

The Elks

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Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1932



Edgar Sisson — Emma-Lindsay Squier — Eddie Dooley

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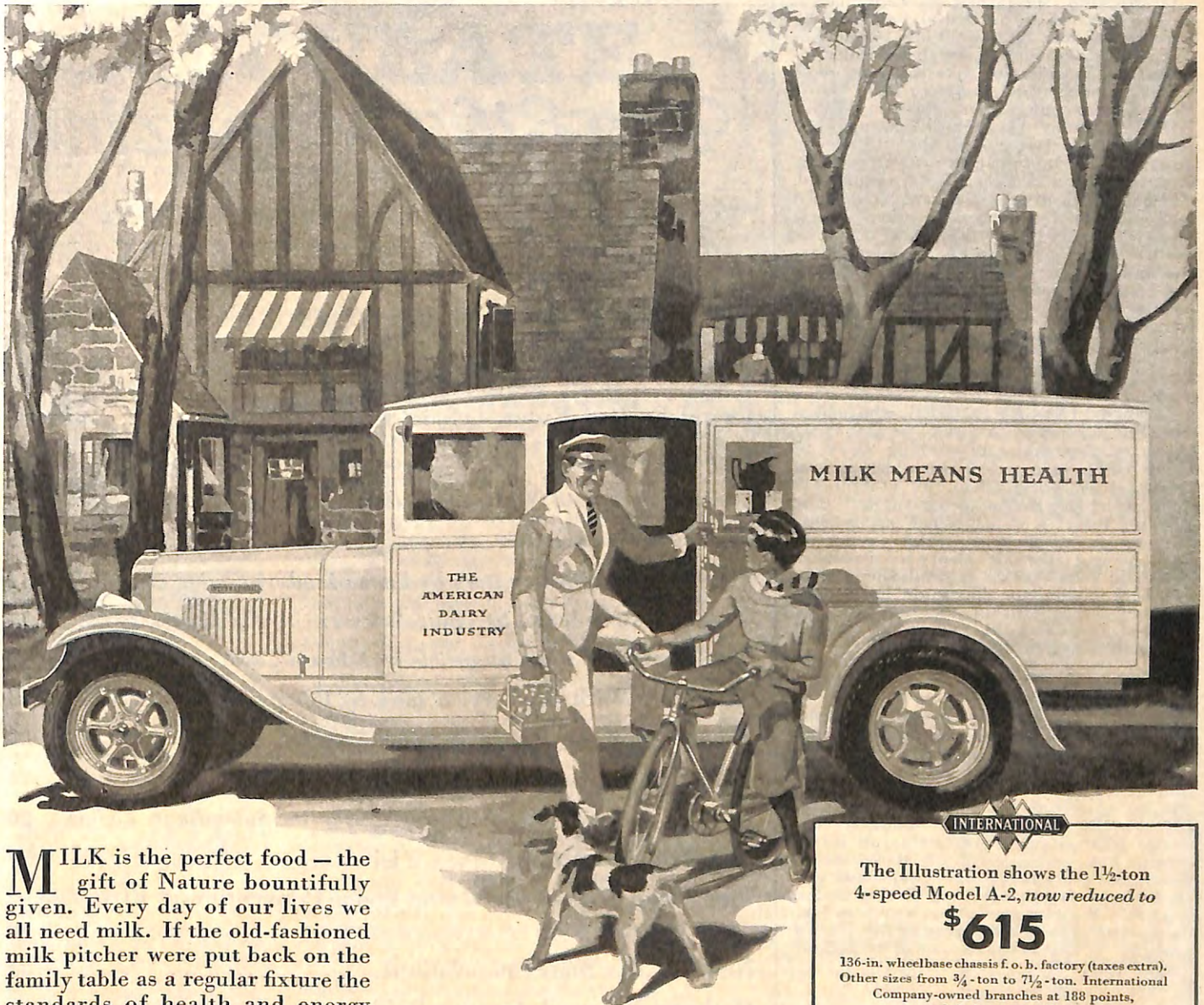
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Something About This Number

SEVERAL million spectators will attend football games this fall; will be thrilled by long, broken-field runs, last-second tackles and spectacular forward passes. Also, they will be puzzled and annoyed by many decisions of the officials. Why was that play not allowed, or that penalty inflicted? In order to make the game more understandable and therefore more enjoyable for our readers, we commissioned Eddie Dooley, former Dartmouth star and all-American quarterback in 1924, to explain the six important changes promulgated last winter by the Football Rules Committee, and their effect upon the game. Designed to minimize the danger of serious injury, or even death, on the field, these new rules will result in a considerably altered strategy, as well as a new technique in the playing of many positions. "Football and the New Rules" is the opening article of this issue and one which every fan should read before going to the first games of the season.



EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER, who makes her first appearance in THE ELKS MAGAZINE with a charming and exciting story of Chinese life in America, is a widely-known short story writer whom we are pleased and proud to welcome to our pages. "The Broken Bowl" is a story which has its roots in the ancient land of Confucius, but its action—and there is plenty of it—takes place in New York's colorful Chinatown. R. L. Lambdin, the illustrator, has caught perfectly the spirit of the tale, and his drawings are a beautiful and graphic complement to Miss Squier's text.



BECAUSE, according to authorities, the best months of the year for taking the big steelhead trout of western waters are September and October, we are publishing an article which, at first glance, might seem to be somewhat out of season. Edward Cave's "Big Western Trout," however, contains information of interest to all fishermen, but particularly for those whose vacations are yet to come. And would you ever have thought of trout fishing in the desert? We confess that such an idea had not occurred to us before reading Mr. Cave's article, yet that is where some of the biggest come from.



EDGAR SISSON tells another one of the stories of famous man-hunts which have proven such a popular series during recent months. In "Shattuck Goes to War" you will find a frail, white-haired banker pitted against a gang of desperate French Apaches.



SLEUTHING With Slattery," by Billups Harris, introduces a character who, even as house-detective of the great St. Augustus Hotel, goes about his work with the same never-to-be-forgotten sense of high adventure which so many of us, at the ages of ten or twelve, felt after acquiring a mail-order star and bull's-eye lantern.

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The Elks Magazine

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Cover design by Sam Brown

"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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From the Counting Stones of the Romans

Came Our Word

CALCULATE

The ancient Romans had no adding machines. Few could even read or write. So their counting and reckoning was done with the aid of little stones used as counters. The Latin word for the pebble used in this way was *calculus*, derived from *calx* meaning "limestone." From *calculus* was developed the verb *calcularé*, "to calculate," and this is the immediate origin of our word *calculate*.

The branch of mathematics which we call *calculus* was named directly from the little counting stone of ancient Rome.

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The modern broker who engages in large-scale financial operations takes his name from a humble origin. Broker is derived from the old French *broquier* or *brokier*, a dialectal form of *brochier*, "one who taps a cask in order to draw the liquor." Thus, the broker was in the first place a retail vender of wine.



NEIGHBOR

Once Meant a Near-by Farmer
In Anglo-Saxon *neah* meant "nigh," "near," and *gehur* meant "dweller," "farmer." These two words were combined into *neahgebur*, meaning, literally, "a near-by farmer." The word appears in modern English as *neighbor*, with a meaning that has changed with the evolution of civilization.

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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number One

*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., August 11, 1932*

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

MY BROTHERS:

There are many matters of importance requiring early attention by the officers, committees and members of our subordinate Lodges, and I feel that they should be brought to your attention officially so that valuable time will not be lost.

In my speech of acceptance at Birmingham, published in full in the August number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, I expressed to your representatives my appreciation of the unanimous vote which placed me at the head of this great American fraternity. I now thank you for this great honor and pledge you my faithful devotion to the discharge of the duties of the office of Grand Exalted Ruler. I acknowledge with gratitude the scores of congratulatory telegrams from Lodges and members pledging loyal support to me and my associate officers.

I face the year ahead with confidence. The morale of our membership is high. Elks are meeting the problems of the day intelligently and courageously. There is no faltering in Elkdom because the going is hard. Everywhere Elks are spreading good cheer and inspiring confidence in those who began to doubt the soundness of our beloved country and her institutions.

My Headquarters

I have established my executive offices in the beautiful rooms provided by you for the Grand Exalted Ruler in the south wing of our world-famous National Memorial Headquarters Building. Here I have access to all the records in the office of our Grand Secretary, and I am privileged to confer directly with him on all matters requiring special attention.

If you have not visited this Temple of Brotherly Love, I urge you to accept the first opportunity to enjoy the treat in store for you. It is one of the art treasures of the world. The history of this magnificent Memorial and of the great service to mankind of our beloved Order is available to you in the beautiful gold-embossed book which may be procured from the Grand Secretary. No Elk should be without one in his home.

District Deputy Conferences

Instead of bringing all the District Deputies to Chicago after their appointment in September, I have divided our country into fourteen sections and shall hold in each section a conference of the District Deputies and the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of subordinate Lodges of the States included. By this plan I shall personally contact my assistants throughout the jurisdiction of Elkdom by October fifteenth and get all our units organized for action early in the Lodge year. I urge every subordinate Lodge to send at least one representative to the conference in its section. Compliance with this request will be the best evidence of your loyalty to me and of your interest in our beloved Order.

Officers' Manual

Every subordinate Lodge officer and committee has certain specific duties to perform. These duties are discussed in the Manual for Officers and Committees of Subordinate Lodges, and many helpful suggestions are made. Every Exalted Ruler should call together the officers and committee chairmen of his Lodge for a study and discussion of the suggestions made in this manual. Four copies were supplied each Lodge last year. If these copies are available, use them; if not, the Grand Secretary will supply others on request.

Constitutional Amendments

Two important amendments to Article III of the Constitution will be submitted to the subordinate Lodges for their approval or disapproval, in accordance with our Statutes. For a number of years the changes made in our fundamental law by these amendments have been under consideration by your Grand Lodge officers, and this year, upon the recommendation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, your representatives at the Grand Lodge Convention adopted them by unanimous vote.

Sections 1 and 4 of Article III are amended to make the Exalted Ruler of each subordinate Lodge its representative to the Grand Lodge Convention. This will enable the Grand Exalted Ruler to meet the acting Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges personally, immediately after his election, and to outline to them his program for the year. The advantages of this new arrangement are obvious. The proponents of the change feel that each Exalted Ruler will go back to his Lodge inspired by his experience at the Grand Lodge session and will communicate that inspiration to his Lodge. I feel that this change will be productive of great benefit to our Order.

The Exalted Ruler will not become a member of the Grand Lodge until he completes his term and all Past Exalted Rulers will continue to be members of the Grand Lodge. Where it has been the practice of a Lodge to send its retiring Exalted Ruler as its representative to the Grand Lodge, and it is thought that the present Exalted Ruler should not be deprived of this privilege next year, the Lodge may reelect him Exalted Ruler next March, or may elect him as the alternate delegate and send two representatives to Milwaukee. Where the latter plan is followed, if the Lodge is not able to bear the full expense of both representatives, the representatives can agree between themselves to divide the amount which the Lodge can appropriate for the purpose and bear the balance of the expense themselves. In true Elk spirit this problem will be solved by the several subordinate Lodges.

The amendment to Section 18 of Article III permits a second Lodge in a city of more than a million population, and an additional Lodge for each additional million or major fraction thereof, with a limitation that no more than five Lodges shall be permitted in any one city. There are now five Lodges in the City of New York and two Lodges in the City of Los Angeles, and so these cities will not be affected by the change. The only cities which are now affected by the change are Chicago, Detroit and Philadelphia. Additional Lodges will not be established in these cities except where the good of the Order demands it.

Statutory Changes

Several changes have been made in the Statutes of the Grand Lodge, and it is the duty of the officers of each subordinate Lodge to procure immediately revised copies of the Statutes from the Grand Secretary and familiarize themselves with our laws as amended.

The most important change is the amendment to Section 180. This amendment permits each subordinate Lodge by resolution to reduce or waive its reinstatement fee for all former members applying for reinstatement prior to March 31, 1933, and it waives Grand Lodge dues on reinstated members for the annual period beginning April 1, 1932. A second amendment reduces the residence period to six months where application for reinstatement is made in a new jurisdiction.

Each subordinate Lodge is free to fix its own terms of reinstatement, but I urge careful consideration of the resolution on the subject before it is presented to the Lodge for action. Inasmuch as your representatives to the Grand Lodge recommended the inauguration of a nation-wide campaign of reinstatement, there is some advantage in having the reinstatement fees uniform throughout our jurisdiction for this limited period. I suggest that where an unaffiliated Elk is holding an absolute limit he be reinstated without fee, and that where he was dropped for non-payment of dues the reinstatement fee be \$2.00. In the latter case the Lodge has paid at least one Grand Lodge assessment of \$1.35, and it is entitled to be reimbursed for this. If this suggestion does not fit the situation in your Lodge, use your own judgment in fixing your terms of reinstatement for this special campaign.

Reinstatement Campaign

In response to the request for lists of prospects for reinstatement I have received lists from more than half the Lodges. Most of these lists contain too many names and many of them omit street addresses. Obviously, it will be a waste of time and money for me to write a letter to a prospect asking him to reinstate unless he is immediately contacted by a member of the local committee. I have written each Exalted Ruler asking him to call together the Past Exalted Rulers and the officers of his Lodge, and with their help to select a limited list of the best material available for reinstatement and to send me the names with correct street addresses at his earliest convenience. I want a list from every subordinate Lodge prior to September first. Letters to these prospects will be prepared and will be placed in the mail about October first.

The first duty of the Exalted Ruler is to appoint from the membership of the Lodge the best available man for chairman of this Reinstatement Committee, and have him attend the conference at which the names of the prospects for reinstatement are selected. The Exalted Ruler, with the approval of the chairman, should appoint a committee of not less than twenty-five members who will give the necessary time to make the campaign a success. The committee shall be known as the Grand Exalted Ruler's Reinstatement Committee. Send me the name of the chairman as soon as he is appointed.

I propose to open the campaign with a meeting of the Reinstatement Committee in every subordinate Lodge on Sunday, October 9, and to close the campaign with a big Homecoming Night in every subordinate Lodge, Friday, November 11. If every Lodge will do its part in this campaign, we shall restore to our rolls more than 50,000 valued Brothers who left us in the easy times of 1925 to 1930.

Subordinate Lodge Visits

Many subordinate Lodges have invited me to visit them during my year as Grand Exalted Ruler. I am grateful for these invitations and I shall make every effort to visit every section of our country. Before I give myself the pleasure of these visits, however, I must contact my colonels and captains and get our forces organized for the year. The section meetings of District Deputies and subordinate Lodge representatives and the reinstatement campaign will occupy all of my attention until the middle of November. After that date I hope to find time to enjoy the fraternal contacts that I will make on my visits to subordinate Lodges.

Grand Lodge Reunion

As casual acquaintance ripens year by year into warm personal friendship, we look forward more and more to our annual reunion. Here Brothers from every State and Territory of our great country are privileged to greet friends whom they have not seen for a year or perhaps many years. Our reunion at Birmingham this year will long be remembered because of the genuine hospitality of the citizens of that modern city of the Southland and of the Elks of Dixie. The attendance of the Grand Lodge members was gratifying not only because of the large number present, but especially because of the interest manifested in the deliberations of the Grand Lodge. Each session was well attended and all matters were carefully and ably discussed, and action taken only after the fullest and freest expression of opinion.

Appointments

In order to avail myself of the great ability and energy of our retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, John R. Coen, and to give the subordinate Lodges the benefit of his experience and knowledge of conditions throughout our Order, I have appointed him chairman of the new Lodge Activities Committee. With him I have appointed Robert S. Barrett of Alexandria, Va., No. 758, Charles S. Hart of Mount Vernon, N. Y., No. 842, Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, O., No. 53, and Emmett T. Anderson of Tacoma, Wash., No. 174. This Committee will assist me in directing the National Reinstatement Campaign and will advise subordinate Lodges, officers and committees concerning Lodge activities. Other appointments are announced in my September circular.

I pledge to the subordinate Lodges my wholehearted cooperation, and I earnestly solicit the support of every member of our beloved Order in my effort to direct it into activities of great service to mankind and to our country.

Cordially and fraternally yours,



Floyd E. Thompson

Grand Exalted Ruler.

Football and the New Rules

By
Edwin B. Dooley
(All-American Quarterback, 1924)



N. Y. SUN

THE glorious spectacle of the football season of 1931, with all its color, its pageantry, its vital enthusiasm, and its intense rivalries, was overshadowed by an ominous cloud. Forty-nine young Americans went to their deaths as a result of injuries sustained on the cross-barred fields of the nation. In addition to these regrettable fatalities, 1,346 players of high-school and college age were seriously injured.

Never in the entire history of the game, which goes back more than six decades, was the mortality rate so high. Nineteen hundred and twenty-five was the worst season previous to last fall, twenty players having died from football injuries that year.

Public sentiment was aroused, and in many quarters movements were organized to bring legislative pressure to bear on the sport in order to make it safer for its participants. The situation looked like a recurrence of the drama enacted during the régime of President Theodore Roosevelt, when that progressive leader, cognizant of the dangers of the game, but an admirer of it none the less, told the gridiron solons to clean it up, or see it die. Immediately the game was improved. Vicious methods of line play went out of fashion. Clipping, one of the most dangerous phases of the pastime was prohibited, and the sport took a new and healthier lease on life.

At the close of last autumn's disastrous campaign, the Football Rules Committee, the controlling body of the game, took steps to prevent a repetition of the fatalities of the season of 1931. The committee is composed of ten men, all of whom have been associated with the sport since college days, and who regard it in the highest light.

A searching investigation of all football deaths and injuries, conducted by Professor

Copyright, 1932, by Edwin B. Dooley

Floyd R. Eastwood, and instructor Frank S. Lloyd of New York University, and Dr. Marvin Stevens, head coach of Yale, assisted by Ed Thorpe, well-known football official; Parke Davis, famous old Princeton player and recognized as the gridiron's official statistician; and Fielding Yost of Michigan University fame, revealed the causes of the injuries and deaths, and proved conclusively that most of the physical misfortunes of the gridiron game are avoidable.

The survey showed that of the 49 fatalities, 19 took place in high-school games; 8 on college gridirons; 15 on sandlots; and 4 in unclassified football games, which might justifiably be placed in the sandlot category. Nineteen of the casualties occurred in contests in which there was little or no supervision. Thirty deaths were directly traceable to actual games, 8 took place in practice sessions; 7 in scrub scrimmages; and 4 in nondescript skirmishes between unorganized groups.

FOUR deaths were due to head-on tackles; 2 to unnecessary roughness; 2 to the fact that the players relaxed before the ball was dead; 6 to poor physical condition, and 2 to "piling on." And of the 1,346 injuries, 403 happened in blocking; 281 in tackling; 120 in line plunging; 64 on the kickoff; 63 to improper equipment; 47 were due to roughness; and 208 were hurt by being tackled.

Mr. Lloyd summed up his view of the matter when he said: "Half the injuries were due to a lack of a rigid enforcement of the rules by officials, improper training, conditioning and coaching of players, to dangerous equipment, and to indifferent treatment of minor injuries."

Acting on the information supplied by Professor Eastwood's survey, the Rules

The new rules restrict the use of hands by defensive linemen and eliminate one frequent source of injury

Committee made six very important changes.

It prohibited the free use of hands by defending linemen.

It eliminated the flying tackle, and wiped out the flying block.

It put into effect the "dead-ball rule," and erased with one fell swoop the evil known as "piling on."

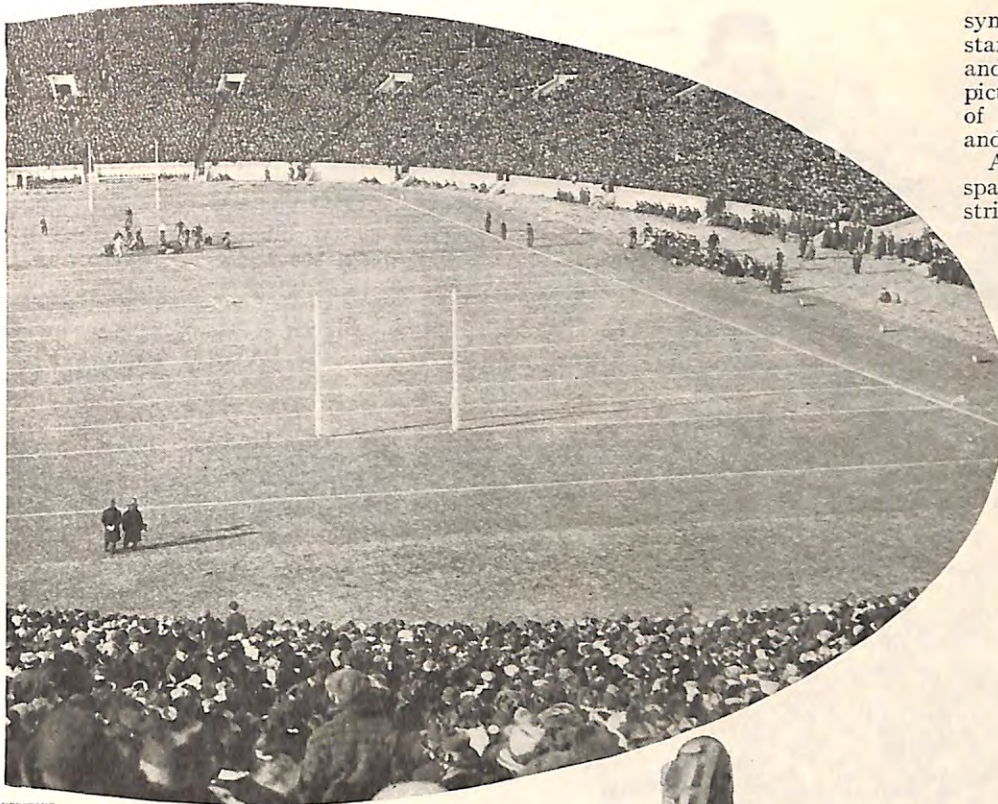
It changed the old method of substitution which was responsible for an untold number of injuries.

It altered the kickoff rule so as to allow a team to drop-kick or place-kick the ball at the start of hostilities, and in the same provision curtailed the future development of the dangerous flying wedge which was revived last fall.

And it required all equipment to be covered on the outside by a three-eighths-inch layer of rubber or other soft substance.

These transformations, the most important and drastic the game has ever witnessed, are in effect this season. They will not only alter the style of line play, but the methods of interfering and tackling as well. But best of all, they will make the game infinitely safer for those who play it.

For generations, coaches and players have regarded the hands as the two chief defensive weapons of linemen. Smart coaches taught their forwards to use them to good advantage. Punching has long been barred on the gridiron, but there never was a rule preventing a man from



KEYSTONE

knocking down his opponent with the heel of his hand if he could.

Formidable linemen from Maine to Oregon, and from Michigan to Florida, thought nothing of pounding the offending linemen on the head and shoulders with all the force they could muster. Players on offense could not and cannot use their hands. They could use only their head and shoulders. The defending linemen could not hold, but until this season they could shove or jolt a man out of their way. And jolt they did.

THE center, preoccupied with the job of passing the ball, was always a target for opposing linemen to shoot at. Many a gallant pivot man has sent a "ghost-pass" back toward his own goal line because his head had been pounded so hard and so often that he was virtually out on his feet. I have seen strong centers come off the field hysterical from being cracked on the head by unscrupulous linemen who took a sadistic delight in hammering them into insensibility on every charge.

There is no doubt but that many of the brain concussions which occurred on the field every season were due to this brutal style of play. No skull or headguard offered immunity to the wallop of a 220-pound tackle using the heel of his hand as a mallet.

The story of Bemus Pierce, the famous Carlisle Indian, illustrates the point. Pierce was on one of the Warner-coached aboriginal units that played Harvard at the latter's field some years ago. The game was suddenly interrupted when a group of players gathered around the prostrate form of one of the Crimson standard-bearers. The official rushed over to the scene and asked what the trouble was. Everyone looked at big Bemus Pierce, six feet two and as wide as an oak.

"What's up, Pierce?" the official asked

excitedly, seeing the Harvard man out cold on the ground.

"Nothing much, Mr. Official," said Pierce gruffly, "white man hit Injun ten times. Injun hit white man once. We quits."

Anyone who uses his hands on the defense this year will be penalized fifteen yards. Repeated infractions will bring disqualification. The result of this rule will be a change in the technic of line play. Instead of the standing style of defense, in which the defending players broke through by pushing aside the offensive linemen, or played territory by standing off the charging linemen with their hands, they will play low, and endeavor to break through by means of a hard charge that will carry them into the offensive team's backfield.

Charging and shoulder blocking will be emphasized. No longer will a big burly tackle be able to stand up and crack the offending end a stunning blow on the head, while he steps into the opposition's backfield and smears the play. Line play, however, will be none the less interesting. The furious charge of both units will make for a new and subtle technic. There will be less injury and more real sport.

No one ever thinks of football without having a mental impression of a strong lithe body hurtling through space, arms outstretched, and muscles tense in expectation. The flying tackle

symbolizes the spirit of the gridiron. It stands for untold effort, absolute abandon and dauntless courage. It is a thrilling and picturesque gesture. But its cost in terms of broken collarbones, shattered noses, and torn ligaments was frightful.

A man flying at an opponent through space has no leverage. When his body strikes the driving legs of the runner the impact is terrific. It tears his arms apart. It rattles his back teeth, so to speak. It jars every nerve and bone in his body. Only an exceptionally rugged fellow can stand up under such punishment.

The Rules Committee, knowing the dangers of this play and the havoc it wrought every fall, acted



Eddie Dooley, author of this article, quarterback at Dartmouth in his undergraduate days and the All-American selection for the position in 1924

ACME

A player practicing the colorful but dangerous flying tackle on a teammate. This method of bringing down an opponent is illegal under the revised rules



Under the new rules the ball is automatically dead the moment the carrier's body touches the ground. This eliminates, by making unnecessary, the dangerous "piling on" of former years



wisely in eliminating it. The new rule requires players to keep their feet on the ground until the very moment of contact. No more skyrocketing over a prostrate player to bring down the ball carrier. With one or both feet on the ground, with every muscle ready for the crash, the tackler will be in little danger of injuring himself.

Some of the greatest players the game has ever had never tackled a man. Eddie Casey of Harvard used to bowl over the ball carrier by body-blocking him. He was a master at blocking, and when the runner went down he stayed down long enough for another Harvard player to sit on him if he tried to get up and go on. Abe Margolies, a brilliant Eastern half-back of a few seasons ago, knocked down

the ball totter by diving across his legs. And the same is true of many other talented sons of the moleskins.

As a matter of fact, the flying block as used by Casey and Margolies is as dangerous as the flying tackle. Hurling your body across the legs of a man running at full speed is no child's play. Many a spine has been injured and many a hipbone has been shattered in this way. If perfectly executed the maneuver is safe enough. But only the masters can "take-out" a man with the proper finesse every time.

tim about the mid section with his head and shoulder. Invariably the latter lands on his hindquarters abruptly.

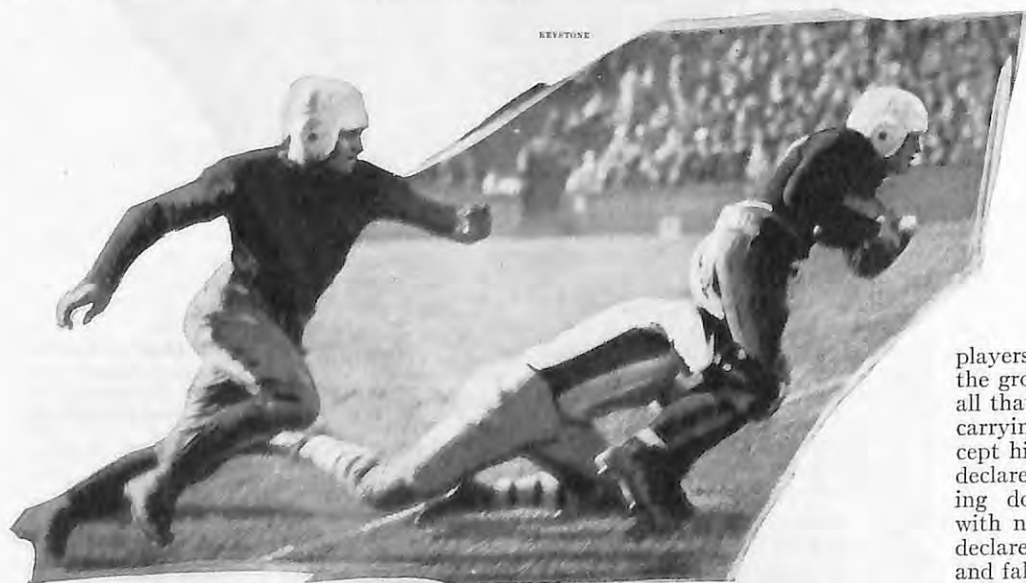
Frank Carideo, famous pilot of the 1930 Notre Dame team, was most adept at this style of interfering. It was the late Knute Rockne's theory that if a man kept his feet when he knocked another man down he was twice as valuable as a player who was on the ground, because he could go on and block another man. The elimination of the flying block will see this method of interfering come into widespread use. It is the only alternative.

Not only is it safer, but it will make for better football. It's easy to evade a man who throws himself at you. But it's mighty difficult to get out of the way of a player who has his cleats in the turf and is bearing down on you hard and heavy.

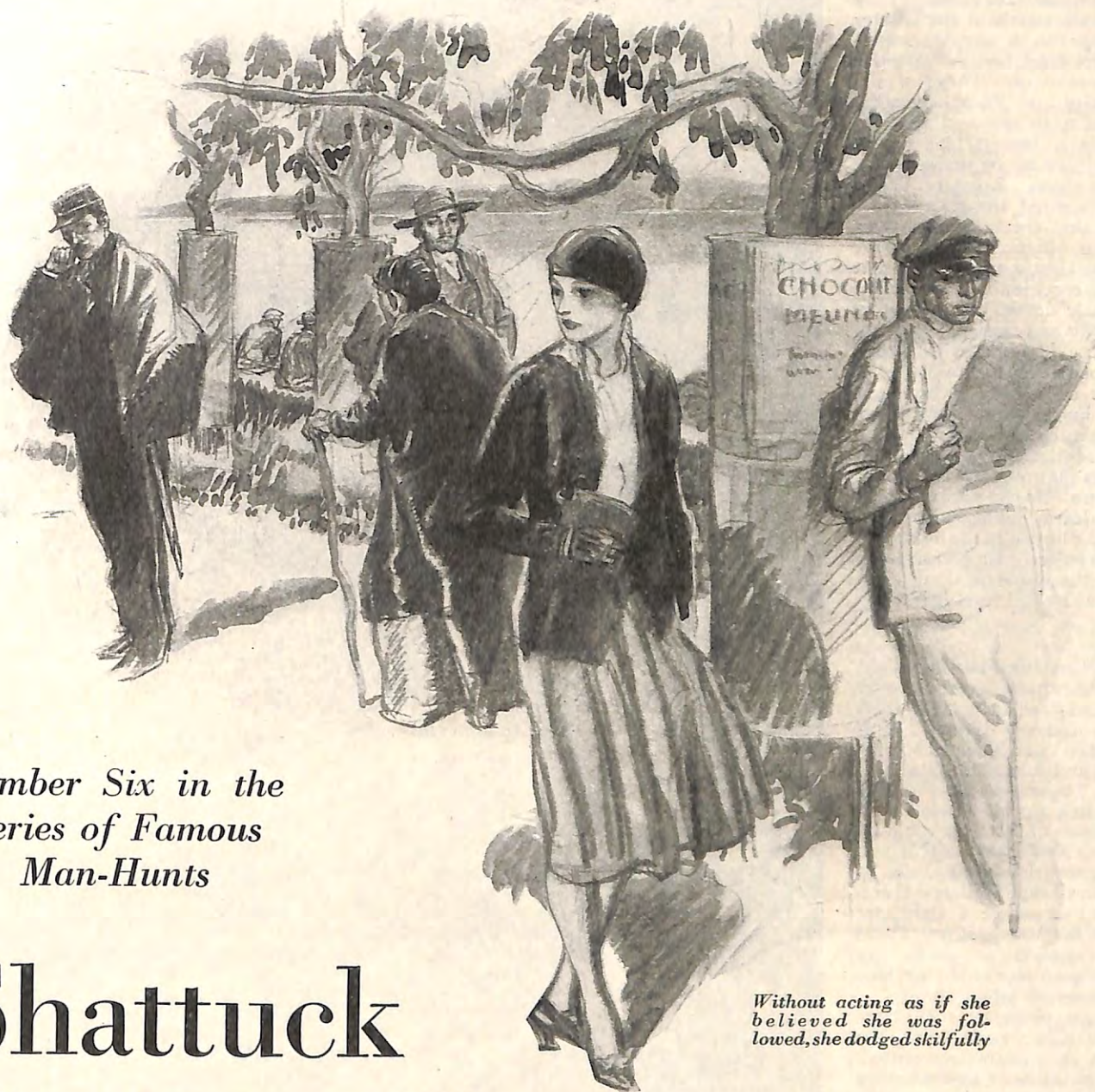
The "dead ball" rule is one of the best bits of gridiron legislation ever enacted. Too many young moleskin athletes have suffered permanent and painful injuries by being pounced on by three or four players at the same time, after falling on the ground. The new regulation prevents all that. Now, when any part of a player carrying the ball touches the ground, except his hands or his feet, the ball will be declared dead. Even if a man is streaking down the field for a touchdown, with no one near him, the ball will be declared dead should he suddenly slip and fall.

