the hero and the door.

"Try to keep Billy from getting out of this room," Grover Jones directed.

"Try!" exclaimed a big "gangster" scornfully, "why he ain't got a chance!"

Billy Jones just grinned, looked the room over carefully, then went into a huddle with his brother.

"Better take the globes off that gas jet," he suggested. "If they break I might get a couple bad cuts."

"Can't do that, Billy," Grover replied. "The pipe's so dark it merges with the back

scenery. Without those globes the fixture doesn't register."

"All right," said Billy. "If they've got to be there I'll have to take a chance but I'm afraid they'll cause trouble."

Grover then called for lights, action and camera.

Instantly, Billy got into action. Leaping back from the table he overturned a couple of chairs. Then he leaped to the top of the bar, missing clutching hands by inches. From the bartop he leaped over the heads of two or three "gangsters" and grabbed the cross pipes of the chandelier. The set was so constructed that when weight was exercised on the lighting fixture the ceiling would give, crashing to the floor. Down she came, all right, and under it Billy, gangsters and all. Billy was then supposed to crawl out of the debris and escape. But he didn't move, although the camera kept on grinding.

"Come on, Billy," cried Director Jones. "Crawl out!"

"What! With this?" asked Billy, pointing to his right leg.

The broken glass from the light globes had made a long gash in his leg, bone deep. Twelve stitches were required to close the wound.

Back of the reel dramas which stunt men help make there is often *Real* drama which the ultimate audience does not see. An instance of this was furnished during the making of a picture called "The Scar"—part of which was shot on a "desert" location near San Fernando, in which Billy Jones doubled for Ora Carewe.

AS MEMBERS of a posse to hunt the "villain" of the piece the director had mustered about twenty genuine cowboys from the San Fernando ranches. These cowpunchers rather resented the idea of "mere actors" like Billy Jones doing riding stunts which they deemed their own special property. They didn't realize that timing was of paramount importance and that it was something about which they knew nothing. As a result of this feeling they "razed" Jones no little at every opportunity and soon there was bad feeling between the stunt man and cow hands.

Part of Jones' stunt was to ride at breakneck speed straight at the camera, bend over and pick up a rifle, and continue on past the grinding machine. Then, as a time and money-saver the director planned to have Jones turn and ride in the opposite direction, at a little

different angle, for a second shot to be used in another scene.

Billy rode into the camera for the first shot, picking up the rifle as directed, and swished past the cameraman all right, but when the director had the camera turned for the second shot he was annoyed to find that Jones was not doing his stuff. He turned to look for him just in time to see the ring-leader of the cowboys, a big fellow named Mears, tumbling backward out of his saddle, and hear Jones snarl, "So you think I'm a pansy, eh? Well, smell this bunch of posies."

With his tormentor disposed of Jones yelled, "All right, Chief, here I come!" swung his horse about and dashed past the camera for the second shot.

THE "punch" of this off-scene drama became apparent the following day when the director sought a crack pistol shot to do a bit of dead-shot shooting in a street scene. The idea was to have the heavy shatter a window with a bullet just as the hero entered the scene. In order to make it effective the director wanted the bullet to whiz within a few feet of the hero's nose. Frankie Gay, an assistant cameraman, told the director there was a "guy among the cowboys" who could do the stunt. The "guy" turned out to be Mears. He could hit a coin sailing through the air nine times out of ten.

When Billy Jones saw his late antagonist shooting like an inspired Buffalo Bill he gulped once, grinned and looked at his swollen knuckles.

The happy sequel to this story is that to-day Mears and Jones are fast friends. Mears respects Jones' ability as a fist fighter and Jones respects Mears' ability as a gun fighter.

Ordinarily, Jones is a peaceful chap. And, strangely enough, about the only fights he's ever had were over some affront to his dignity such as that above related. Another was up at Truckee where a company had gone to make a Lewis Milestone picture. In this opus there was a scene in which the hero and heroine had to ride down a treacherous mountain road in a sleigh behind a runaway team.

Before the company left for the northern California resort the assistant director of the picture was told to get two stunt men to double for the principals. He called in Chick Collins and Billy Jones. After Chick had been signed up the assistant director began to dicker with Jones about salary for the stunt. Jones said he'd do it for \$150 and expenses. The a. d.

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laughed at him, saying he could get a dozen stunt men to do it for a hundred. Jones merely advised him to get them.

When it came time to shoot the scene the man who was to do the stunt with Collins got cold feet. Another was sent for and the production was held up twenty-four hours awaiting his arrival. He, too, passed up the job after taking a look at the mountain road. Milestone, who saw thousands of dollars being lost through the mercenary tactics of the assistant director, began saying things to that individual which caused the a. d.'s soul to shrink. In desperation the a. d. said, "I'll do the stunt myself." But at the psychological moment his pedal extremities became colder than the snow on Truckee's hills.

"Send for Jones!" commanded Milestone.

Jones arrived at Truckee the next night. Writers, directors, actors and cameramen were playing pinochle in the lobby of the hotel when Jones came in. He was stiffly greeted by the assistant director. "Where do I flop?" asked Jones.

"In the bullpen with the mob," replied the a. d.

"Not me!" said Jones.

"Who do you think you are?" asked the a. d.

"I'm Billy Jones, special stunt man, and I want a room. Who are you?"

"I'm the assistant director of this picture, and you'll sleep where I tell you," said the a. d.

Jones reached over, grabbed the a. d. by the collar, pulled him close and let loose a hay-maker that sent the a. d. into total eclipse.

"You mean you were," said Jones calmly, "now you're just a human wreck!"

P. S. Jones got a room—with bath!

STUNTING with animals is one of the most ticklish and dangerous jobs offered members of the suicide squad. Although they have a deep and abiding faith in each other, stunt men never fully trust a lion or a mule or a reptile to do what the director says he will do.

Jones is particularly wary of animals. He has good cause to be. A few years ago he was doubling for Sid Smith in a Sid Smith comedy which was being made on the Fox lot. In one of the scenes Smith, posing as a lion tamer, was supposed to enter a cage with a phony lion—a colored boy wearing a lion's skin—and, just when the act was going over big, discover that through some mistake one of his assistants had put a real lion in with him. In a panic he was to leap from the cage.

When the director outlined the scene to Jones he explained that the famous old lion—Numa—would be used, so there was no danger, as Numa was as gentle as a kitten. Having worked with Numa in other pictures, Jones made no objection. But, when the scene was filmed, Numa proved too gentle to inject a thrill into it.

"That's a bust!" declared the director. "We must get a kick in this scene. We'll use Slats. He's more dramatic!"

Slats, incidentally, is the lion used on the main title on M.G.M. pictures and is known throughout the world.

Jones had never worked with Slats, however, so he suggested that they rehearse the scene with a dummy to see how Slats would act. The director scoffed at this idea, assuring Jones that Slats was as gentle as a June breeze—an animal that wouldn't harm a rabbit. "All you gotta do," he explained, "is to get down on your hands and knees and growl like a big dog. Slats will jump on your back and perch there. He won't hurt you!"

"All right," said Jones, "but let's have a rehearsal with a dummy doing the kneeling. I'll do the growling from the outside of the cage."

With a gesture of disgust the director finally agreed to the rehearsal. A dummy was placed in the cage and Slats was ushered in after it. From the side lines (outside the cage) Jones growled. Slats turned, crouched and sprang on the dummy's head, tearing it off with one wrench.

Jones turned to give the director a piece of his mind. But that individual, thumbs hooked under his suspenders, was walking rapidly from Jones, whistling like the well-known boy in the woods.

Since then Jones' motto has been "Never trust a lion—or a director!"

Stunt men notoriously are underpaid. Often they risk their lives for as little as \$25. The best pay Jones ever received for a stunt was \$350. Then he had to turn over a racing automobile while it was going sixty-five miles an

Answers to "What Twelve Things Are Wrong with This Picture?"

(See page 49)

1. Beach chairs don't have rockers.
2. The camera man is holding the camera wrong.
3. The camera man is shooting into the sun.
4. The lighthouse light is lit and the sun shines broadly.
5. The mast is stepped too far aft in the sailboat.
6. Trees don't grow in water.
7. The paddler holds his paddle wrong.
8. The paddler sits too far forward.
9. The passenger in the canoe is too light to bear the paddler up so high.
10. The diving board faces the wrong way.
11. The diving platform has only two supports, both on the same side.
12. The bather seated on the float has his shoes and trousers on.

hour! But sometimes they get a director or a business manager "on a spot" where they can demand and get their price.

It was while "Slim" Summerville was directing two-reelers for Fox that a situation developed in which Jones got even more than he first demanded. This was in a picture in which the hero, hotly pursued by the villain, was called upon to crawl out a third-story window, stand up on a flower box so rigged that it would swing out from the window and give way, hurling the hero to a swimming pool in the yard below. Furthermore, if the action was to follow the instructions given by the director, the downward trip was to be enlivened by the hero doing a double turn while in the air.

The casting director sent for his favorite stunt man to double for the star. When the stunt was explained to him he shook his head, admitting he couldn't do the double turn in the air. A second stunt man declined the job for the same reason.

Meanwhile the whole picture was being held up and Summerville was getting impatient.

"Send for Billy Jones!" he commanded.

When the stunt was explained to Jones he asked what they'd pay for the feat.

"Seventy-five bucks!" said the casting director.

"I'll do it for a hundred," countered Jones.

"How do you know you can do it?" he was asked.

Jones thought a moment. "That's right," he replied. "How do I know I can. Wait! I'll go up and take a look."

Climbing to the window ledge he stepped out on the box and looked down. Seeing there was nobody near the camera he yelled, "Is this the way you want it done?" Then pulling the jigger that released the flower box he went hurtling through the air, turned twice and landed neatly in the swimming pool.

The casting director was furious. "Why in hell did you do that without the camera?" he screamed.

