

The Elks

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Magazine

NOVEMBER, 1932



Edgar Sisson — Octavus Roy Cohen — Paul Gallico

Something About This Number

ANOTHER of Octavus Roy Cohen's tales of the elite of Birmingham's darktown opens this number. Here is the first installment of a two-part story that includes many of Mr. Cohen's favorite characters and a number of new ones, besides. To tell you the plot would be to spoil your enjoyment, but we will go so far as to say that, after reading the first chapters, along with Johnny Nack you will find yourself looking forward, though with different sensations, to forthcoming events.



ONE of the most popular series of articles that THE ELKS MAGAZINE has published is that by Edgar Sisson in which have been retold the stories of famous man-hunts, some of them lasting for years. We now present to our readers the next to the last of these, the tale of the running down of a peculiarly cold-blooded murderer.



WITH the coming of the indoor athletic season many Lodges will be staging amateur boxing bouts, one-night shows or long elimination tournaments. To those who will be in charge of these affairs we can imagine nothing more helpful than Paul Gallico's article, "Ringmastering for the Amateurs." Mr. Gallico is the sporting editor of the New York *Daily News*, and every year conducts the great Golden Gloves Tournament in which thousands of youngsters take part. Incidentally, Madison Square Garden isn't big enough, by many thousands of seats, to accommodate all who would witness the finals of this annual event. Mr. Gallico says that the problems which face those responsible for a tournament of these huge proportions are no different from those met by the committee and officials in charge of an evening of slugging by a dozen of earnest and aspiring young glove swingers.



ERNEST HAYCOX is a writer whose stories of the West have all the action and glamour that the most case-hardened reader of sage-brush fiction could demand, and they have something else, too, something sadly lacking in most such stories—character. He gives you real, understandable men, of understandable actions and reactions. We believe that you will find a pleasant relief from the hapless puppets of most western stories in "Rodeo."



EARLY in the fall of every year it is usual for the Grand Exalted Ruler to call a conference of District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers in Chicago. But this autumn, to save the Grand Lodge the expense of the traveling costs entailed by such a meeting, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson arranged, instead, to call a series of regional conferences with the District Deputies, in cities near their homes. Full reports of the first of these assemblages, which proved highly successful, are a feature of the fraternal news in this month's issue of the Magazine.

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The Elks Magazine

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PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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Cover design by Walter Beach Humphrey

"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.

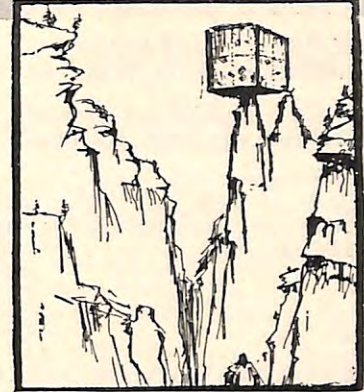
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AND THESE ARE THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN THE WORLD WE LIVE IN

IT SOUNDS incredible, but nevertheless it is true. If everybody in this world of ours were six feet tall and a foot and a half wide and a foot thick (and that is making people a little bigger than they usually are), then the whole of the human race (and according to the latest available statistics there are now nearly 2,000,000,000 descendants of the original Homo Sapiens and his wife) could be packed into a box measuring half a mile in each direction. That, as I just said, sounds incredible, but if you don't believe me, figure it out for yourself and you will find it to be correct.

If we transported that box to the Grand Canyon of Arizona and balanced it neatly on the low stone wall that keeps people from breaking their necks when stunned by the incredible beauty of that silent witness of the forces of

Eternity, and then called little Noodle, the dachshund, and told him (the tiny beast is very intelligent and loves to oblige) to give the unwieldy contraption a slight push with his soft brown nose, there would be a moment of crunching and ripping as the wooden planks loosened stones and shrubs and trees on their downward path, and then a low and even softer bumpity-bumpity-bump and a sudden splash when the outer edges struck the banks of the Colorado River.