Some players like George Pfann of Cornell's great unbeaten teams of 1922 and

(Continued on page 51)



The man carrying the ball is being brought down by a tackler in the manner prescribed by the new rules. The tackler has kept his feet on the ground until the moment of contact with the ball carrier



*Number Six in the
Series of Famous
Man-Hunts*

Shattuck Goes to War

*Without acting as if she
believed she was fol-
lowed, she dodged skilfully*

By Edgar Sisson

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

AN OLD man, panting and suffocating in an air-tight vault, working in the dark from sense of touch, strove with make-shift tools to save the lives of ten imprisoned people. His white beard got in his way as he bent over the lock from which he was trying to take the holding screws. In brushing the hair away he dropped the dime with which he had been unscrewing the heads. Minutes were lost until groping fingers found it on the floor. One blade of a pen-knife broke in the attempt to turn the smaller screws. Fortunately the other blade stood the strain until, between slender steel and silver disk, the screws were mastered and the lock came away. Fresh air rushed in through the opened door.

The ten persons, Albert R. Shattuck, his

Copyright, 1932, by Edgar Sisson.

fragile wife, and their eight servants had been thrust by robbers into the wine vault in the cellar of the Shattuck mansion, their hands and feet bound. A maid had wriggled her small wrists free. She had loosed a man-servant and he the others. The dime was the only one, and there was the single knife. Not content with the rich plunder of the house, the pockets of the prisoners had been searched. The butler had the piece of overlooked silver, the knife had laid deep in Shattuck's vest pocket. Suffocation had been nearing by minutes. They had been immured one hour. Had they failed at self-rescue they would have been dead in another hour.

Outside the sun of an April noon was shining and in the square across the street hundreds of persons were enjoying their Sunday promenade. Scarce a setting in

the whole world was more unlikely for bold crime, for the scene was that thoroughfare of aging stateliness, Washington Square North, in the city of New York. The date was April 2, 1922.

The most reckless of New York criminals would not have risked this particular banditry. They would have been held back partly by fear of the forces they would be challenging and partly by the difficulty of quickly and profitably disposing of immensely valuable but old-fashioned heirloom gems of museum quality. If they had been tempted beyond caution, nevertheless, by the knowledge that they could seize \$90,000 in diamonds, pearls and emeralds, they would have been careful to avoid the likelihood of adding murder to robbery.

Apaches of Paris invaded the United

States to commit the crime. They regarded the re-sale of the jewelry in Europe as a simple matter. They were cruel because that was their gutter nature. They saw only opportunity and did not have the imagination to realize that their offense in a foreign land was a defiance sure to be answered by relentless chase. Least of all did they understand the granite pertinacity that dwelt in the New Englander, Shattuck. It may have been that they were ignorant that they were condemning their victims to probable death, but they were both callous and careless about life.

Alphonse, late of Devil's Island, would not be expected to be tender to fellow creatures, yet he ought to have known more about Shattuck, ought to have known that the serenity of the old man's countenance was that of strength and not of weakness. He had not lacked the chance to learn. For he had been Alphonse, the butler, in the household five years before. He had seen the ease of robbery, and for that matter he thought he had used it then.

AFTER serving dinner one night he had thrown his overcoat over his arm and gone for a stroll from which he did not return. With him went a well selected parcel of rings and brooches valued at \$12,000. There was only a routine police search for him, closed soon because none of the gems could be traced in New York. This was natural since Alphonse had fled to France and sold the booty there. He gained of course a feeling of contempt for American police and for his employer as well. He blamed himself for not having done a more thorough job.

Whatever plans he may have made for other raids upon the American shore were interrupted, however, by an unlucky adventure in France. He beat and wounded a Frenchman in an attempted robbery, was caught, found to have a record of previous convictions, and was sent to the torrid prison camp on Devil's Island in French Guiana, South America. With much of his sentence still unserved, he escaped and in time worked his way northward to New York. He began to think again of the Shattuck treasures.

At all times he pictured Albert Shattuck as one who could be robbed with impunity, since he was so wealthy. Curiously enough, he was right to that extent, but not one whit beyond. Shattuck did not place undue value upon material things. Many times a millionaire through the astuteness with which he had multiplied an inheritance, loss by theft did not itself disturb him. He had reckoned that his own carelessness in hiring a dishonest servant was responsible for the mishap in 1917. He had not prodded the police or blamed them for failure. Not even the great money injury of 1922 would have roused him to take personal command of the pursuit of the miscreants.



The fire of his rage was lighted by the harm done his wife. She was the nearest to collapse in the airless vault. She was dangerously ill afterwards. For her suffering Shattuck was bent upon exacting justice. To him that meant that every member of the band should go to prison. His greatest concern about the jewelry was that he might recover the pieces cherished by his wife. Of the peril in which his wife, he and his household had been put, he said furiously:

"It is the most outrageous and high-handed crime ever heard of—the criminals must be caught."

There spoke the Shattuck that Alphonse, the butler, never had glimpsed.

It cannot be said that Alphonse was a smooth criminal. He was only cunning and brutal as an animal might be, and therefore extraordinarily dangerous. For his plot he recruited three other low-class Frenchmen. Two of them were riff-raff in his own eyes, waiters in a café. Yet they also had been Apaches in Paris. They were reckless enough. For the third he sent to Paris for an infamous equal, known to him as The Jockey, introduced to the others as Paul.

Once the robbery was accomplished the



The tough crowd in the place surged against the invading police. Chollet and two of his detectives were wounded and Mourey was shot

stairs the servants were all in their dining-room. The two inferiors, Diaset and Bagnoli, were set as armed guards over the scared butler, footman, chauffeur and maids. Alphonse and The Jockey sought for Shattuck and his wife.

They found the mistress in the living-room and the master in the adjacent library. The poised aristocrats accepted the preposterous situation quietly and scornfully. Only when Alphonse acted as if he meant to tear Mrs. Shattuck's pendants from her ears did the husband try to break away from his own custodian. Mrs. Shattuck waved the robber back and said she would remove the earrings herself.

The ornaments were of the old-fashioned ear-piercing kind, and the catches gave her trouble. Alphonse was impatient by the time she placed the first one in his hand. She had used the delay to study him closely. She knew him for her former butler. To hear his voice, she asked him if she might keep the second earring, saying it was a gift from her mother. He yielded not from sympathy, but because he was becoming alarmed at the waste of time.

THE pause, by which the clever woman had hoped to give a chance for some servant to call for help, was useless. She could not comprehend that every one of the many persons in the house was a prisoner. With her husband, she was marched first to her upstairs room. There, while Alphonse gave directions, The Jockey went through the dresser drawers looking for the small jewel case in which she kept pieces of daily wear.

Mrs. Shattuck wondered if she ever had seen the second man, and concluded she had not. As she watched him thus intently, however, his mask slipped down and before he could replace it she had a good look at his face as it was reflected back to her from the mirror. Her social duties had taught her to remember faces. She never forgot this one.

Alphonse was becoming more and more impatient. The two prisoners were not help, but hindrance. Besides, he knew the location of the safe where the most valuable jewelry was kept. The two old people were pushed downstairs again, and in a few minutes the servants were crowded with them into the wine vault. Shattuck protested that all would be smothered. Alphonse laughed at him while he superintended the tying-up of the prisoners with clothes-line brought from the laundry.

In possession of the house, the thieves ransacked it methodically. The safe-door was not locked. The job was without
(Continued on page 42)

two principals intended to abandon their rat-like fellows. This was an error in strategy, though not apparent to them. Alphonse thought that he took enough precautions against identification. The two hangers-on knew him as Henri Boilet. He could trust The Jockey to be secretive.

He did not believe he would be recognized in the Shattuck house, where he would be wearing a mask and not looking the least like a butler. He had the plan of the house. He drilled his rascals. It was necessary that the servants and their employers be rounded up in a manner to prevent any one of them from giving an

alarm. The custom of the household, he knew, was that the servants ate their Sunday dinner at noon. He depended upon this habit.

Long ago he had made provision for re-entrance into the house, having taken the key to the basement door with him on his first flight. He had cached the key in New York and secured it again.

The assault went as he planned it. Before dawn on the April Sunday he let himself and his followers into the basement and lay in hiding with them there throughout the morning. His timing was correct. When the quartet came up the

On The



Maurice Courtelin (Maurice Chevalier, left) is the "best little tailor in all France," but he is comparatively unknown. When the Vicomte de Varese, reputed the best dressed man in France, pops into his shop one day and orders sixteen suits, Maurice feels that his fortune is made. Presently, however, he finds that the Vicomte's credit is nil. Enraged, he sets off for the castle of the Vicomte's uncle, to collect his bill. The startled Vicomte passes him off as a baron and under this disguise Maurice charms the household and lays siege to the affections of the lovely Princess Jeanette. The title of the forthcoming picture in which you may see the adventures of the irrepressible Mr. Chevalier and his Princess, is "Love Me To-night"

Constance Bennett and Neil Hamilton (right) appear together in "Two Against the World." It is a dramatic story of love and its complications in which Constance and Neil, a young lawyer, pay heavily for the transgressions of others. Constance is first intrigued by Neil's courage in defending the case of a poor widow, which forces him to defy her wealthy and powerful family. Later she is involved in a terrible family scandal, and Neil, loving her and wanting to protect her, finds himself appointed special attorney for the prosecution of the case



The group at the left are the principal actors in "The Most Dangerous Game," which is based on a story by Richard Connell. They are Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, and Leslie Banks, holding the candelabra. On a little island in the Caribbean lives Count Zaroff (Mr. Banks), a Russian nobleman and great hunter. In his stone mansion he entertains three ship-wreck survivors and tells them of his great hunting exploits which have made him indifferent to the pursuit of ordinary prey. But hunting is his only interest in life, and here on his preserve he hunts the most dangerous game. You may share with his guests the thrills and horrors of the Count's monstrous chase

Screen

Reviews by
Esther R. Bien

That amazing young actor, Jackie Cooper, is the star of a new picture, "Father and Sons." As eight-year-old Terry Parker who idolizes his explorer father, Jackie gives a sympathetic picture of a child of divorced parents, replete with smiles and moments of being all choked up. He is shown at the right sticking close to his brother Al (Maurice Murphy) and his terrier, Freckles. Most of Terry's troubles in this very human story grow out of the fact that the man his mother marries doesn't understand boys very well, and Terry's loyalty to his father makes him resent the other man's very existence



"Big City Blues" covers the story of three days in the life of a small town boy who inherits some money and promptly takes it to New York to see what it will buy. Eric Linden, left, plays the boy and with him is pictured Joan Blondell, one of the playmates provided for him by his gold-digging cousin, Gibbon. Joan is Broadway and hard-boiled, but has a heart and some brains and it is she who guides Bud through the bewildering and terrifying results of a gin party staged in his honor

"Devil and the Deep" is a fascinating study in jealousy. Commander Sturm is groundlessly and insanely jealous of every man who has more than a bowing acquaintance with his wife. He is so cunning and apparently noble in the display of his grievances that his wife is generally condemned and he is much liked and sympathized with in the various ports where the fleet is stationed. The terrific and dramatic lengths to which this insanity drives him makes a deeply interesting story. An outstanding English character-actor, Charles Laughton, plays the part of Commander Sturm. He is pictured at the right with his wife, Tallulah Bankhead and Gary Cooper, the lieutenant with whom his wife finally seeks refuge



The Broken Bowl



THE young man, whose skin was the pleasant color of ivory, and whose eyes were as Oriental as his clothes were Occidental, stood respectfully, but determinedly before the older man whose skin was darker and yellower, and whose portly form would never be at home in anything but sedate Chinese garments.

"Reverend Elder-one," The young man broke a silence that had been long. "This humble person understands your suspicious allusion to things gone by. But this inferior-one dares to suggest that we, who live in America, have put behind us many of our ancestors' customs. And this lowly person before you ventures to speak most urgently of the love in his heart for the beautiful Shower of Gold. . . ."

The older man, Wong Tien Yu, lifted a flesh-padded hand and checked the stately flow of the classical Mandarin that young Tsang Erh Chiu was speaking.

The room in which they sat was purely Chinese. Clean, matted floor, walls

decorated with a few finely brushed proverbs from ancient books of wisdom, the air heavily fragrant with incense burning before the Joss of the house on a small, gold-lacquered altar.

But outside, motor cars roared and honked. The mingled babble of English, Canton Chinese, and Italian came in through the open windows. Just outside, an electric sign flickered its advertisement for the "Celestial Laundries, Incorporated." Wong Tien Yu, the founder and owner of the lucrative business, gazed at the young man through clouds of smoke that drifted upward from his long-stemmed pipe. And while there was admiration in his narrow, slanted eyes, there was a curious expression of frightened evasion.

"This unworthy-one gives thanks. But as already pointed out, there was at one time a betrothal between the illustrious Tsang Erh Chiu and my girl child—which was broken."

The young man made a gesture of very un-Chinese impatience. "Not by this person!" he said quickly.

"But by the reverend grandmother

of your august house!" retorted Wong Tien Yu as quickly.

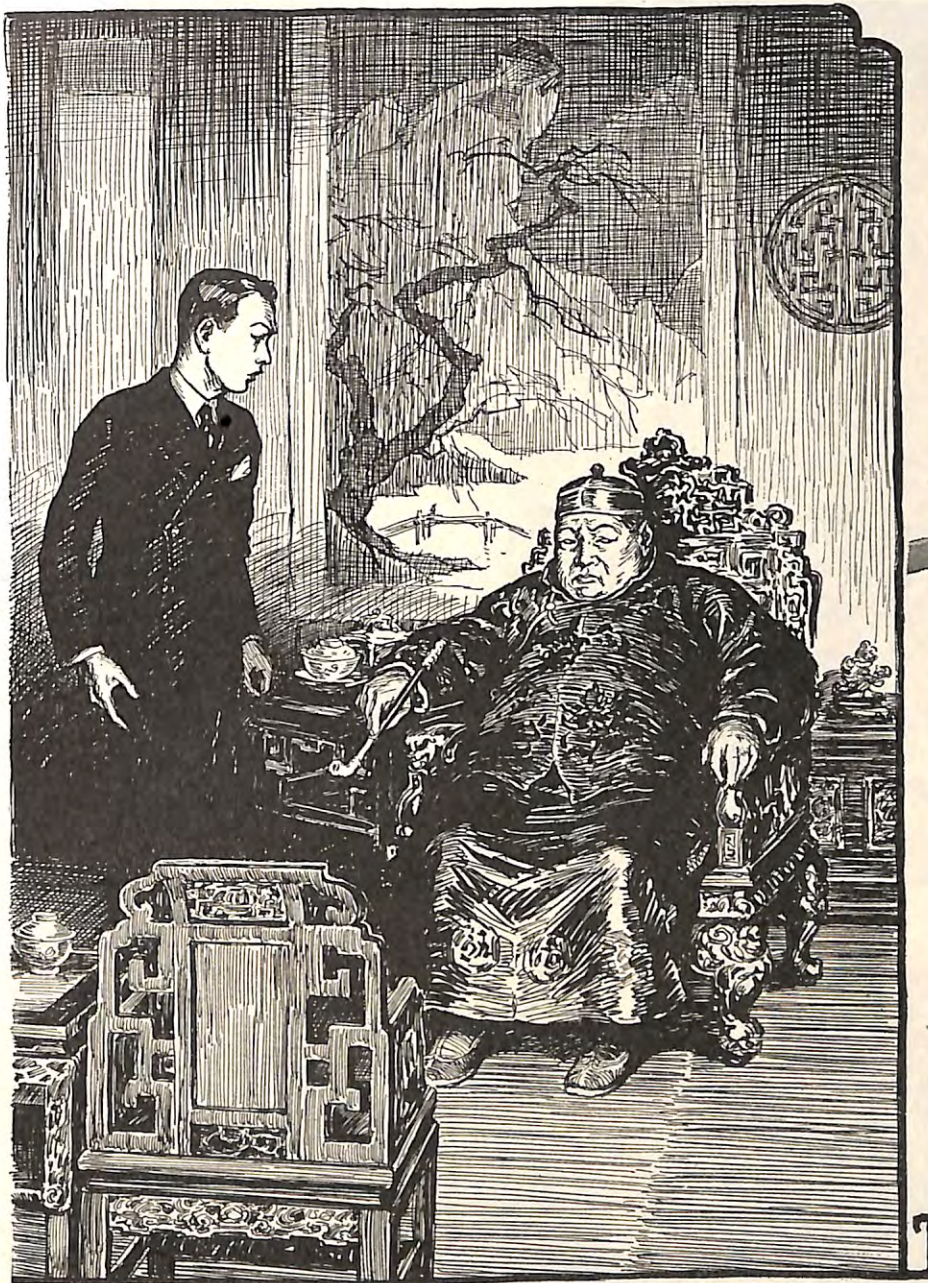
The young man nodded reluctantly, looking back through his years of Occidental training to that far-off scene which had altered the course of his life.

He saw himself, a very small boy of six, just outgrowing his milk name, swelling with pride because his honored grandmother had announced to him that he was, that day, betrothed. He was proud—because he realized dimly that it was a step forward to the goodly span of years that is the hope of every Oriental.

But that night, at the evening meal, he, reaching for more rice from the great porcelain bowl that stood on a high, teakwood stand—slipped and fell, bringing the fragile dish crashing to the floor in fragments.

He would never forget the horrified cry of his mother and grandmother. Their consternation was not for his own small self, painfully burned by the hot spilled rice—it was for the evil significance of the happening.

"The omen is unpropitious!" his grand-



by
EMMA-LINDSAY
SQUIER

Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

"Honorable elder, allow me to stay in the room. This Dark One is a man of crooked words and deeds of evil. There is danger where he is"

mother had said sadly. "A broken bowl of rice can only bring disaster! Let the betrothal papers be returned at once!"

From her decision there was no thought of appeal. The long red paper with the name and birthday of his child bride-to-have-been was sent back to her family with the explanation of the unhappy omen. Since the occurrence was in no way the fault of the rejected bride, rich gifts accompanied the red paper. Tsang Erh Chiu, at six, was again a free, but terribly humiliated, bachelor.

He did not forget. An insatiable curiosity led him to discover many things concerning the girl child who had so nearly been his betrothed. He learned, through the gossip of the servants, that her milk name was Shower of Gold, and that her father, the honorable Wong Tien Yu, was so imbued with Western ways that he had not permitted the binding of the small one's feet.

Tsang Erh Chiu knew when Shower of Gold's family went to America. He heard that the honored mother had passed to her ancestors. And that Wong Tien Yu had become wealthy.

The fortunes of his own family suffered sharp reverses in the revolution. Terror swept the pleasant *chia* far out in the rolling hills of Chen, and he was orphaned. An uncle rescued him, and he too had been brought to America.

Was it fate, or only coincidence, that in New York's Chinatown, many years later, he should have seen and recognized the name of Wong Tien Yu, owner of the great Celestial Laundry chain?

In China it would have been an impossibility to meet and talk to a maiden of Shower of Gold's sheltered class. But here—the only impossibility would have been that, once having seen her, he should not have loved her.

Immediately he had started an official match-maker on negotiations for the continuance of the betrothal. At first there seemed to be no difficulties. The worthy Wong Tien Yu inclined a willing ear . . . perhaps influenced by the fact that his girl-child, who was very dear to his heart, had confided to him her own willingness in the matter.

But lately—the negotiations had halted.

The match-maker reported vague, unsatisfactory answers from the portly Laundry King. And so Tsang Erh Chiu himself had come, despite the fact that it was most uncustomary, to plead for his love, and to learn the reason for Wong Tien Yu's altered attitude.

THE silence between them deepened and lengthened. The older man seemed to be groping for a reasonable explanation . . . and always there was that queer glazing of fright veiling the slanted blackness of his eyes.

At last he sighed, and shook his head. In the negotiation there was infinite regret—but complete finality.

"This benighted person values your shining friendship above bells of jade or cups of crystal. But the betrothal has once been broken. Put my girl-child's unworthy memory from your august mind."

The door behind them opened. Shower of Gold stood there. Young, slender as a young poplar tree, she combined delightfully

the delicate grace of the sheltered Chinese maiden of high caste, and the self-assurance of the American younger generation. Her dress was Chinese—a pale blue closely-fitting jacket that modestly hid her throat, and rose colored trousers that were banded with intricate embroidery. But her black lacquer hair was bobbed. It fitted the perfect oval of her face like a closely worn cap. Her eyes, looking at her father, were Chinese: dutiful, unquestioningly obedient. But her eyes, meeting those of the young man, were the revealing, unashamed, tender eyes of any girl—deeply in love.

"Reverend Elder-one," she said with a little bow, "there is a dark-faced person below in the room of business, clamoring loudly to have speech with you. Lui Fan is trying to keep him from mounting the stairs. What is your honored wish?"

A curious pallor crept into Wong Tien Yu's fat cheeks. His eyes seemed to recede into the corpulence of his face, like frightened mice trying to hide. His voice was thick and muffled.

"Is—is—the dark-faced one of our race?"

Shower of Gold shrugged, distastefully.

"He is of the race of spaghetti and garlic," she answered. "I have seen him before. Twice on the street he has followed me, and tried to make me stay and talk to him—"

"She broke off suddenly. Her father had slumped into a black teakwood chair. And the young man, Tsang Erh Chiu, was staring at her with eyes that were narrow, furious slits. An unaccustomed red was in his cheeks.

"Is it the one—" he used the English words fiercely—"they call 'Nigger Benito'?"

She nodded, her eyes widening with uncomprehending fright.

"Yes, Lord-one—he demands that he shall see my father—"

Wong Tien Yu made a feeble gesture with his hand.

"Go—" he uttered with difficulty—"I will see him here . . . alone."

The young man hesitated.

"Honorable elder, allow me to stay in the room. This Dark One is a man of crooked



They stood tense, unbreathing . . . waiting

words and deeds of evil. There is danger wherever he walks."

The corpulent Laundry King of Chinatown turned a sick, haunted face on the earnest countenance of Tsang Erh Chiu.

"Do you think that is unknown to me?" His voice was shaking. "But the danger that walks with him is like a dog that may be appeased with a bone—a golden bone! Leave me—both! And tell the Dark One to come."

In an outer room that adjoined the sanctum of Wong Tien Yu, Shower of Gold and the young man faced each other. Oriental restraint had dropped away from them. They were sweethearts whose glamorous boat of love has unexpectedly run upon an ugly snag. Abruptly he took her

hands. They were cold and trembling in his clasp.

"Lily flower—Jade-Petaled One—what lies behind your honorable father's refusal? When first I sent the match-maker, asking for your hand, he did not turn a deaf ear to my words of love, nor did he remind the Go-Between One of that broken bowl of rice, so far away in the past. There is something else! Is it because I, who am only an interpreter, cannot put piles of gold side by side with his?"

Shower of Gold shook her head. Her dark eyes had the same frightened stare that had come into them a few moments ago.

"No, no, Lord-One—do you not understand? My august father is afraid!"

"Afraid?" Tsang Erh Chiu's voice was gropingly incredulous. "He fears that I would prove unworthy of your precious self?"

She almost laughed. A tiny dimple flickered at the corner of her delicately modeled lips.

"Lord-One," she said softly, "my honored parent knows you for what you are. It is some other that he fears. And I think—" her eyes darted to the doorway behind which came the indistinct murmur of voices. "I think—it is that Dark One!"

Tsang Erh Chiu's pleasant, ivory-tinted face suddenly became like a hard, expressionless mask. For the door had opened. And a thin, dapper young man stood there, his diamonded hand on the door-knob, his black, rather bulging eyes regarding them attentively.

"Nigger Benito" was well-known in Chinatown. Also in several other sections of New York—more especially in certain police stations. But his "operations" were skilfully conducted. His hirelings were many. It was a rare thing for him to appear personally in any transaction—and Tsang Erh Chiu knew it. Shower of Gold moved instinctively a little closer to the side of the young man who had once been her betrothed. "Nigger Benito" saw the movement. And his full lips twisted into a smile that was like the first coiling movement of a snake.

"LISTEN, cutie," he said in a heavily accented voice, "you go in there and have a little talk with your papa. He'll tell you what you're to do. . . ." He looked hard at Tsang Erh Chiu. His black gaze was quiet, and deadly. "And you—Chink—keep away from here! Get me? This ain't a healthy spot for you! If you're figuring on having a run-in with me—better say your prayers right now, or there'll be one less rat-eater in Chinatown tonight!"

The young man took a step forward. The mask-like rigidity of his face had not changed. But his eyes were blazing with fury.

Shower of Gold laid her hand swiftly on his arm.

"No—no!" she murmured in Chinese, (Continued on page 38)

Cast and Broadcast

By
Philip Coles



Elsie Hitz

Elsie Hitz, Columbia's prize radio actress lives many of these peculiar lives. These days she appears on the Joe Palooka program as Ann Howe, daughter of the wealthy cheesemaker, Heerz Howe. Ann, for whom Gorgonzola holds no terrors, has lost her heart to Joe



Down-Easters

John and Esley Stebbins (Parker Fennelly and Arthur Allen), the Stebbins Boys, have pulled off one of the cleverest acts on the air. As the typical, story-book type of characters, with all the humorous and lovable traits of the fiction "down-easter," the Stebbins boys step into and out of one jam after another, depositing large amounts of sunshine in their wake



Lowell Thomas

Lowell Thomas, the author, world traveler, and radio reporter, conducts a daily summary of news events over the National Broadcasting Company network that shouldn't be missed. With his genius for digging out the meaty points of interest in even the dullest doings of the day, Mr. Thomas never fails to prove himself completely fascinating



Ramona

Tall and statuesque is Ramona, the Cincinnati girl whom Paul Whiteman "found" and raised to fame. As a featured singer and pianist, she is heard from the Cascades, in the hotel Biltmore, and during the Whiteman Sunday Rhythmic Concerts over an N.B.C.—WJZ network. These Sunday concerts, by the way, are one of the most important musical features of the season



Ukulele Ike

Cliff Edwards, known to the stage as Ukulele Ike, has taken over a valuable hour on the Columbia network. On Tuesdays and Thursdays at seven you hear Uky Ike being successful all over the studio, just as you saw him, not so long ago, being successful all over some Hollywood sets

Big Western Trout

*Tall Tales, but True, of Some Mighty Fish
of Desert and Mountain*

By Edward Cave



than east of the Mississippi, let us say. This you are prepared to admit. But often enough your catches, even in the celebrated Gunnison River, down in Colorado, have not always been much better than you might have taken as readily in Michigan, the Adirondacks, or Maine.

The puzzling thing is, now and then one of those sun-tanned sons of Nevada also produces undeniable photographic proof of his yarns. Perhaps you have even seen such pictures before. Not mere ten-pound steelheads. Superb catches, of a half dozen fish that look like deep-bodied Pacific salmon. They appear to have scaled anywhere from twelve to sixteen or twenty pounds. One can not deny they evidently have been taken in the mountains—for there are the

mountains in the background. Moreover, the fishermen in the picture are pretty sure to be garbed in mountain style, snake boots and all.

— Once in a great while you will encounter such a picture from the desert country that utterly passes belief, in that an ordinary fly rod is prominently to the fore. That is most likely just a breezy touch of desert humor, which you must accept along with the sidehill badger, the rattler that will not cross a hair rope, and some of the marvelous pistol shooting that you hear about but never see.

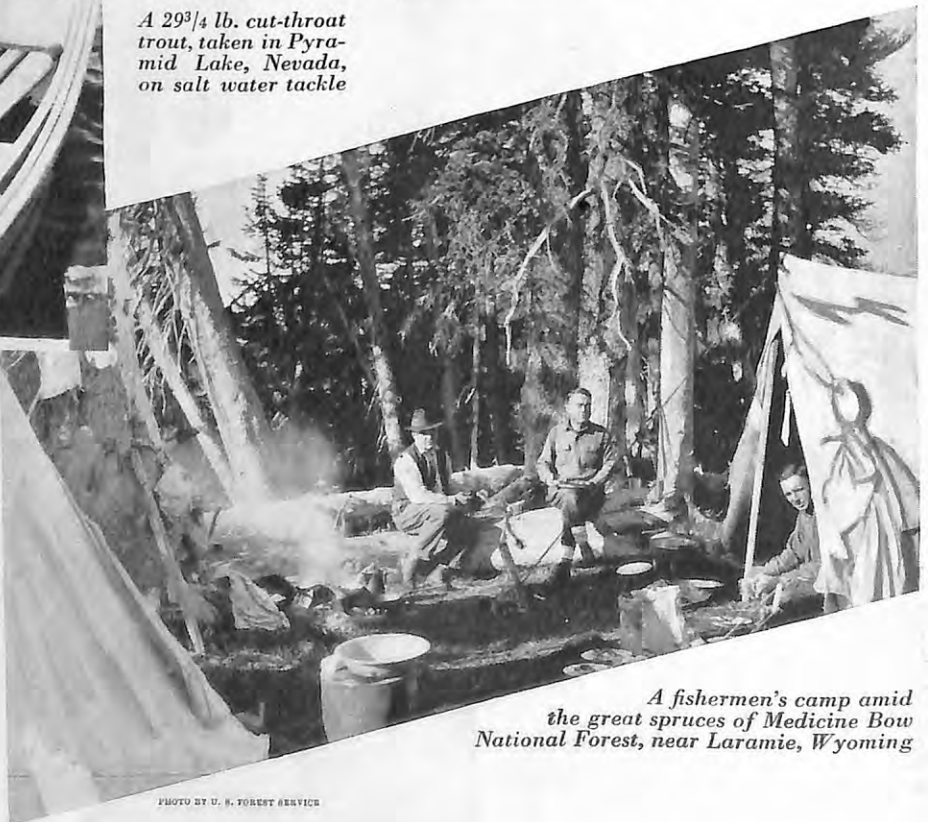
Having indulged in a reasonable amount of Rocky Mountain fly fishing and never yet caught a rainbow of more than fourteen or fifteen inches, nor seen a native trout of the country which could be stretched to more than a scant twelve inches, it is admittedly a little trying to be confronted with claims of taking "the very same kind of trout" that weighed pounds for your inches, and even double. Yet if you have been catching only the common black-spotted native trout, perhaps also called cut-throats, of the mountain streams,

A 29³/₄ lb. cut-throat trout, taken in Pyramid Lake, Nevada, on salt water tackle

IF YOU happen to be carrying a fishing rod in Glacier Park or the Yellowstone and hail from trout-fishing country east of the Great Plains, you very likely will resent some of the yarns about big trout that are told to you by folks from down in Utah and Nevada. As a matter of fact, they themselves by no means always completely believe them.