"Just wanted to make sure I could do it," replied Jones. "Now that I know I can, it'll cost you a hundred and fifty!"

There was considerable wrangling but Jones

finally got his price, went back up and did the stunt before the camera.

"There was a funny angle to that job," said Jones, relating the incident. "On the next set they were making a dramatic picture in which Charlie Gay, the famous lion trainer, was working. At the very moment I went up to do my tumble Gay was in a cage with five of the most ferocious cats I've ever seen. Everybody on the lot momentarily thought Gay would be torn to pieces by these beasts. But when I got up on the window-sill Gay forgot all about them and stood in the middle of the cage looking up at me. When I emerged from the swimming pool he called me over to the cage, and standing there among those wild cats he said, 'Boy, you certainly take chances!'"

Every stunt man worthy of the title has some forte. One may have a delicate sense of spacing; another an exact sense of timing; another may excel in the knack of "going into a roll" from a high jump. Jones' strongest point is his ability to hold to anything on which he can get a grip. He believes that "if you get hold with your hands your feet will always find a spot."

This ability to hang on has saved Jones from injuries and death a dozen times in the past eight years. The best example of his ability to hang on until his feet found a spot was furnished during the shooting of "Tillie's Punctured Romance," in which he doubled for that splendid comedienne, Louise Fazenda, in the chariot race which was the high spot of a circus sequence, directed by Eddie Sutherland.

In this scene Jones, doubling for Miss Fazenda, was called upon to drive a runaway team, hauling a buckboard, through the side of a circus tent just in time to permit the runaways to join in the chariot race which capped the climax of the big top show.

The buckboard was rigged so that at the psychological moment Jones could pull a string which would release the back end and all the body of the vehicle, thus leaving him a "chariot" in the form of the front wheels and axle.

As the entrance of Jones and his chariot had to be perfectly timed, the scene was rehearsed several times with the buckboard intact. Then when the actual shooting started, a team of fast, fractious horses was hitched to the buckboard and given free rein. Everything went as everything should until the team approached the slit in the tent which was to be used as the entrance. Then the buckboard hit a half-concealed ditch. It wasn't necessary for Billy to pull the string. That old buckboard just naturally went to pieces and he bounced fifteen feet in the air. But he clung to the reins. When he hit the ground the wind was knocked out of him, but he didn't let go.

THROUGH the slit in the tent went the frightened team, pulling Jones, now on his belly, after them. The real chariot racers were just rounding the turn and Jones' team "took the track" in front of them. Vainly, Jones was trying to pull himself up so that he could get his feet on the axle of his "chariot." Round and round the arena went the plunging runaway, closely followed by the circus charioteers.

And operating the big spotlight which was being played on the racing teams was Billy Jones' own father. Being an old hand at the movie game and having witnessed thousands of stunts during his career as electrician, he realized that his son was in great danger. But he was true to the old showman's tradition, "The show must go on!" He never wavered in his duties, although his heart was in his throat.

Round and round the arena went the thundering horses, Jones in the lead. Close behind him, their hoofs missing him by inches, came one of the real chariot teams. Inch by inch Jones pulled himself closer to the axle. His feminine attire was torn almost completely off. Finally, with a superhuman effort he pulled himself to his feet, bounced once or twice and leaped skillfully to the axle, his legs spread

(Continued on page 54)

Again in Birmingham!

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At the Elks' Memorial in Chicago, a large group of Elks, including many prominent Chicagoans, were present at the ceremonies in which the three President Eights were the center of attraction.

(Continued from page 52)

far apart. His father kept the spot on him throughout these tense moments. And in spite of everything Billy Jones was able to appreciate the drama as it appeared to his father. When he brought his team to a halt (winner of the race, of course!) he leaped nimbly to the center of the arena and bowed low—to his dad!

"The palms of my hands were just two big blisters after that race," said Jones, "but I managed to hold on. If I hadn't—well, it would have been just too bad!"

It is pretty generally known that when deep-sea sailors get shore leave in New York they are apt to spend their freedom piloting a row-boat about the lake in Central Park. Stunt men are likely to be found driving off cliffs, hanging head down from high buildings, or shooting apples off each other's heads.

One of the classic pieces of foolishness indulged in by members of the suicide squad was the death-tempting ride Billy Jones and Eddie Diggins took over a cliff near Hollywood, not so long ago. Jones and Diggins were joint-owners of an automobile they had salvaged from a junkyard, christened the "Overland

Wonder"—the wonder being that it would function. They were rolling along on Mull-holland Drive arguing about which could stick longest in a car going down a mountain side—not a mountain road.

"Betcha a buck I can stick longer than you can!" bet Diggins. "Betcha can't!" retorted Jones.

At that moment they were driving along the most dangerous section of the road. To the right of the highway was a young mountain-side which location men generally select when a spot is desired on which to film a really dangerous scene.

"Well, hang on!" yelled Jones, turning the car off the road and over the side.

Hundreds of feet below a Raymond Griffith picture was being made and somebody spied the car coming down the hill. Women shrieked and men gazed at the swaying, bumping auto with horror in their eyes. By expert driving Jones managed to avoid trees and huge rocks and keep the car on something approximating an even keel for about two hundred yards. Then the watchers below saw one of the men go flying through the air to land in the top of

a tree. The other stuck to the car half a minute longer, then he too was thrown just a second before the machine landed on its back and quivered a bit before bursting into flames.

The first man to leave the car was Diggins. But he swore to his dying day—he was killed a few months later—that he didn't jump; that he was thrown out when the car hit that big bump!

Although the mortality rate is pretty high among stunt men, serious accidents almost invariably are caused by others than the participants themselves. Somebody cuts a rope too soon, or waits too long to give a signal. As a rule an experienced stunt man will "walk away" (which is their way of saying one escapes unhurt) even when the man he depends upon does something wrong. This is attributable to the fact that good stunt men think fast, know the art of falling without being hurt, keep cool in the face of great danger, and know many tricks which lessen the danger of death in any given set of circumstances.

In spite of this knowledge, however, there is a saying among them: "All stunt men must die with their boots on, that movie stars may live!"

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 37)

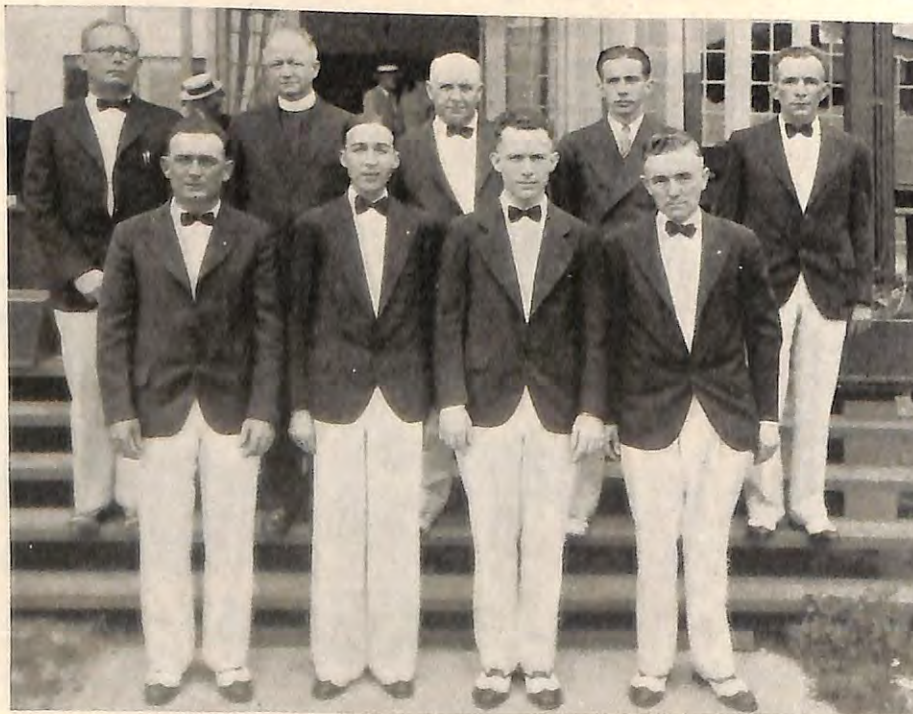
voted the thanks of the Association to Mayor Weber and to Col. James A. Diskin, Exalted Ruler of Newport Lodge, for the generous hospitality of the city and the Lodge during the convention. It was decided at the same session that the convention in 1933 should be held at Henderson, under the auspices of Lodge No. 206. Notable social entertainments of the annual gathering were the banquet and convention ball with which festivities closed; a baseball game and a program of wrestling bouts for the visitors upon the evening before; and a lawn and golf party for the ladies, at the Highland Country Club.