Then silence and oblivion! The human sardines in their mortuary chest would soon be forgotten. The Canyon would go on battling wind and air and sun and rain as it has done since it was created. The world would continue to run its even course through the uncharted heavens. The astronomers on dis-

tant and nearby planets would have noticed nothing out of the ordinary. A century from now, a little mound densely covered with vegetable matter, would perhaps indicate where humanity lay buried.

And that would be all.

SO Van Loon opens his epic story of Mother Earth—a book that will make an Olympian of its every reader, old and young; but Olympians chastened to humility by what it so magnificently unfolds. For from its first pages we realize how babyish are our present notions of Mother Earth. The book contains 163 characteristic drawings by the author, many of them in full color.

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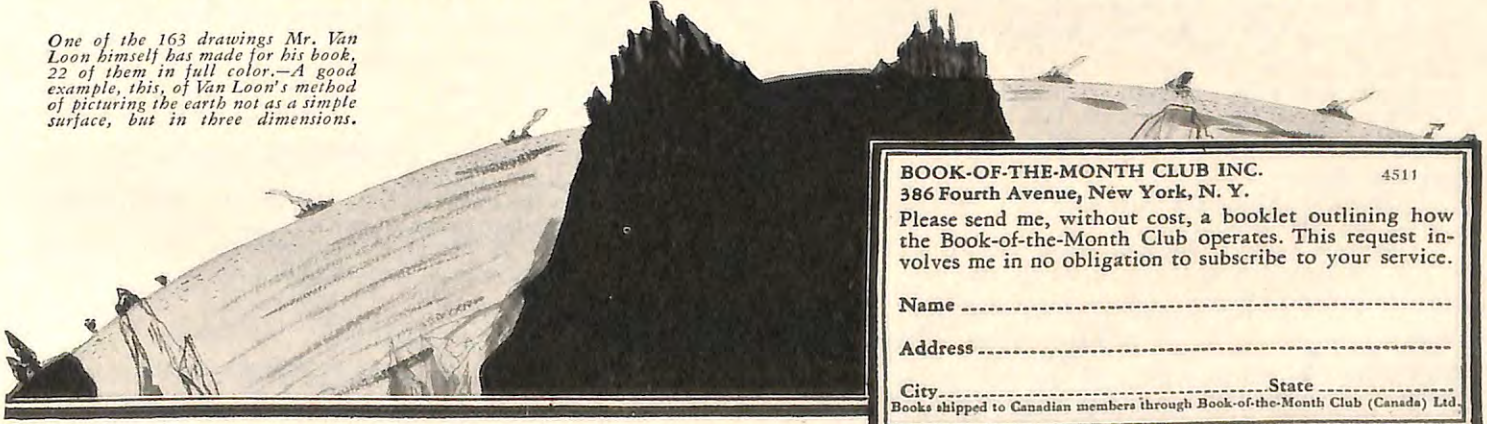
THE Book-of-the-Month Club knows that there are a great many readers who have intended in the past to join it, and have neglected to do so through pure oversight. This offer is made, frankly, to overcome that procrastination by making it really worthwhile for such persons not to delay longer. We suggest simply that you send the postcard below to get full information as to what the Club does for book-readers, and then decide once for all whether or not you want to join. Are you aware, for instance, that as a member you are not obliged to take a book every month; nor are you ever obliged to take the specific book-of-the-month chosen by the judges. You may buy it or not, as you please, after reading the judges' pre-publication report about it. Nor do you have to pay any fixed sum to be a member of the Club—there are no dues, no fees, no fixed charges of any kind. You simply pay the regular retail price for such books as you decide to buy. What then is the advantage of joining?

There are many: first, under the unique book-dividend policy of the Club, for every dollar its members spend on

books they receive back on the average (based on 1931 and 1932 figures to date) over 50% in the form of free books. Moreover, without a penny of expense, through the reports of the judges you are kept completely and authoritatively informed about all the important new books, so that you can choose among them with discrimination, instead of having to rely upon advertising and hearsay. Equally important, the system really ensures that you will read the particular new books you are anxious not to miss.