For the most part, trout fishing in the West—and by that one means fly casting, salmon-egg fishing, drowning grasshoppers, and spinning small deadly spinners, in streams and lakes—does not produce fish of astonishing size. By and large, the trout average considerably longer and heavier west of the 100th meridian

Copyright, 1932, by Edward Cave



A fishermen's camp amid the great spruces of Medicine Bow National Forest, near Laramie, Wyoming

PHOTO BY U. S. FOREST SERVICE

your tormentor has you cornered. The Dolly Varden trout is something else, being no trout at all but a charr, like your Eastern brook trout. Although the two-pound or three-pound Dolly isn't so much either. When they sometimes come big, that's something else.

YOU might perhaps safely bet your shirt that your angler bold from the great open spaces of the Southwest is a prevaricator by the telechron when he says that he gets those giant fish with a tiny dry fly, tapered leader and tapered line, and presumably a light fly rod. The fish, like your modest little black-spotted Western natives, really are cut-throat trout. But they most surely have been taken in some deep lake, with a trolling spoon, and perhaps a strong trolling line and a pair of cotton gloves. Maybe a sturdy salt-water rod has been used. But you need not bet on any hunch as to the character of the tackle and methods employed. You can much more safely have the satisfaction of heaping confusion back where it belongs by making the bold assertion that his twelve-, sixteen- or twenty-pound fish—which perhaps actually weighed nearer to ten, twelve and fourteen pounds, if not even less—were taken in salt water. A statement which, if made before company, packs a lot of confusing significance. You may add conservatively that of course they were taken by trolling, and that those big salt-lake cut-throats are too overgrown with elephantiasis, too full of sleeping sickness

comparatively diminutive size taken elsewhere in the inter-mountain country. These great trout are constantly and without much reason confused with the big steelhead trout (*S. gairdneri*) of the larger Pacific Coast streams; less frequently with large rainbow trout (*S. irideus*). Neither of these fish is native to the desert lakes where the biggest cut-throats are caught.

There are other large species in the waters of the Lahontan Basin of Nevada and northeastern California, and the Utah basin, such as the Lake Tahoe, the silver trout of Lake Tahoe, the Utah trout, and a few more, all of the same genus, *Salmo*.

As a general rule, the very largest Western trout, regardless where caught, are either cut-throats or steelheads. Or as sometimes occurs in the Northwest, as in the lower Snake River, your fish may be either a cut-throat or a steelhead and even the best ichthyologist can not tell you which.

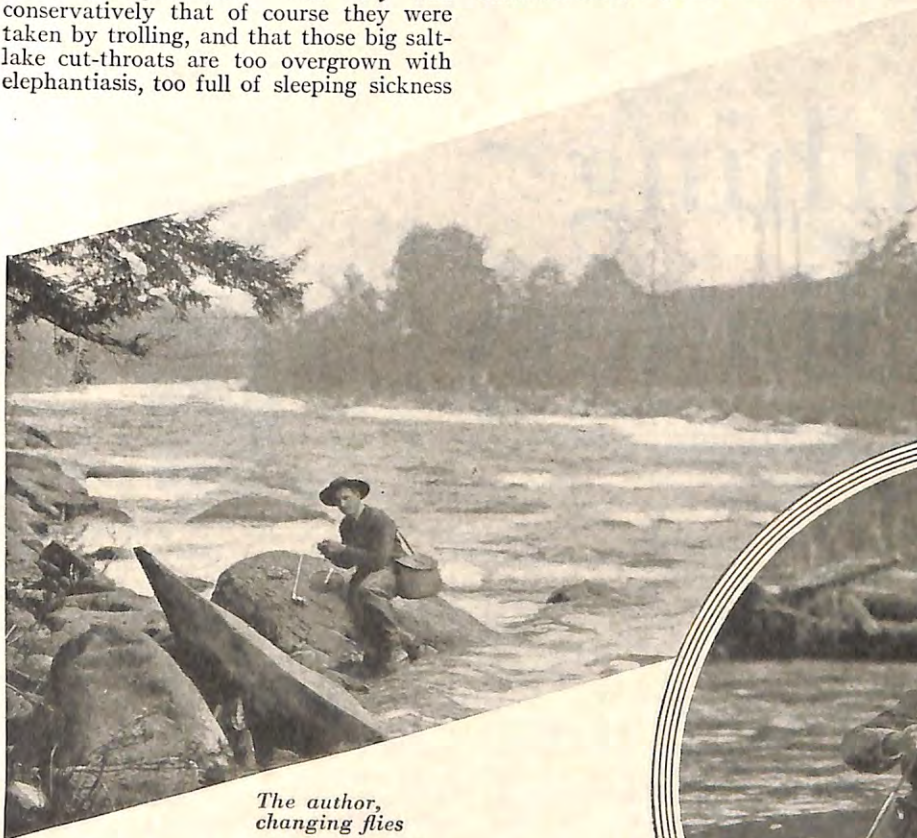
There are more than twenty different Western trout all of the same genus which produces these extraordinarily big ones. And little



or big, they all are so much alike that very often no ordinary fisherman can tell just what variety he has caught. One thing they all have in common is their black spots.

The three main divisions, or species, are the cut-throat, the steelhead and the rainbow. The cut-throat, sometimes identified by a dash of color on the throat, is accredited with perhaps being the parent form from which all the other series have sprung. Contrary to common belief in the

(Continued on page 45)



The author, changing flies

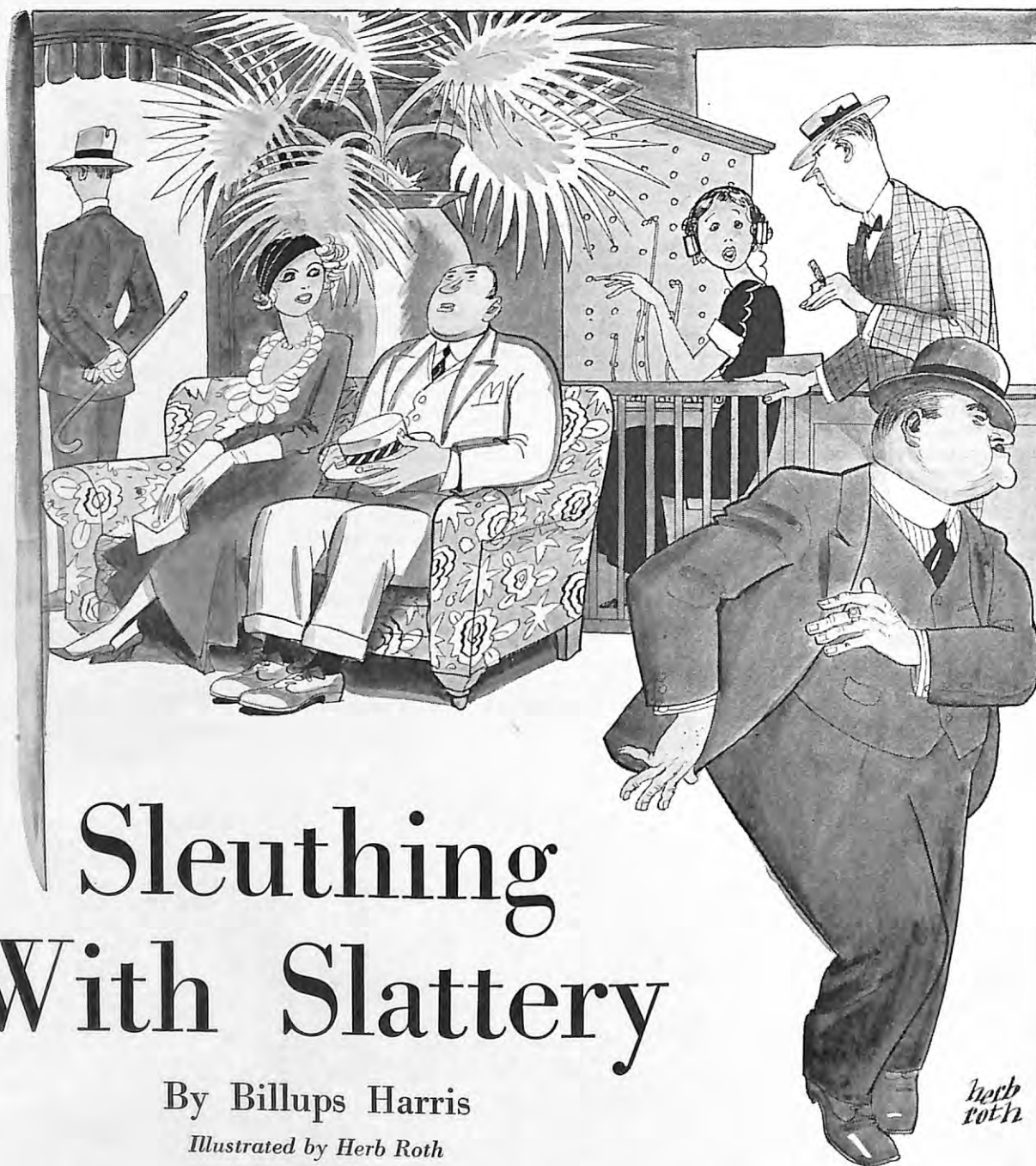
and too nearly pickled to boot, to put up much of a fight.

He will combat you, of course; but if forced to the last ditch you can make him admit that his lake in the desert country is so charged with various salts that not a sprig or spray of arborescent vegetation can grow on its shores.

The giant trout of the Southwest actually are, for the most part, the cut-throat species, and of precisely the same variety or series (*Salmo clarkii*) as cut-throats of



A steelhead from a Washington stream. The canvas wash-basin worn by the angler is for handling slack line



Sleuthing With Slattery

By Billups Harris

Illustrated by Herb Roth

SLATTERY was the house man at the great St. Augustus Hotel. The lobby, which in a sense was his hunting ground, was both vast and imposing. In it were the deepest rugs, the richest upholsteries in chairs and divans, and countless clusters of highly ornamental lights, but its most striking features were the stately marble columns. And of these it was Slattery's custom to make the most strategic use. The columns were placed at just the right intervals, as though for his purpose; they were ample in girth—ampler than Slattery—and also they were of a rare ruddy hue. So, when necessity required, Slattery could peer around one, in observing the general situation, or some particular individual, as the case might be, and you couldn't have told that his face was there, the protective coloration, so to speak, was so perfect.

On this occasion Slattery was moving from one of these massive columns to

Copyright, 1932, by Billups Harris

another, under a visibility even lower than usual. He had a special reason at this time for excelling himself. For near the clerk's desk, for which he was making, there, already arrived at the goal, stood the great detective from the West, whose eyes Slattery well knew were upon his every move. Also, over in the corner beyond was the public telephone counter, behind which sat Miss La Flore, and the house man was equally well aware that she was watching him, too. His professional technic therefore had to be extra flawless. And it was. The lobby was filled with people, but it is certain that none but these two knew a detective was anywhere around. When, after a few minutes, Slattery took his stand a few feet away from the Western detective, the latter smiled faintly. This was involuntary evidence of approval, silent though sincere applause, over Slattery's skillful performance—at least so it seemed to Miss La Flore, who had indeed been an

intent onlooker, and she was glad. Besides the fact that she and Slattery were warm friends, she had a passion for exciting things of this sort. All the afternoon, the truth is, Miss La Flore had been living for this particular moment. Anticipation of it had so engrossed her, that although the manager of the St. Augustus himself had several times come to her repeating complaints about the rotten telephone service she was giving—not even that had shaken it out of her mind.

So that now, the stage all set, and she sitting pretty to see the drama which would ensue, there was but one further favor she could have asked of Fate—that no goggle-eyed dumbbell would park himself in front of her and block her view. Of course she could, if it came to that, stand up in her chair and look over him. But she knew she had to be extremely careful. Even those lobby loungers, whose sole business in life was to bask their brains under the glowing lights,



Near the clerk's desk, for which he was making, stood the great detective, from the West, whose eyes, Slattery well knew, were upon his every move

would snap out of it fast enough if they had the slightest inkling of what was going on. And Slattery had warned her. His last words had been: "For God's sake, Gertie, don't spill the beans. Don't start people rubbering at me."

At this moment the house man caught her eager glance and shot her a warning wink. Which served to remind her, too, that there were several people waiting impatiently to get her attention. Connecting them up with the numbers they wanted, she immediately looked back to Slattery and the Westerner who had posted themselves at either end of the desk. No, nothing had happened; the trap hadn't yet been sprung. The "trap" idea had just occurred to Miss La Flore at that moment. It was a particularly happy idea. There were the two steel jawed detectives ready to spring and between them lay the hotel register which, like bait, would inevitably draw their quarry to his doom. For a time the bustling lobby crowd cut off Miss La Flore's view; when she did see Slattery again she gasped. The house man's body was now bent forward rigidly, his brow was exceedingly dark and his eyes were darting dangerously. Miss La Flore bolted out of her chair and craned her neck over the counter before she knew what she was doing. Then she sat down again quickly, remembering Slattery's warning, and re-adjusted her head-piece. But she sat so that she could still see him. For some time nothing happened except that people bothered her a great deal about calls.

Slattery remained as he had been; set and immovable; his eyes were still sinister and searching. Presently Miss La Flore found herself wondering, and a little resentfully, why all the caution about not starting people rubbering at him when, to her way of thinking, he was right now making himself about as inconspicuous as a zebra. However, she began to reflect, there were many things in Slattery's profession that she didn't know about. It was a deep game. He surely must be playing it properly now. For this case he was on was one of tremendous importance. Slattery said it would fix him for life, both as to reputation and money. He had told her all about it that afternoon. It was the case of a western bank cashier who had gotten away with about a million. The cashier was right now heading for the St. Augustus, coming, in fact, on the 7 P. M. express from Chicago, which was now due. Originally it was the western detective's case. But he needed help as to finessing the finish. The western detective had had, in fact, the vital clue long enough to reach the St. Augustus twenty-four hours ahead of the cashier. Slattery said the westerner was an ex-Pink and was the limit for speed. In less than no time after the bank had put him on the case the ex-Pink had hit the cashier's trail, through some leads he had found in a waste paper basket. There was a woman in the case, of course; it was a torn note of hers that did the trick. The woman

was already in town but at another hotel. She and the cashier were to take a boat to-morrow for Europe. The ex-Pink had confirmed a few details by a little ruse he had worked on the lady's maid since his arrival the day before. And then dropping around to get a look at the St. Augustus he had seen Slattery. Instantly he had decided to let him in on the job instead of getting some city plainclothes man, as he had intended. The Westerner had to have a local man in with him to facilitate the holding of the prisoner and so forth, and it was ethical. Then, too, there was the matter of the reward. The bank was offering \$50,000 for the cashier's capture. The ex-Pink was already on the bank's payroll and if he by himself caught the cashier the bank naturally would call off the reward. But if another, Slattery, say, made the capture, that was different. And if they then split between them the reward, got \$25,000 a piece—well, how would the bank be any worse off? Wasn't it offering \$50,000 for the cashier's capture? The ex-Pink had been entirely straightforward in explaining the whole thing, Slattery said. Miss La Flore had been greatly excited ever since Slattery told

her about it. She and Slattery were not such old friends, but they were particularly good ones. First of all, their tastes were so congenial. She had always liked breathless kinds of things, melodrama when she could see it, and over detective stories she often read herself to sleep. And on this, her first real job outside of the telephone training school, it was her luck to know Slattery.

Miss La Flore's mind, as it is easy to understand, had for some time been elsewhere than on her work. After seeing Slattery shift himself a little—for a moment she had thought it was the cashier—she had just settled back in her chair to rest a little when she heard somebody at her counter say something very sharp—insulting, if she heard it aright. Insinuating she had been unconscious! She glanced up. The voice repeated, "Why don't you come out of the ether, kid? Snap back to consciousness." The poor fish! If he only knew what she—

"Get me Suite 102, I've said about six times," the man added. She started to tell him where to head in, speaking to her like that, but she merely plugged in. She did give him a look. Such eyes as that guy had—such sneaky rat eyes." She hated him.

"One hundred and two doesn't answer," she said shortly.

"She must be in," he insisted, "I have an appointment with her."

"ONE hundred and two doesn't answer," Miss La Flore replied. And her fingers deftly adjusting the metal piece which rested on her bobbed head and tied her to her job, as she often told herself, like a little muzzled dog, she added, "Perhaps she doesn't want to answer." She guessed that would show him how unconscious she was.

"But are you sure you rang Miss Grand's number?" he had the nerve to ask.

"Miss Whom?" Miss La Flore inquired with a puzzled look.

"Oh, Miss Grawnd, of course," he said. "Yes, I am sure." She simply looked away from him.

In a moment though she said, "Perhaps you will be sure yourself if you will take a look across the lobby. Ain't that Miss Grawnd going toward the restaurant?"

The man followed her gaze quickly enough but he certainly seemed in no hurry to follow her. "Sore because she's giving him the air," Miss La Flore mused with a flicker of pleasure. She couldn't see why the wonderful Miss Grand, the hit of the town, had an appointment with a guy like that, anyhow. Miss Grand was the star in that thrilling new mystery

play that was taking Broadway by storm. Miss La Flore had seen the play and she now seemed lost in the memory of it. But there were rude voices to awaken her to her job again. People were beginning to gather around to call up guests with whom they had dinner engagements. When the space about her cleared, at last, her eyes again sought Slattery. But where was Slattery? Had she let the thing happen without seeing it? But jumping to her feet she spied him. He was coming in her direction. But where was the cashier? Slattery had told her he would not leave the clerk's desk until he had handcuffed him to his own left arm!

Slattery was approaching alone and rapidly. She had never seen him move so fast.

"Anything doing, Mr. Slattery?" she queried, as he came up—softly, of course, for there were several people near. She knew by the slant of the house sleuth's eye that something was doing, but she couldn't have asked where the cashier was, for that would give the whole thing away if anybody had been listening in.

Slattery's face looked strained. Leaning toward her he said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Betcher life." She waited without breathing. "A raft of jools gone," he added. "Keep it mum, kid."

Slattery was gone. The manager across the lobby was beckoning to him rather wildly.

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Miss La Flore, almost aloud. "A raft of jools gone."

But things were breaking fast—almost too fast. The cashier—and now the

jewels! Maybe the cashier had come and got them, too. . . . With so much happening, how could Slattery be at his best? With straining eyes—she could not desert her post—she watched him.

He conferred with the manager for a moment, and hastened away.

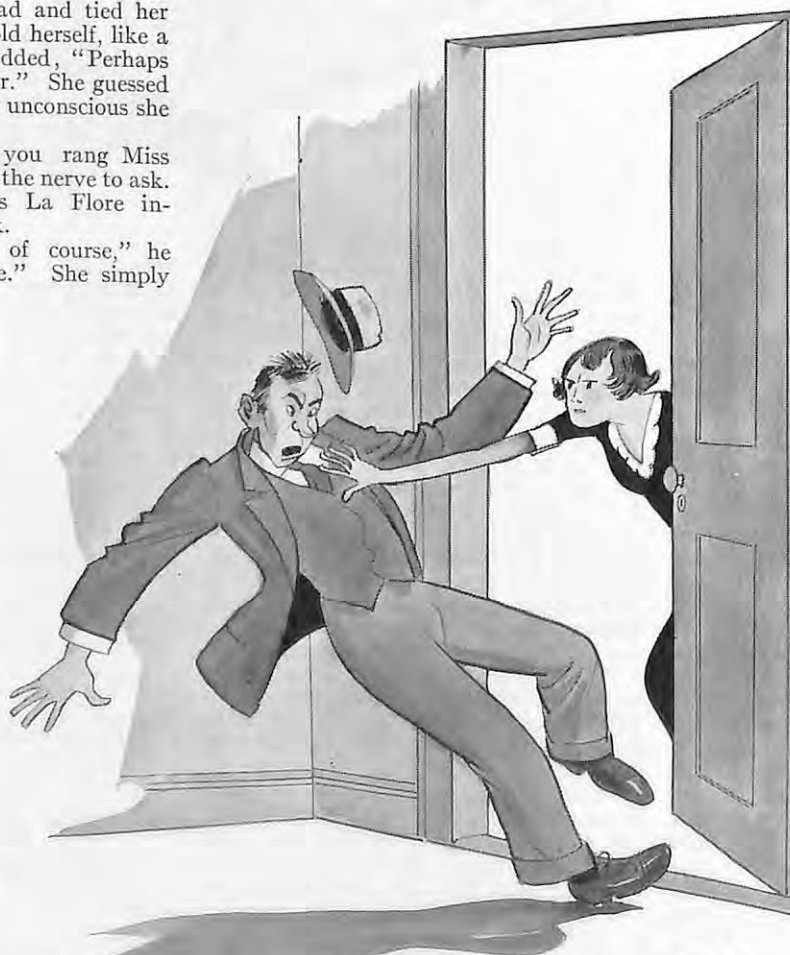
Miss La Flore remained in an utter daze. Presently Slattery reappeared, heading toward the front entrance. And in his wake Miss La Flore saw with astonished eyes, a long queue of bellhops. Most of the uniformed boys were deployed toward the side doors; Slattery with a handful went on to the front. Those blasé lobby loungers were now taking notice. In fact, some were following Slattery to see what it was all about. Although she had stuck to her post of duty, as long as she could, Miss La Flore was now half way to the front entrance herself. Then she realized the meaning of this mystifying maneuver.

ALL the hotel exits were to be closely guarded. Very soon people intending to go out of the lobby were being blocked at the doors, and those intending to come in were peering through the plate glass. Then a thought struck her. What about the cashier—how could he get in?

She could no longer see Slattery but she must remind him of that. . . . But the lobby was now seething. Everybody was bobbing about excitedly. Perhaps he had caught the jewel thief. Perhaps—the cashier. She had so much quick thinking to do she found herself actually running.

Just then she heard someone speaking, loud and high above the hubbub. It was the manager's voice. She stopped short. He stood in front of the desk; he was pleading for quiet and attention. His hands were lifted and spread out in a stilling manner. The lobby would not still.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he kept repeating. Again and again he uttered that clarion call. Nearer Miss La Flore went, to lose nothing the manager would say whenever he would say it. At last he got attention. Faces turned questioningly, angrily, toward him. He cleared his throat. "The management trusts that you will bear with us for a few moments," he began. "The loss of very valuable articles of jewelry has just taken place in the hotel." He paused, as though to observe the effect. "This procedure—closing the doors—is meant as no reflection whatever upon those here—our guests and others—in fact you, are all our guests. But it is only in this way that the matter can be
(Continued on page 40)



He went in . . . Miss La Flore's shove attended to that

Shear Nonsense

Husband (arriving home late): "Can't you guess where I've been?"

Wife: "I can; but go on with your story."
—*Tit-Bits*.

"Why have you been sitting in your car all afternoon, Papa?"

"I'm waiting for two gentlemen. The guy who owns the car in front of me and the guy who owns the car in back."
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury*.

The club members were discussing laziness. One finally told about his hiking trip through the South. Coming to a stream, he saw a mountaineer sitting on the bank against a tree, his hat over his face and a fishing-rod stuck under one knee, the line in the water.

"Hello," said the visitor. "Been here all day?"

"Yep," was the response from the motionless fisher.

"Caught anything?"
"Dunno."
—*Calgary Herald*.

A lot of fellows are caught in the act who are not vaudeville performers.
—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.

Instructor: "Why do they put a hyphen in bird-cage?"

Student: "For the bird to sit on."
—*Annapolis Log*.

"Are you a good sport?"
"Yes."

"Then let me lean against you."
—*Penn. Punch Bowl*.

First Cat: "Wasn't Tom the meow last night?"

Second Cat: "Yeah, he was the lives of the party."
—*Judge*.

The old gray mare: "Your father can flick flies faster than any horse in the pasture, an' that's no idle tale!"
—*Lchigh Burr*.

"The possession of a car, even if it is only a second-hand one, is an advantage," declares a writer. The kind of advantage that one had to push home, sometimes.

—*Humorist*.

Storekeeper: "Look here, young man, I will show you what we consider the real thing in men's hose."

Customer: "The real thing doesn't come in men's hose."
—*Harvard Lampoon*.

Two jobless actors were talking.

"What'ra doin' to-night?" asked one. "How about takin' in a movie? It'll take our minds off the depression."

"Sorry, old man," was the answer. "Can't make it. Got a bridge date."

"That's okay, too," was the amazing retort. "I'll jump off with you."
—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

She: "Will you love me after we are married?"

He: "Mate and see."

—*Pennsylvania Punch Bowl*.

Lost Motor Cyclist: "What town is this?"

Traffic Police-man: "This is Limerick, sir."

Lost Motor Cyclist:

"Well, this sad looking fellow from Gloucester.

Had a girl on the back, but he loucester.

As a Limerick man

I'm sure that you can

Find my Margaret Elizabeth Foucester."
—*London Opinion*.

Host: "How do you like the whiskey? Prewar stuff, that?"

Friend: "Which war? The one in Shanghai?"
—*Humorist*.

"Are all the news cameramen here?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Lights O. K.?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Sound O. K.?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Good, then let justice take its course."
—*Judge*.

"What will the girl of eighteen be in ten years' time?" asks a critic. Twenty-one.
—*London Opinion*.

"And you don't know anything about religion?" queried the missionary.

"Well, we got a little taste of it when the last missionary was here," replied the cannibal chieftain.
—*Northwestern Purple Parrot*.



"Sure, you can get a separation, if you like. But let's settle now who gets the custody of the can-opener"

"Do you suffer from pink toothbrush?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you get a green one?"

—*Texas Longhorn*.

An advertisement in the Tacoma (Wash.) *Ledger* reads:

Tomorrow

BENNY RUBIN

in person

with Hollywood Specialty Idea

and Tallulah Bankhead

and Tallulah Bankhead

We heard you. —*New Yorker*.

We read that a gangster's bullet passed through a Chicago man's hair without injuring him. A parting shot, as it were.
—*Humorist*.

"What's happened, George?" she asked her husband, who had got out of the car to investigate the precise nature of the trouble.

"Puncture," he said briefly.

"You ought to have been on the lookout for this," was the helpful remark. "You remember the guide warned you there was a fork in the road."
—*Tit-Bits*.



EDITORIAL

PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS

■ At its first meeting in October each subordinate Lodge will be required to vote upon two proposed amendments to the constitution of the Order, submitted to them for ratification by the Grand Lodge at Birmingham. They are of unusual importance because they involve a change of policy relating to long established and distinctive features of our organic structure, which have, however, been the subject of earnest discussions in recent years.

One is a proposal to amend Section 18 of Article III so that it shall read as follows:

"There shall be but one subordinate Lodge established in any city of less than one million population and in any borough where a city is divided into boroughs. The Grand Exalted Ruler may, where in his opinion special circumstances and the good of the Order warrant such action, grant a dispensation for the institution of a second subordinate Lodge in any city in the United States of America of more than one million population, and, under like circumstances, may grant a dispensation for the institution of an additional subordinate Lodge for each additional million of population, or major fraction thereof, in any such city; Provided, that not more than five subordinate Lodges shall be established in any city."

It has long been thought by many leaders of the Order that in the larger cities of the country the restriction to a single Lodge therein has retarded its numerical growth and has unduly limited the possibilities for our peculiarly fraternal service in such jurisdictions. Residence with relation to the Lodge building, community and business associations, accessibility from widely extended territory with variant transportation facilities, and the essential inadequacy of club house and Lodge-room accommodations, have all contributed to prevent the natural and normal extension of the Order's membership in such cities; and have led to conditions in some of them that are not conducive to its best interests.

Obviously the limit of population of cities to be affected by the suggested amendment had to be arbitrarily fixed; but the Grand Lodge has been conservative in its proposal; and it has properly protected the rights of established Lodges in municipal boroughs.

The amendment is deemed a wise and timely step in the right direction and one that will result in an enlarged membership and a more wholesome fraternal situation in some of our most important jurisdictions.

Proper statutory changes provide for concurrent and coextensive jurisdiction of Lodges which are now established and which may be instituted in such cities. This will create a subordinate Lodge situation which has been found eminently satisfactory by other fraternities. The proposed amendment is not, therefore, a mere experiment.

The other amendment submitted provides that the Exalted Ruler of each subordinate Lodge shall be,

ex-officio, its Representative to the Grand Lodge. It does not in any manner change the qualifications for permanent membership in the Grand Lodge.

It has long been realized that the selection of the retiring Exalted Ruler as Representative has failed to accomplish the chief purpose in view; that is, the preservation of the most direct and continuing contact between the Grand Lodge and the subordinate Lodge.

Under the proposed amendment the Exalted Ruler, after three months of experience in his office, will attend the Grand Lodge with an adequate understanding of the conditions and needs of his Lodge and with a full knowledge of the sentiment of its membership toward proposed legislation and administrative policies. And he will return to his Lodge, not only accurately informed and enthused by his Grand Lodge service



and the incident contacts with its officers and members, but, what is most important, still in the official position and under the official responsibility, to carry forward the plans and policies which shall have been adopted and in the adoption of which he has had a voice.

In other words, the Representative will not merely return to his Lodge and, as a final official act, make a brief formal report of what the Grand Lodge has done and what it desires the subordinate Lodge and its officers to do, leaving it to others to carry on; but he will return still charged with the definite duty, and fired with inspiration himself to lead his Lodge in its desired activities. It properly capitalizes the ability and opportunity of the officer who continues for nine months to occupy the principal station in the Lodge.

The unanimity with which the Grand Lodge approved the submission of these two amendments is evidence that they are regarded as progressive steps which should commend themselves to the entire membership. It is to be hoped that they will be ratified by the requisite vote and promulgated, in due course, as the fundamental law of the Order.

QUESTIONABLE ECONOMY

■ Among those who dimit from the Order each year, or permit themselves to be dropped from the rolls, there is a large percentage who are moved to such course by what they deem necessary economy. In recent years, due to general conditions, a larger proportion than usual have been thus influenced. But the practice of economy by the elimination of the particular expense involved in membership in the Order of Elks is, to say the least, of very questionable wisdom.

When financial pressure is experienced, and the need for curtailment is recognized, the relatively small amount required for payment of Lodge dues should be one of the last to be cut off.

It is in times of individual stress that fraternal associations are most valuable, as they are then most desirable. It is in such times that one feels a peculiar need for contacts with his brothers whose sympathy is ready and sincere; and whose impulses are kindly and helpful. Such contacts bring a sense of courage and security. They should not be lightly abandoned.