New York

ASSEMBLING in a theatre adjoining the Home of Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, No. 480, the largest number of delegates ever to attend such an event met recently at the twentieth annual convention of the New York State Elks Association. The total number of Lodge representatives was 683, a record. From the point of view of enthusiasm, as well as of numbers, this latest convention was regarded as outstanding. In spite of the economic uncertainties of the time, there was plainly evident among all who took part in the proceedings a spirit of steadfast confidence. Important among the matters considered at the convention was a proposal that the Association establish a fund for the assistance of subordinate Lodges in their welfare activities. This proposal was adopted. Agreeable to the change in the By-Laws a Special Committee was created, whose duty it shall be to receive and administer five per cent of the annual income of the Association from per capita tax, dona-

tions and bequests, that may be made from time to time. An existing fund temporarily in the hands of the Treasurer, consisting of donations from Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert of \$100, and Louis H. Hyman, of New York Lodge, No. 1, \$100, was ordered transferred to the custody of this Committee. Julius Frederick, of Rochester Lodge, No. 24, contributed \$100 at the time the Committee's report was adopted. This small fund will be further augmented by securing from the Elks National Foundation such monies as may be allotted from time to time, and the hopes and expectations of the Association are that in due time a goodly sum may be realized, from which to engage in those activities recommended by the Committee and confirmed by the Association. The officers elected by the delegates, and installed later, for the twentieth time, by the Association's Honorary President, the Reverend Dr. Arthur O. Sykes, of Lyons Lodge

No. 869, were the following: President, James H. Mackin, of Oswego Lodge, No. 271; Vice-President, Northeast, William J. Malaney, of Ticonderoga Lodge, No. 1494; Vice-President, East, Oscar E. T. Schonfeld, of Mt. Kisco Lodge, No. 1552; Vice-President, Southeast, F. Harold Loonam, of Freeport Lodge, No. 1253; Vice-President, North Central, William Maxon, of Ilion Lodge, No. 1444; Vice-President, East Central, Edmund H. Lawler, of Haverstraw Lodge, No. 877; Vice-President, West, Charles H. Abrahamson, of Jamestown Lodge, No. 263; Vice-President, West Central, John B. Keane, of Newark Lodge, No. 1249; Vice-President, South Central, John M. Beck, of Corning Lodge, No. 1071; Secretary, Philip Clancy, of Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Treasurer, John T. Osowski, of Elmira Lodge, No. 62; and Trustees, P. W. Devendorf, of Watertown Lodge, No. 496; Joseph E. Steinmeier, of Bronx Lodge, No. 871; Theodore F. Kalbfleisch, Jr., of Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81; William F. Edelmuth, of Kingston Lodge, No. 550; Dr. James H. Brennan, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756; Dr. Francis H. Marx, of Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312; and Charles T. Lanigan, of Rome Lodge, No. 96. Continuing his term as Trustee is Alonzo L. Waters, of Medina Lodge, No. 898. It was voted to hold next year's convention at Rochester. Incidents of especial interest, beyond those which were part of the official sessions of delegates, included the reception of one of the automobiles composing the ELKS MAGAZINE Purple and White Fleet, en route to the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham; the inspection of "The House of Magic," arranged by a large electrical manufacturing company; and the convention



FLORIDA PHOTO. CONCERN

The Ritualistic Team of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, State champions

(Continued on page 56)

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|-------------|-----------|-------------------------|----------|-------------|-----------|-------------------------|----------|-------------|-----------|-------------------------|----------|---------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|--------|
| | | Cash Price Each | Per Pair | | | Cash Price Each | Per Pair | | | Cash Price Each | Per Pair | SIZE | Our Cash Price Each | Our Cash Price Per Pair | Special Brand | Our Cash Price Each | Our Cash Price Per Pair | |
| Ford | 4-40-21 | \$4.79 | \$9.30 | Essex | 5.00-20 | \$6.75 | \$13.10 | Chrysler | 6.00-18 | \$10.65 | \$20.66 | 30x5 H.D. | \$15.35 | \$29.74 | 4-10-21 | \$3.59 | \$3.59 | \$6.98 |
| Chevrolet | 4.50-20 | 5.35 | 10.38 | Nash | 5.00-21 | 6.96 | 13.54 | Stu'baker | 6.00-19 | 10.85 | 21.04 | 32x6 H.D. | 26.50 | 51.00 | 4.50-21 | 3.95 | 3.95 | 7.66 |
| Ford | 4.50-21 | 5.43 | 10.54 | Essex | 5.00-21 | 6.96 | 13.54 | Franklin | 6.00-19 | 10.85 | 21.04 | 34x7 H.D. | 36.40 | 70.60 | 4.75-19 | 4.63 | 4.63 | 9.00 |
| Chevrolet | 4.75-19 | 6.33 | 12.32 | Nash | 5.25-18 | 7.53 | 14.60 | Hudson | 6.00-20 | 10.95 | 21.24 | 36x8 H.D. | 51.65 | 100.20 | 5.00-19 | 4.85 | 4.85 | 9.44 |
| Whippet | 4.75-20 | 6.43 | 12.48 | Olds'obile | 5.25-18 | 7.53 | 14.60 | La Salle | 6.00-20 | 10.95 | 21.24 | 6.00-20 H.D. | 11.65 | 22.60 | 5.25-21 | 5.98 | 5.98 | 11.64 |
| Plymouth | 5.00-19 | 6.65 | 12.90 | Chevrolet | 5.50-18 | 8.35 | 16.20 | Pierce-Ar. | 6.00-21 | 11.10 | 21.54 | 6.50-20 H.D. | 15.50 | 30.00 | Firestone COURIER TYPE | | | |
| Erskine | | | | Olds'obile | 5.50-19 | 8.48 | 16.46 | Buick | 6.50-19 | 12.30 | 23.86 | 4.10-21 | \$3.10 | \$3.10 | 83.10 | | | \$5.98 |
| Plymouth | | | | Buick | 5.50-19 | 8.48 | 16.46 | Pierce-Ar. | 6.50-20 | 12.65 | 24.54 | 4.50-21 | 3.55 | 3.55 | 3.55 | | | 6.98 |
| Chandler | | | | Stu'baker | 5.50-19 | 8.48 | 16.46 | Stutz | 7.00-20 | 14.65 | 28.42 | 4.75-19 | 3.98 | 3.98 | 3.98 | | | 7.65 |
| DeSoto | | | | Gardner | | | | Cadillac | | | | 9.00-20 H.D. | 46.50 | 90.40 | 30x3 1/2 Cl. | 2.89 | 2.89 | 5.75 |
| Dodge | | | | Marmon | | | | Lincoln | | | | 9.75-20 H.D. | 61.65 | 120.00 | | | | |
| Dunnet | | | | Oakland | | | | Packard | | | | | | | | | | |
| Gr.-Paige | | | | Peerless | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Pontiac | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Roosevelt | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| Willys-K. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

THE TIRE THAT TAUGHT
Thrift TO MILLIONS

Firestone

TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • BRAKE LINING • SPARK PLUGS • RIMS • ACCESSORIES

(Continued from page 54)

parade. Prizes were awarded for performances in the parade. The recipients of these will be announced in a later issue of the Magazine.

Texas

ONE of the most successful in years was the recent annual convention of the Texas State Elks Association, held in Laredo, with Lodge No. 1018 acting as host. Events of unusual interest began upon the eve of the official sessions of the gathering when, at Nueva Laredo, just over the border in Mexico, a pre-convention banquet took place. At this, besides prominent members of the Order, were officials of the Mexican city. These, together with the master of ceremonies, Matias De Llano, of Laredo Lodge, bade the guests welcome. Among the notable Elks to attend the affair were Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler I. Hochwald; the retiring President of the Association, Harry A. Logsdon; Past Presidents James H. Gibson and Julian LaCrosse; and Secretary W. R. Dudley, Jr., of Dallas Lodge, No. 71, formerly Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell. A second informal incident was a breakfast, the following morning, for visiting Elks and their wives, at the Casa Blanca Country Club. Business sessions of the convention began later in the forenoon. Reports of officers and committees constituted the chief items brought to the attention of the delegates. In the afternoon, a barbecue for the members of the Order and the ladies of their families, was given at a large ranch near Nueva Laredo. A dance at the Home of Laredo Lodge in the evening concluded the festivities of the day. Before dancing began, exhibition drills were presented by the Zouave Team of San Antonio Lodge, No. 216; and by the Drum and Bugle Corps of Laredo Post No. 59 of the American Legion. The second day of the convention again began with a breakfast, one arranged for the Secretaries of the thirty Lodges represented at the meeting of the Association. The second and final business session followed. At this officers were elected for the coming year, and installed. Those chosen were: President, Harry E. Holmes, of Temple Lodge, No. 138; Vice-Presidents, W. J. Mitchell, of Houston Lodge, No. 151; C. E. Smeltz, of San Antonio Lodge; H. B. Buckalew, of Burkburnette Lodge, No. 1489; and Bismark Pope, of Laredo Lodge; Secretary, H. G. Schultz, of Temple Lodge; Treasurer, Meyer J. Rachofsky, of Dallas Lodge; and Trustees, Harold Rubenstein, of Brenham Lodge, No. 979; P. L. Downs, of Temple Lodge; and J. K. Hughes, of Abilene Lodge, No. 562.

Utah

UNDER the auspices of the youngest Lodge in the State, Cedar City Lodge, No. 1556, the nineteenth annual convention of the Utah State Elks Association took place a short time ago. The gathering extended over a period of two days. Of importance among the items of official business completed was the election of officers. Frank Matthews, of Ogden Lodge, No. 719, was chosen President; J. Alan Pike, of Eureka Lodge, No. 711, First Vice-President; Harold V. Leonard, of Price Lodge, No. 1550, Second Vice-President; B. F. Spry, of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, Secretary; and J. Edwin Stein, of Provo Lodge, No. 849, Treasurer. Attendance at the convention comprised about three hundred members of the Order, many of them accompanied by their families. Besides the representation of a large majority of the Lodges of Utah, the Antlers Lodges sponsored by Salt Lake City and Price Lodges sent members to the convention. Of particular interest among the many events to take place during the period of assembly were the initiation into Cedar City Lodge of a class of candidates by the Ritualistic Team of Logan Lodge, No. 1453, which for the last three years has been State champion; and a band contest, which was won by the Antlers Band of Price Lodge.

Other affairs of note were a series of band concerts; a luncheon for the officers of the Association and of the Lodges, at the Escalante Hotel; a tea for the ladies of their families at the First Ward Church; dances on two successive evenings; wrestling and boxing exhibitions arranged by Cedar City Post No. 74 of the American Legion; a brilliant street parade; and the convention banquet, attended by two hundred Elks, which concluded the festivities.