Surely, within the next year, the distinguished judges of the Club will choose as the book-of-the-month or recommend as alternates, at least a few books that you will be very anxious not to miss and which you will buy anyway. Why not—by joining the Club—make sure you get these instead of missing them, which so often happens; get the substantial advantages the Club affords (such as the book-dividends mentioned, if nothing else), and at the same time get a copy of VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY, free. Send the coupon below, for more complete information as to how the Club operates.

One of the 163 drawings Mr. Van Loon himself has made for his book. 22 of them, in full color.—A good example, this, of Van Loon's method of picturing the earth not as a simple surface, but in three dimensions.



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

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

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

Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Three

*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., October 15, 1932*

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

MY BROTHERS:

I have just completed a survey of Elkdom through fourteen regional conferences. At these conferences I have talked with all my District Deputies, with Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, with scores of State Association officials, and with more than two thousand subordinate Lodge officers and committee chairmen representing two-thirds of the Lodges of our Order. I am happy to report to you that this great American fraternity was never in a healthier condition than it is today. Undesirable members have been dropped from the rolls and new members of the type we want in our Order are being initiated by the hundreds.

The Reinstatement Campaign

Our campaign to restore to our rolls as active members the thousands of unaffiliated Elks who meet the high test now being applied to applicants is receiving enthusiastic support. A few Lodges have already doubled the membership reported March 31, several have increased their membership 50 per cent. and scores have added more than 10 per cent. The December issue of the Magazine will publish the names of all Lodges that make a creditable showing in this campaign, with due credit for results obtained. See that your Lodge shines in the constellation of Lodges that are making brilliant records in Elkdom.

Elks Magazine Reporter

Some competent member of each Lodge should be assigned the duty of reporting to THE ELKS MAGAZINE the news of activities and accomplishments of his Lodge which are of general interest to the Order, and of giving the members of his Lodge a brief review once a month of interesting editorials, articles and news items appearing in our Magazine. We shall all be better Elks if we read this great fraternal journal diligently. Let us make it a more effective agency for the promotion of Elkdom by cooperating with the editorial staff.

The Order of Antlers

There is no field in which this Order of American gentlemen can be of greater service than in directing the activities of our youth so that they will reach manhood with an appreciation of the blessings and privileges of American citizenship and with a realization of their duties and responsibilities as American citizens. The Order of Antlers offers this opportunity to every Lodge which has among its members men who will accept the responsibility of sponsoring such an organization and directing its activities. There are already many Lodges of Antlers which have been functioning successfully for several years and which are graduating yearly into the sponsoring Lodges enthusiastic Elks, and giving to their respective communities trained and appreciative citizens. The Antlers Counsellor will answer inquiries of interested Lodges.

Our National Election

November 8, 1932, the sovereign citizens of this mighty nation will again go to the polls to select national, State and local officers to administer their government for another quadrennium. Too few of these citizens will exercise the sacred privilege of the ballot, and, what is worse, too many will blindly follow party labels or otherwise vote unintelligently. Our system of government may be perfect in form, but it will serve our people well only so long as the voters actively and intelligently discharge their duty of selecting proper officials. I appeal to every Elk to inform himself on the issues of the day and the merits of the candidates and to vote in the interest of our beloved country. It is hoped that every Lodge will arrange to receive election returns at its Home on election night.

Our Memorial Day

No people has ever grown great that did not have a proper respect for its dead. Let us be sure we speak the truth when we say that "an Elk is never forgotten." Prepare now an interesting program of suitable music and procure an able speaker for your Memorial Day exercises to be held the first Sunday in December. Urge the public to join with you in this tribute to our departed Brothers. All officers will memorize the Ritual so that their public appearance will reflect credit on their Lodge and our Order.