It is, perhaps, natural that one who seeks to eliminate needless expense should impulsively lump together all those items which may not be actually enforced from him by others; and to regard them as equally the proper subjects of curtailment. But upon consideration of all that is involved, fraternal membership dues should not be included in such a list. They insure to him privileges, rights and advantages whose value is increased by the very conditions which prompt the need for economical adjustments.

In making up one's individual budget, Lodge dues should be listed close behind the physical essentials of life. They should not be marked off until, after calculating every reasonable sacrifice of non-essentials, it is felt they cannot be assumed. To eliminate them before such sacrifices are determined upon, is to practise a false economy.

NON-POLITICAL

■ The statement is frequently made by Elks, and always with an air of pride and satisfaction, that the Order is distinctly fraternal and that it is non-sectarian and non-political. It is an essential feature of the Order; and it will be well for us to keep it clearly in mind during the next two months, when the temptations to disregard it will be more numerous and more insidious than is ordinarily the case.



A national political campaign arouses keen interest and engenders strong feeling in party affiliates, who naturally seek to employ every available influence in behalf of their respective candidates. They frequently inject discussions of partisan politics into meetings which should be free therefrom. Elks should be careful not to do this in fraternal associations, and they should be watchful to avoid its being done by others.

Indeed, it would be better if such discussions were discouraged, if not actually prohibited, upon Elk premises. No good result can come from them in such surroundings; and they are charged with danger to the fraternal atmosphere that should pervade all contacts upon such premises.

The Order of Elks is non-political. And the wise policy involved in this statement of fact should be carefully and consistently observed by every member.

A NEW PLAN

■ For a number of years it has been the custom for the newly appointed District Deputies to be called into conference at Chicago, so that they might receive at first hand, from the Grand Exalted Ruler and other Grand Lodge officers, information and instructions that would enable them more efficiently to perform their duties. These conferences have demonstrated their value and have justified the expense involved.

This year Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, with the approval of the Grand Lodge, has determined upon a new plan which, it is anticipated, may prove even more effective and be attended by less expense. Instead of one conference of all the District Deputies at Chicago, the Grand Exalted Ruler will hold a number of meetings in different sections of the country, to which will be invited not only the District Deputies of the adjacent jurisdictions but also the Exalted Ruler and Secretary of each subordinate Lodge therein.

In this manner, it is thought, a better opportunity will be afforded for helpful personal contacts with the District Deputies, because of the smaller number involved in each meeting; and in addition the Grand Exalted Ruler will have opportunity to discuss with the principal officers of the Lodges their own peculiar problems, in anticipation of the official visits of the Deputies.

It is hoped that the subordinate Lodge officers will respond to the invitations in such numbers as to insure a thorough test of the proposed regional conferences, as compared with the one general conference of District Deputies only at the National Headquarters.

PATIENCE—A NEEDED VIRTUE

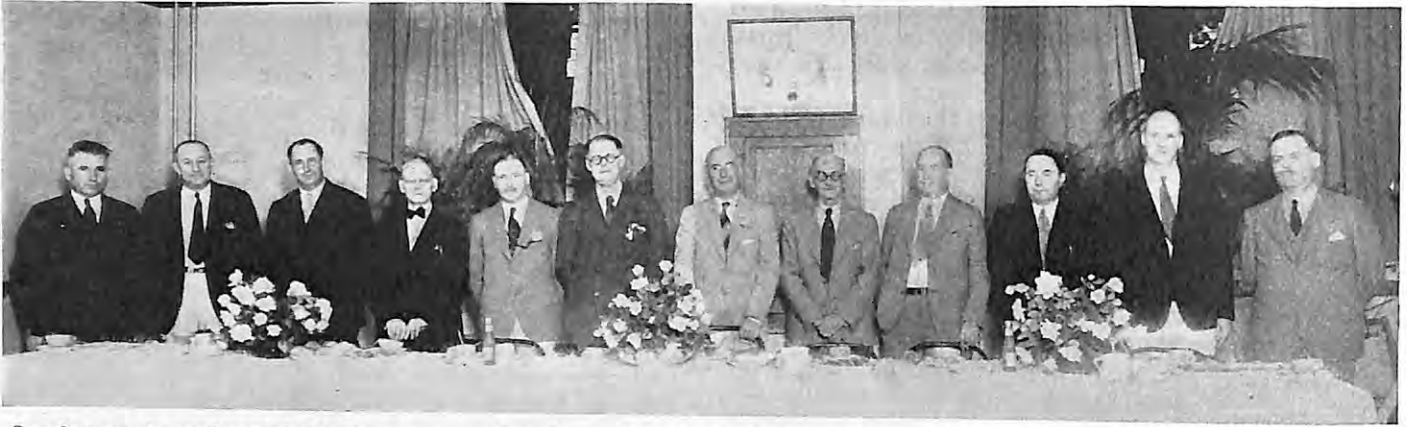
■ Many suggestions have been made as to what particular virtues should be exercised best to meet and overcome the difficulties of our present trying situation. Courage, industry, economy, confidence, are, of course, among those most frequently named. But there is one other, of vital importance, not so often mentioned—patience.

Whatever may be the cause of existing conditions, they are so general that they cannot be changed overnight. Even if legislation, that very dubious panacea which so many too readily invoke for the cure of every economic ill, could be as helpful as its proponents anticipate, it must be realized that it takes time for substantial results to be obtained from its operation. Even if a concerted general movement for revival of industrial activity be inaugurated, the orderly processes of rehabilitation are none too speedy.

It is necessary, therefore, that we school ourselves to patience. Patience does not imply inactivity. It does not involve idleness. It is rather a mental attitude that enables one to bear with fortitude what must be endured. It keeps one's spirit from flagging.

There is nothing surer than the return of prosperity and industrial well-being to our great country. We only need to maintain our faith, to continue every wise effort toward betterment of conditions for others as well as ourselves, and, above all, to be patient.





Speakers at the testimonial dinner given recently to Henry Schocke (fifth from right) by his fellow members of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge, after his election as Grand Tiler of the Order at the Grand Lodge Convention a short time before

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Grand Exalted Ruler Greeted By His Lodge and City

WHEN Floyd E. Thompson returned to his Home Lodge, Moline, Ill., No. 556, as Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order, he was given one of the greatest homecomings ever accorded a citizen of Moline. Three bands and a crowd of hundreds were at the railroad station when his train arrived. The throng cheered for several minutes as he stepped upon the platform, and all along the line of march of the parade which took Mr. Thompson from the station to the Elks Home. From the spacious porch of the Home the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a large crowd, expressing his appreciation of the welcome, declaring that he would endeavor to repay by service to the Elks some of the honors his home Lodge and the Order as a whole have bestowed upon him. After the public speaking program there was a ceremony at which a "Floyd Thompson Class" was initiated. Several nearby Lodges sent candidates. Lieut. Phil Hutchinson, of Springfield, Ill., Lodge, No. 158, spoke on behalf of the initiates. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was honored at a public banquet attended by 300 persons. Here again he was given a warm ovation and delivered an eloquent address. Judge Albert M. Crampton, of the Moline City Court, was Toastmaster. Mr. Thompson was welcomed by Mayor John F. Huey. Henry C. Warner, Past President of the Illinois State Elks Association, brought greetings from Illinois Elks, and Judge Warren T. Orr, of the State Supreme Court, conveyed a welcome from the six counties which he represents on the bench. Among those who were introduced were Mayor Chester Thompson, of Rock Island; Mayor Charles Carpentier, of East Moline; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Marx M. Harder, Fred Perkins and John A. Thiel, of Illinois; and E. A. Erb and Samuel W. Hirschl of Iowa. L. R. Blackman, Past Exalted Ruler of Moline Lodge, was chairman of a committee of 100 which arranged the homecoming. Frank A. Knowles, Exalted Ruler of No. 556, presided at both afternoon and evening programs. The initiation was performed by the prize-winning degree team of Kewanee Lodge, No. 724.

Elks at National Home Honor Past Grand Trustee Hagan

As an expression of thanks for what Dr. Ralph Hagan, Past Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, had done for them, a group

of residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., recently presented to him a beautiful silver pitcher and goblet. Dr. Hagan recently completed his five-year term as Grand Trustee. For the last two years he has served as Chairman of the Board. The act of presentation was informal and simple. Charles O'Neill, a member of Dr. Hagan's Lodge, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, delivered the gift.

New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge's Degree Team Is Twice Honored

Upon their return from Birmingham, where they had won first place in the National Ritualistic Contest at the Grand Lodge Convention, the members of the Ritualistic Team of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, were honored by their city and the Lodge at a reception and a banquet. The reception took place upon the lawn of the Lodge Home, and it was attended by a majority of the members of the Lodge and their wives. Later, in the evening, 200 Elks, among whom were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, officials of the Florida State Elks Association,

and officers and members of other Lodges of the State, gathered at the Masonic Temple at the testimonial dinner. Arrangements for the festivities were made by Exalted Ruler W. M. Miller and by Frank D. Bristley, President of the New Smyrna Chamber of Commerce, who presided as Toastmaster. Prominent among the attendants, besides Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, were Mrs. Andrews; David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. L. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edwin Baker, and Harold Colee, Past President of the Florida State Elks Association; and Mayor W. E. Swoope. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Sholtz, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Colee, Mr. Baker and Mr. Swoope were among the speakers. Caspian Hale, Exalted Ruler for the team and Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, responded for the group which brought back the ritualistic championship from Birmingham. Represented at the banquet were officers and other members of Daytona Beach, Cocoa and DeLand Lodges; and members of the Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs and other civic organizations. The victory of the New Smyrna team was hailed by virtually the entire citizenry. Commenting upon the achievement, the *New Smyrna Daily News* said, "Not only are the home people proud of the ritualistic team for the publicity they brought to New Smyrna, but their fellow lodgemen all over the State are proud of the honor brought to the State. . . . It would be well for every citizen of New Smyrna to think seriously at this time of what this degree team of the Elks really did. They went out and proved that by team work, this one little group from New Smyrna can do something better than any other similar group in the whole United States. If one small group can do this, what possibilities might there not be in New Smyrna with constructive team work on the part of many!"



The beautiful pitcher and goblet presented by a group of residents of the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va., to Dr. Ralph Hagan, upon the completion of his service as Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees

Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Is Memorable

Reminiscences covering a quarter of a century were heard recently at the meeting of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, marking the twenty-fifth year of its existence. The occasion, designated the Silver Anniversary and Old Timers' Night, attracted a throng of two hundred and fifty Elks, the number including visitors from many other Lodges in the State, although illness prevented the attendance of John A. Healy, first Exalted Ruler of No. 1022.

several other charter members were present. The first Mayor of Hibbing, Fred Twitchell, paid hearty tribute to Past Exalted Ruler Healy's record of achievement in behalf of the Lodge. Others to make addresses included Walter F. Marcum, President, and Vincent C. Jenny, Secretary, of the Minnesota State Elks Association. Among those to attend the Lodge session and the period of entertainment which ensued were officers and members of Bemidji, Virginia, Duluth, Eveleth, Chisholm, St. Paul and Brainerd Lodges.

Manila, P. I., Lodge Observes Its Thirtieth Anniversary

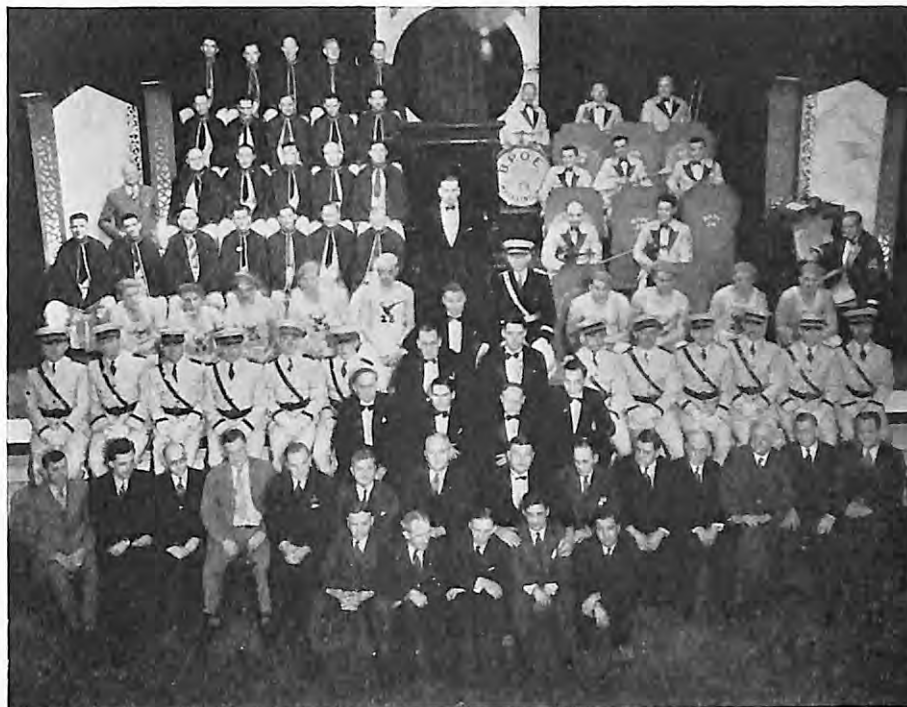
Manila, P. I., Lodge, No. 761, recently celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of its institution. A feature of the session at which the observance was made was an address by Past Exalted Ruler E. E. Elser in praise of the service that L. D. Lockwood had performed for the Lodge as its Exalted Ruler and for the Order as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler. Nearly fifty members of No. 761, including three charter members, were present. A buffet supper and social period followed the adjournment of the meeting.

Washington, D. C., Elks Hosts to Orphans; Visit National Home

Two events of unusual interest to occur at Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15, recently were its twenty-second annual outing, at which 1,400 orphans of the city were guests; and a pilgrimage of 200 members of the Lodge to the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va. Glen Echo Amusement Park was the scene of the outing for the boys and girls from a number of institutions. Their entertainment comprised the privileges of all the amusements, concerts by the Elks Boys' Band and a clown band, a Punch and Judy show and a cowboy exhibition. After lunch and the day at the park, toys were given all the children. They were carried to and from the park in street-cars, motor-buses, and automobiles lent by members of the Lodge. Quite as successful and entertaining as the outing was the pilgrimage to the Elks National Home. Indeed, so enjoyable did it prove that those who undertook it planned immediately after their return to make the journey a yearly event.

Whiting, Ind., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

Enthusiasm of a high degree was manifested recently when Whiting, Ind., Lodge, No. 1273, celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its institution. Of particular interest at the



The ritualistic organizations, comprising eighty members, of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge. They include the officers, the Drill Team, the Orchestra, the Chorus, the Technical and Operating Staffs, and the "Wrecking Crew"

Lodge meeting were an address and the reading of the minutes of the Lodge's first session by Exalted Ruler Harry E. L. Timm; a résumé of the history of No. 1273 by Walter E. Schrage, its senior Past Exalted Ruler and former Mayor of the city; and subsequent speeches by officers of a number of near-by Lodges. Messages of congratulation were received during the evening from Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Fred A. Wicking; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Lee M. Bowers and John Van Delester; and from President Lee F. Bays, Past President Frank E. Coughlin and Secretary W. C. Groehl, of the Indiana State Elks Association. An unusually enjoyable program of entertainment and a splendid buffet supper followed the conclusion of the meeting. The vigesimal anniversary observances came a few days after another event of unusual interest in the life of Whiting Lodge, a visit of its members to Gary Lodge, No. 1152, for participation in the initiation there of a class of twenty-nine candidates.

Convention Tour of Jersey City, N. J., Elks Great Success

Those Elks who journeyed to the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham with the tour arranged by Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, have returned with reports of an unusually enjoyable trip. The group left New York aboard the steamship *Momus*, Saturday, July 2, and returned from the convention city by rail to arrive in Jersey City upon the evening of the 16th. The tour provided six days at sea, with stopovers at New Orleans, Biloxi, Miss., and Atlanta. In all three cities the New Jersey Elks were cordially welcomed by those of the local Lodges. An entertainment of a memorable character during the trip was a farewell party given aboard ship the evening of July 8th before the Elks proceeded by train to Birmingham. A feature of the evening was the reading of a poem written by a passenger, Mrs. L. F. Burton, of San Antonio, Tex. A special dinner to the guests of Lodge No. 211, was arranged as the train left Washington upon the return trip; and a final entertainment, the evening after the return to Jersey City, was tendered by the delegation from the southern part of the State. Motion pictures were taken during the tour. It is expected that they will be exhibited later for the benefit of those Lodges whose members made the journey.

Elks of Pennsylvania Northwest Meet and Enjoy Picnic

Sixty-seven delegates, representing nineteen Lodges, attended a short time ago a meeting of the Pennsylvania Northwest District Elks Association at Grove City. The gathering was not entirely devoted to the transaction of official business but, after adjournment of the formal session, took the form of a picnic. This affair was arranged by the members of Grove City Lodge, No. 1579. It was held outdoors, at the Pitt-Erie Grounds and Pavilion, some distance from the town; and came as a delightful climax to the other events of the day.

Milwaukee Paper Begins Drive For 1933 Convention

According to a recent leading editorial in the *Wisconsin News*, of Milwaukee, that city, chosen as the place of the 1933 Grand Lodge



The strikingly decorated float entered by Granite City, Ill., Lodge in a pageant honoring the memory of George Washington



Members of Columbia, S. C., Lodge at a banquet in honor of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight William H. Harth, upon his return from the Grand Lodge Convention

Convention, is preparing already to make visiting members of the Order welcome. "Few citizens have forgotten the big national Elks gathering of thirty-odd years ago," said the editorial, in part. "Milwaukee has never seen its like before or since. It made a holiday for the whole community, and the city was the better for it. What Milwaukee did for the Elks then, and what the Elks did for Milwaukee, may be repeated next year if everyone puts his best foot forward. . . . Chauncey Yockey, Exalted Ruler of the Milwaukee Lodge, did yeoman work in securing this convention for Milwaukee. . . . Mr. Yockey is a small army in himself when it comes to organization and promotion, but he will need the cooperation of the whole city to give the B. P. O. E. the reception it deserves."

Paris Elks Observe Flag Day and Dedicate Elks Memorial Hall

On June 14, and for the third successive year, Elks in Paris, France, observed Flag Day with an exemplification of the ritual of the Order. The ceremony took place in the Elks Memorial Hall in the American Legion Building, and was followed by exercises formally dedicating the Hall. More than a hundred Elks and twelve Gold Star mothers, making pilgrimages to the graves of their sons, attended the exercises. Sedley Peck, of San Mateo, Calif., Lodge, No. 1112, representative of Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, presided. Speakers were Lieut.-Col. R. H. Jordan, Chief of the American Grave Registration Service in Europe, who delivered a stirring address on the American flag; and Julian M. Thomas, Past Commander of the Department of France of the American Legion, whose eulogy of George Washington was exceptionally stimulating. The scene was brilliant. Besides a number of smaller flags festooning

the auditorium, there was, behind the Exalted Ruler's station, one immense flag covering the entire vast wall. Suspended above the audience was a great floral bell, a striking display which later was taken to the American veterans ward of the American Hospital. For this the director of the hospital sent a letter of heartfelt thanks to the Elks of Paris. At the dedicatory ceremonies Mr. Peck again presided, delivering symbolically to Colonel Francis A. Drake, President of the American Legion Building Corporation, the \$30,000 Hall, the Order's contribution to the Legion's Parisian memorial honoring those Americans who gave their lives for their country in the war. Music during the exercises included several selections by the Philomel Male Quartet, piano solos by Fred Yeo, and group singing, concluding with "Auld Lang Syne." Those who officiated, in addition to Mr. Peck, as Exalted Ruler, were Col. Bernard E. Flood, life member of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, as Esteemed Leading Knight; Dr. A. L. Hipwell, as Esteemed Loyal Knight; Jack Pierce, as Esteemed Lecturing Knight; Robert L. Miles as Esquire; and R. A. Lauch as Tiler. The post of Chaplain was occupied by the Very Rev. Frederick W. Beekman, Dean of the American Cathedral Church of the Holy Trinity. James E. Macaleese, Secretary of the Paris Elks, performed the duties of that office at the ceremonies.

Eustis, Fla., Elks Barbecue 1,000 Pounds of Meat for Needy

One thousand pounds of meat was prepared at a barbecue and picnic given recently at Johanna Beach, Florida, by Eustis Lodge, No. 1578, for several hundred needy families. Besides an elaborate and hearty dinner, the guests of the Eustis Elks had opportunity to enjoy a number of games and water sports.

Bronx, N. Y., Elks Thanked for Candy Sent to Blind Children

For a gift of candy for the children of the Catholic Institute for the Blind, Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, received recently a truly appreciative letter of thanks from M. Richarda, in behalf of the institution. The communication, addressed to Lester W. Patterson, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, said in part: "I wish to thank you in the name of the children of the Catholic Institute for the Blind for the kind donation of candy that was delivered in your name by Mr. George Rosenthal. I think it was very thoughtful of you to think of us in spite of the hard times."

Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harth's Lodge Honors Him

In token of its appreciation of the distinction which William H. Harth had brought to Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, by his election to the office of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight at the Grand Lodge Convention at Birmingham, his fellow members of the Lodge recently gave a banquet in his honor at the Home. Speakers of prominence both in the State and the city paid tribute to Mr. Harth's abilities. Those to make addresses included Governor Ibra C. Blackwood, State Senator James H. Hammond and Mayor L. B. Owen. To them Mr. Harth, introduced by Exalted Ruler Coleman Karesh, replied with grace and modesty. The Toastmaster was Dr. J. S. Hammack, Chairman of the Banquet Committee. Music by the Elks string quartette added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Hillsdale, Mich., Elks Are Hosts to Neighbor Lodges at Big Picnic

Members of Coldwater, Mich., Lodge, No. 1023, and of Jackson Lodge, No. 113, were the guests a short time ago of Hillsdale Lodge, No. 1575, at its annual picnic. The event was held at the McCourtie country estate near Somerset Center, with 125 members of the Order participating in the festivities. These included, in addition to the ample picnic dinner, games and singing.

Pocatello, Idaho, Elks' Drum and Bugle Corps Is State Champion

Results of the Drum and Bugle Corps contest at the Idaho State Elks Association Convention were not received in time for inclusion in the report of the meeting published in the August issue of the Magazine. They since have been communicated, and were as follows: Pocatello Lodge, No. 674, first; Idaho Falls Lodge, No. 1087, second. Both groups of competitors were awarded cash prizes by the Association.

Macon, Ga., Lodge Reoccupies Home Damaged by Fire

Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, has already begun reoccupation of its Home, which was extensively damaged by fire some time ago. The flames wrought ruin throughout the building, particularly in the Lodge room. This,



B. E. ALDRICH, JR.

Both in numbers and proficiency, one of the outstanding musical units of its State is the Antlers Band of Portland, Ore., Lodge

however, as well as the grill, the game rooms and the reading rooms, has already been not only repaired but improved beyond its former condition; and is ready for use again. To celebrate the return of the Lodge to its Home members plan to give a house-warming party early in the fall.

Galesburg, Ill., Lodge Inducts Class of Ten Candidates

In accordance with the urgency of Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Galesburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 894, initiated a short time ago a class of ten candidates named, in honor of its Exalted Ruler, "The Charles T. Charlson Class."

Essay Contest Promoted at Elks National Home

Past Exalted Ruler Bernard Levy, of Cincinnati, Ohio, Lodge, No. 5, recently has promoted an essay contest for residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. Through the Superintendent of the Home, Robert A. Scott, Mr. Levy has had distributed among the Elks living there the specifications of the competition. These were chiefly that the essays be not more than three hundred words and have as their topic "How I Pass My Time at the Elks National Home." A prize of \$25 has been offered for the manuscript which, in Mr. Levy's opinion, is most interesting.

Past Exalted Ruler Reisenman, of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, Honored

Joseph Reisenman, Jr., Past Exalted Ruler of Franklin, Pa., Lodge, No. 110, recently received an appointment as Pennsylvania State Chairman of the United States Flag Association. The post was conferred by Colonel James A. Moss, organizer and founder of the body.

100-Year-Old Member of Robinson, Ill., Lodge Celebrates Birthday

Born July 26, 1832, Joseph J., "Uncle Joe," Ford, a member of Robinson, Ill., Lodge, No.



A banquet given not long ago by Lafayette, Ind., Lodge, at which members of the championship basketball team of Purdue University were guests

1188, entertained two hundred of his fellow members at a dinner recently, upon the occasion of his one-hundredth birthday. The guests gathered at Mr. Ford's farm home near Flat Rock; and spent a delightful afternoon and evening with the oldest of their number. Their host, initiated into No. 1188 in 1911, is still active both in mind and body. At the termination of their visit, the Robinson Elks were invited to come again next year. In communicating the report of the birthday party, Secretary H. E. Whitaker, of the Lodge, asked THE ELKS MAGAZINE if Mr. Ford were not the oldest Elk. If any member of the Order knows of an older fellow member, Mr. Whitaker undoubtedly would be interested in hearing from him.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Hosts To Olympic Athletes

Olympic athletes, both American and foreign, were entertained a few days before the beginning of the games by Long Beach, Calif., Lodge,

No. 888. The affair, a banquet, was held at the Villa Riviera. Besides native entrants in the Olympics, there were among the guests representatives of Brazil, Uruguay, Japan, Holland, France and Australia. Speakers introduced by Exalted Ruler E. M. Jones, who welcomed the athletes, included Dick Barber, American broad-jump star; Harry Pearce, former international champion sculler and father of Bobby Pearce, Olympic single sculls champion; Burrill S. Mills, Secretary of the Olympic Reception Committee; James Combs, former Harvard end and member of the Olympic Committee; and Lorne Middough, of the Recreation Commission.

Homecoming Sponsored by Ionia, Mich., Elks Draws 10,000

Ten thousand persons attended recently the Ionia County Homecoming Fourth of July Celebration, an affair given at the Ionia Free Fair Grounds and sponsored by Ionia, Mich.,
(Continued on page 48)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

New England Elks Welcome Mr. Thompson

GRAND Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Miss Mary Ellen, left Chicago, Thursday, July 28, and arrived in Boston the following morning. They were met at the station by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley; Past Grand Tiler Thomas J. Brady; E. Mark Sullivan, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Earle; President Michael H. McCarron, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; and officers and other members of Boston Lodge, No. 10, and Brookline Lodge, No. 886. During the afternoon they enjoyed a sightseeing trip, and in the evening a delightful dinner tendered by the officers of Brookline Lodge.

Saturday morning, July 30, as the guests of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party left for Maine. They were accompanied by Past District Deputy Edwin K. McPeck and President McCarron of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. Upon their arrival in Portland, Me., they were entertained at luncheon at the Home of Portland Lodge, No. 188.

In the early afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler left for Rockland, Me. In the course of his journey he made brief calls at the Homes of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, and Augusta Lodge, No. 964. Included among those who traveled with him were Past District Deputy Grand

Exalted Rulers Lester C. Ayer, C. Dwight Stevens, Wilford P. Perry; and President Fred L. Sylvester and Secretary-Treasurer Edward R. Twomey, of the Maine State Elks Association. At Rockland Mr. Thompson was the honored guest of the Association at its annual convention. A report of this event appears elsewhere in this issue of the Magazine, in "News of the State Associations."

Upon the morning of August 1, Mr. Thompson left Rockland for New Hampshire. At Bethel, Me., the party was met by Ovide J. Coulombe, Mayor of Berlin, N. H., and Exalted Ruler of Berlin Lodge, No. 618; and by a group of its Past Exalted Rulers. This delegation conducted him to Berlin. At the Lodge Home in the evening a banquet and dance were given in honor of the distinguished guests. An event of particular note during the evening was the public address of the Grand Exalted Ruler to a large audience gathered at the Home to greet him. Present upon the occasion were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frederick W. Bancroft, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Carl A. Savage, John J. Landers, C. H. Bean, Carlton A. Newton, J. Levi Meader, Frank J. Kelly; and John A. McInerney, Secretary-Treasurer of the New Hampshire State Elks Association.

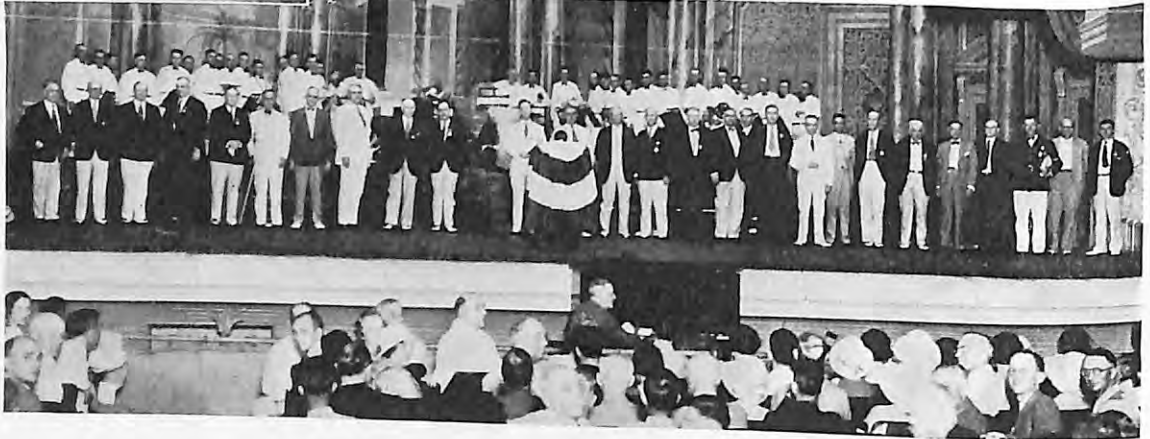
Mr. Bowers and Mr. Bancroft, the following

day served as escort to the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party into Vermont. The party stayed overnight at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and were entertained at an informal dinner by the officers and Past Exalted Rulers of St. Johnsbury Lodge, No. 1343, and their wives. Among the hosts were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers H. W. Witters and F. O. Moore.

Wednesday morning, August 3, the Grand Exalted Ruler made brief visits to Barre Lodge, No. 1535, and Montpelier Lodge, No. 924. Thereafter he set out for Burlington. A short distance from the city a delegation comprising officers and other members of Burlington Lodge, No. 916, met Mr. Thompson and his suite. During the afternoon he conferred at the Lodge Home with the representatives of all the ten Lodges in New Hampshire. The Exalted Ruler of every Lodge and one or more of its other officers were in attendance. At a banquet given for Mr. Thompson in the evening there were present, besides Elks of Vermont, a large delegation from Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge, No. 621. Notable guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Malley, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Bowers, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Frederick W. Bancroft, Frank J. Shea and P. F. Garvey; President Charles F. Mann and Past President Frank E. Robinson of the Vermont State Elks Association; and United States Senator Warren R. Austin.



The Police Band of Birmingham, (above) all of whose members are Elks, and the Lodge's Patrol escorting Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen from the station to his headquarters, upon his arrival. At the right, the opening ceremonies of the convention, which were held in the Municipal Auditorium



The Social Side of

director, William H. Winkenhof; Exalted Ruler Harry L. White and Secretary R. M. Montgomery, of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79; the "79 Patrol," under the command of C. E. McCombs; J. M. Jones, President of

Carol Gardner, Vice-Chairman, of the Radio Committee; J. J. Douglas, Chairman of the Registration Committee; Harry English, Chairman of the State Association Committee; Henry C. Goodman, Chairman of the Transportation Committee; Leo Chisling, Chairman of the Legion Field Committee; and Mrs. George

FROM the initial social event of the recent Grand Lodge Convention, the welcome to Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Past Grand Exalted Rulers of the Order and those accompanying them to Birmingham, until the concluding feature, the convention parade, there was for all who were part of the great assemblage a splendid and uninterrupted period of enjoyment.