Nebraska

IN THE basement of the court-house at Columbus, Neb., in cooperation with the Elks Lodge of that city, No. 1195, the Nebraska State Elks Association recently conducted its eighth crippled children's clinic within the last year and a half. The clinic was arranged by the Crippled Children's Committee of the Association and the Rehabilitation Division of the Nebraska State Department of Vocational Education. In the course of the day, 142 children, a number exceeding by 35 the total at any of the seven earlier clinics, had been registered. Thirty-five physicians, surgeons and dentists examined the young patients. In charge of this humane work were Dr. R. D. Schrock and Dr. A. E. Bennett, of the University of Nebraska medical staff. Representing the Association at the clinic were members of its Crippled Children's Committee; Past President August Schneider, Chairman; Past President Howard W. Loomis, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. P. Zieg; and President Walter C. Nelson, Chaplain the Reverend J. G. Larsen and Trustee C. A. Laughlin, of the Association. Sixteen other fraternal and community organizations, and a number of public utilities corporations, merchants, and hospitals cooperated with the Elks and the State in the enterprise. It was announced at the time that, with the Columbus clinic, 580 children in all had been enrolled at Elks' clinics.

Kansas

THIRTY-THREE Lodges were represented at the annual convention, held recently at the Home of Wichita Lodge, No. 427, of the Kansas State Elks Association. Prominent among the five hundred members of the Order to attend, besides the retiring officers and delegates, were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. B. Greenwald and Past President Walter Reed Gage. Joseph P. Shevlin, Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and representing him at the gathering; and Past President Gage were noteworthy among those who addressed the gathering of Elks. New officers chosen were Dr. L. Timken, Augusta Lodge, No. 1462, President; First Vice-President, W. H. Hunt, Independence Lodge, No. 780; Second Vice-President, Eugene Fulghum, Winfield Lodge, No. 732; Third Vice-President, C. V. Noble, Manhattan Lodge, No. 1185; L. F. Goerman, Newton Lodge, No. 706, Secretary; W. E. Lawrence, Wichita Lodge, Treasurer; and C. E. Dyer, Lawrence Lodge, No. 595, Dr. V. A. Miller, Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 412; and Wayne H. Lamoreux, Great Bend Lodge, No. 1127, members of the State Board. The Association chose Great Bend as the place for next year's assemblage. An important incident of the convention was the ritualistic contest for the championship of the State. In this Augusta Lodge emerged the victor. Social events of interest were the golf tournament for the Deak McKone trophy; a luncheon for the visiting members of the Order and a bridge party for the ladies of their families; and a banquet, held upon the third and concluding evening.

Arizona

FURTHERANCE of international amity between the United States and Mexico was prominent among the incidents of the annual convention of the Arizona State Elks Association which was held recently at Nogales,

with Lodge No. 1397 as host. Upon the second day of the assemblage, a parade, led by the 25th United States Infantry and its Band, marched to the international border, opposite Nogales, Sonora. Upon the other side of the boundary, Mexican troops drew up and exchanged salutes with the American. Members of Nogales Lodge and Elks attending the convention formed the major body of the procession. Others to take part in the procession and to witness the reciprocation of military courtesies were the Nogales High School Band, the Bisbee Girls Drum and Bugle Corps, the Bisbee High School Band and cowboys and cowgirls who had been competing in a rodeo in Mexico. Business sessions of the convention were held both in the morning and the afternoon of the first day; and upon the afternoon of the second. Election of officers took place at the second official gathering. Those chosen were W. S. Thompson, Kingman Lodge, No. 468, President; Shelton G. Dowell, Douglas Lodge, No. 955, First Vice-President; Fred W. Curtis, Globe Lodge, No. 480, Second Vice-President; A. F. Switzer, Winslow Lodge, No. 536, Third Vice-President; John W. Wagner, Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, Treasurer; and Peter E. Howell, Tucson Lodge, No. 385, R. I. Winn, Yuma Lodge, No. 476, and R. H. Cunningham, Jerome Lodge, No. 1361, Trustees. Installation of the officers was performed the following afternoon. At this session, the greater part of the time was given over to the affairs of the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital for Elks. Reports of its work for the year past were made and thereafter a rising vote of thanks was given Jacob Gunst, retiring President of the Association, for his successful administration as Chairman of the Hospital. For the administration of the institution during the year to come, President Thompson appointed an Advisory Committee of sixteen. This group, in executive session, elected a Governing Body for the Hospital comprising Mr. Gunst, as Chairman; M. H. Starkweather, of Tucson Lodge, as Secretary-Treasurer; and Bernhard Anderson, Phoenix Lodge; John Foster, Bisbee Lodge, No. 671, and Victor J. Wager, Nogales Lodge, as members. In a communication received from Mr. Gunst since the convention, it has been requested of THE ELKS MAGAZINE that it make known the fact that this hospital for the tubercular is an institution established and maintained by the Arizona State Elks Association and not as has been rumored, by the Grand Lodge; and that any member of the Order, no matter where his Lodge be, is eligible for treatment at the hospital. Those attending the meeting devoted to consideration of the hospital's affairs had the opportunity of hearing addresses by District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Shelton G. Dowell and C. A. Dutton. Before adjourning, the delegates voted to hold the 1933 convention at Winslow some time between April 15 and May 15. Social activity during the two days of the assembly was as marked as official.

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.)
- Illinois, at Aurora, August 11-12-13.
- Missouri, at St. Louis, October 3-4.
- Montana, at Lewistown, August 11-12-13.
- Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 28-29-30-31, and September 1-2.
- Oklahoma, at Pawhuska, September 11-12-13.
- Oregon, at Seaside, August 11-12-13.
- Pennsylvania, at Greensburg, August 22-23-24-25.
- Vermont, at Brattleboro, October 2.
- Virginia, at Alexandria, August 8-9.
- Wisconsin, at Appleton, in August.

Honestly... Why do you want \$3,500.00 CASH NOW? —

I WILL PAY \$250

For the Winning Answer to this Question

I am going to give \$3,500.00 to some deserving man or woman who answers my announcements. *You may be the one to get it!* But, before I give it to anyone I would like to know just *why* you want \$3,500.00 cash now. Just answer this question—tell me in a sentence of 20 words or less, and in your own way, why you want \$3,500.00 cash now—*nothing more to do toward the \$250.00 cash prize!* Sounds easy? It is easy! The first answer that comes to your mind may win the prize. No selling—no soliciting. There are no strings at all to this amazing prize offer of \$250.00 cash. ALL persons 16 years of age or older owe it to themselves to enter this contest.

20 SIMPLE WORDS WIN \$250.00 FOR SOMEONE, MAYBE YOU!

Nothing More for You to Do!

\$250 Prize given just for the winning answer to my question

There is no way you can lose. Simply tell me why you want \$3,500.00 cash now. The prize for the winning answer is \$250.00.

The mere fact of sending in a few words for this big \$250 cash prize qualifies you for the greater opportunity to

WIN \$3,500 CASH

Or a STUDEBAKER-8 SEDAN and \$2,000.00 CASH

This huge prize is *extra and separate* from the cash prize offered for the best answer to my question in only 20 words or less. No wonder we say that here's your opportunity to win a fortune. Just imagine! \$3,500.00 cash besides . . . all coming to you at once. Think! Why do you want \$3,500.00 cash now? Do you want it to start a business of your

own, pay off a mortgage on your home, buy new furniture or clothes? Maybe you want it to help you get an education. Consider all the things you could do with such a huge sum. Plan now—then write your answer—rush it to me at once. Yours may easily be the winner. All replies become the property of Richard Day, Manager.

BE PROMPT! I Will Send You a \$100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE!

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending in your answer to my question, "Honestly . . . why do you want \$3,500.00 cash now?"—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this

offer I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra \$100.00 in cash should your reply, in the opinion of the judges, win the \$250.00 cash prize offered above, making a cash prize of \$350.00 in all.

HUNDREDS HAVE WON

Throughout the past year we have given financial help to hundreds of deserving people in all parts of the United States . . . we have given away hundreds and thousands of dollars in prizes. Beemer won \$4,700. Harriet Robertson won \$1,100. Hundreds more made happy with huge prizes and cash awards. Now is YOUR opportunity—ACT TODAY!

RULES

Only one answer accepted from a family. Use your own name. \$250.00 given for best answer to my simple question, "Why do you want \$3,500.00 cash now?" Answers must be postmarked not later than November 1, 1932. Judges will consider answer only for practical value of the idea, construction and spelling. Neatness or ingenuity of submitting answer not considered. Duplicate prizes will be given in cases of duplicate winning answers.

RICHARD DAY, Manager

909 Cheapside, Dept. B-302G Cincinnati, Ohio



Just Sending Answer Qualifies You for Opportunity to Win \$3,500.00

Some say I am wrong. They say that giving money to people will not help to bring back prosperity. They say that the people who get money from me will spend it foolishly. Now I want to find out. I am going to give away \$6,000.00. Someone is going to get \$3,500.00, all cash. If I gave you the \$3,500.00 how much happiness could you buy with it? Tell me in 20 words or less. Just sending an answer qualifies you for the opportunity to win \$3,500.00. If you are prompt I'll send you a \$100.00 Cash Certificate AT ONCE! Here is an opportunity of a lifetime. Costs you nothing to win. Rush your answer today. Send no money—just tell me how much happiness you could buy with \$3,500.00 right now —if I gave you the \$3,500.00 that I have promised to give to some yet unknown deserving person.

Richard Day

Use Coupon or Write Letter with Your Answer

\$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

RICHARD DAY, Manager
909 Cheapside, Dept. B-302G, Cincinnati, Ohio

Here's why I want \$3,500.00 now:
(Write your answer plainly here, in 20 words or less):

.....
.....
.....
Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....
Date I read your offer.....

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 36)

Visiting delegations present at the Lodge meeting later were those representing the Lodges of Saranac Lake, Rome, Norwich, Oneida, Little Falls and Herkimer.

In company with Mr. Hulbert, the Grand Exalted Ruler, on May 9, called at noon upon Saranac Lake Lodge, No. 1508, and, in the evening, upon Malone Lodge, No. 1303, where he was one of three hundred Elks to witness the initiation of a class of ten candidates.