District Deputy Visitation

Your District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler is my personal representative. He has been instructed to make a careful inspection of your Lodge as early as possible and to report his findings to me. His visit should be made the occasion of an outpouring of members so that they may hear his message and receive his suggestions. I solicit the cooperation of all officers and members in making his visit an important event in their respective Lodges.

Grand Lodge Reunion

Pursuant to the authority vested in me by Section 25 of our Statutes and with the approval of the Board of Grand Trustees I have ordered the opening of the Grand Lodge Reunion at Milwaukee in 1933 to be postponed one week to prevent a conflict with a convention there of another organization which will extend into the week of July 9, 1933. Therefore, our next Grand Lodge Reunion will open in Milwaukee, Sunday, July 16, 1933, and our first business session will be held Tuesday, July 18, 1933, at ten o'clock A. M.

With fraternal regards and best wishes, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

Hoyd E. Thompson
 Grand Exalted Ruler.

A Hitch In Time

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

Part I

JOHNNY NACK was going nowhere very efficiently. A sign at the roadside informed him that he was fifty-three miles from Birmingham and his feet rebelled against reducing that distance by so much as another inch.

Midsummer sun parched the countryside. The fields of corn and cotton were covered with fine, dry dust; trees drooped disconsolately, and even the water which Johnny scooped from a languid stream tasted warm and brackish.

Johnny ambitioned to be a hitch-hiker, but today business was depressingly dull. Motorists whizzed by and favored the shabby and disheveled young colored man with no more than a few additional spurts of dust. He had wagged his thumb until the gesture had become automatic—and he still did it, though hope of a ride had long since departed.

Johnny was short, slender, modest to the point of apology, and—under less dusty circumstances and surroundings—of a gentle chocolate-cream complexion. Bravely he had started for Birmingham on a truck, even more bravely he had walked countless miles, and now he sat at the side of the road praying for a miracle.

He was lonely, tired and utterly bankrupt. His clothes were sadly the worse for wear and his coat a thoroughly useless asset. Birmingham had faded into the mental distance; an unattainable promised land. Mr. Nack checked the Alabama metropolis from his calculations and now devoted a few moments to consideration of his severe hunger. He could feel his belt buckle pressing against his vertebrae, and remembrance of a succulent barbecue sandwich consumed the previous night brought tears to his eyes.

A small coupé rounded a curve and

Copyright, 1932, by Octavus Roy Cohen

The evening was magnificent, the guests lavish with compliments. Johnny Nack was a social success

bowled straight toward Johnny. Mr. Nack observed with lack-lustre eye that it contained a single colored occupant. Without rising—and without hope—Johnny raised his right arm, gestured southward with his thumb . . . and was astonished to see the car slew to his side of the road and jerk to a halt with violent screeching of brakes.

The driver leaned out, and Johnny saw that he was a very elegant person whose silken raiment had not lost its elegance even in this suffocating heat.

"Is this the way to Bumminham?" inquired the driver.

"Y-y-yassuh; tha's the one thing it ain't nothin' else but."

"I done got lost twice. Do you know the road?"

"MISTUH," prevaricated Johnny desperately—"I don't even know my own mother as good as I know that road."

"Want a ride?"

"Oh, Golla!" sighed Johnny, scarcely crediting the evidence of his senses. He climbed to his feet and lurched toward the car. He sank into the upholstery with a sigh of relief as the driver shoved her into gear and leaped ahead. Then, dexterously, the samaritan produced a gorgeous cigarette case monogrammed with the initials I. D.

"Have a smoke?"

"Nossuh; thankin' you kindly, suh."



The other man smiled in kindly fashion. "Hungry?"

"Boss, I ain't et in so long, my stum-mick thinks my throat is cut."

"Right behind you," said the other, "you'll find some eatments. Hop to it."

Mr. Nack needed no further urging. He unwrapped the designated package and proceeded to surround three large sandwiches with himself. Then he sighed, stretched and relaxed.