Between these first and last incidents there were receptions and banquets in honor of Grand Lodge officers and members, spectacular entertainments for all members of the Order, opportunities for participation in a variety of pleasures and amusements, contests embracing both fraternal and sporting activities, and sectional and local gatherings of particular interest. The conditions of the times may have diminished in some degree the number of Elks who could attend the convention, but they subtracted nothing from the measure of enjoyment experienced by all who did make the trip to Birmingham.

Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, accompanied by Mrs. Coen, arrived upon the morning of July 9. Included in the group which came with him were Past Grand Exalted Rulers W. W. Mountain and James G. McFarland; Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters; Grand Treasurer Lloyd Maxwell; Grand Esquire John J. Doyle and Mrs. Doyle; Past Chief Grand Justice of the Grand Forum Floyd E. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson; Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees Ralph Hagan; Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary Walter F. Meier; Grand Trustee John K. Burch; W. C. Robertson, member of the Grand Lodge State Association Committee; Albert D. Pearce, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Henry C. Warner, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; Past Pardon Commissioner William J. Conway and Mrs. Conway; and Charles E. Witt, Assistant to the Grand Secretary, and Mrs. Witt. Those who welcomed Mr. Coen and his party included Darius A. Thomas, General Chairman of the Convention Committee and President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. Thomas; Monroe Goldstein, Executive Director of the Convention, and Mrs. Goldstein; Chief of Police Fred. H. McDuff; the Police Department Band, all of whose members are Elks, and its

the City Commission; Clarence Mullins, Chairman of the Automobile Committee; Robert S. Smith, Chairman of the Convention Dance Committee; Herbert J. Baum, Chairman, and Dr. John W. Perkins, Vice-Chairman, of the Entertainment Committee; J. E. Shelton, Chairman of the Escort Committee; Dr. H. A. Elkourie, Chairman of the Fraternal Societies Committee; Carl Wittichen, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Entertainment Committee; E. J. McCrossin, Chairman, and Dr. I. Silverman, Vice-Chairman, of the "79 Greeters" Committee; Thomas N. Beach, Chairman of the Housing Committee; E. H. Smith, Chairman, and Ernest P. Mauk, Vice-Chairman, of the Information Committee; Zac Smith, Chairman of the Ladies' Entertainment Committee; Dan Hogan, Chairman of the Laundry and Dry Cleaning Committee; W. P. McCrossin, Chairman of the Legal Committee; Dr. W. L. Rosamond, Chairman of the Medical Committee; Roderick Beddow, Chairman, and Roger Quincy, Vice-Chairman, of the National Golf Tournament Committee; T. J. Orrender, Chairman of the National Trapshooting Tournament; J. C. Coyle, Chairman of the Opening Ceremonies Committee; Major Harry Smith, Chairman of the Parade Committee; William A. Young, Chairman, and

Bodeker, President of the Kle Club, and many members of her organization. After his greeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler was escorted by those who awaited his arrival at the railroad station to his headquarters in the Hotel Tutwiler. Prominent in the procession were the Police Band and the "79 Patrol."

A few hours later Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, John P. Sullivan, James R. Nicholson, Edward Rightor, Fred Harper, Bruce A. Campbell, Frank L. Rain, William M. Abbott, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Walter P. Andrews and Lawrence H. Rupp, arrived together with Grand Justice of the Grand Forum Michael F. Shannon; David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; Richard M. Davies, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; and H. E. Holmes, President of the Texas State Elks Association. Mr. Davies headed the delegation from Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, the first Lodge group to arrive at the convention. In the course of the day Dwight E. Campbell, Grand Justice of the Grand Forum, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Dakota, landed in his plane.

In the course of the next few days there were given, in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler



The Purple Bubble Ball, one of the outstanding social events of the convention. It was given in the Municipal Auditorium, and attracted a throng of five thousand persons. This was the first of the large gatherings of the convention week. Subsequent ones were the Dixie Jubilee, at which a chorus of three hundred Negro voices was heard; and the Auld Lang Syne Ball

the 1932 Grand Lodge Convention

and other Grand Lodge officers, a public reception at the Hotel Tutwiler the evening of July 11; a lawn party at the home of George B. Ward the following afternoon, followed by a dinner at the Cahaba Country Club, tendered by the Executive Committee of the Convention; a reception the afternoon of Wednesday, July 13, at the home of W. M. Leary and a dinner later given by L. E. Geohegan, General Manager of the Gulf States Steel Company, upon the terrace of the Birmingham Country Club. An additional event of importance, but more official in character, was a meeting of the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in the ballroom of the Hotel Tutwiler the evening of the 11th.

Upon Tuesday, July 12, and for two days thereafter, there took place a series of social gatherings. First of these was the Purple Bubble Ball, in the Municipal Auditorium. Before dancing, the 5,000 who attended enjoyed a concert by the Boys' Band of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler W. V. Turley. Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Coen inaugurated the ball by leading the grand march. The ladies attending the convention were the guests the following afternoon of the Executive Committee of the Convention, at a tea and reception at the Birmingham Country Club. This affair, arranged by Chairman Zac Smith of the Ladies' Entertainment Committee, included a splendid program of entertainment. Orchestral and vocal music and a bathing revue were features of it. Nine hundred were present. In the evening the Dixie Jubilee, a concert of plantation and Negro spiritual choral numbers, sung by 300 voices; and dancing and orchestral music, was presented in the Municipal Auditorium before an enthusiastic audience of 5,000. At the same place, upon the next evening, that of July 14, a concluding ball was held. This, the Auld Lang Syne Ball, found 4,000 persons taking part in its festivities.

Daylight hours during the convention were as replete with opportunities for enjoyment as



The Ritualistic Team of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, which won first honors at the National Ritualistic Contest at the convention. Second to this group were the representatives of Fresno, Calif., Lodge; and in third place was the team of Aurora, Ill., Lodge. The competition was brilliant and closely contested

were the evening hours. For those who liked golf there was afforded the privilege of playing free of charge at the Highland Park Country Club, the Reobuck Municipal Club, and the North Birmingham Golf Course links; and, upon application, guest cards were issued for the courses of the Mountain Brook, the Birmingham, and the Hillcrest Country Clubs. Elks and members of their families who wished to swim had access to a number of pools in the city, including the East Lake, the North Birmingham, the Willow Wood and the Ensley pools. Popular as these two sports proved to be, they were no more so than were the panoramic automobile tours which set forth daily during the major part of the convention. Although three hundred automobiles were placed at the disposal of members of the Order and their families, they were found insufficient, and had, toward the end of the week, to be supplemented with motor buses. It was estimated that more than 3,000 made the tour through Birmingham's industrial and residential districts, and the country lying immediately around the city.

Albert D. Pearce, O. L. Hayden, W. W. Bridgers and Clyde E. Jones, members of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee.

The Fourth Elks National 54-Hole Golf Tournament began the same day and came to a conclusion on Wednesday the 13th. Winners of the several prizes offered in the tournament were as follows: Elks individual championship, low gross score for 54 holes, H. P. Whitehead, of Stamford, Conn., Lodge, No. 899; low net score, W. E. Rose, of Kearney, Nebr., Lodge, No. 984; low net score, deciding individual runner-up, H. M. Sias, of Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10; low gross score, individual class, first 18 holes, F. W. Glover, Bedford, Ind., Lodge, No. 826; low net score, individual class, first 18 holes, R. B. Winters, Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866; low gross score, individual class, second 18 holes, H. L. Jernigan, Aberdeen, Minn., Lodge, No. 620; low net score, individual class, second 18 holes, R. E. Wuth, Washington, Ind., Lodge, No. 933; low gross score, third 18 holes, R. W. True, Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91; low net score, individual class, 36 holes, L. H. Hamilton, Niles, Mich., Lodge, No. 1322; most birdies (3), J. B. Winn, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78; most strokes for a single hole, Dr. Roy W. Martin, Las Vegas, N. M., Lodge, No. 1468; high gross, 54 holes, J. W. Balsiger, Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838. In consideration of there being no Lodge team entry, the John J. Doyle trophy was awarded for one year to Stamford, Conn., Lodge, of which the individual champion, Mr. Whitehead, is a member. Officials in charge of the tournament were Roderic Beddow, Chairman; and Roger Quincy, Vice-Chairman.

While the golf tournament was in progress, practice for and competition in the Elks Eighth



Upon Monday, July 11, began a number of contests of both a fraternal and sporting nature. First of these was the National Ritualistic Contest, held in the Scottish Rite Auditorium of the Masonic Temple. In this, the Team of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, won first place, with a score of 99.40 per cent.; that of Fresno, Calif., Lodge, No. 439, second place, with a score of 99; and that of Aurora, Ill., Lodge, No. 705, third place, with a score of 98.6 per cent. Officials in charge were David Sholtz, Chairman; and

GEORGIA FI

One of the striking floats of the parade upon the final day of the convention was that shown above, the entry of the Georgia State Elks Association. At the right is the procession as it passed by the reviewing stand at Legion Field. The entire city of Birmingham turned out to watch the imposing spectacle



Past Exalted Ruler H. P. Whitehead, of Stamford, Conn., Lodge (at the right), winner of the prize for the low gross score in the golf tournament and of the Elks National Championship for 1932



MCVILL



MANDIGIAN

The contest for the title of runner-up in the golf tournament was won by H. M. Sias (at left), a member of Boston, Mass., Lodge, for having the lowest net score in the 54-hole play

National Trapshoot got under way at the grounds of the Southern Skeet Shooting Club. At the conclusion of the contests, the following results were announced: Elks sixteen-yard National Championship: Walter Huff, Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, Earle Cole, Birmingham Lodge, and D. W. Glenn, Birmingham Lodge, tied for first; second, S. Freundlich, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151; third, W. J. Morgan, Youngstown, O., Lodge, No. 55; Elks National Doubles Championship: Glenn Messer, of Birmingham Lodge, and Walter Huff, tied for first; second, Mrs. W. P. Andrews (Mrs. Andrews is the wife of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78); Elks National Handicap: Earle Cole, first; Mrs. W. P. Andrews and W. J. Morgan tied for second; Elks National sixteen-yard Class Championships: Class A: S. Freundlich, first; Walter Huff, second; Class B: Earle Cole, first; L. E. Davis Jacksonville, Fla., Lodge, No. 221, second; Class C: A. G. James, Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559, first; A. C. Shepard, Catlettsburg, Ky., Lodge, No. 042, second; Elks National Skeet Championship: S. Freundlich, and E. L. Marshall, Birmingham Lodge, tied for first (Freundlich won in the shoot-off); D. W. Glenn, Jr., Birmingham Lodge, second; Glenn Messer, third; Elks National Class Skeet Championship: Class A: S. Freundlich, first; Class B: W. Jung, Thief River Falls, Minn., Lodge, No. 1308, first; high over all, Earle Cole, first; S. Freundlich, second. The team trophy was awarded to Birmingham Lodge, and a special trophy for ladies to Mrs. W. P. Andrews.

In addition to gatherings of general interest during the national convention, there were several of sectional and local interest. Upon Monday afternoon, the Alabama State Elks Association met at the Hotel Tutwiler; and two evenings later the Georgia State Elks Association assembled at the same hotel at a banquet. Details of these two events are reported elsewhere in this issue, in "News of the State Associations." Other assemblages of Elks from particular States included a luncheon meeting of the Iowa representatives, at the Hotel Tutwiler at noon, July 13; a banquet for the New Jersey delegations, at the Thomas Jefferson Hotel, held upon the evening of the same day, with sixty of the State's sixty-one Lodges represented by the 150 who were present; earlier, at noon, a banquet given by

the Florida State Elks Association, in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Floyd E. Thompson and David Sholtz, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee. The affair, arranged by Past President Harold Colee, of the Association, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler L. L. Anderson and Exalted Ruler Carl Kettler, of West Palm Beach Lodge, No. 1352, was attended by a number of Elks of exceptional prominence. The speakers included Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John P. Sullivan, Fred Harper, Frank L. Rain, James G. McFarland, John F. Malley, Murray Hulbert, Walter P. Andrews; Mr. Sholtz, and the Reverend Father P. J. Downey, Chaplain of the Association. Past President J. Edwin Baker was Toastmaster. Guests of note were Robert S. Barrett, Chairman, and

Charles S. Hart, member, of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; Past President Colonel William H. Kelly, of the New Jersey

State Elks Association; and Joseph G. Buch, Chairman of the New Jersey organization's Crippled Children's Committee. Elks of high rank were present also, upon the same day at a meeting of the Birmingham Rotary Club, their number including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, who spoke; and Grand Exalted Ruler-elect Thompson. The president of the club, R. D. Johnston, occupied the chair.

As the climax to the social activities of the week came the convention parade, which marched through the streets of Birmingham the afternoon of the final day, Thursday, the 14th of July. In addition to the two thousand, five hundred members of the Order in line, there were ten bands, three drill teams, and a number of strikingly decorated floats. All arrangements for the parade were made by Major Harry Smith, appointed Chief of Staff by Grand Esquire John J. Doyle. By special permission of Grand Exalted Ruler Coen and Grand Esquire Doyle, the procession was headed by Headquarters Company, 23rd Cavalry, under Major Smith; and the 3rd Battalion of the 167th Infantry and Medical Detachment. Overhead flew planes of the 106th Observation Squadron. Following the military units, in the order of their mention, came the Alabama Boys' Industrial School Band; a company of militia; the Elks Police Band, under the direction of William H. Winkenhofer; the Birmingham Lodge Patrol, under the command of C. E. McCombs; members of Birmingham Lodge; the Birmingham Lodge float; the New York State Elks Association, with a band; the Illinois State Elks Association, with a band; the New Jersey State Elks Association, with a band; the Band and float of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78; the Purple

(Continued on page 50)

S. Freundlich (below), of Houston, Tex., Lodge, who took first honors in the Championship Skeet Shoot. He was tied with E. L. Marshall, of Birmingham, until the final shoot-off, and also won two class championships



GRAY

At the right, from left to right, as you look at the picture, are two Birmingham Elks: Glenn Messer, who tied for first in the Doubles Championship; and E. L. Marshall, who, until the final shoot-off, was tied for the Skeet Championship title

LOLLAR'S



Earle Cole, of Birmingham Lodge (left), who tied for first in the Elks National Championship Trapshoot with Walter Huff of Macon, Ga., Lodge, and D. W. Glenn, of Birmingham Lodge



Walter Huff (above), of Macon, Ga., Lodge, tied with Glenn Messer, of Birmingham Lodge, for first prize in the National Doubles Championship. He also shared a first with Mr. Cole in the championship singles shoot and finished second in the Class A contest

News of the State Associations

Conventions Are Held in Many Sections

Maine

GRAND Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was the guest of the Maine Elks Association, at its recent fourth annual convention, held at Rockland. He was accompanied by Mrs. Thompson and Miss Mary Thompson, and escorted to the city by a group of distinguished Elks whose number included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and President Michael H. McCarron, of the Massachusetts State Elks Association. A detail of State police officers guided the Grand Exalted Ruler and those with him from the State border to the convention city. The assemblage of Maine Elks entertained Mr. Thompson upon the evening of the first of their two-day sojourn in Rockland, at a reception at the Home of Lodge No. 1008 there. The following day, he addressed the delegates at the formal session, and later took part in a round-table discussion with the Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of the fourteen Lodges of the State. The Association, at its official meeting, re-elected all its officers for another year. These were Fred L. Sylvester, Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, President; Albert L. Skinner, Houlton Lodge, No. 835, First Vice-President; A. C. Jones, Rockland Lodge, Second Vice-President; Arthur C. Labbe, Augusta Lodge, No. 964, Third Vice-President; and Edward R. Twomey, Portland Lodge, No. 188, Secretary and Treasurer. Lester C. Ayer, of Portland Lodge, was named Trustee for three years. Social events of the convention, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler's reception, included a motor tour for the ladies, an afternoon of sports, including a baseball game; and a shore dinner. In charge of the arrangements were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. C. Jones, and Exalted Ruler William H. Glendenning, Jr., of Rockland Lodge.

Georgia

GATHERING at a banquet at the Hotel Tutwiler in Birmingham, in the course of the Grand Lodge Convention, members of the Georgia State Elks Association decided to call a meeting of their Executive Committee in October, for the election of officers for the year to come. The banquet was marked by the presence of several notable members of the Order. President Charles H. Smith presided. A second important officer present was Secretary-Treasurer R. E. Lee Reynolds. Speakers included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Pardon Commissioner William H. Beck, Jr.; O. R. Dibblee, member, and E. M. Wharton, former member, of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; and Philip Clancy, Secretary of the New York State Elks Association.

Alabama

BEN MENDELSON, of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, was chosen President of the Alabama State Elks Association at its recent annual meeting. The session followed a luncheon for members of the Association at the Hotel Tutwiler, during the Grand Lodge Convention. As First Vice-President the delegates chose J. G. Cash of Ensley Lodge, No. 987; as Second Vice-President, Dr. I. Silverman, of Birmingham Lodge; as Third Vice-President, C. M. Tardy, of Birmingham Lodge; as Trustees, George W. Randall, retiring President, of Blocton Lodge, No. 710; B. M. Spielberger, of Sheffield Lodge, No. 1375; and Sam Erlich, of Bessemer Lodge, No. 721; as Secretary, Albert S. Eagar, of Birmingham Lodge; as Treasurer, J. W. Allen, of Birmingham Lodge; as Tiler, Pat J. Coyle, of Birmingham Lodge; as Sergeant-at-Arms, E. J. Gillespie, of Blocton Lodge; and as



The Home of Asbury Park Lodge, gaily decked with flags and bunting, during the recent convention of the New Jersey State Elks Association

Chaplain, E. J. McCrossin, of Birmingham Lodge. Prominent speakers at the meeting included Floyd E. Thompson, Past Chief Grand Justice of the Grand Forum, subsequently elected Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order; District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. Q. Carman; Exalted Ruler Harry L. White, of Birmingham Lodge; and Darius A. Thomas, President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce. At a later time during the Grand Lodge Convention, the newly elected officers of the Association met at the Molton Hotel. The principal subject of discussion was plans for launching a membership campaign in the State.

South Carolina

EVERY Lodge in the State was represented recently at the eighteenth annual convention of the South Carolina State Elks Association, held at Columbia, with the city's Lodge, No. 1190, acting as host. Welcome was extended the visitors at the opening of the convention by Lieutenant-Governor James O. Sheppard, for the State; and by Mayor L. B. Owens, for the city. So successful did the Association's meeting prove that it was voted, at the business session, to gather again next year at Columbia. In the balloting for officers for the coming year, the following were chosen: President, J. Randolph Little, Columbia Lodge; First Vice-President, L. D. Boyd, Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318; Second Vice-President, G. M. Thompson, Charleston Lodge, No. 242; Third Vice-President, J. S. Wolfe, Orangeburg Lodge, No. 897; Secretary-Treasurer, Fred L. Koosa, Columbia Lodge; T. W. Higgins, Georgetown Lodge, No. 900, Tiler; Inner Guard, W. E. Green, Union Lodge, No. 1321; and J. C. Watkins, Anderson Lodge, No. 1206, Esquire. President Little appointed the Rev. J. F. Burkhart, of Charleston Lodge, Chaplain. Contests during the convention comprised one in ritualistic performance, which was won by the Columbia Lodge team; and a golf tournament, in which Charleston Lodge's team, led by Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank E. Condon, proved victorious in a field of fifty. A luncheon for

the players was given after the tournament at the Ridgewood Country Club. Concluding social events of the convention were a moonlight barbecue in the Elks Arena, adjoining the Lodge Home; and a grand ball thereafter.

West Virginia

ALTHOUGH the date of the coming convention of the West Virginia State Elks Association has not as yet been fixed, the officers of the organization have made arrangements concerning the nature of the gathering. At a recent meeting of the officers, held at Clarksburg, with President John F. Brown presiding, it was decided that the convention this year should omit social events. This determination was prompted by a consideration of the expense of entertainment, an element regarded as inconsistent with the economic stress of the times. The Association's officials expressed themselves as favoring the devotion of such funds as are at its command to the relief of distress in the State, rather than to festivities at the annual assembly. A second definite step taken at the officers' meeting, and one related to the elimination of expense at the convention, was the reduction of the per capita tax upon members of Lodges belonging to the Association. This, while hitherto not excessive, was thought to be out of proportion to the financial condition of the membership in general.

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.
- Iowa, at Sioux City, in September.
- Missouri, at St. Louis, October 3-4.
- Nevada, at Reno, October 17-18-19.
- New Hampshire, in September, place undecided.
- Ohio, at Cedar Point, August 28-29-30-31, September 1-2.
- Oklahoma, at Pawhuska, September 11-12-13.
- Vermont, at Brattleboro, October 2.

Hail and Farewell, Good-will Fleet!

Since the inauguration of the first Elks Transcontinental Tour in 1929, each succeeding year has seen the cars of the Good-will Fleet being more enthusiastically welcomed by subordinate Lodges of the Order. The 1932 Tour is over, but photographic evidence of many splendid receptions still arrive with each mail.

Here are a few more pictures received in time for publication in this issue. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, they turned out—Lodge officers, members, State and City Executives—all bidding welcome to the cars of the Purple and White Fleet.



New Haven, Connecticut



Charleston, South Carolina



Mount Kisco, New York



Lincoln, Nebraska



Pueblo, Colorado



Fort Wayne, Indiana



Richmond, Virginia



Sharon, Pennsylvania



Cincinnati, Ohio



Newark, New York



Santa Monica, California



Dallas, Texas



Canton, Ohio



Lynchburg, Virginia



Owensboro, Kentucky



San Bernardino, California

(Below) Car No. 1 of the Good-will Fleet at Plymouth Rock with officers and members of Plymouth, Mass., Lodge





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

About Wyoming Grizzlies

J. W. HOWELL of Cody, Wyoming, not only knows where the big game territory is to be found in Wyoming, but also knows the habits and haunts of our famous grizzly bears. He writes as follows:

"I am submitting a picture of one of the largest grizzlies ever killed in this region. It was killed last October while I was guiding a young man from Philadelphia. We were anxious to secure a good grizzly and went into the big game country near Cody, Wyoming, and adjacent to Yellowstone Park. We took with us three old horses for bait. These were killed in the different basins that I knew were frequented by the grizzlies. During the days we were watching the bait, we killed several black bears. One morning when making our rounds, we saw that three grizzlies had been feeding on one of the baits. The tracks in the snow indicated that the bear party had consisted of a large sow, a cub and a two-year-old.

"There was not enough snow for good trailing that morning but the weather man was with us and a good snow came in the afternoon. Early the next morning we returned expecting to pick up the trail of the three. Much to our surprise, the bait was gone but the trail of one large grizzly soon told the story. He had carried the whole bait to a point about a hundred yards distant and under a spruce tree. Here he had dined on the two hind quarters



and the loin, leaving the front quarters and neck. When we started out on his trail, I told my companion it was the trail of the largest bear I ever had seen, and that he would not go far carrying that much horse meat. I warned my hunter to be ready, keep the safety off and to shoot on sight; that we would find the bear lying down.

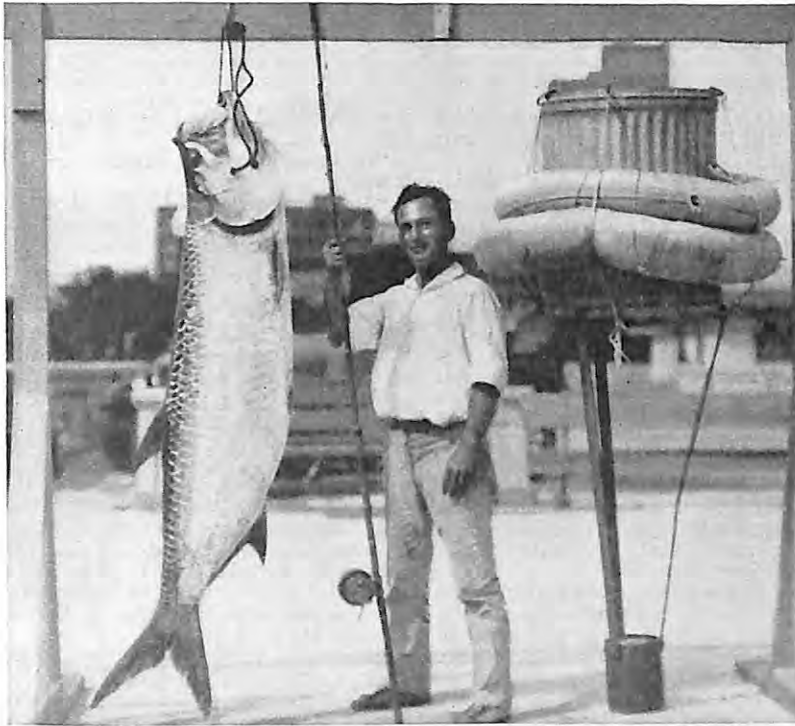
AFTER about two hundred yards we found where he had lain but, to my surprise, he had moved on. Within a short time we found unmistakable evidence that he was not feeling well and had eaten more than he could retain. This occurrence was repeated, but the third time he laid down, we jumped him in his bed among heavy jackpines. As he left his bed with his tail toward us, a shot endwise with a 35 Remington did not put him down but turned him with his side toward us. My companion put a shot from a 405 Winchester through him sidewise and put him down. He was up immediately and headed for us. Another shot from the 35 into his shoulder turned him in such a manner that left an opening for the 405 to be placed in his neck. The fourth shot killed him within a few feet of where we stood. He was a magnificent prize for any hunter. He measured nine feet four inches in length; ten feet over the shoulders, and weighed between nine and ten hundred pounds."



IN the Gulf of California,
Off the shores of Old Mex-I-Co,
Where the sea bass live and flourish,
Came two Arizona fish men,
Frank Lucas (Lu-Kas) and George Robinson (Robin-Son)
Came to test their skill and yearning
For an outing that was different,
In old California's waters.
There they caught a monstrous sea bass,
Caught it and in catching killed it,
Killed it deader than a mackerel,
Having killed it, they did eat it,
Ate it every bit and morsel,
And so doing kept from starving,
These two sons from good old Yuma.

"I'll take sword-fishing," says Everett Ketchum of Mount Vernon as he tells about his two-hour battle with the 350-pounder shown at right. Ketch harpooned his fish off Montauk Point, Long Island. Ketchum's fish towed his thirty-three-foot boat over four miles before it was landed.





THE following letter was received from I. W. Robertson, Exalted Ruler of Sarasota, Fla., Lodge, No. 1519. He tells of the novel contrivance Bert C. Cohn rigged at home, for going after tarpon.

"In your Outdoor Section we have noticed articles on tarpon fishing, and while we may not be able to submit the largest tarpon at this time we believe we are submitting the most novel stunt in taking tarpon. May we suggest that if any of our Brothers are interested in How to Keep From Growing Old, let them try this simple formula."

The picture shown above is that of Brother Bert C. Cohn, with his own ingenious contrivance which he used in catching and landing the fish in this picture.

"The garbage can is the ordinary backyard variety taken from stock," continues Mr. Robertson. "He bolted three strips of one-inch

steel, three feet in length, to the bottom of the can, and attached to the steel an eight-inch piece of iron pipe filled with a hundred pounds of lead. This gave him a keel; and for the buoyancy he used two inner tubes which were sewn into canvas for casings. This contrivance was taken to the fishing grounds, just a mile off shore at Sarasota, Florida. On the Gulf, after eight hours constant bobbing up and down, and after many strikes, he finally landed this tarpon which was six feet two inches in length and weighed 118 pounds. It took him exactly fifty-four minutes to land the fish.

"Brother Cohn is a director of the Sarasota County Anglers Club which sponsors the International Tarpon Tournament commencing May 10th and running through July 6th."

Hope Mr. Cohn sends in some pictures of that tournament.



A CHALLENGE to Missouri bass fishermen produced the above results. Dr. A. L. Walter, Sedalia, Mo., Lodge, No. 125, sent in the snapshot with the following comments:

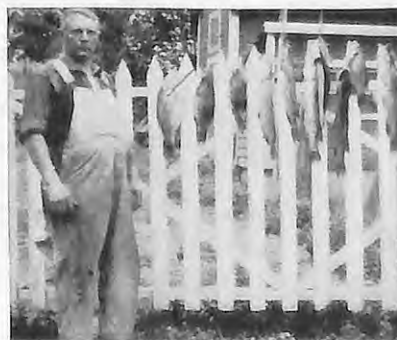
"I enclose a picture of twenty bass from one pound to two and a half pounds in weight, caught in five hours' trolling in the Lake of the Ozarks. The lake is formed by the waters impounded by the new power dam built at Bagnell, Mo., by the Union Electric Company of St. Louis. The occupants of the boat are Mrs. Walter and my son Charles, age 5. You will probably get pictures of larger and better fish from this lake, but I can assure you, we had a good time."

CHARLES WINTERMEYER, Mt. Vernon Lodge, No. 842, has always favored salt-water fishing but the boys induced Charlie to try his luck on bass and pickerel in the St. Lawrence, near Rockfort, Ontario, Canada. Results—one more fresh-water fisherman. Charlie is shown on the right.



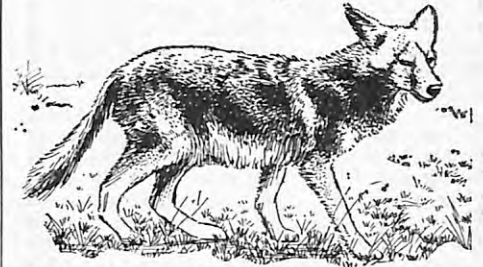
Guess Who

AT least that's what the contributor left us to do when he sent in the above picture. Here's a tip. They are residents of Cincinnati, Ohio, members of Cincinnati Elks Club and Fishing Club, and go to Canada every fall for fish, etc.



Kills Coyote

at 71 yards with
Super-X .22
Cartridges



The remarkable power of Super-X long range .22's was demonstrated recently when Vernon W. Shields of Tooele, Utah, dropped a Coyote in its tracks with one shot. Mr. Shields writes: "I was hunting jackrabbits and ran onto the Coyote...At the first shot he dropped heavily...I stepped off the distance at 71 yards. Now, as never before, Super-X is the only shell for me."

50% MORE POWER

Super-X long range .22's are not recommended for shooting the larger animals but they have ample power to stop small game at 75 to 100 yards or more. They give you 50% more power and 26% greater speed, due to Western's exclusive Double Action, smokeless powder. They're the ideal cartridges for game and pest shooting. Golden, greaseless, Lubaloy bullet. Nickel Plated case. Non-corrosive priming keeps your gun Clean without Cleaning.

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Write today for a copy of Col. Townsend Whelen's thrilling booklet, "American Big Game Shooting" and the leaflet, "4 Shock Tests" that shows how you can prove the greater shocking power of Super-X long range .22's.

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Long Range .22 Cartridges



WINCHESTER MODEL 60

Winchester Model 60 is the outstanding value in a single shot, bolt action .22 Rifle. Only \$6.40, tax included.

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

The Broken Bowl

(Continued from page 16)

"let there be no violence—yet. Please to go, Lord-One. If there is need, I will send for you."

Benito caught the spirit of the words, even though the language was unknown to him.