May 10, Mr. Coen visited Ogdensburg Lodge, No. 772. This event is reported elsewhere in this issue, in "Under the Spreading Antlers."

The Grand Exalted Ruler made four calls the next day, May 11. Motoring from Ogdensburg to Alexandria Bay in the morning, he enjoyed a delightful trip by water from that point through the St. Lawrence River to Clayton. From there he proceeded by automobile to Watertown, where he was the guest at luncheon of the officers and other members of Watertown Lodge, No. 496. In company with him were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll, and Past President D. Curtis Gano, of the New York State Elks Association. In the course of the afternoon, Mr. Coen made two brief calls, one at Oswego Lodge, No. 271, and the second at Newark Lodge, No. 1249; and arrived in the evening at Rochester, to attend a dinner in his honor at the Home of Rochester Lodge, No. 24. A second guest of honor at the banquet was Mr. Hulbert. At the Lodge session later, thirty-three candidates were initiated before a gathering of 400 Elks.

AFTER a luncheon tendered on May 12 by the officers and other members of Watkins Glen Lodge, No. 1546, at their Home, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler George A. Swalbach and Mr. Gano, visited Elmira Lodge, No. 62, in the evening. At this time, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. B. Stiles joined his official party. Events of the stay with the members of No. 62 were a dinner in honor of Mr. Coen and the Lodge session later. At this 400 Elks were present. A class of eighteen candidates was initiated.

Thirty more members were inducted into the Order the following day, May 13, by

Lynchburg, Va., Lodge, No. 321, when the Grand Exalted Ruler made his official call upon its membership.

After this visit, he traveled to Bedford, Va., there to attend on May 14 and 15 a conference of the Board of Grand Trustees at the Elks National Home.

In addition to his hosts, many visiting celebrities of the Order were present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler on May 17 when he visited Danbury, Conn., Lodge, No. 120. A banquet in Mr. Coen's honor preceded the Lodge session, held in the auditorium of the new Home. At the meeting 400 Elks were assembled and their number was increased by ten in the course of the evening, with the induction of a class of that many candidates. Delegations of visitors were present from Lodges not only in Connecticut but also in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. Noteworthy among these was a large Massachusetts delegation, headed by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edwin K. McPeck. Especially prominent at the Danbury meeting were Past Grand Trustee Edward W. Cotter, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knights James F. Duffy of Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, who was to accompany the Grand Exalted Ruler throughout his New England tour; and Martin J. Cunningham; William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Charles S. Hart, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas A. Skelly; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles E. Woodlock, John J. Stone, John J. Nugent, Dr. Henry Martin and George T. Ryan. While the Lodge was in session, Mrs. Coen was entertained by the ladies of the members' families.

The Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest the following day of Adams, Mass., Lodge, No. 1335. The account of this event appears in "Under the Spreading Antlers," elsewhere in this issue.

Luncheon with the officers and other members of Brattleboro, Vt., Lodge, No. 1499, an affair held at Wantastiquet Inn and attended by 100 Elks, was the first of Mr. Coen's visitation on May 19. The scene was an official call upon Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146, in the evening. En route to Man-

chester, the Grand Exalted Ruler was met outside the city by a welcoming committee and thereafter escorted by a detail of State police to the Lodge Home. Distinguished among the gathering at the session of the Lodge were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Mr. Duffy, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frederick W. Bancroft, of Vermont; and William E. Earle, of Massachusetts; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Patrick J. Garvey. Ten candidates were inducted at the meeting.

AS UPON the preceding day, the initial event of the Grand Exalted Ruler's activities on May 20, was the attendance of a luncheon meeting, in this instance one arranged by the officers of Lowell, Mass., Lodge, No. 87, at its Home.

From Lowell, Mr. Coen went in the afternoon to Providence, R. I., for an official visit to Providence Lodge, No. 14. Before the meeting of the Lodge, he was the dinner guest of State Finance Commissioner Frederick S. Peck, at his estate at Barrington. Mr. Peck was one of the twenty-seven candidates to be initiated later in the evening as "The James F. Doherty Class," honoring No. 14's Exalted Ruler. Five hundred Elks greeted the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Lodge session, their number including, besides members of Providence Lodge, those of Pawtucket, Woonsocket, Newport and Westerly Lodges. Noteworthy among the assemblage were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Lieut.-Gov. James G. Connolly, of Rhode Island; and Mayor James E. Dunne, of Providence, all of whom, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, spoke. Other distinguished Elks in attendance were Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Duffy, Mr. McCarron, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers George H. Lewis, Jr., of Connecticut; and John L. Kane, of Rhode Island; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Hurley. While the Grand Exalted Ruler attended this fraternal gathering, Mrs. Coen was the guest of the wives of the Lodge officers and the members of the Emblem Club at a dinner at the Hotel Narragansett and, later, at a theatre party.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 34)

School, from which his twin nephews, Allan and Charles Justice were being graduated, when he complained of illness. Urged to go to a hospital, he insisted instead on going to the office of his brother, Joseph M. Justice, in the Court House. There his condition became so grave that a physician was summoned. He ordered Judge Justice to be taken immediately to his brother's home. On the way there he died. Judge Justice was born at Ottawa, Ohio, November 26, 1880, and received his preparatory education in the schools of that city. In 1908, three years after receiving his law degree at the University of Michigan, he became Prosecuting Attorney of Marion County. Governor A. V. Donahey appointed him, in 1925, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. There he served until his election as Judge of the Third District Court of Appeals, an office for which he had been nominated again a short time before his death, and for which there was no opposing candidate. At his funeral, at the Epworth Methodist Episcopal Church in Marion, the Order of Elks was represented by Secretary Harry D. Hale, of the Ohio State Elks Association; and by Past Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary and many other members of Marion Lodge. State Supreme

Court Justice Edward S. Matthias and many other jurists from all parts of the State and representatives of the Bar Association of Ohio and many of its counties were among the one thousand persons to attend the funeral ceremonies. Services according to a fraternal ritual were conducted by officers of the Knights of Pythias, of which Judge Justice was a Past Grand Chancellor. Burial was in the Justice family plot in Harmon Cemetery, Putnam County.

Thomas Rich, Many Years Secretary Of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, Dies

Ashland, Pa., Lodge, No. 384, suffered a severe loss a short time ago in the death of one of its most devoted and esteemed members, Thomas Rich. A charter member, he had been for twenty-seven and a half years, Secretary of the Lodge. When he retired from this office, two years ago, No. 384 awarded him an honorary life membership for his distinguished services in its behalf. Besides the high standing which Mr. Rich held in his own Lodge, he had earned wide reputation in the Northeast District of his State for his interest in the improvement of convention parades.

Former Senator Reed Pays Tribute To Past Exalted Ruler Latshaw

Tribute to the memory of Past Exalted Ruler Ralf S. Latshaw, of Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26, who had died a short time ago, was made in an address before a meeting of the Lodge recently by his close personal friend, former United States Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri. Of Mr. Latshaw, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler and, for nineteen years, Judge of the Jackson County Circuit Court, former Senator Reed said, in part: "No life well influenced is lost. The deeds and accomplishments of that life live on. For Ralf S. Latshaw we find living monuments of a life consecrated to usefulness."

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Warns Others Against Member's Checks

Through its Secretary, T. Edward Freckleton, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, has issued a warning to other Lodges against a member, William H. Lewis, who, it is alleged, has cashed checks later returned from the bank unpaid for lack of funds. These checks, according to the Lodge Secretary, have been pre-



The recently dedicated memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price, at Columbus, Ohio

sented at other Lodges and at hotels. Mr. Lewis is member No. 3010 of Rochester Lodge.

Politics Barred as Candidates Speak At Meeting of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge

An unusual and exceptionally interesting event took place recently at a meeting of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, when twelve of its members, all of whom are candidates for public office, were called upon to make addresses, with the stipulation that the subjects must be other than political. At the session, one of the largest in point of attendance this year, were a number of Elks from other Florida Lodges. Among them were George N. Bickner, Vice-President of the Florida State Elks Association; and Exalted Ruler S. Henry Harris, of St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224.

Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price Is Dedicated

Three Past Grand Exalted Rulers: John K. Tener; J. Edgar Masters, present Grand Secretary; and Bruce A. Campbell were among the gathering of three hundred persons who, a short time ago, attended the unveiling and dedication of a monument erected in St. Joseph's Cemetery, Columbus, O., to the memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler John G. Price. All three former chief executives of the fraternity spoke at the exercises. Mr. Masters delivered the opening address, Mr. Campbell the dedicatory, and Mr. Tener made a speech of appreciation. A fourth distinguished orator was the Hon. Edward C. Turner, who, like Mr. Price, was formerly Attorney-General of Ohio and a Past Exalted Ruler of Columbus Lodge, No. 37. Richard Price, the twelve-year-old son of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler, unveiled the splendid granite monument; and upon it later Ernst Von Bargen, President of the Ohio State Elks Association, placed a wreath. Grand Chaplain the Rev. John Dysart, pronounced the invocation and benediction. Vocal selections by the Elks Male Chorus of Columbus Lodge enhanced the beauty of the exercises. The Grand Lodge Committee appointed to establish the memorial comprised Mr. Masters, the Chairman; Blake C. Cook, former member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; and Past Exalted Ruler John W. Kaufman, of Columbus Lodge. The Committee of Columbus Lodge delegated to assist

(Continued on page 60)

GUARANTEED 15¢ QUALITY

25 HAVANA \$1.00

FILLED CIGARS POST PAID

A \$3.75 VALUE, AT LEAST!

The Edwin Cigar Factory has put up one of its nationally advertised 15c brands in a rough manner in order to be able to offer it to the smoker at \$5.00 per hundred. (25 for \$1.00 during this special trial offer.) Only one "Get Acquainted" trial offer to any individual. **This Special Offer Good Until Sept. 15th**

Money Back Guarantee

If you don't get—in your own opinion—at least \$3.75 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from this \$1.00 trial offer let us know and your money will be immediately refunded in full—no delay, no red tape—and the smokes are on us. References: Duns, Bradstreets, or any bank in the United States or Cuba.

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(Continued from page 59)
the Grand Lodge group included Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward E. Smith, Secretary C. W. Wallace; and Past Exalted Rulers Hanby R. Jones, Charles E. Blanchard and Edward B. MacFadden.

Prominent Speakers at Dinner Given By Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge

One of the most successful affairs given this year at Havre de Grace, Md., Lodge, No. 1564, was a recent dinner, followed by a dance, at the Hotel Bayou. Seventy-five members, accompanied by ladies, attended the affair, held under the auspices of the new Lodge officers. With Past Exalted Ruler Harold E. Cobourn presiding as Toastmaster at the banquet, an excellent program of speeches was presented. Prominent among those to make addresses were Hugh E. Curran, President of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association; and Herbert R. O'Connor, State's Attorney.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge Offers Use of Home for Luncheon Forums

Through the facilities of its Home, Grand Rapids, Mich., Lodge, No. 48, has given to its community facilities for a forum of discussion upon patriotic, economic, civic and kindred topics. Effort to this end was made recently when the Lodge invited a number of organizations concerned with such subjects to hold luncheon meetings in the dining room of the Home. One of the earlier gatherings which met with success was that of the Dwight Lydell Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. At this its members heard an exceptionally interesting address by their National President, the Reverend Dr. Preston Bradley, of Chicago. The groups to which the Grand Rapids Elks have offered use of the Home are the Grand Rapids Bar Association, the Grand Rapids Realtors Club, the Grand Rapids Safety Council, the Travelers Protective Association, the Service Druggists Club, the Municipal Club, the Army and Navy Club, the American Legion, the Izaak Walton League, the Credit Men's Association, the Retail Grocers Association, the County Lincoln Club, the Round Table Club, the Fat Stock Association and the Purchasing Agents Club.

Redlands, Calif., Elks Entertain 400 Members of Lodges Nearby

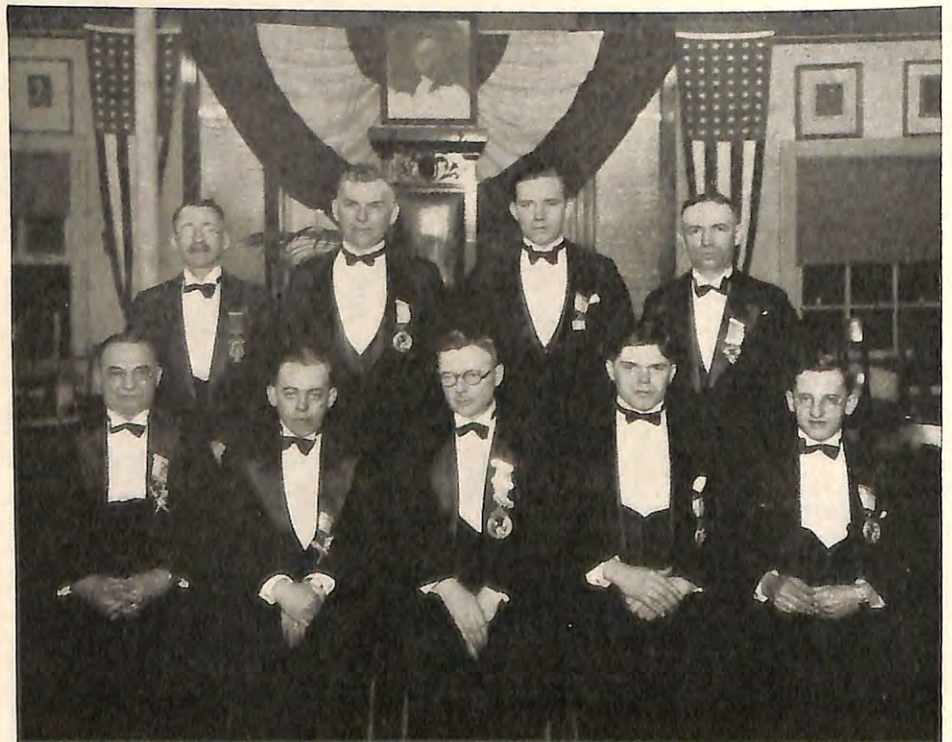
Delegations from nine other California Lodges were the guests recently of Redlands Lodge, No. 583, upon the occasion of its first meeting under the leadership of Exalted Ruler Charles Milton Brown, Jr. At a dinner held before the formal session, four hundred Elks were in attendance. Prominent among them were Dr. Ralph Hagan, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; and District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. B. Criddle and C. P. Wright. Represented at the gathering were the Lodges of Oceanside, Inglewood, Monrovia, Long Beach, Pasadena, Ventura, Riverside, San Bernardino and Los Angeles.

Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge Inducts Son, Father and Grandfather

Three generations of a single family were represented among the initiates into Ridgewood, N. J., Lodge, No. 1455, when a class of candidates was inducted, comprising Robert E. Zabriskie; his father, Edward S. Zabriskie; and his grandfather, Stephen T. Zabriskie. The eldest Mr. Zabriskie, seventy-eight, spoke during the Lodge session, astonishing the two hundred and fifty-six Elks present by the vigor of his eloquence.

Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Mills Is Dedicated

Upon his grave, on the crest of a hill overlooking the city of Black River Falls, Wisconsin, Elks of that State and of others unveiled and dedicated recently a monument, provided by Grand Lodge appropriation, in memory of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Brooks Mills, of Superior Lodge, No. 403. For their dignity and for the distinction and the numbers of those who took part in them, the exercises were impressive. The dedicatory address was delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland; and other speeches in tribute to Mr. Mills were made by Judge William J. Conway, of Wisconsin Rapids Lodge, No. 693, former Pardon Commissioner of the Grand Lodge; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers John Clark, of Superior Lodge; and William F. Schad, of Milwaukee Lodge, No. 46; and former United States Rep-

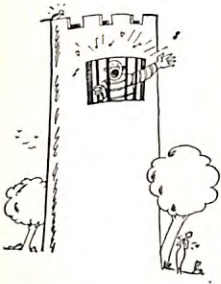


The officers of Sedalia, Mo., Lodge who initiated its George Washington Prosperity class

The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. If an American woman marries a foreign citizen, does she lose her American citizenship?
2. In troy weight, how many ounces are there to the pound?
3. Who is Hirohito?
4. What is the difference between a nautical mile and a knot?
5. Where is Patagonia?
6. Who composed the opera "Il Travatore"?
7. What metals are combined to make brass?
8. Who said, "Tis better to have loved and lost, Than never to have loved at all"?
9. Who is the champion woman golfer of the United States?
10. What is a felony?
11. What is a marsupial?
12. What is the weight limit for middleweight boxers?



The answers appear on page 64

representative Melvin Hull, of La Crosse Lodge, No. 300. The Reverend William Penn pronounced the invocation and the benediction. Vocal music was rendered by the Elks Quartette of Madison Lodge, No. 410. Delegations in attendance were those representing Superior, Milwaukee, Madison, Wisconsin Rapids, Sheboygan, Chippewa Falls, La Crosse, Rice Lake, Appleton, Waukesha, Racine, Green Bay, Eau Claire, Marshfield, Evanston, and Baraboo Lodges. Prominent among the representatives of Sheboygan Lodge was Charles E. Broughton, member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge. Mr. McFarland, as Chairman, Judge Conway, and Mr. Schad constituted the Grand Lodge Committee appointed for the establishment of the memorial.

New York, N. Y., Elks Mourn Loss Of Bozeman Bulger, Sports Writer

Members of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, lost one of their most beloved number a short time ago when Lieutenant-Colonel Bozeman Bulger, nationally known sports writer and authority, died at the age of fifty-four. Celebrated primarily as an expert upon baseball, Colonel Bulger began his career soon after the Spanish-American War, in which he had enlisted as a drummer boy. In addition to his

journalistic prominence, he achieved distinction as Secretary to the late Senator Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama; and as an officer of the American Expeditionary Force in France. He went overseas with the 306th Infantry of the 77th Division, as a Major and later, after receiving a citation for bravery under fire, was elevated to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Subsequently he was appointed to General John J. Pershing's staff as the officer in charge of press relations. He was initiated into the Order May 28, 1911.

Danville, Va., Lodge Initiates Record Class of 58 Candidates

Danville, Va., Lodge, No. 227, initiated fifty-eight candidates at a recent meeting. This is said to be the largest class since the Lodge was instituted more than forty years ago. Known as the "Exalted Ruler Class" and resulting from a selective membership campaign, the occasion was a memorable one in the history of No. 227. Meeting at 7 o'clock, the initiation was made a special order of business for 8 o'clock, when the ceremonies were conducted by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. N. Perkinson. He was assisted by the Degree Team of the Lodge.

(Continued on page 62)

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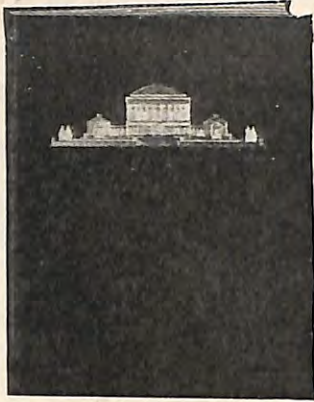
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(Continued from page 61)

Exalted Ruler Clifton J. Parrott was presented with a handsome floral tribute at the conclusion of the meeting. Following the Lodge session a buffet supper and smoker were tendered the new members in the rathskeller of the Home. Nearly three hundred Elks attended throughout the evening. John W. Carter, Jr., Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, was the principal speaker of the evening. Others participating in the program were District Deputy Perkinson, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. B. Trundle, Past Exalted Rulers Greenhow Haury, John W. Gibson, James M. Lea, W. R. Fitzgerald, W. L. Fox, L. L. Kaufman, A. P. Bailey, A. Y. Jeffress, Ben P. Kushner and Harry G. Lea.