"And no double crossing!" he added meaningfully. "Otherwise—old Wong will make a nice fat pin-cushion for a lotta knives! I wouldn't want to bump off the old boy too soon—I've heard that you Chinks can stand quite a lotta pain—is that right?"

Shower of Gold's face went deathly white. But she made no answer. With a superb, purely Oriental dignity, she bowed, very slightly—to Tsang Erh Chiu. The other man she completely ignored. And with her small hands hidden inside her sleeves, she passed through the open doorway into the room beyond where her father sat slumped in a teakwood chair, his black eyes staring from a loose, pasty face.

She closed the door behind her—she heard the descending footsteps of the two men down the stairway that led to the street. She stood waiting for a moment—Wong Tien Yu did not move. The glazed look in his eyes struck her heart with icy terror.

"August father!" she murmured at last, and her voice was trembling.

He stirred faintly. It was like a mountain of flesh animated only by the feeblest of life fires from within. His under lip drooped heavily. It seemed as if he could scarcely lift it to perform its necessary function of speech. His eyes, turned on her slender young figure in its delicate blue-and-rose sheath, had stark, hopeless horror in them.

"My daughter—" he managed hoarsely, "I—I—"

She came and knelt before him, her exquisite oval face with its black lacquer frame of hair lifted to his.

"Your miserable girl-child listens," she intoned softly, "and listening, will obey whatever the honorable parent wishes to command."

"I—it is not easy for me to speak," he spoke very slowly and heavily. "I am a stick caught in a flood. I am an animal in a trap of steel. I am—" he lumbered to his feet, and made a slow, difficult way to the window overlooking the flashing electric sign. The sign that symbolized his success in the Occidental world. "I am—at the mercy of the Dark One," he said, without turning. "He has demanded money—money—always money and I have always paid him—money. If I had not done so, he would have demolished my places of business; killed the men who work for me. On an evil day, he saw you. And now—it is no longer money that he—wants—or will accept."

The hoarse monotone of her father's voice died away. Outside on the street, the clamor of Chinatown came up. The squawking of phonographs playing Chinese records, the calls of newsboys, the intermittent honking of taxis. But in the room it was still; very still. As if a paralysis had fallen upon the girl who knelt before the empty teakwood chair. For a long moment she did not move. She could not. She was waiting—waiting—waiting, desperately, for her father's next word. Surely it would be a word of defiance—of courage—it would be a word in which there would be honor for her—and for him. . . .

She turned at last. His black clad figure

was silhouetted against the tarnished lights outside.

"And your auspicious answer was—" it was a trembling whisper.

"My answer was—that it should be—honorable—marriage," his voice gulped and stopped. Shower of Gold drew a long, sibilant breath.

The electric sign flung staccato flickerings of yellow against the wall of the very silent room. The golden tattoo glimmered against a long white banner, inscribed with a proverb from the ancient Classics—"Honor is the gold of the soul. He who possesses it can never be a pauper."

Tsang Erh Chiu was working late. The office of the Oriental Import and Export Company in the ramshackle warehouse on the East River was otherwise deserted. Outwardly, the young man's face bore the unchanging calm that is the birthright of his race. But inwardly, he was cursing the piled correspondence which held him thus into the night. His thoughts were of Shower of Gold. He wanted desperately to be beside her; to be able to turn aside any danger that might threaten her.

He paused, the long fine brush suspended above a column of characters. Had he heard a sound—a footstep, in the dimly lighted corridor outside? He listened—there was nothing.

He realized that he was hungry. A large porcelain bowl of rice beside him was still warm in its padded container. He took it out, picked up the chop-sticks that lay beside it, and sighed. Everything reminded him of Shower of Gold. The rice bowl; but for his childish awkwardness on that day so long ago, she would have been his wife. "A broken rice



Old mill in the Ozarks of Arkansas, near Batesville. It has ground grist for eighty years and still operates

CHARLES FIELDS CUSHING

bowl can only bring disaster—"his aged grandmother's words. She had long ago ascended the dragon. Did she, from that dim, celestial heaven in the upper air, look down and regret the happiness that she had denied him?

The rice came down from his lips, untouched. There was a sound! He turned quickly—the door behind him was opening. He uttered a cry—swiftly checked by a girl's warning gesture. Shower of Gold stood there. She was in black jacket and trousers. Her delicate oval face in its lacquered cap of hair, was strangely white by contrast. Her dark eyes were stretched unnaturally wide; and her voice came in a gasping whisper as if she had been running.

"Lord-One—" she breathed, "I have been followed! I thought to come secretly. But the Dark One must have had me spied upon. I desired to say farewell to you—"

He drew her inside the cramped, stuffy room, and shut the door, turning the key in the lock. "There can be no danger to you here, Precious Flower. Below, there is a watchman—"

She shook her head. "There is no one!" she whispered.

HE STARED at her with contracted brows. No one? Could it be that the Dark One's spidery web had been spun to entangle him? That his death was of such importance to Nigger Benito that the company watchman had been bribed—or slain? He was without a weapon. The small office contained nothing that might be helpful to a beleaguered man trying to protect the maiden of his heart. . . .

But his eyes revealed nothing of the fear within him.

"Tell me," he said gently.

Her small hands clasped and unclasped over the blackness of her jacket.

"I—I am to be given to—him—in marriage!" she whispered through scarcely moving lips. "It is the word of my honored father."

Tsang Erh Chiu stood rigidly still, looking at her. One part of his brain was swamped with a roaring as of a devastating cataract. Another part was listening to queer, stealthy creakings that seemed to be ascending the dark, narrow stairs.

"That—cannot be!" he said, very low. "There is the Tong—"

Her hands spread out in a gesture of helplessness.

"So I said to my reverend father. And he answered that the power of the Tong had been crippled. That a new lawlessness had stolen its power as a thief steals a sheath of swords. He reminded me of Sung Li Yuen, who refused the demands of the Dark One—he ascended the dragon. Also, his wife was found horribly mangled, and his man-child was flung into the river. The Tong had never avenged Sung Li Yuen. . . ."

The creeping noise was coming nearer. Tsang Erh Chiu stiffened. The watchman would not come in such a manner—

Shower of Gold heard it at the same instant. She sucked in her breath. And one small, doubled fist came up over her mouth to stifle the sound of terror.

They stood tense, unbreathing—waiting. Silence—terrible, malignant. And then—the handle on the door turned very gently. Turned back—balked by the lock—and again there was a racking silence.

Tsang Erh Chiu cast a desperate look about the small room that might so easily be a death trap. There was only one window—it overlooked the river. A sheer drop of forty feet.

Suddenly, from the hall beyond, a voice broke the unbearable stillness. A harsh, menacing voice—that they both knew—Nigger Benito's voice!

"Listen, you two in there—open up! We'll shoot through the lock if you don't—step lively, we ain't here for our health!"

Shower of Gold moved, in a sick nausea of fear, to Tsang Erh Chiu's side. She huddled against him like a stricken fawn begging for

protection. One arm went tightly around her. His lips were grimly set. His brain was pounding, pounding, searching for a way out. . . .

"Shoot if you like," he answered boldly in English, "it will bring the watchman, and the police!"

There were sibilant whispers on the other side of the door. How many men did Nigger Benito have with him? How unequal would the struggle be?

Then the voice laughed.

"Never mind the watchman, Chink—he won't make no trouble!"

"The police will!"

The window! That was their one hope! Could Shower of Gold swim? He did not know. But he could. It was a forlorn chance, but better than none—

"The cops ain't around here so thick as all that, Rat Eater. And by the time they get here, there'll be a dead Chinaman, who tried to double cross me!"

Shower of Gold suddenly stirred. Her face was terribly pale. But her eyes were lighted with fierce determination.

"Listen to me!" she said quickly in English. "You do not want this man—you want only—me!"

"Jade Flower!" It was Tsang Erh Chiu's horrified whisper. He tried to put his hand over her mouth. But she eluded him, stubbornly. Her voice lifted peremptorily.

"I came here tonight of my own free will. Not because Tsang Erh Chiu sent for me, or knew I was coming. I came to tell him goodbye; that I was to marry the man to whom my father had promised me. . . ."

"Yeah?" the voice snarled. "Well, I told you, cutie, to not go out, didn't I, and not see that bird again?"

"You did. And I disobeyed you. But not any more. Give me your word that this man will live, unhurt, and I will come out to you! I will be an obedient, faithful wife for as long as you desire me. That is a better bargain, Dark One, than for you to find my dead body here, stabbed through the heart with the knife I brought with me. . . ."

Tsang Erh Chiu stared at her through a numbing haze. She had no knife—it was pure—what was the American word—bluff! Savagely almost, he caught her cold, knotted hands in his.

"Golden Blossom! Am I a clod of earth without sense of feeling to allow you to purchase my miserable life at such a price? Do not soil your lily lips by bargaining with those breeders of filth. Any word of theirs has no honor. There is one way out—though it may lead through Death's door." He jerked his head towards the half open window. She saw, and understood. Fear was in her eyes. He knew then that she could not swim. . . . but she nodded, wordlessly, and her lips smiled at him.

THERE were whispers again, outside the door. The beginning of a sardonic laugh—quickly smothered. Then Nigger Benito's voice. This time, more suave, more tempered.

"Well, O.K., cutie; you're the little package I'm after, and the Chink can keep his yellow skin. Open the door—quick now. I ain't in any mood to wait a long time. . . ."

Tsang Erh Chiu was at the window. He tried to raise it noiselessly. But the sash screeched in the stillness. And from the hall came an oath, and a blood curdling flood of invective.

"You damned Chink—" The door knob rattled fiercely. "I'll have the heart outa you if you try any tricks. . . . open this door!"

"Come!" Tsang Erh Chiu lifted the slight, black-clad figure to the window sill. "Jump far out—do not be afraid—and do not struggle in the water. . . . I will be there—"

A sharp, yet almost unheard sound stabbed the silence. The antiquated lock on the door fell apart with a rattling crash. The door opened violently—Nigger Benito stood there, a silenced pistol in his hand. And behind him,

three men—evil of face, their eyes gleaming like the eyes of wolves.

"Jump!"

For one instant, Shower of Gold hesitated. The water below was so far, and so black—And in that instant the gun in Nigger Benito's hand lifted.

Tsang Erh Chiu cried out hoarsely. With one cat-like movement he snatched the bowl of rice from the desk. His arm went upward and outward in a lithe, sure aim. The burdened bowl crashed straight into the convulsed, ferocious face of the Dark One.

The man reeled backward—his face smeared grotesquely with the hot clinging rice grains—one diamonded hand clutching at his forehead where a line of red leaped out.

The other men sprang to catch him as he fell.

"Jump!"

This time she obeyed him. Like the dark of a swallow her slender body sprang clear of the window, and rocketed down into the oily, sucking waters below.

In the room there was turmoil. Silence was forgotten. Shouts and curses. . . . two guns spat fire—a bullet tore through Tsang Erh's shoulder as he leaped from the window.

The pain was like a jagged thrust of fire. Then the icy water engulfed him; he came to the surface, gasping for breath, and struck out with long, furious strokes that would not be enfeebled in that moment of dire necessity.

A white face, and two thrashing arms, guided him to Shower of Gold's side. Her eyes were glazed with panic. But she did not attempt to clutch at him as he came under her, and supported her body on one shoulder.

The river was dotted with moving lights and sounds—from above them came the dim glow of electric bulbs that flung down distorted reflections into the oiliness of the sluggish river. The tar-smelling piles of the dock were like gaunt tree trunks in a forest of watery darkness. . . . how far was the shore? Could he accomplish it, burdened thus, and with a flesh wound that must be gushing blood?

HE HEARD Shower of Gold cry out for help. Her desperate voice came again and again. He had no breath for shouting. He was swimming grimly, with every ounce of strength left in him. . . . conscious that his strokes were feebler. . . . that his feet seemed to be weighted with leaden shoes. . . .

Then he heard, through the roaring that was making his brain dizzy and weak, the far-off sound of a motor-launch. He saw, through the blood-red mist that was clogging his senses, the red and green lights of a boat. Suddenly, a powerful search-light swept his eyes blind, and a hissing of cleft waves bore down upon him. The sound of the engine ceased—he heard authoritative voices. Then the weight was lifted from his body. He turned over, dreamily, and his arms went out inertly. The water was taking him down into its embrace. . . . he heard Shower of Gold's agonized scream. And then—he knew no more.

He drifted back to consciousness on a strange tide of lassitude and pain. Lights whirled and danced before his eyes—a clanging tumult of voices assailed his ears. Nothing was clear—he could not think. But out of the chaos came one blessed realization. . . . Shower of Gold was near him! Dimly he could see her face, tear-streaked, above his. Her hair was wet and tight against her pallid cheeks—her hands were on his face, caressing him. . . . she was intoning desperate pleading love words of the Orient. . . .

A matter of fact voice boomed out from farther away. "He'll be all right, young lady. . . . you can't bump off a game customer like him! The bullet just scratched him as it went past—this must be his lucky night!"

He managed to smile, weakly, but reassuringly, at the lovely, anxious face so close to his. Then his eyes, focussing with difficulty, picked out the burly figures of men in blue uniforms, with metal shields on their broad chests. He

(Continued on page 40)

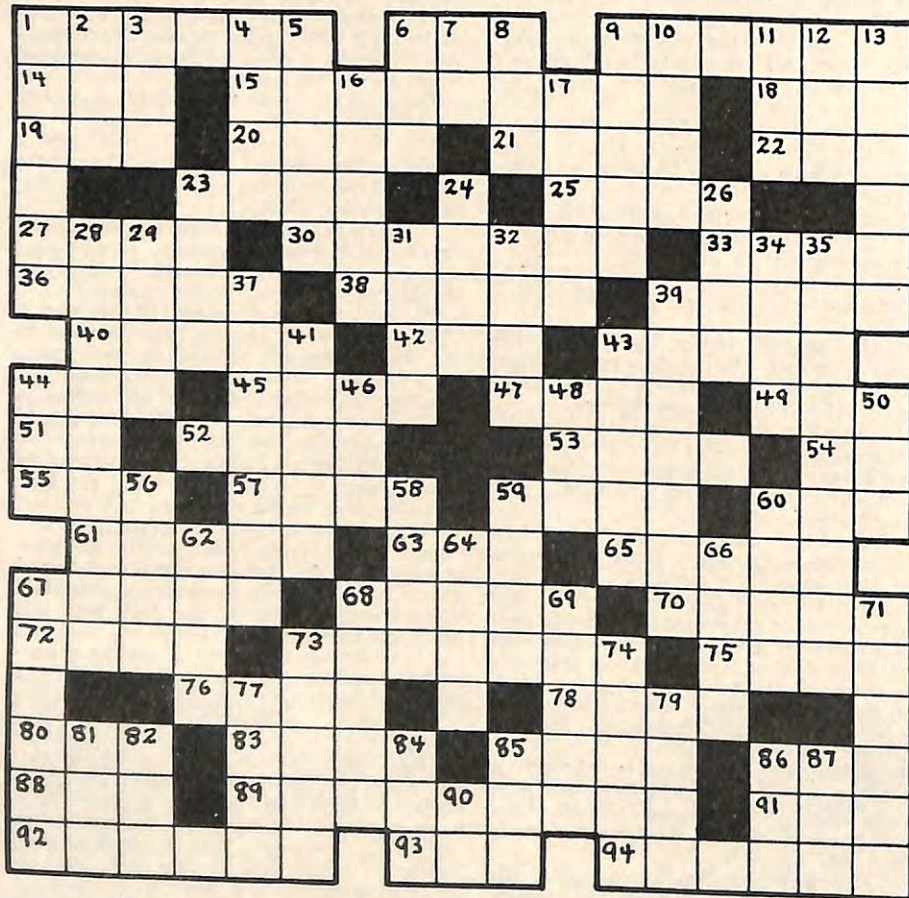
Cross-Word Puzzle

By M. H. Beuchat, Cicero, Ill.

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

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

The Magazine wishes to accord honorable mention to the following contributors of puzzles: Stanley A. Cooke, Buffalo, N. Y.; Douglas Davis, Represa, Calif.; Richard Marford, Los Angeles, Calif.; Alvar T. Noren, Brooklyn, N. Y.; and Mahala Young, University City, Mo.



Across

- 1—Concealed observation
- 6—Conical hill of volcanic origin
- 9—Period of legal infancy
- 14—A Portuguese coin
- 15—Letter for letter
- 18—Chum
- 19—Possess
- 20—Confess frankly
- 21—Interlaced
- 22—Before
- 23—Grasp
- 25—Unusual flavor in something tasted
- 27—Image
- 30—Daily
- 33—Roar of the surf
- 36—Secret meeting
- 38—Angler's willow basket
- 39—Mature
- 40—Laughing gull
- 42—Possessive pronoun
- 43—Irreligious person
- 44—Fairly
- 45—Soothing medicinal palliative
- 47—Set of players
- 49—Fifth sign of the Zodiac
- 51—Else
- 52—Faithful
- 53—Legal claim upon property
- 54—Mother
- 55—A ship's boat
- 57—Uphold
- 59—Surface enclosed for skating
- 60—Ship-shaped plate
- 61—Slab for writing upon
- 63—Armpit
- 65—Dangerous woman

- 67—Type of motor-car
- 68—Hurl
- 70—Point of the compass
- 72—To
- 73—Protect
- 75—Mislay
- 76—Small fresh-water fish
- 78—River in Africa
- 80—Merry
- 83—Variously mottled
- 85—Flock of birds
- 86—Sip
- 88—Scrutinize
- 89—Sound-measuring instrument
- 91—Goddess of malicious mischief
- 92—Imbue
- 93—Spread loosely for drying
- 94—Irritability

Down

- 1—Pertaining to love
- 2—Work upon with needle and thread
- 3—Transfix
- 4—Wing-shaped
- 5—Ashy pale
- 6—Church seat
- 7—Extinct wild ox
- 8—Steer wildly
- 9—Pertaining to the snow
- 10—Prophetic sign
- 11—Imitate
- 12—Fish with spear-like snout
- 13—Group of football players
- 16—Subject for discussion
- 17—Complete
- 23—Bite repeatedly
- 24—Worry
- 26—Cricket
- 28—Decorative trappings
- 29—Comply with
- 31—Mystic ornament worn by Hebrew high priest
- 32—Cosy place of abode
- 34—A precious stone
- 35—Dwelling houses
- 37—Oscillate
- 39—Dish used both for baking and serving
- 41—Dove-shaped airplane
- 43—Careful application
- 44—Bewilderment
- 46—Sheltered side of a ship
- 48—A Jewish high priest and judge
- 50—Simpleton
- 56—Gorge
- 58—Story
- 59—Rave
- 60—A Roman emperor
- 62—Footless animal
- 64—Flowing melody
- 66—Assumed character
- 67—Club
- 68—Glistening brightness
- 69—Small Spanish horse
- 71—The evening star
- 73—Descendant of an illustrious family
- 74—Fasten firmly
- 77—Altar end of a church
- 79—Ancient harp
- 81—Yes
- 82—Verily
- 84—Minute mark
- 85—Bottom of a stream
- 86—Insidiously destroy
- 87—An Indian tribe
- 90—Myself

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 45

(Continued from page 30)

saw too, the portly, agitated face of Wong Tien Yu. And beyond the cluster, there was a group of alert young men with pads and pencils . . . a flashlight camera went off with a puff of smoke and blinded him temporarily.

"The—Dark—One—" he questioned weakly, and Shower of Gold's hand fluttered down over his lips.

"The Dark One will do no more harm. He fell, unconscious from the blow that the rice bowl dealt him. The sound of the shots brought the men of the law—they found the watchman slain. They overpowered the evil ones. Now they say it is due to you, Lord-One that the man of terror is behind bars. My father has spoken—the fear has gone out of him. The Dark One will be no longer in our lives!"

Tsang Erh Chiu struggled to sit up. His bandaged shoulder was stiff and aching. He grinned feebly, but with Occidental sang froid, into Wong Tien Yu's distressed countenance. "Do I address my worthy father-in-law to be?" he demanded.

One of the Chinatown Squad who understood the language, translated for the benefit of the eager reporters.

The corpulent Laundry King nodded, pompously.

"We will forget the long-ago omen of the broken rice bowl—" he said graciously.

Tsang Erh Chiu shook his head, a glint of humor in his eyes.

"Not so, reverend father-in-law!" he answered. "We will remember it! For, does not the proverb say, 'A broken bowl of rice can only bring disaster'? Only—the honorable proverb does not specify to whom may come the disaster! This night the Dark One has received a noble lesson in the truth of the sayings and superstitions of our ancient land!"

The reporters were scribbling busily. But Tsang Erh Chiu and Shower of Gold had no thought for the "human interest" story in the making. Their eyes were clinging together like the hands of sweethearts. Like a fragrant lily that has burst the bondage of its circling sheath, a love story was burgeoning from the fragments of the broken bowl of rice.

Sleuthing with Slattery

(Continued from page 22)

properly handled, as I am advised by the hotel's detective force, who says you will be detained but briefly. In the meantime he has deemed it best for the protection of our guest who has suffered this great—but we hope—er—only temporary—loss to close all doors and have all exits guarded. So until the matter is—er—adjusted, kindly bear with us and be quiet. I thank you," he bowed.

Though the manager closed with what might be called the expectant air, Miss La Flore noticed that he got no applause whatever. And just as she started out again to look for Slattery there began such a steady, determined movement toward the desk that she was carried along with it. The crowd began bombarding the clerks with questions. From whom—from what room were the jewels stolen? How much were they worth? The clerks didn't know. Any number of the guests then began demanding their room keys. One of them whom Miss La Flore knew to be a traveling salesman and suspected that the closest thing to a raft of jewels he had was a sample case of buttons, was making more noise about his room key than anybody else. Swiftly Miss La Flore's suspicion lit upon him. Perfectly well she knew that Slattery would have suspected him. For once, he had told her, he caught a crook because he made so much noise. But one more look at the traveling salesman and she acquitted him. He was just one of those guys that wanted attention—the kind that would call up from outside the hotel, have himself paged all over the place and then walk in.

The lobby was far from being stilled now.

Some of those present were expressing themselves pretty violently about being kept in against their will. Some were threatening to do things to the bell hops guarding the doors. Some were threatening to do things to the management itself. The latter threat seemed growing in favor when the manager's voice again was heard. He was speaking from behind the desk this time, a barrage of clerks in front of him.

"Please everyone be quiet," he began soothingly. "We have very good reason to think that the person responsible for the theft is still in the hotel. Else we would not request you to—er—remain. We can not know you all. Perhaps the guilty party is out there in the lobby among you now."

THIS last touch Miss La Flore recognized instantly. It was Slattery's. The detective she knew was then at some vantage point overlooking the scene. He would see what happened after that: "Perhaps the guilty party is out there in the lobby among you now." He had told her of a crook who betrayed himself by pretending to be suspicious of everybody else. In a moment it seemed that Slattery's scheme was beginning to work. She saw a man obviously, though in slow motion manner, easing away from the group he had been with. But it wasn't long before she saw a stealthy lot of foot work going on everywhere. It was as though all groups were being affected by some sort of sundering force over which they themselves had no control.

It was just after observing this test of Slattery's theory, and while still wondering how it happened that the St. Augustus housed such a large number of crooks that Miss La Flore spied Slattery himself. He was with two men, two city plainclothes, that she knew. They sometimes came to the hotel on cases. Evidently he had just let them in at the front. Slattery was in the lead; they were making for the elevators. Miss La Flore skipped across the lobby and got to the elevators first.

"Don't forget the cashier," she whispered, as Slattery came up.

"I'll get him later—it's the jools now," he answered with a wink.

"Who were they stolen from?" she asked, following.

"Miss Grand," he answered over his shoulder, and followed by the plainclothes men, stepped into an elevator and disappeared.

For an instant Miss La Flore stood stock still, as though petrified. Then she clamped a hand to her bobbed head and murmured, "My Gawd!" In the next breath she yelled, "Slat! Oh, Slat!" But the elevator had gone. "Miss Grand! That rat-eyed guy!" she muttered fiercely. Clearly she could see it all now. She knew all the time that the man wasn't a gentleman and should have known that he was a thief. A hot wave of rage swept over her. That rat-eyed fish putting it over her like that. What did he take her for? Unconscious, was she? She'd show him how unconscious she was.

A minute later Miss La Flore herself was shooting upward in an elevator. She had done some fast thinking. Slattery was taking the plainclothes men to see Miss Grand so they could get a description of the jewels and put all a pawnshops on the

lookout. That was always done. But all she hoped was that the rat-eyed guy hadn't gotten out of the hotel before the bell hops got to the doors. She would point him out to Slattery. For as certain as she was of anything, she was certain he got those jewels.

Slattery had taken the men to Miss Grand's room, as she had guessed, but he himself had gone on down the hall on some lead, they told her. On down the hall she went until passing the floor inspectress's little work room, she heard Slattery's voice. She opened the door gently and peeped in. Slattery was grilling somebody and no mistake. She could not see who, but she could see Slattery's face. His jaw stuck out terribly. She opened the door wide. What she saw then almost staggered her. Slattery was grilling two of the oldest chambermaids on that floor. The one he was talking to at the moment was shaking from head to foot.

"You got them jools—come across. I've got the goods on you," he was muttering. Each time he said, "Come across," it was as though the maid had but a moment more to live.

For a brief spell Miss La Flore found herself believing the old woman did look guilty—so did the other one.

But a moment later Miss La Flore went straight into the room. She caught Slattery by the arm and pulled him toward the door.

"Let them maids alone," she said sharply. "Come out here—I've got a life-sized hunch."

"What time was them jools stolen?" she asked.

"Between seven and eight o'clock—while Miss Grand was at dinner. Why?"

"That's it," said Miss La Flore. "About seven a guy was trying to get Miss Grand over the 'phone. He's the one that got 'em all right."

"What makes you think he got 'em?"

"The way he acted about getting her and all. He didn't want to see her. He—"

"What'd he call her for, then?"

"Can't you see?" Miss La Flore said impatiently. "He wasn't trying to find her in. He was trying to find her out. He was looking for a chance at her jools."

"THAT listens well," said Slattery, "but them maids, the floor inspectress says, was right across the hall from Miss Grand's suite, fixing up a room and they got the nerve to tell me that they don't know nothing. Why, take a look at that skinny one in there—the one I was talking to—"

"Oh, she's just scared stiff. Come on. Maybe that guy is still in the house. Come on, quick."

"Would you know him?" Slattery asked.

"Would I know him! Come on."

Slattery followed reluctantly. It was evident he couldn't quite free his mind of the maids.

"Now listen, Gertie—" he was saying when Miss La Flore cut him short. "Chuck them maids. They'll keep. You just watch me. I'll find him, then you grab him."

And so down in the elevator they went, Miss La Flore's eyes shining and her high-heeled slippers tapping the floor, impatient for the trail. She bounded out of the elevator. She wove in and out through that lobby crowd as though the trail were growing hotter and hotter. But after a little she stopped, out of breath. She had seen every face on the crowded floor. None was that of the rat-eyed guy.

"Where's the ex-Pink, Slat?" she asked suddenly as the house detective caught up.

"Oh, him," Slattery said as though it was with an effort that he recalled the western detective who had let him in on the cashier case.

"I don't know—now listen, Gertie—keep your eye on the ball. We ain't after him, are we? How about the guy that was calling Miss Grand?"

"We ain't finished yet," Miss La Flore said. "Come on." She ran up the broad marble steps leading to the mezzanine floor. The two wide wings of this were sparsely occupied by guests who preferred the ease and aloofness there to the jam below.

BUT her search there, too, yielded nothing. There was only the writing room left. This was at the back of the mezzanine, enjoying the sort of seclusion proper to a writing room. It ran across the mezzanine and was reached by two doors near either end and was usually fairly filled with salesmen poring over their order books. Sometimes, it is true, upon one of the desks or in a waste basket there might be found scraps of letters such as had given the western sleuth his clue. But Miss La Flore was not looking for clues; she was looking for her crook. When she peered into the writing room she found him, the only occupant. How lucky, she thought, that she had motioned to Slattery to go to the other door. But there the rat-eyed guy sat at a desk right in front of her and he didn't make a break to get away or anything. He had only glanced up at her and then kept on writing. Nevertheless Miss La Flore with a gesture that was like a punch, pointed to him, calling out to Slattery, "There—there he is!"

Slattery came in fast enough, but he slowed to a standstill before he got within reach of him. The rat-eyed man was watching him with a vastly amused expression. Still more puzzling was what he said: "Good work, old top, good work."

"What the hell?" Slattery said.

"Pretty fast work for you and the girl," the man went on. "Pretty fast, I'll say. Much better than I'd expected."

"Don't let him kid you, Slat. Give him the third degree," Miss La Flore shot back.

"What the hell—?"

Miss La Flore heard no more right then for the manager, standing at the top of the stairs, had spied her in the doorway and was yelling at her. She went to him and tried to tell him about the crook who got the jewels but he turned her away. "Go back to your switchboard this minute now—beat it," he ordered.

(Continued on page 42)



"And this is the bridge room"

(Continued from page 41)

It was about the meanest thing Miss La Flore had ever had said to her and she was glad the guests on the mezzanine had seen him and were gathering so fiercely about him. Maybe they'd mob him. At least they would keep him occupied for a time.

"Come across. I've got the goods on you," Slattery was shooting at the rat-eyed man. "So you admit you got them jools. Come across."

"Admit I got the jewels!" the man said protestingly and laughing in a way that made Slattery's third degree facial expression slip a little. "Why, man," he added, becoming serious and rising from the desk, "there were no jewels stolen. The truth is I am Miss Grand's press agent. Don't you see? We pulled that little trick simply for publicity purposes—write-ups in the papers. All actresses do that. Can't you see?"

Slattery didn't seem to see. "You were faking about trying to get her on the 'phone."

"No, I wasn't." The man warmed up. "You see this is how we planned it. The jewels were to be reported as stolen. Great excitement. Big story for the papers. That much has worked. Then the jewels were to be found—misplaced in her room somewhere. But a better idea has just come to me than that. They are really stolen, see? You find 'em, see? In a bag checked at the Grand Central Station, say. Great boost for you. Biggest kind of a boost. But," he went on quickly, "it would kill the whole thing for anybody to know this. You can see how the papers would roast us. You, too. Fake robbery stuff. See? Keep mum, and I'll show you as soon as we see Miss Grand."

"All right," Slattery agreed, "let's see Miss Grand."

"But wait," the man urged, "let the papers get it all first. You can bet they've got her on the 'phone now. Sit tight. A little later we'll arrange it so you can find the jewels, see? Fix up the story to suit yourself. Biggest boost you ever had in your life."

"Let's tell the manager, then," said Slattery, "so we can let all these people we've got cooped in here get out."

"Let Miss Grand do that. Better leave it to her. She can hand it to him so he won't get sore. Besides, what's the use? What's the use of telling him at all? You find the things, that's enough. Get the credit, see?"

"But that's a good idea about letting all these people out. Some of 'em will be suing the hotel. So we'd better hurry. You go and let them all out. Then I'll go and check an empty bag at the Grand Central and call

you in ten minutes. That's the way you'll find the jewels. See?"

Slattery saw at last. "Call me as quick as you can," he said and went out hurriedly.

"And he's falling for that bunk," Miss La Flore muttered, as she drew back from where she had been cautiously listening in at the door at the other end of the room. She didn't call Slattery as he went bounding down the back stairway; she didn't want him to see her. She had her mind made up as to what she was going to do. She blew into the writing room like a gale of wind and, oddly enough, she was smiling.

"Come on quick," she said to the man. "Mr. Slattery sent me to get you. Met him on the steps. Said for me to bring you down quick and he'd let you out first so as to save time."

"Fine," he said, moving after her.

"Down this way, the back steps, Mr. Press Agent. That's a good one on me, ain't it? A good one on me," she laughed.

"You are all right, kid, at that, if you'll only get me out of here before some of those reporters see me."

She answered easily. "Oh, they won't see you. Leave it to me."

On the lobby floor, just back of the offices, there was a door and this Miss La Flore opened. "Through here," she said. He looked at her and balked; nevertheless he went in. Miss La Flore's shove attended to that. It was the little room used for the hotel's private papers at night and a key was in the door.

Her face was flushed, and her eyes flashing with the light of battle. The lobby was clearing; nearly all the people had departed.

SLATTERY was seated at her switchboard, plugging in, the receiver at his ear. In his eagerness he had only time to say to Miss La Flore, "One on you this time, girlie—" when the room he had plugged in for answered.

"Miss Grand," he was saying. "This is Mr. Slattery. Mr. Slattery, yes, the house detective. I have just seen your press agent! And he told me all about the scheme—I say he told me all about them jools not being stolen—that it was all for newspaper write-ups."

There was something like a screech over the 'phone.

"You haven't got any press agent? I say," he toned down confidentially, "this is the house detective—I am on, and won't give it away."

The receiver was still against Slattery's ear, but to hear the sounds that were then coming over the 'phone required no receiver. Plainly these sounds had a tremendous effect upon

Slattery. He tried to speak. Then the 'phone headpiece fell from his hand.

"Why did you let him string you? He—" Miss La Flore was saying when one of the city plainclothes men Slattery had left in Miss Grand's room, stepped up. "Here's the dope," he broke in, putting a small picture in Slattery's hand. "That guy is wanted in Pittsburgh for hotel robbery. We got his mug at headquarters the other day and I thought I saw him in the lobby here as I was going out to notify the pawnshops about the jools. So I hopped to headquarters and got that to make sure. It's the same guy or I'll eat my hat. 'Mike, the Rat'—you've heard of him?"

Slattery stared at the picture.

MISS LA FLORE glimpsed it. She almost said something, but caught herself. The plainclothes man, putting another picture into Slattery's hand, went on. "And here's his pal. This one's game—the dope from Pittsburgh says—is to stall around a hotel, get the lay of the land, bunk the house detective while 'Mike, the Rat' pulls it off—"

This time Miss La Flore did say something. The second picture was the mug of the ex-Pink, himself. But she only said, "My Gawd!" It wasn't necessary for Slattery to have given her that imploring look. She wasn't going to tell on him—all that absconding cashier bunk he had swallowed. Not at all. The exclamation came out in spite of herself—things were coming so strong.

"Excuse us a minute," she said to the city man, at the same time passing Slattery a wink. Slattery arose and followed her dumbly. When they had made the turn leading to the little room at the back of the office she stopped.

"Slat," she whispered jubilantly, "we've got him!"

"Got who?"

"Mike, the Rat."

It was not for some minutes that Slattery came out of the little room. "Mike, the Rat," was with him. But Mike's face did not wear the same insolent look it had worn when he spoke to Miss La Flore about being unconscious.

"Here he is—take him to headquarters," Slattery said to the plainclothes man. "Had the spot on him all the time. Had him locked up in the private office back there. I've got the jools," he added, patting his coat pocket.

Miss La Flore, slipping back to her place, clamped on the 'phone headpiece that tied her to her job, as she told herself, like a little muzzled dog, and began jabbing plugs into the switchboard.

Shattuck Goes to War

(Continued from page 11)

difficulty. The treasure was heaped on the dining-room table, divided into portions and placed in convenient laundry bags. There was more than four men could carry. Some of the heavy silver was discarded.

Alphonse and The Jockey treated their companions rather fairly as far as bulk went, but with the advantage of more knowledge of values they kept the finer pieces for themselves. Suddenly they became panic-stricken. They heard a rattling at the basement door and feared that the prisoners were loose. The noise was made by a friend of one of the servants. When no one came he concluded that his call was too near the dinner hour and went away, unaware that he had struck an alarm bell.

The band upstairs decided to scatter instantly. Plunder had been shared. Each could look after himself. Alphonse went first, carrying an innocent-looking laundry bag. He was quickly around the corner, one of many on the sidewalks. The Jockey and Bagnoli followed him, equally unnoticed. The fourth, Diaset, was not so lucky.

He had just reached the street when from the windows above came the cry of "Robbers! Help!" The prisoners were running from the vault to doors and windows to raise the alarm. Diaset might have walked and escaped. Sense of guilt betrayed him. He started to run, and in ignorance of the peculiarities of the region, darted into a broad way that looked like a street but ended in a wall. The road had once been the stable area for the mansions on either side. Studios lined it now. A policeman grabbed the Apache as he doubled back.

So one of the four had a short career as a Shattuck robber. The worth of the contents of his bag was estimated at \$20,000, much of it in flat silver. This rating was in addition to the four-fold amount taken by his companions.

The second minor character, Bagnoli, kept his liberty for only two days more. Presumably Diaset gave the clue that led to his capture in a New Jersey lodging house. The booty in possession of the second thief was of lesser value. He had been deceived by bulk.

The two men were talkative and had little

to tell, never having had the confidence of the leaders they knew as Henri and Paul. They had a quick trial at which they pleaded guilty to burglary and armed assault rather than face a possible death penalty if they should be convicted of kidnaping. They were sentenced to Sing Sing prison for terms of from forty to sixty years, equivalent to life imprisonment. Their rôles were played, except as possible identifiers of the principals if ever they should be caught.

It seemed likely that they never would. They were gone, without telltale trace. Shattuck aided the police with rewards ultimately totaling nearly \$20,000, ranging from sums for information to those for proof of guilt. He began also to join in the police councils, doing so with such reasonableness of attitude that he was not looked upon as an intruder.

He argued soon that as the criminals were Frenchmen the hunt would have to be made on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Without waiting for the sentencing of the minor Apaches, although not until he had given evidence at

their trial, he sailed in May for France. He had resided in Paris for long intervals and was warmly regarded by the authorities for benefactions during the war. Every resource of the highly specialized French police was placed at his disposal.

There were only his own unpromising descriptions for a beginning. No fingerprints had been left behind in the Washington Square house. Only the marks of the men arrested were disclosed upon the recovered silver. Nor in Paris was there any record of Henri Boilet. The Paris Police Department was of the opinion that roving scoundrels would be as apt to hide themselves in Asia or in North Africa as in nearer places. So Shattuck spent without stint for circulars, printing them in every European and Oriental language, and distributing them accordingly.

For a time, too, dependence, was placed upon a watch for the distinctive game, upon the theory that they would find their way to some jewel center where they would be re-fashioned. Dutch and Belgian police collaborated with the French in this inquiry, without progress. Alphonse and The Jockey, in fact, broke up most of the pieces and sold the unset jewels piecemeal to traffickers who paid them poor prices. They had not counted upon the activity of the Continental police and were astonished by the persistence of Shattuck and his presence abroad.

Both of them were in France and in occasional cautious contact. Alphonse had made for Mexico, crossing on the Texas border, lingering briefly in Mexico City, and passing from Vera Cruz to Havana and thence to Bordeaux. The Jockey slipped out of the United States by way of New Orleans, as a sailor on a tramp freighter which deposited him at Marseilles. They burrowed into the waterfront slums.

Convinced that the offenders would be numbered among old offenders, Monsieur Le Combre, chief of detectives of Paris, kept at the laborious comparison of the descriptions with the records of thieves both in and out of prison. Shattuck came almost daily to his office, and with cards and photographs before them, the two eliminated from the lists the individuals who appeared clearly impossible, and put the roll of the others aside for continued inquiry.

IN OCTOBER, in the sixth month of hunting, the records of the inmates of Devil's Island were before them. Shattuck paused long before one photograph, that of Gabriel Alphonse Mourey. The countenance had a dim resemblance to his butler Alphonse, as he remembered him, although the shaven crown made the head look different. He could not be sure. Yet the arms and shoulders were like those of the masked ruffian of the robbery. He passed the picture to M. Le Combre.

The detective studied the notations on the card and read that the convict after all was not now on the Island. He had escaped in the winter of 1922. Current data were brought. They showed that in spite of unabated effort, the far-flung French service not only had failed to recapture Gabriel Alphonse Mourey, but had come upon no scent of him since his successful flight. But the chance that he was Shattuck's Alphonse appeared slight, for there

was no indication in the dossier that he ever had been in the United States.

Shattuck, nevertheless, believed that he had received a warning from his senses when he picked up the photograph. He reasoned that there was no harm in adopting a theory, and said that he would be willing to offer a specific reward for the apprehension of Mourey. He did so, much to the satisfaction of the French police, who in any event would be the gainers if they got hands on a wanted convict. Shattuck also made the police eligible to the reward.

father of Mourey had been located and placed under surveillance. Some day or other, the patient Frenchmen said, Mourey or The Jockey would be trapped within their cordons. They trusted they would get Mourey first, as the charge of being an escaped convict lay against him, while The Jockey could be arrested only on suspicion. Shattuck noticed that the police now considered that Mourey and The Jockey were his robbers.

Brigadier Chollet, a bright young commanding officer, was given charge of the watch on Mourey's father, who was living in the Paris suburb of St. Mour. Crippled with rheumatism, Father Mourey was allowed to become a public charge on the poor fund, in spite of his short residence in the town. Chollet was a welcome daily visitor at the cottage, for he had become the representative of the charity hospital which looked after the ailing men.

One morning in October, 1923, Father Mourey told Chollet of a piece of good

luck—a young workman friend had volunteered to mend a fallen ceiling without pay. Presently the workman himself arrived, a rough chap who talked gruffly and did not look like a good Samaritan, but who went about his work expertly. Chollet thought that the toiler was masking kindness under a hard manner

and was rather touched by the episode. His acuteness, nevertheless, led him to make an experiment.

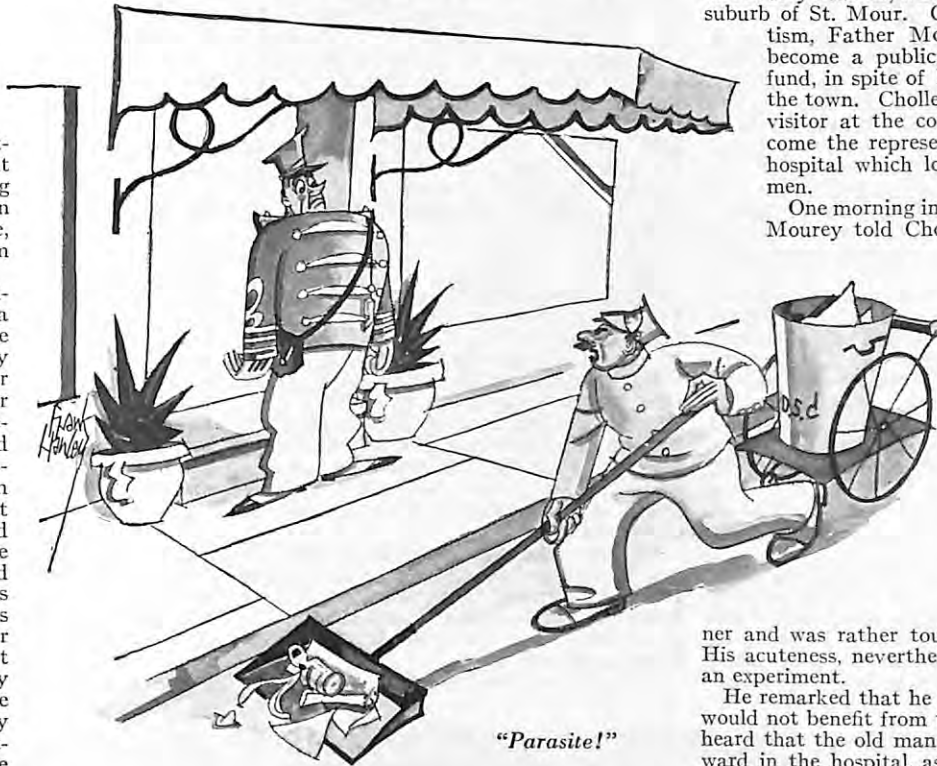
He remarked that he feared Father Mourey would not benefit from the repairs, for he had heard that the old man would be moved to a ward in the hospital, as none of his relatives seemed able to pay the small sum necessary to maintain him at the cottage. The workman said that the transfer ought not to take place, and then with a spontaneous outburst of good-will exclaimed that he was a man without responsibilities and that he would pay the authorities the necessary amount.

Chollet responded politely that he would make the proper report of the offer and went away, marveling. The detective knew the habits of the French poor, and how little inclination there was among them to take on burdens that did not belong to them. To his realistic mind, an action must have a motive. He could not believe that mere passing kindness was enough of a motive. The next logical deduction was that there was a stronger bond than friendship between the older and the younger man. The reasoning led to the conclusion that he had been talking to Alphonse Mourey the convict, rigged out as a mason.

THE brigadier did not go back to arrest the suspect. That is not the French way. The laborer had given him a name. He must first learn what was known in the village about the man with that name. Very little, it appeared. The man had been there only a few days, drifting in, he said, from Paris for an autumn holiday. He had seemed to know little about the locality and had asked if there were fishing streams near. Father Mourey was an old gossip, who liked to sit at his door. The stranger had been seen to stop and chat with him. The detective thought he had learned enough.

He took a companion with him the next morning for his visit to the Mourey cottage, intending to make the arrest. The workman was there when the two knocked at the door, and was gone by the rear way when they

(Continued on page 44)



"Parasite!"

The quest appeared to be in vain. The winter passed barrenly. Shortly after the first anniversary of the crime Shattuck returned to New York to report that he had not recovered one piece of jewelry or picked up any clue to the whereabouts of Mourey. Yet in conference with the city police he said that he was not without hope and asked that officers be detailed to accompany him back to Europe. Mourey was a Corsican. Shattuck purposed to go to Corsica. Mrs. Shattuck remained in Paris and in July her husband rejoined her. Detectives were sent to Paris to be under his orders.

Shattuck's subsequent sally into Corsica was without profit as far as he could see. Amiable Corsican bandits were at some pains to clear themselves from suspicion that they were sheltering Mourey. They despised him as a renegade who had gone into the business of torturing women and avowed that they would have been delighted to give him up for the reward if they knew where he was. Mourey's unpopularity, in fact, had extended to his family, and his old father had gone to France, supposedly to live with another son.

Shattuck was so cast down that he considered whether he should not give up the search. For a space it was rumored that he had withdrawn the rewards, though he denied this report. It is probable that at this moment the French police assured him of a definite advance. The officers told him that they had mined from the underworld the information that Mourey had been in France for at least one period since the robbery, and that he had an intimate known as The Jockey, whose real name was Paul Camiliere. If one was guilty, probably the other was also. The name Paul was significant.

The police view, also, was that the Corsican inquiry was unusually encouraging. The aged

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 entered. They had been careless. In a chase through back yards their quarry outdistanced them. The brigadier was much chagrined and his superiors were not pleased. The disappearance of the suspect was complete.

Father Mourey died three weeks later. Thinking that the son would adopt another disguise and seek to attend the funeral, the police took secret charge of the premises. The undertaker's men were detectives and so were several of the smocked mourners. The younger Mourey did not come near.

Brigadier Chollet sat and pondered, asking himself if he had not missed some obvious clue. One remembrance flashed back to him. The stranger workman had asked if there was any fishing in the neighborhood. If he really liked to fish he would go to one of the river villages. The hamlets along the Seine received a few days later an influx of loitering fishermen who became friendly with their brethren of the rod and bait-can. Persons who traveled between the villages and Paris also were watched at both ends of the route.

Only one matter out of the ordinary was noticed as the result of this scrutiny. A Paris street girl, who dressed well and seemed to have a full purse, made trips every few days to Gournay-on-the-Seine. If she was just paying a visit to an admirer, the police had no further interest. It was oddly surprising, however, to find that she only strolled into the public room of an inn, took apparently aimless walks about the town, and returned to Paris. On the walks, too, she was not always successfully trailed. Without acting as if she believed she was followed, she dodged skilfully.

Brigadier Chollet concluded that this mystery was worth solving and joined the fishermen of Gournay, taking a room at the inn where the girl had been seen. He had good luck. Before the week was out he found Mourey himself on the river-bank. The fugi-

tive had made himself over, no longer an artisan but a shabby clerk. The other detectives had passed him by. Chollet, with memory of the build of the mason, had seen through the disguise. Mourey was not so keen. He did not recognize in the fellow clerk the former hospital aide.

The girl had been Mourey's medium of contact with some one, whether in Paris or elsewhere could not yet be ascertained. So Mourey was not arrested and care was taken not to put him on his guard. He did not have lodgings at the inn but in an adjacent street, using the inn as loafing ground. Chollet and he sipped their wine together nightly in the smoky little drinking room of the inn, and gambled triflingly at dominoes. Presently, too, Chollet was able to introduce to his new acquaintance two other clerks and a mason-worker. Mourey was circled. The detective commander thought he had not brought too many assistants. The other habitués of the den hated the police. They would fight for Mourey in any mêlée.

SIGNAL from Paris was awaited with anxiety. Chollet feared that in spite of his care Mourey might slip away a second time. Finally, when his nerves were on edge, the word came that the girl had been writing to The Jockey, Paul Camiliere, in Marseilles. Letters had been intercepted. This discovery was, in fact, the first confirmation to the police that the suspect Chollet was watching at Gournay was certainly Mourey, since it coincided with the earlier knowledge that Mourey and The Jockey were confederates.

Chollet staged a scene for the arrest. He and his fellow clerks would be playing dominoes with Mourey. The mason was to show himself at the door, and at that cue the desperado was to be seized and hustled to the street to prevent rescue.

The posse was not too large. The moment

Chollet told Mourey he was under arrest the Apache came to his feet fighting and shooting from a pistol jerked from under his blouse. The tough crowd in the place surged against the invading police. Chollet and two of the detectives were wounded, although not entirely disabled. One of them, lying on the floor, drove the inn gang back with his revolver fire. Mourey was shot three times before he was disarmed, borne down and handcuffed.

He was in the hospital several weeks before he was well enough to be examined by a magistrate.

Shattuck and his wife went to see Mourey in the hospital. Both of them identified him as Alphonse, their absconding butler of 1917. Shattuck was morally sure that he was also the leader of the robber band but contented himself with making the accusation to Mourey and asking him to confess. Mrs. Shattuck was certain he was the robber to whom she had handed her earring. Mourey denied stubbornly.

The French magisterial system is excellently devised for cases like this. The examining magistrate is prosecutor rather than judge, with free latitude of questioning, and is aided by a procedure which puts upon a prisoner the burden of proving his innocence. Mourey's inability to build up a story accounting for himself after he escaped from Devil's Island broke him down. He was led into admission that he had been in New York when the robbery was committed, and soon afterwards he made a full confession. The Jockey, he said, was his prime accomplice.

The Jockey had been seized in Marseilles the night Mourey was arrested. He was of harder fiber than his leader, turning aside all questions with the iterated assertion that he never had been in New York and so could have committed no crime there. When Mourey confessed he declared himself the victim of a perjurer trying to save his own hide.

Mourey, as an escaped convict, must have



SPREAD IT

By Berton Braley

PRAISE the plumber for his plumbing,
 Laud the cooking of the cook,
 Boost the mummer for his mumming
 And the writer for his book.
 Praise the soda-jerker's toddy
 And the serpent-charmer's charm.
 For it won't do anybody
 Any harm.

Pat the dynamiter's shoulder
 For the tunnels that he blasts,
 And congratulate the molder
 On the iron that he casts.
 Praise the seer for his seeing
 And the farmer for his farm.
 It'll do no human being
 Any harm.

For however we have muttered
 At the booster and his ways,
 We're all eager to be buttered
 With the soothing salve of praise.
 Let this gentle unction tinge your
 Verdict on what folks have done.
 —It has not been proved to injure
 Any one!

his trial in France. The Jockey, with no such hold on him, was subject for extradition to the United States. For safe keeping until the papers arrived The Jockey was placed in the penitentiary. The prison was not strong enough to hold him. A revolver was smuggled to him, and one morning in February when goods were being delivered at the opened gate he shot his way to freedom, unhurt by the volley fire of the guards. Yet the sally was futile, after all, for in March he was betrayed to the authorities by a fellow Apache seeking a part of the Shattuck reward.

He was taken to Paris and confronted with Mourey, who identified him and charged him with equal guilt. The Jockey cursed and repeated defiance and denial. Mrs. Shattuck was in England at the time and did not then face him. He was extradited presently to the United States.

Mourey had his court trial on July 23 of that year, 1924, two years and three months after the robbery. His extenuating plea was that he was unarmed throughout the attack. The Shattucks testified that weapons were in the hands of others if not in his. Doctors stated that the lives of the members of the household had been endangered in the wine vault. Mourey's assault upon police officers counted heavily against him. The trial lasted only the single day. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty and sentenced Mourey to death.

This was French justice of a sternness which the Shattucks had neither expected nor desired. They were shocked that their wrongs, deep as they were, should be paid for with a life. President Doumergue, of France, had the power to commute the death sentence to life imprisonment, and the very next day after the trial they petitioned him movingly to take that action.

"THE jury of whom I asked justice," wrote the descendant of Massachusetts Puritans, "has rendered a verdict for which I have respect. But for me Christian justice should be tempered with mercy. At the trial Mourey expressed regret for his crimes. I wish to believe him sincere. I have thus the honor to pray you in the name of my wife and myself, and with all the fervor of my soul, to use in behalf of Mourey the most beautiful of the rights which your high position confers on you—the right to spare life."

Mrs. Shattuck added her own plea: "From the bottom of my heart I beg you to spare the life of Mourey. Since his attack on us I have had nothing but pity for him."

President Doumergue, whatever doubts he may have had as to the quality of the mercy he was bestowing, yielded to the appeal. He consigned Mourey to Devil's Island for the rest of his life.

If Mrs. Shattuck felt that there was grace left in Mourey, she was sure there was none in The Jockey. She made a special trip from Paris to New York to face him in his cell in the Tombs. He was still protesting that he never

bery. He had delayed trial but not averted disaster. Even Mrs. Shattuck's affidavit against him hardly was necessary. From Sing Sing, under escort of prison guards, came two vengeful men, the Apaches Diasset and Bagnoli, who believed they would not have been captured if their leaders had not deserted them. One after the other they swore from the witness stand that The Jockey in the prisoner's box was Paul of the gang. After that the defendant's denial made no headway with the jury-men. They decreed him guilty. The court sentenced him to forty-five years in prison.

The feud of the court-room was continued in the prison itself. The two older-timers had the sympathy of the body of the convicts. The officials became fearful for The Jockey's life and transferred him from Sing Sing to Auburn.

THE three members of the band convicted in the United States got an equality of punishment. Slight as the hope of any free living left to them at the expiration of their long terms, it was more than that possessed by their captain on Devil's Island. Both the French and the American courts admittedly punished for more than robbery, with the purpose of giving more safety to all those who might thereafter be set upon by burglars. The maxim laid down anew was that if robbers put lives in peril they would when captured themselves stand not far from the shadow of death.

Shattuck paid the bulk of his rewards to the French police, and with that duty performed, he and his wife took up residence again in their own country. Mayor Hylan of his home city welcomed him with a ceremonious dinner. Commissioner of Police Richard Enright pinned on his breast the badge of Inspector of New York Police. The old gentleman ran his fingers through his beard and said that he did not think the badge would be given any active service. He was going to choose the quiet life for the remainder of his days and, he added, with a twinkle in his eye, he was leaving New York.

He kept his word, closing his mellow brick house on Washington Square and retiring to The Mount, his country place in his boyhood town of Lenox, Mass. He was seventy-three years old and seemed fit for many years more. He said he felt no strain from the long warfare. But a year later he died suddenly from heart disease. He was wrong about the strain. Still one fancies that if he had known he was shortening his life, he would have hunted just the same.

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 40)

E	S	P	I	A	L	P	U	Y	N	O	N	A	G	E
R	E	I	L	I	T	E	R	A	T	I	M	P	A	L
O	W	N	A	V	O	W	W	O	V	E	E	R	E	
T	G	R	I	P	F	T	A	N	G	V				
I	C	O	N	D	I	U	R	N	A	L	R	O	T	E
C	A	B	A	L	C	R	E	E	L	R	I	P	E	N
P	E	W	I	T	I	T	S	P	A	G	A	N		
F	A	Y	B	A	L	M	T	E	A	M	L	E	O	
O	R	T	R	U	E				L	I	E	N	M	A
G	I	G	A	B	E	T	R	I	N	K	N	E	F	
S	L	A	T	E	A	L	A	S	I	R	E	N		
C	O	U	P	E	S	L	I	N	G	N	O	R	T	H
U	N	T	O	S	H	E	L	T	E	R	L	O	S	E
D	A	C	E	T	N	I	L	E	S					
G	A	Y	P	I	E	D	B	E	V	Y	S	U	P	
E	Y	E	S	O	N	O	M	E	T	E	R	A	T	E
L	E	A	V	E	N	T	E	D	T	E	M	P	E	R

had been in the city until he was brought there as a prisoner. She looked at him carefully and then set her name to an affidavit in which she stated that he was the man whose face she had seen reflected in the mirror in her room and that she could not be mistaken. Not staying for the trial, the date of which was indefinite, she returned to France, done for all time with the affairs of her famous robbery.

The Jockey fought off his evil day with all the means available through the technicalities of the American criminal law. He had plenty of money for the hiring of lawyers—the resources not impossibly from the Shattuck jewels themselves. At any rate, his portion was not recovered. Nor, for that matter, was much of Mourey's share.

The Jockey was not tried until May, 1925, ten months after he was brought to New York, more than three years after the Shattuck rob-

Big Western Trout

(Continued from page 19)

intermountain country, this species is found in all the coastwise streams and lakes from British Columbia to California inclusive, as well as east of the Sierras. Folks inland are inclined to think the only trout found on the coast are the rainbows and steelheads. Actually, in the Columbia River and its district, the cut-throat is known as the Columbia River trout. Elsewhere, besides the cut-throat and black-spotted trout, it is known by various local names. It must always be remembered, too, that there are numerous different varieties.

The cut-throat and its near relatives vary greatly in matured size, according to where you find them. The size of the body of water you are fishing and the abundance of fish food are the principal governing factors. The very big fish, as already said, all come from big saline lakes. It is a fact that fish of the self-same species are found in an Idaho lake never larger than a quarter of a pound, in a California lake reaching seventeen or eighteen pounds, and in a Nevada lake running up to more than thirty pounds. For a still greater contrast, the very same trout in some small creeks never reach a greater length at maturity

than six inches. In such localities they are commonly known as brook trout; but they are just undeveloped thirty-pound cut-throats! One may well reflect what a whale of a difference a little salt water makes.

Cut-throat trout weighing over twenty pounds are rare. Pyramid Lake, Nevada, seems to have the best record for them. Lake Tahoe, California, in the same watershed and through which the Truckee River flows, to empty into Pyramid Lake, has produced some good ones. Incidentally, a Lake Tahoe fisherman once sent a Lake Tahoe silver trout (not the true cut-throat) to General Grant which weighed a shade over thirty pounds. Another good Nevada lake is Winnemucca Lake, which is joined to Pyramid and of lower elevation. The water of both is decidedly brackish; that is, just plain salty. But it is very clear. These are desert lakes.

For the general run of big cut-throats taken in the Lahontan and Utah lakes, fish weighing from four to five pounds up, trolling lures are almost universally used; but in shallow water the smaller fish are taken on such baits as grasshoppers and artificial or canned salmon

eggs. Artificial flies are also effective for the smaller ones, especially in the streams.

The Utah trout (*Salmo virginalis*), when in somewhat alkaline water, reaches only moderately large size, running up to twelve pounds and sometimes over, with examples of six and eight pounds fairly common. Here again the largest are lake trout, taken in the deeper water, by trolling.

For good, earnest fighting spirit and energy, you need to connect with a welterweight cut-throat in favorable water, some cold pool below a cascade, where it is well aerated. The big fifteen-pound cut-throats of California's Klamath lakes are usually as logy as those of the lakes in the Nevada desert. By no means, however, is the big cut-throat to be scorned as a fighting fish. Once in a while some angler hooks a Tartar. Then, such is the irony of acquiring a bad reputation, if in steelhead water the fish is pronounced a steelhead.

The big steelheads are not lake fish, and it is a pretty safe rule that a large black-spotted trout taken in a desert lake is no steelhead. This fish finds his salt water by going to

(Continued on page 46)

What Eleven Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 54)



(Continued from page 45)

tide-water and out into the Pacific for it. Take him large and fresh-run from the Pacific, and you know him for the superb fighter he is—the fastest and strongest of all trout. The scientist used to call the steelhead *Salmo rivularis*, and he reached his best size in the Columbia River. Later they reclassified him as *Salmo gairdneri*, and now some of them say he isn't anything at all but a rainbow trout that has been to sea.

And if the steelhead is sometimes difficult or impossible to distinguish from the rainbow, oddly the same thing occurs with the steelhead and the cut-throat, in certain waters, as previously mentioned. While distinct from each other in the lower Columbia River, and readily known one from the other, over eastward in the lower Snake River and other streams nobody can say whether the fish is a steelhead or a cut-throat, they apparently are so much alike or completely mixed.

At their best, the steelheads rarely run over twenty pounds, and then very little indeed.

THE rainbow trout, *Salmo irideus*, as a native is found chiefly in the streams of California and southern Oregon. But transplanting, or rather the planting of hatchery-propagated fry, has spread rainbow trout all over the country, in water suitable for them. This trout also varies greatly in size according to where he is found. He may weigh anywhere from a half pound to over twelve pounds, the latter weight being attained in lakes; but you will not find a native rainbow in a saline lake. In some coastal slough, yes; there he has "gone steelhead."

One may strike some really splendid rainbow trout fishing nearly anywhere in the northern Rockies. Local anglers use small flies, No. 12 being perhaps the best. Good patterns are the split willow, brown palmer, coachman, royal coachman, gray hackle with red or yellow tail, king of the waters, and others. Do not be above trying grasshoppers. Weight your leader with a split shot about a foot above the hook, for your hopper must sink or the current will quickly rob your hook. Let him sink—and then watch out!

One instantly knows the rainbow from a native black-spotted trout, for he will be up in the air, again and again, whereas the native seldom does that. The rainbows will be larger, in fact dependably surprise one with their size and strength.

Of the three species, the rainbow is altogether the most attractive to the fly caster, and although it is taken with bait, there is little reason for resorting to it if one is at all competent and has a few good flies.

Always the steelhead is the most prized as a fighter. As a rule having more weight than the rainbow, and not going in so much for aerial acrobatics, the big ocean-run fish puts up a fight which even the Atlantic salmon at its best does not equal. In the best steelhead streams, such as the Klamath and the Rogue, a good deal of the fishing is by spinning, not fly casting, and for this the rods used approach the weight and power of a light salmon fly rod. Incidentally, while in the Klamath your spinner may now and then take a salmon, your fly will raise an occasional Eastern brook trout, and a good one too. Introduced in West Coast waters, these fish are doing well, and under favorable conditions reach very large size. They pull just as hard as their brothers of the Nipigon and the best trout waters of Quebec. You, of course, will never mistake them for any of the black-spotted tribes.