Bound Brook, N. J., Elks Offer Excellent Benefit Show

With a cast of excellent professional talent, including Donald Brian, of "Merry Widow" fame; and his wife, Virginia O'Brien, the Elks of Bound Brook, N. J., Lodge, No. 1388, presented, recently, a musical review at the Brook Theatre for the benefit of the Lodge's crippled children's fund. Among the acts on the elaborate program were Joe Laurie's skit, which had been playing at the Palace Theatre in New York, and piano pieces by Percy Weinrich.

One of the Newest Members of Lock Haven Pa., Lodge, is Oldest

One of the youngest members of Lock Haven, Pa., Lodge, No. 182, in point of length of affiliation with the Order, is one of the oldest, in point of age. He is DeWitt C. Johnson, ninety years old and initiated a short time ago as one of a class of seven. Mr. Johnson, in addition to the distinction of his years, has the enviable record of having served three enlistments in the Civil War.

Lodges Warned Against Man Posing As Montgomery, Ala., Lodge Member

Secretaries of subordinate Lodges and other members of the Order are urged to be on their guard against the impositions of a man impersonating John B. Hill, a reputable member of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596. The impostor has cashed worthless checks at Atlanta and Athens, Ga., and Anderson, S. C., Lodges. Information to this effect has been received from Secretary B. Goode, of Montgomery Lodge. Mr. Goode believes that the membership card which the man carries for identification is a forgery.

Notice to Mem- bers of Elks Club Formed in Ger- many in 1918

Martin F. Duffy, a member of Pottsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 207, a Secretary for the Knights of Columbus during the World War, is desirous of getting into communication with those who were members of the Elks Club organized in the Third Army in Germany in 1918 and who, in December of that year, attended the Elks Memorial Service in the American Red Cross Building in Paris. This is said to be the only service of its kind ever held by members of the Order. Mr. Duffy was the Memorial Day

speaker upon the occasion. Mr. Duffy may be addressed at his Lodge Home, 313 Mahantongo Street, Pottsville.

Port Jervis, N. Y., Elks Active In Fraternal and Other Fields

In both fraternal and recreational activities, Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge, No. 645, has recently been extensively engaged. Upon appointment by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Walter T. Hawkins, the officers of No. 645 conducted installation ceremonies at Havestraw Lodge, No. 877, and at Kingston Lodge, No. 550. These events followed close upon another of especial interest to Port Jervis Elks, the award of a life membership to their retiring Exalted Ruler, William A. Clancy. Among the enterprises beyond the official concerns of the Lodge which the members of No. 645 have undertaken has been the organization of a baseball team, one of the best amateur nines in its community.

Mount Carmel, Ill., Elks Honor Exalted Ruler Ben F. Price

In honor of their present Exalted Ruler, the members of Mount Carmel, Ill., Lodge, No. 715, recently designated a session of the Lodge as "Ben F. Price Night." Events of the evening were a dinner, served by the American Legion Auxiliary in the Lodge Home; a program of speaking and, at the ensuing Lodge session, initiation ceremonies.

Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge Has Striking Float in Parade

As its contribution to the success of the celebration of the centenary of the establishment of Hot Springs National Park, Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380, recently entered a striking and attractive float in the parade. Although this was but one of fifty such exhibits in the two-miles long procession, it proved to be an outstanding one. The committee responsible for its effectiveness comprised Gilbert Hogaboom, Chairman; Charles Bunch, J. C. Walz and George Duvall.

"Knot Hole Gang" Is Organized at Home of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge

Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62, recently donated to the City Recreation Commission the use of the auditorium in the Lodge Home for meetings to organize the Elmira Knot Hole Gang. This group is one composed of boys

between ten and fourteen years of age. Members of it receive tickets of admission, free of charge, to the New York-Pennsylvania League baseball games. About 1,000 Elmira youngsters belong to the gang, which was formed by Dave Schoonover, a member of No. 62. Permission to use the Elks auditorium was given by Past Exalted Ruler Abram H. Ryan, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee. A parade followed the meeting. Part of the procession was a fire truck with a banner bearing the notice: "Elmira Elks No. 62 sponsor six Midget Baseball Leagues. More than 500 boys participating."



The Grand Lodge Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thomas Brooks Mills, at Black River Falls, Wisconsin. It was recently unveiled and dedicated

5,000 Greet Grand Exalted Ruler Coen at Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge

Five thousand Elks welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen a short time ago when he made an official visit to Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, No. 22. The occasion, besides attracting so many members of the Order, was remarkable also for the initiation of a great class of 322 candidates, and for the presence of many notables of the fraternity. Led by Exalted Ruler Harry T. Woods and by Borough President of Brooklyn Harry Hesterberg, a delegation met the Grand Exalted Ruler upon his arrival at the Grand Central Terminal. He was entertained thereafter at a luncheon in his honor; at a baseball game at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn; and at a dinner at the Home of No. 22, before the formal Lodge session. In charge of these arrangements was Past Exalted Ruler James T. Brady, as Chairman of the Committee. Prominent among the Elks to attend the initiation ceremonies at the Home were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning and Murray Hulbert; James T. Hallinan, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, and State Supreme Court Justice; Charles S. Hart, Member of the Good of the Order Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Edward S. McGrath, of New York; Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association; District Attorney William F. X. Geoghan; Corporation Counsel Arthur J. W. Hilly; former Representative Harry A. Hanbury, Trustee of Brooklyn Lodge; Past Exalted Rulers Peter S. Seery, Fred. G. Shafer, Samuel C. Duberstein, James J. Boylan and Thomas F. Cuite, of No. 22; and Fred Hughes, of White Plains Lodge, No. 535. The Glee Club of Brooklyn Lodge, under the direction of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clayton J. Heermance; and the Brooklyn Elks Band rendered programs during the Lodge meeting.

Crippled Children Entertained at Elks Circus by White Plains, N. Y., Lodge

Thirty school children, of White Plains, N. Y., all orthopaedic cases, were entertained recently by members of White Plains Lodge, No. 535, at the Elks Circus held at the Home. Judge William S. Coffey, a member of the Lodge and Chief Medical Inspector of the Board of Education, was in charge of arrangements. Before the entertainment the children were given refreshments.

Honorary Life Membership Awarded J. G. Buch by Trenton, N. J., Elks

Before a numerous attendance of members of Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, the officers, on behalf of the Lodge, presented Past Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch with an Honorary Life Membership for distinguished services to the Order. Mr. Buch is Chairman of the New Jersey State Elks Association's Grippled Children's Committee. For many years he has been active in child welfare work, not only in his own State, but throughout the nation, frequently traveling across the continent in furtherance of the movement that is so close to his heart.

Paul V. Kelly, Former Utah Elks' Head, Accepts Chicago Post

Paul V. Kelly, Past President of the Utah State Elks Association and Past Exalted Ruler of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, accepted recently an appointment to head a seed division of the Farmers' National Grain Corporation, with offices in Chicago. He left a short time thereafter to take up his residence in the Illinois metropolis. One of the most active and prominent Elks in Utah, and for many years one of Salt Lake City's outstandingly successful business men, Mr. Kelly also was active in a number of civic organizations. At the time of his departure for the Middle

West he was a director of both the Utah State Automobile Association and of the Children's Service Society; and Vice-Chairman of the Motor Safety League.

Dowagiac, Mich., Elks Are Hosts To Ladies of Members' Families

At an affair designated as "Ladies' Night," Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, recently entertained the ladies of the families of its present members and the widows of those no longer living. A dinner was first of the events of the evening. Dancing and a bridge party followed. So successful was the occasion that the Lodge determined thereafter to make it a monthly institution, beginning in October.

Bell at Home of Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, Tolls Nightly at Eleven

Pueblo, Colo., Lodge, No. 99, installed upon the roof of its Home a short time ago a large bell which at eleven o'clock every evening tolls eleven strokes. It also is rung whenever an Elks funeral is held. The purchase of the bell and the establishment of the custom of its use were proposed two years ago by a member of the Lodge, Francis Schwinger.

Past Exalted Rulers of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge Plan Organization

In conformance with the movement initiated by the Ohio State Elks Association in behalf of the organization in Lodges of Past Exalted Rulers Associations, a group of the former heads of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, met informally a short time ago for the purpose of discussing plans for such an association at No. 53. The meeting took place at a dinner given the Past Exalted Rulers by William H. Haskell, the senior among them. A prominent attendant was J. C. A. Leppelman, Past President of the Ohio State Elks Association.

Prominent Herkimer, N. Y., Elks On Lodge's Softball Team

Several of the most prominent members of Herkimer, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1439, are listed among the players on the team which the Lodge entered recently in the Herkimer Y.M.C.A. Softball Sunset League. The line-up includes District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll, Exalted Ruler Charles E. Crandall, Past Exalted Ruler F. Arthur Miller, Secretary George C. Steele; Village Attorney Francis J. Moore and Sheriff Leo Lawrence.

Information About C. A. Stellner, Rocky Mountain Elk, Is Sought

THE ELKS MAGAZINE has been asked to inquire of its readers if any of them knows the present whereabouts of C. A. (Bert) Stellner, a member of some Lodge in the Rocky Mountain States. This request has come from Walter Barger, of Danville, Ill., Lodge, No. 332, with whom anyone having information about Mr. Stellner may communicate. The only facts available concerning the member sought are that he is not enrolled in any Lodge in Nevada, and that a brother of his is reported to have died recently.