There is a mistaken notion abroad in the East that the steelhead trout fishing in the best California and Oregon rivers is hardly worth trying in mid-summer, the best seasons being in the early fall and middle winter. This is not so. By the middle of July, when the heavy flow of water in the Rogue begins to subside, the steelhead fishing is fair, and a month later it is good everywhere. All the heavier streams, such as the Klamath, the Feather, the Sacramento, the Eel, the Rogue and the Williamson are clearing up by mid-July and from then on through the summer Eastern fishermen will find fishing quite up to their requirements, even if the Coast's experts do hold off till the early fall. The big run of steelhead coming in from the ocean is on then, from the fag-end of August to November. It has a businesslike connection with the spawning run of the salmon, your steelhead being an unblushing glutton for fresh salmon eggs.

FROM the Gunnison, which is Colorado's best trout stream, to the lower Snake, the lower Pend Oreille and smaller feeders of the mighty Columbia, in Washington, and the coastal streams of British Columbia, you find generally heavier fly tackle in use than is customary in the East—and by East is meant everything east of Colorado, to Cape Breton. An eight-foot rod of three and one-half ounces is considered all right, perhaps, for Michigan, New York or Maine, and in good hands so it is. But for the heavy water and likewise generally heavy fish of many of the West's best trout sections, a nine-foot rod of good weight and backbone gives satisfaction, and for steelheads still more rod is desirable.

Everywhere, the thing in rods to-day is real dry-fly action, which means plenty of weight in the two lower joints, plenty of backbone.

This requires using a heavier line, to work the rod properly; but the answer to that is to use a tapered line, and make sure it is of the most improved, heavy soft-finished kind, which is heavier, size for size, than the general run. A still further improvement, if using a light rod, is one of the newest soft finish lines made in triple taper. This saves you from overloading the rod when reaching your line out to fifty feet or more. The line, by the way, for steelhead fishing must be three times the length commonly used in the East. One needs at least seventy-five yards to hold a good steelhead. If not using a level line, the approved thing is to splice a couple of hundred feet of "backing" to the end of your double-tapered fly line. This backing, or running line, is best if its a good strong bait-casting line that is soft-waterproofed.

In reels, the right thing for the West is a largest size single-action, of good quality, or else an automatic. Many Westerners prefer the latter, for a few very good reasons; but one must learn to use it. There is little to learn, for as most fly casters know, the sole purpose of this reel, as of any fly-casting reel, is to carry the line, let one have it at will in stripping it off, and pick up slack that has been stripped in by hand. The thing to learn is analogous to learning to keep your trigger finger away from the trigger of your shotgun when your thumb is pushing the safety up. When the wading gets pretty vigorous, better get the lever finger away from the brake lever of your automatic. Should you stumble badly and unconsciously clamp down on the lever, your automatic will snap up not only what slack line there may be trailing but as well all the additional line its tension can wind. Reeling in that way may prove awkward in case you haven't much line out and have incautiously wound up the tension. It has been known to smash some good rod tips, and even to sink a hook pretty deep in the anatomy of the fisherman.

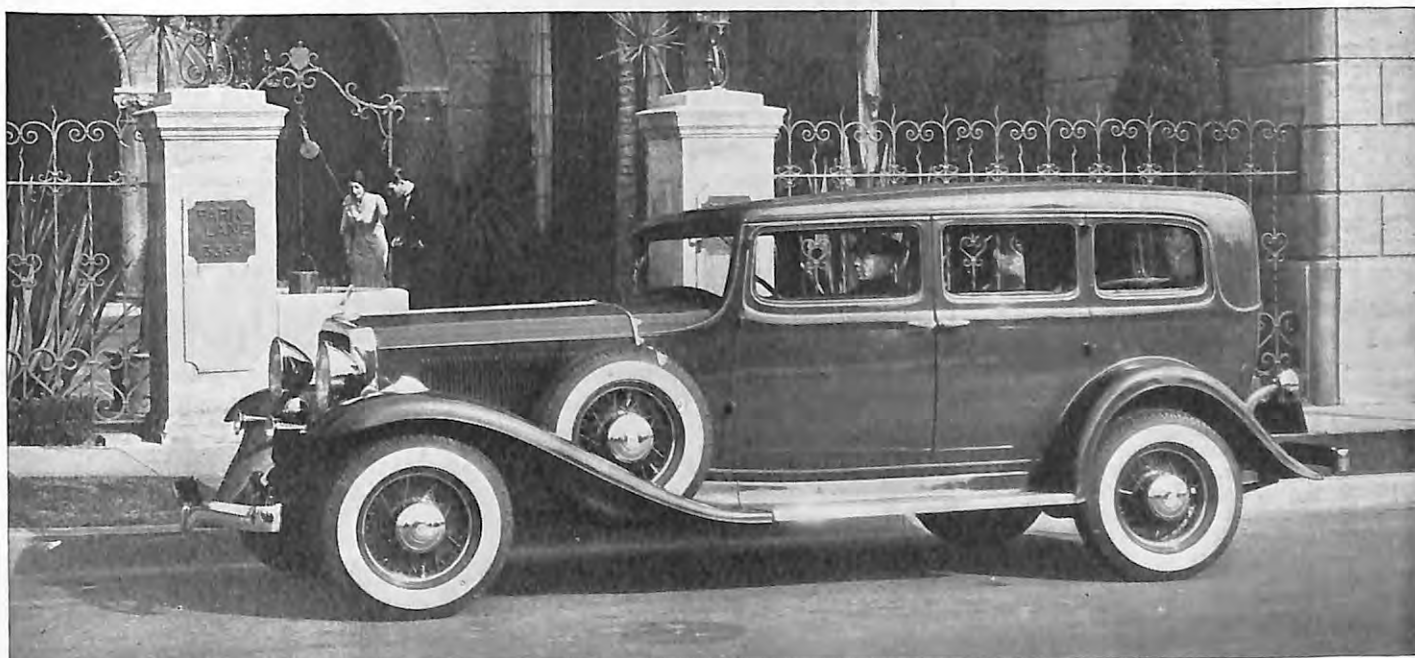
As to flies, these generally will be larger than you would use in the East, excepting the heavier waters of Maine and the Canadian provinces. And it is a good thing to buy your flies in the West, leaders too. You will be more sure to get killing patterns and the strength you need. Popular flies are tied on No. 8 and No. 10 forged hooks, and you don't want Snecks. Better have the O'Shaughnessy for maximum strength. And you will be well off if using the eyed kind and bending them on yourself.

The steelhead seems to like any color so long as it is red. That indicates his yen for salmon eggs. It follows that your flies will have some red in them. A dozen good patterns

(Continued on page 48)

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Name.....
Present Position.....
Address.....

(Continued from page 46)

are, the improved Carson, Josh Van Sant, Van Sant, red ant, yellow professor, dusty miller jungle, California coachman, red-tailed queen of the water, red-tailed bee, improved governor, red split coachman, Parmachenee belle.

According to conditions, you wade or fish from a boat. You're lucky if you can be rowed. If you must wade, it is well to be a strong swimmer, and then count on a strenuous time at any turn. Not a few good steelhead fishermen have drowned, owing to venturing too much in wading trousers and brogans. It is better to leave the waders at home and depend on wool socks, underwear and pants to enable one to stand the water. But one must have brogans, and the new felt-soled kind are the best. Without felt soles, be sure to have plenty of hob nails—and a waterproof life insurance policy. Of course, once you have learned how to handle your steelhead the hazard is much reduced. To the beginner, what the big fish does when he feels the hook requires all the attention there is in the book; all the energy too. Depend upon it, two seconds after you sink your hook your fish will have moved down river a hundred feet or half as far again. It is

not a good time to be chest-deep in a big, boisterous river of cold water. One might need more composure if perched in the top of an elm while the tree was being uprooted by a cyclone, but not very much more.

If not making satisfactory progress with the fly, it is wise to put aside your scruples and resort to a small spinner. One never is sorry, if wanting a big fish.

The steelhead is apt to be found at the foot of a pool, where it breaks off into a ripple. Subdued sunlight and a feather ripple on the pools, a high courage, good eyes, sturdy legs, and luck to you! When the Big Boy hits your hook, you give him the works—and back up your play with all you've got. For as the steelheaders say, you're in a dog-fight. For a while, at least, Mr. Steelhead is the top dog.

When you've finally hauled him out and put him to sleep with a blow on the head with a rock the size of a brick, you're sure that you prefer steelheading to trolling for those bigger cut-throats over in the desert.

It is a fact, however, that the bigger the fish the better he serves you when you carry his photograph in your wallet. It must be fun to come from Nevada.



The officers of Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge, No. 906

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 29)

Lodge, No. 548. Among the throng present were 1,000 children, for whom a program of athletic contests was arranged. Attraction for the grown-ups included harness racing, two baseball games and free vaudeville performances. The success of the home-coming celebration was the more remarkable in that it was achieved in the face of decidedly unfavorable weather.

Burglar of Three Elks Homes Captured for Third Time

A burglar with a seeming predilection for robbing Elks Homes was arrested not long ago by the police of Bethlehem, Pa., after having entered the Home of Lodge No. 191 there. According to a newspaper report of the capture, the man only a short time before had been released in New Jersey from the Hudson County jail, where he had served a term for having robbed the Home of Montclair Lodge, No. 891. He is said also to have been convicted previously of burglary of the Home of Kearny, N. J., Lodge, No. 1050. He identified himself as Alexander Sampietro, thirty-four years old, of New York City.

Grand Tiler Schocke Honored At Oneida, N. Y., Lodge

One hundred and fifty Elks from several parts of New York State met at the Home of Oneida Lodge, No. 767, recently to do honor to Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, charter member of the Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert made the principal address.

Others who spoke were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Evans; Past President D. Curtis Gano and George J. Winslow, of the New York State Elks Association; Past Exalted Ruler Judge John T. Buckley, of Utica Lodge, No. 33; and former District Attorney Edward A. Kiley, of Oneida. The President of the State Elks Association, James H. Mackin, presided as Toastmaster. He was introduced by Exalted Ruler Stephen McGrath, of Oneida Lodge. Grand Tiler Schocke was the last speaker, responding with eloquence and feeling to the tributes of those before him. Prominent among those present were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll and Past President Miles S. Hencle of the New York State Elks Association.

Hamilton, Ohio, Elks' Purchase Of Golf Club Attracts Members

For the pleasure of its membership, Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge, No. 93, purchased recently the Butler County Country Club, a property of 152 acres, with an 18-hole golf course and splendid club house. It lies about five miles from Hamilton. Its acquisition has stimulated membership in the Lodge perceptibly. Within the last few months, No. 93 has added 100 new names to its roster.

Monroe Goldstein Given Scroll For Convention Achievements

In appreciation of his splendid services as Executive Director of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, Monroe Goldstein was

presented recently at a meeting of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, a short time ago, with a testimonial scroll. The document, hand-lettered in Old English characters upon sheepskin by Leo Chisling, Executive Secretary of the Lodge, was delivered to Mr. Goldstein by Darius A. Thomas, President of the Birmingham Chamber of Commerce and General Chairman of the Convention Committee. It read: "In testimonium: We, the undersigned officers, acting on behalf and for the membership of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79, B. P. O. Elks, hereby express our sincere appreciation and gratitude to Brother Monroe Goldstein, for the splendid performance of his duties, and his unflinching loyalty and conscientious endeavor in fulfilling the office of convention director of the sixty-eighth national convention of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, held at Birmingham, Ala., July 10 to 14, inclusive. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands this 26th day of July, A.D., 1932, and the seal of Birmingham Lodge, No. 79. Harry L. White, E. R.; Ben Mendelsohn, E. L. K.; John W. O'Neill, E. L. K.; Dan A. Hogan, E. L. K.; R. M. Montgomery, Secretary."

District Deputy Earle Guest at Massachusetts Elks' Banquet

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William E. Earle was the guest a short time ago at a testimonial banquet given by more than 100 of his fellow members in Newton, Mass., Lodge, No. 1327, and other Elks from Lodges nearby. The affair was held at the Westminster Hotel, in Boston. A program of speaking, with Esteemed Loyal Knight Harold Field, of Brookline Lodge, No. 886, acting as Toastmaster; and a period of entertainment were features of the occasion. In the course of the festivities, Mr. Earle received from his hosts a token of esteem for his highly creditable service to his District as Deputy of the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Cincinnati, O., Lodge Inducts Sixty at Outdoor Gathering

By special dispensation of the Grand Exalted Ruler, Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, recently initiated a class of sixty candidates at an outdoor gathering. The ceremonies took place in the pavilion of the North Cincinnati Gymnasium at Bass Island; and they were the

(Continued on page 50)



The plaque upon the great tree dedicated recently to the memory of George Washington by Orlando, Fla., Lodge, No. 1079



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When writing please mention THE ELKS MAGAZINE

(Continued from page 40)

principal event at the annual outing of the Lodge. Seven hundred and fifty Elks, many of them from Lodges near by, witnessed the exercises. At the conclusion, each initiate was given a golden Elks emblem, the gift of Cincinnati Lodge. Prominent attendants of the outing included Grand Trustee James S. Richardson and District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Clifford E. Libbee. In the evening, a reception was tendered to Mr. and Mrs. Libbee in the cottage of William Petri, Treasurer of the Ohio State Elks Association. Besides the host Lodge, there were represented at the outing the Lodges of Hamilton, Middletown and Dayton, Ohio, and of Newport and Covington, Kentucky.

Glen Cove, N. Y., Elks Give Outing for Orphan Children

One hundred and thirty-four children from the Syosset Orphan Home were the guests a

short time ago of Glen Cove, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1458, at its annual outing. The journey to and from the grounds where the outdoor entertainment took place was made by automobile, with a special motorcycle escort speeding the progress of the caravan. Games, music and a vaudeville program were features of the day's festivities.

Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge Host To Chattanooga Elks and Band

En route from New Orleans, after attending the Grand Lodge Convention in Birmingham, to their home city, a group of members of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge, No. 91, were entertained recently at luncheon at the Home of Pascagoula, Miss., Lodge, No. 1120. The Chattanooga delegation was headed by Past Exalted Ruler W. V. Turley and Mrs. Turley; and it was accompanied by the Boys' Band of forty, sponsored by the Lodge and directed by Mr. Turley.



Boy Scouts of a troop sponsored by Santa Fe, N. M., Lodge, presenting to Governor Arthur Seligman an autographed Scout handbook

The Social Side of the Grand Lodge Convention

(Continued from page 32)

Devils Patrol of Atlanta Lodge; members of Atlanta Lodge; the Georgia State Elks Association float; the Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge Boys' Band, under the direction of Past Exalted Ruler W. V. Turley; the delegation of Pennsylvania Elks, the R. O.

T. C. Band of sixty-five pieces, of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160; the Patrol of Columbus, O., Lodge, No. 37; and the New England Elks, headed by the Drum and Bugle Corps of American Legion Post No. 1.



Members of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge who compose its Degree Team

Football and the New Rules

(Continued from page 8)

1923, could move along so close to the ground that you thought he was using his head for a third leg. When he tackled he would roll, stumble, squirm, or fall forward, stagger to his feet and keep on moving. Men bounced off him as though he were rubber. He had the happy faculty of carrying on after he was apparently downed.

That style of play will be of no value this fall. Once a ball carrier's body strikes the ground—any part of it except his hands or feet—he's out of luck right then and there. No need to leap on him with gusto. No need to bury him in the earth. The ball will be put in play at the spot where his body touched the ground.

Broken vertebrae, ruptured spleens, injured kidneys, and fractured arms and legs will be spared by reason of this rule. The evil known as "piling on," which speaks for itself, will be avoided. Time as well as bodies will be saved, and the game will move along faster.

THE new substitution rule is literally a life-saver. Under the old code, a player taken out of the game in the first half could not return until the second half. Hence if he was withdrawn in the first period, he could not go back until the third or fourth periods. And if taken out in the third or fourth period he couldn't go back at all.

Time and again crack players, virtually dead on their feet, concealed their injuries and tried to carry on because they knew if they were taken out they could not get back in the game the same half. Bill Crowley, noted football official, told the writer that he has seen players staggering around on the field, risking life and limb, when they should have been getting medical attention. "I often wished," he said, "that officials had the power to send a sick or injured player off the field. It is when a man is in a weakened or stunned condition that his reflexes are slow. He's in his own way, and it is then that the worst injuries take place."

Often it is the courageous spirit of a player that keeps him on the field when he should be on the bench. Major Ralph Sasse, Army's able coach, tells the story of Captain John Price, the brilliant Army tackle who paired up so splendidly with Suarez last fall. "They were a couple of game-cocks with hearts even bigger than their massive bodies," said the West Point mentor in telling the story. "Captain Price actually played ten minutes of the Navy game while blind as a bat."

"Congested blood from his broken nose temporarily obscured his vision. We coaches didn't realize his condition because he kept making plays intuitively. Finally, Carver wigwagged that Price needed relief. He was groping around for his position. We led him to the bench protesting."

"I sent out a substitute to start the second half. Price asked me why. 'You've had a great season, John,' I said, 'and you deserve a rest. You can't see well enough to play tackle any more to-day.'

"I'm captain of the team and this is my last game," retorted Price. "I've just got to get out there with the boys. Watch me read those signs over there. I'll show you I can see O. K."

"He did. His vision had cleared. Price played."

Such is the spirit that motivates the wearers of the moleskins. It isn't the coaches' fault, or the officials' fault, or even the players' fault. The sport calls for such heroism. A man wants to play until he can't stand up. Price's case is typical.

Under the new rules a player withdrawn in one period may return to the contest in any subsequent period. This will allow tired

(Continued on page 52)

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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. What is a Nazi?
2. Who wrote "All Quiet on the Western Front"?
3. What nation owns Greenland?
4. How many amendments are there to the Constitution?
5. What is the world's speed-boat record?
6. What is one striking difference between a dromedary and a camel?
7. Which is the harder metal, tin or gold?
8. What is the capital of Switzerland?
9. Are cobras immune to their own venom?
10. Who said, "It is not best to swap horses while crossing a river"?
11. Who was Roger Bacon?
12. How old is the game of backgammon?



The answers appear on page 55

(Continued from page 51)

players to be relieved, recuperate, and return to the game.

Last fall saw the return of the dreaded "flying wedge," football's epoch-making play, the brain child of Loren F. Deland, coach at Harvard in the latter part of the last century. This formation emphasizes mass power, and by its very nature is unreasonably dangerous. Many teams employed it on the kickoff last year. When the player caught the ball his teammates formed a human wedge around him and started plowing up the field.

Fortunately, few injuries were traced to this formation during the season of 1931, but the Rules Committee, sensing the growing popularity of the wedge, took steps to curtail it. The new kickoff rule is a big stumbling block to the future development of this colorful play. By requiring that five players remain on the stripe, fifteen yards from the restraining line of the team kicking off, it makes it almost impossible for the wedge to be formed. And by allowing a team to place-kick or drop-kick on the kickoff, it gives the offending team an opportunity to place the ball where it wants.

A drop-kick of average height will allow the players of the team kicking off to get well down the field before any wedge may be formed. This rule not only serves a good purpose in re-

straining, if not entirely eliminating, the old "flying wedge," but also gives the kicking team more of an even break in regard to downing the receiver deep in his own territory.

The last but not the least important change in the rules affects equipment. For generations manufacturers of football equipment have been making the protective armor worn by the players harder and harder. A 1931 football helmet very likely would offer more protection than a medieval casque. Not only headguards, but shoulder harness, knee pads, thigh protectors, and wrist bands were fashioned of the same unyielding substance. They protected the portions of the body they covered, but they did untold damage when they struck a player on the face or on an unprotected part of the body.

Being hit in the face with a 1931 headguard was like being struck with a baseball bat. Firm, heavy, unyielding leather curved to fit the skull, it was frequently used as an offensive weapon. A player might butt his head into his opponent's ribs now and then, and then vary his charge, and attack him at some other vulnerable point.

This season, all equipment will be covered with a layer of soft substance at least three-eighths of an inch in thickness. The abrasions

(Continued on page 54)

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Answers to "What Eleven Things Are Wrong With This Picture?"

(See page 46)

1. You don't drive a motor car with a horse.
2. The motor car has only one front wheel.
3. The man is drinking while smoking a pipe.
4. The boy has five fingers on each hand and a thumb.
5. The boy's feet are on the lunch cloth.
6. The sitting lady has no mouth.
7. The cook is sprinkling salt in the wrong place.
8. Outdoor fireplaces are not built of wood.
9. Outdoor fireplaces have no smoke stacks.
10. Eggs are broken from their shells when put into frying pans.
11. Babies are not allowed to play with hatchets.

(Continued from page 52)

caused on the face and body, by coming into contact with fibrous equipment—abrasions which often led to serious infection—will be cut down to a minimum. Board-like shoulder pads will not do the damage they once did, and bodily contact will bring less ache and pain.

The six innovations made by the Rules Committee will not rob the game of any of its glamor, its Spartan ruggedness, or its dramatic appeal. Teams the land over will battle with all their traditional fervor for the glory of alma mater, and the pride of the individual members themselves. Backs will tackle just as fiercely, lines will charge with the same furious abandon, elevens will go down gallantly with inspiration born of a treasured *esprit de corps*. Football will be football so long as the game retains its basic principles of strong bodily contact, strenuous line play, and hard blocking and tackling.

THE success of the new rules, however, depends on the coaches. In the past, the grid-iron mentors, for the most part, have not been in sympathy with the changes made in the rules from time to time. They shouted a blue streak of criticism back in the dark days when clipping was first barred. They yelled even louder when the forward pass came into being. The innovation which inaugurated the lateral pass sent them into cataclysms of wrath. The one-second rule on all shift plays stirred up no end of resentment among a goodly number of them. And this year, with the free use of hands prohibited, the dead-ball rule in effect, the flying tackle and flying block ruled out, and the flying wedge curtailed, there is no telling what may happen.

Coaches for the most part have never been wholeheartedly sympathetic towards the Rules Committee. Instead of interpreting the new edicts in the spirit in which they were made, mentors invariably, with very few exceptions, endeavored to circumvent them by subtle methods. The shift rule, requiring a team to pause for a full second before passing the ball after a shift, is perhaps the best example of the attitude wide-spread among coaches.

Those who used the shift as a definite and intrinsic part of their offense spent weeks thinking up ways of beating the rule. They wanted to obey it in order not to incur penalties, but at the same time they wanted to beat it in order to get the effect of massed momentum. Only strict censorship by officials kept the shift rule from being disregarded and overridden.

This year, with the new rules governing play, defensive linemen may still use their hands to push an opponent out of the way. Unscrupulous coaches will try to convert a push into a jolt, in order to beat the new edict. Many of them will contend vociferously that a stunning shove is not an illegal use of the hands, and will protest when their teams are penalized for carrying out their orders.

And the same is true of the "flying wedge." They will contend that there is nothing in the rules prohibiting that play, even though they know full well that it is the wish and intent of the Committee that teams refrain from employing this formation. Instead of acting accordingly, not a few of them will spend a great deal of time in practice, trying to devise a means of forming a wedge on the kickoff, and of using it to the best advantage.

The reason for such an attitude is obvious. Coaches, with very few exceptions, are paid to produce winning teams. If they emphasized the "flying wedge" in the past as an important part of their scheme of attack, they will be reluctant to part with it. They will hang on to worn-out methods as long as they can rather than change their ideas to suit the revised style of play.

Comparatively few coaches have ever made a definite effort to have their teams carry out the real spirit of the rules. Not that they teach unfair tactics. They don't. Nor do they teach dirty play. But they do not hesitate to imbue into their charges the idea that it is the letter, rather than the spirit, of the rules, that must be adhered to.

Last fall a prominent mid-western coach spoke with pride of the series of trick plays he had planned, which were certain to draw the other team offside. He even sent his team through the maneuvers for the edification of the writer. The scheme was so subtly worked



"There's Joe Muskrat now. He wasn't a bad guy at all until they started calling him Hudson Seal!"



CHARLES FIELDS CUSHING

Old Mill at Nantucket, Nantucket Island, Mass.

out that no official would ever believe that his team had deliberately planned the plays with the purpose of drawing their opponents off-side, to get them penalized five yards. There are times on a football field when a five-yard penalty spells out the difference between defeat and victory. That coach was beating the rules.

Coaches, excited over an impending struggle, sometimes lose their grasp on things. Their perspective goes awry, and they detract from, rather than enhance, the real virtues and pleasures the gridiron game has to offer to the young men who are playing it. They paint the other team in a vicious light in their "fight talks" just before the game. And sometimes they describe the opposing coach as a hateful and dastardly fellow who should be beaten into the earth.

Last fall, for example, a talented Eastern coach, whose strategic brain and charming personality make him an invaluable asset to the sport, became so excited over a very important game his team was to play, that he actually believed the malicious reports that had been sent to him by scouts to the effect that the other team was playing dirty football, and was getting away with wholesale rule infractions on the scrimmage line. He overstepped the bounds of football propriety by

complaining to an official before the game began. Had he done the same thing from the coaching bench his team would have been penalized. However, it made a definite impression on the official and he determined to watch every move on the scrimmage line more carefully than usual. That official told the writer that he never saw a cleaner exhibition of line play. His reports checked up perfectly with that of several other officials who had handled the same team.

Fortunately, a happier spirit has come to permeate the minds of the players who are battling it out on the cross-barred field. No longer do teams despise each other merely because they are rivals. College men to-day realize that, after all, football is a sport, not a feud, and that they are both trying their best to win. Amicability, rather than enmity, pervades their ranks. They play hard and fair, knowing that the better team will win.

It matters not how hard they crack each other on the turf. It matters not how badly one is beaten. When the final whistle blows they are friends, bound together by that tacit understanding born of vigorous contest and trying moments. They know full well that the loser as well as the winner gave all he had on every play, and that the victor did not carry off all the spoils of the game.

Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 52)

1. A member of the National Socialist party in Germany.
2. Erich Maria Remarque.
3. Denmark.
4. Nineteen.
5. 110 miles an hour, made by Kaye Don, of England.
6. A dromedary usually has but one hump, a camel two.
7. Gold.
8. Berne.
9. Yes.
10. Lincoln.
11. An English monk and philosopher of the 13th century. He is said by many to have invented gun powder.
12. About 5,000 years; a backgammon board dating from 3,000 B. C. has been found.

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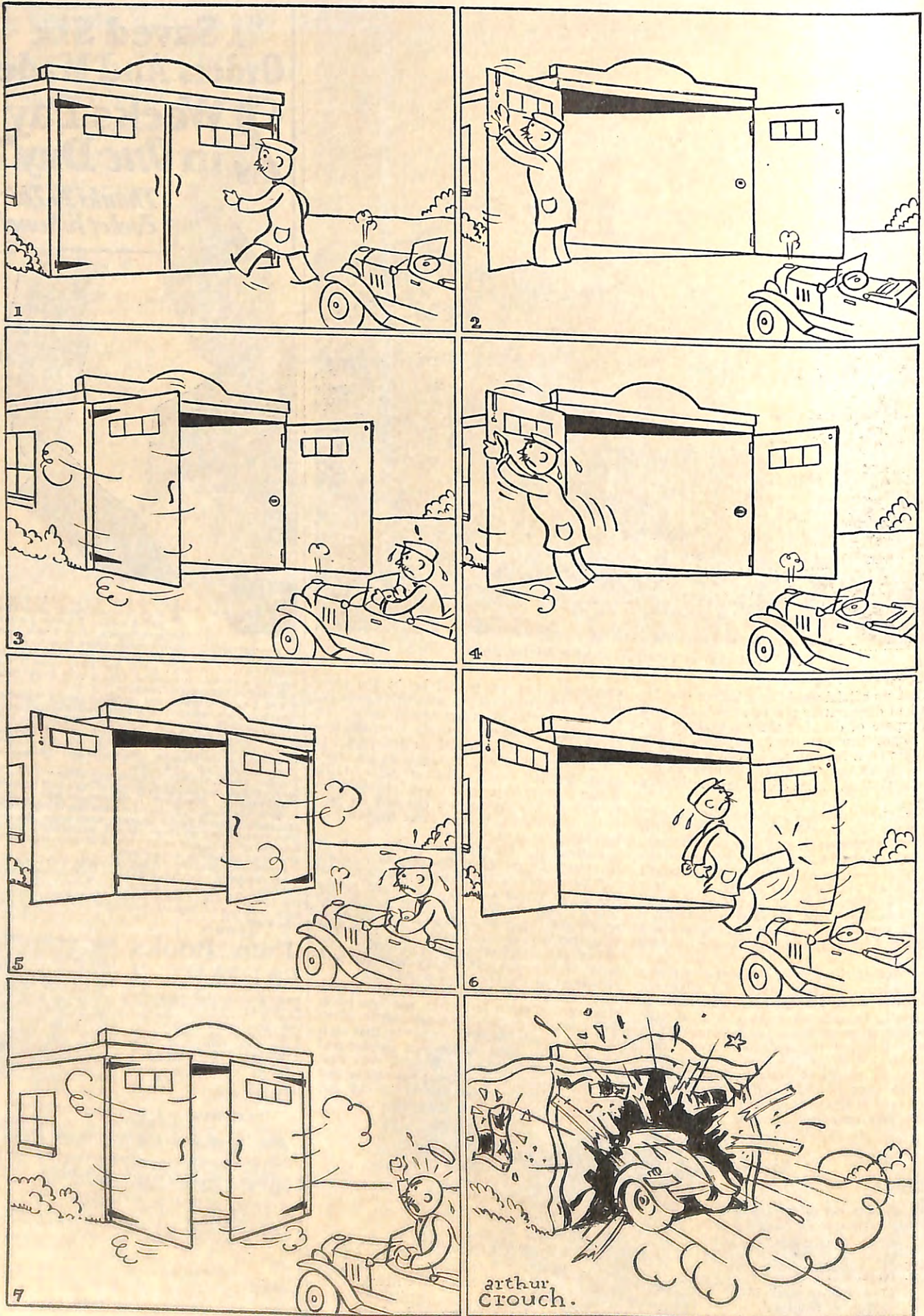
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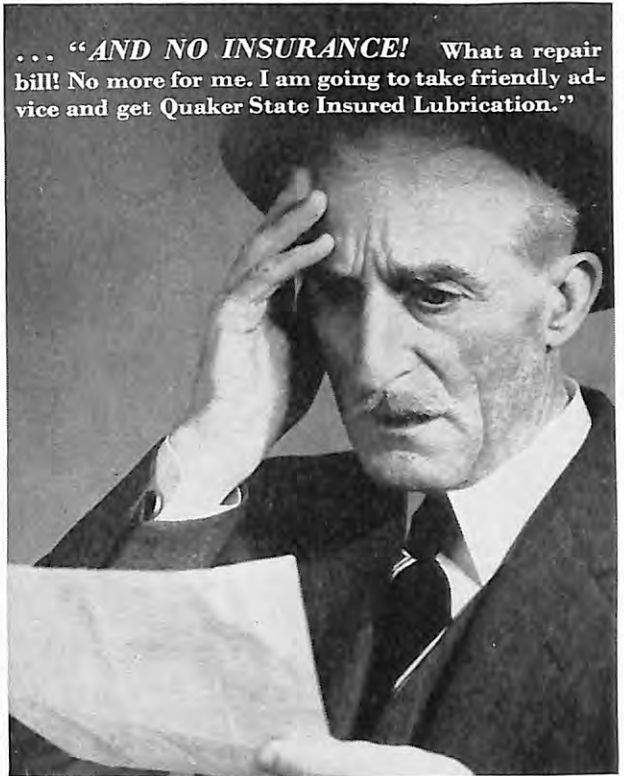


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