Secretary Sullinger, of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, Stricken at Meeting

As the Eleven o'clock Toast was being given, at a recent meeting of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385, which had proven unusually and unexpectedly exciting, Wilford W. Sullinger, Secretary of the Lodge for the last twelve years, suddenly was stricken with apoplexy and died a few hours later. The tragic and abrupt end of one of the most devoted and popular Elks in Arizona came at the conclusion of a session at which the American Legion, all of whose members are Elks, marched to the Lodge Home

(Continued on page 64)

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Gentlemen: Rush to me, **FREE** of charge, list of U. S. Government, big pay positions now obtainable. Send me **FREE** 32-page book describing salaries, hours, work, vacation and giving full particulars on how to get a position.

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Every
Good Boy
Deserves
Fun

Look!

Easy as A·B·C to learn music this way

JUST see how easy it is! The lines are always E-G-B-D-F. Memorize the sentence, "Every Good Boy Deserves Fun"—and there you are. Whenever a note appears on the first line, you know it is *e*. Whenever a note appears on the second line, you know it is *g*.

And the spaces—just as easy to remember. The four spaces are always F-A-C-E. That spells "face"—simple enough to remember, isn't it? Thus whenever a note appears in the first space, it is *f*. Whenever a note appears in the second space, it is *a*.

You have learned something already! Isn't it fun? You'll just love learning music this fascinating way! No long hours of tedious practice. No dull and uninteresting scales. No "tricks" or "secrets"—no theories—you learn to play real music from real notes.

You don't need a private teacher this pleasant way. In your own home, alone, without interruption or embarrassment, you study this fascinating, easy method of playing. Practice as much or as little as you like, to suit your own convenience, and enjoy every minute of it.

You learn from the start—Previous training unnecessary

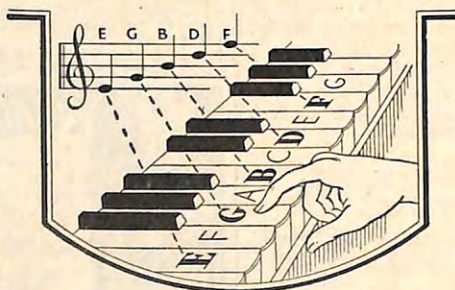
So clear and simple are these fascinating "music lessons" that even a child can understand them. You do not lose a minute with unnecessary details—only the most essential principles are taught. Clear, concise, interesting and attractive—that is how each lesson is presented to you. And at an average cost of only a few pennies a day.

You'll be amazed at your progress! You "get on" so quickly, so easily, to everything that almost before you realize it you are playing tunes and melodies from notes.

The surest way to popularity

Don't be just "another one of the guests" at the next party you go to. Be the center of attraction! The most popular one at a party is always the person who can entertain—and there is no finer and more enjoyable kind of entertainment than music.

Learn music this simple way and



amaze your friends. Once you can play you will be surprised how popular you become. In amateur bands and at parties you'll find new pleasure and popularity.

Never before have you had such a chance to become a good player—quickly—without a teacher. And this method does not mean that you will be able merely to read notes and play a simple tune or two—but it means you will become a *capable and efficient player*. Many of our pupils now have positions with professional bands and orchestras.

No alibis now for not learning to play your favorite instrument

Like having a phantom teacher at your side every minute, encouraging you, teaching you, smoothing the way so that it becomes so much easier, so much quicker for you to master your favorite musical instrument.

You simply cannot go wrong. First you are *told* how a thing is done, then by graphic illustrations and diagrams you are *shown* how, and when you play—you *hear* it. Don't be afraid to begin your lessons at once. Over 600,000 people learned to play this modern way—and found it as easy as A-B-C. Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play, and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind, no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will average the same—just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this newly perfected method.

Send for our Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. They prove just how anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and for just a fraction of what old, slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*.

Read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 3627 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Thirty-fourth Year (Established 1898)

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC 3627 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book, "How You Can Master Music in Your Own Home," with inspiring message by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You Instrument?

Name

Address

City

State

Pick Your Instrument

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|
| Piano | Violin |
| Organ | Clarinet |
| Ukulele | Flute |
| Cornet | Saxophone |
| Trombone | Harp |
| Piccolo | Mandolin |
| Guitar | Cello |
| Hawaiian Steel Guitar | |
| Sight Singing | |
| Piano Accordion | |
| Italian and German Accordion | |
| Voice and Speech Culture | |
| Harmony and Composition | |
| Drums and Traps | |
| Automatic Finger Control | |
| Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor) | |
| Juniors' Piano Course | |

(Continued from page 63)
in military formation, with its Drum and Bugle Corps playing, in a demonstration of esteem for the officers of No. 385. The Legionnaires came 150 strong, swelling the total attendance at the meeting to 350. After the session, unaware of the gravity of Mr. Sullinger's affliction, a program of entertainment was presented and a buffet supper served. The entire membership was shocked the following morning to discover that its Secretary's affliction had proven fatal. At the funeral services later, the Lodge attended in a body. Its numbers were augmented by members of virtually every Lodge in Arizona.

Air Crash Kills Past Exalted Ruler Wylam, of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge

James N. Wylam, Trustee and Past Exalted Ruler of Lockport, N. Y., Lodge, No. 41, who as its Representative last summer flew to and from the Grand Lodge Convention at Seattle, was instantly killed a short time ago when an airplane which he was piloting crashed at the Lee-Van de Mark Airport in Lockport. With him in the plane, C. Vernon Fuller, chief mechanic at the airport, also met his death. The tragedy proved a stunning shock not only to Mr. Wylam's Lodge but to the entire city as well. He was regarded as an expert aviator. He had been flying for twelve years and was the first citizen of Lockport to own a plane. The accident came when erratic air currents drove the craft down as Mr. Wylam was circling the field at a height of 200 feet to make a landing after a flight to Buffalo. A native of Reynoldsville, Pa., Mr. Wylam was prominent in the automobile business in Lockport, and was forty years old at the time of his death. His election to the office of Exalted Ruler came in 1931, and followed by a few years the occupancy of the same post by his stepfather, Adolph C. Kudel, Past Vice-President of the New York State Elks Association. Surviving him, besides Mr. Kudel, are Mr. Wylam's mother, Mrs. Kudel; two brothers, a stepbrother and a stepsister. To these members of his family, to his Lodge and to the many friends of Mr. Wylam elsewhere, THE ELKS MAGAZINE wishes to convey its sincere condolence.

Cleveland, O., Lodge, Holds Its Annual May Party at Home

In a setting bright with spring flowers, members of Cleveland, O., Lodge, No. 18, and their ladies recently took part in the Annual May Party at the Lodge's Home. Seventy-five couples in all enjoyed the affair. "The Gloom-Chasers," a new organization composed of members of No. 18's Entertainment Committee, provided music for dancing.

Answers to Monthly Dozen

(See page 61)

1. No; not unless she formally renounces it before a Court.
2. 12.
3. Emperor of Japan.
4. A nautical mile is a measure of marine distance; a knot is one of speed. For instance, 20 knots means a speed of 20 nautical miles an hour.
5. In South America.
6. Verdi.
7. Copper and zinc.
8. Tennyson.
9. Helen Hicks.
10. A crime punishable by one year's imprisonment; or by a more severe penalty.
11. An animal, such as the kangaroo, which carries its young in a pouch.
12. 160 pounds.



...here's good news for you!

You can't repair a clutch bearing on the highway, can you? Come on out and let us tell you how you can avoid this annoyance and expense in the future. If it is

any consolation, we can tell you that over three million motorists had the same clutch bearing trouble last year. Crawl out and listen to some good news.

Good news! No more expense for burned out bearings, for at last an oil refiner—maker of the world's finest oils and greases—offers *Insured Lubrication!*

New? Yes. But it had to come, because millions of motorists, confused as to the competitive claims of many brands, now demand *proof* of superiority. Car owners last year grudgingly paid out millions of dollars for repairing and replacing burned out bearings, as a penalty for their failure to choose the best.

But now *Insured Lubrication*—Quaker State's confidence-building new offer to motorists—makes oil choice

easy, for surely oils and greases good enough to *insure* are best for your car! Change to Quaker State. Adopt the Quaker State Plan of Lubrication. Equip your car with the unique "Roll-o-Miles" lubrication diagram and recording device, at the nominal cost of \$3.50—and your worries about lubrication cease. For Quaker State will then present you with its FREE Insured Guarantee—insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

Study the Proposition below. Does the maker of the oil and grease you now use go *that far* to prove worthy of

your choice? If not, start today to use the "oil with the extra quart of lubrication in every gallon"—insist on Quaker State *Insured Lubrication!*

Insured Lubrication



QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS AND SUPERFINE GREASES



THE PROPOSITION

- 1** - Because your car will not operate without oil and grease, you face a choice of brands.
- 2** - Brands differ greatly in quality; we urge that you use Quaker State, but we do not attempt to prove its superiority by claims alone. Instead we say:
- 3** - If you will use only Quaker State lubricants in your car, adopt the *Quaker State Plan of Lubrication* and equip your car with "Roll-o-Miles" at \$3.50, we will supply you with a One Year Guarantee insured in The Travelers Indemnity Company of Hartford, Conn., which agrees to pay the customary cost of repairing or replacing any burned out and inoperative bearings resulting from faulty or insufficient lubrication.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa. Dept. EK-5

- Please send your free booklet, "The Story of Insured Lubrication."
 - As per your offer, I enclose \$3.50. (Duty and taxes extra in Canada.)
- Send me "Roll-o-Miles" and your FREE Insured Guarantee prepaid.

Name.....Date.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Make of Car.....Year of Model.....

Factory or Serial No.....

Brand of oil I am now using.....

*Sure as shootin'
three others are coming*

...three more
Chesterfield
smokers!



*Hear the Chesterfield Radio Program.
Every night except Sunday. Columbia
network. See local newspaper for time.*

*the Cigarette that's Milder
the Cigarette that TASTES BETTER*

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