"Cap'n—that was gooder than mama fum heaven. I sho' would depreciate one of them cigarettes now, an' mebbe a drink of water."



The car halted abruptly, and its owner stepped out. Johnny followed gratefully, and assisted in opening the compartment at the rear. His host produced two bottles of cold soda pop, one of which he tendered to Mr. Nack. Johnny quaffed the bubbly liquid with his eyes focussed in wonderment on the friendly face of his benefactor.

"Either you is an angel, Mistuh—or you is some day gwine be one. Until you come along I was starvin' to death."

"Shuh! I didn't do nothin'. What's yo' name?"

"Johnny Nack. What's your'n?"

With pardonable pride the owner of the

car opened the compartment lid a trifle wider and pointed out two huge suitcases. On the side of each was painted in large gold letters the name "Inferno Dante."

Johnny was impressed, not because he recognized the name, but because the stranger exuded affluence. Mr. Nack could see that he was fairly tall and well built; perhaps twenty six or seven years of age and of a rich, colorado claro hue. Even the rigors of a dusty road could not dull the glory of his silk shirt and sox, his new shoes, his bell-bottomed trousers. Nor did Johnny's eye miss the large diamond which sparkled from the middle finger of Mr. Dante's left hand or the hawser-like watch-chain, obviously solid gold, which looped from pants pocket to belt.

Back in the car and moving southward once more, Johnny relieved his conscience.

"I lied to you, Mistuh Dante."

"'Bout which?"

"'Bout knowin' this road. I never been to Bumminham in my life, but my foots hurt so bad I was most cryin'—an' it seemed like nobody woul'n't he'p out a po', broke cullud boy. Now, with you bein' so good to me, I cain't pretend no longer."

The taller man made a forgiving gesture: "Tha's all right. I kind of needed comp'ny, an' us can travel together. You must be a good, honest feller."

"Tha's the most thing I is. Honest an' busted."

A mile flowed under their wheels with rapidity somewhat startling to Mr. Nack.

"You sho' don't hesitate none when you drive, Brother Dante."

"I do ev'ything swif'. Ise just nachelly a fast movin' man." He smiled. "Ain't you never heard 'bout me?"

"Nossuh, I ain't. But then I is awful iggorant."

"I'se in a funny business. I work fifteen minutes a day an' git fifty dollars a week."

Johnny closed his eyes and gave ecstatic consideration to this chronicle of paradise. And then, because he felt that a query was in order, he spoke:

"What do you do, Mistuh Dante?"

"I'se a diver."

"A which?"

"A fancy diver. Once ev'y night I climb up a ladder an' dive into a tank."

"An' you git fifty dollars a week fo' that?"

"Uh-huh."

"I got an idea," announced Mr. Nack. "Soon as I git to Bumminham I'se gwine learn to swim." He turned speculative eyes upon his friend. "Just divin' is all you do? Divin' into the water?"

"Yeh. But I dive fum the top of a fifty-foot ladder."

Mr. Nack indulged in mathematics. "When I learn to swim, I'se gwine dive off a ten-foot ladder an' earn ten dollars a week." He looked around apprehensively: "Ain't you drivin' kind of fast, Mistuh Dante?"

"Just sixty. You ain't skeered, is you?"

"Well, nossuh; not skeered exactly—but mebbe a li'l squigity." Mr. Nack tried not to look at the road, which was unrolling beneath their wheels far too swiftly for his taste. "Seems like you must be a

swell diver . . . Fifty dollars a week."

"There's mo' to it than that, Johnny. You see, the water I dive into is always on fire."

"What?" Johnny sat up very straight, his fear of speed momentarily forgotten. "Says which?"

JUST befo' I do my dive, they sprinkle some stuff on top of the water an' set it on fire. An' I has got somethin' detached to the back of my belt which they set on fire, also. It makes me look like a roamin' candle as I dive th'oo the air. Tha's how they advertises me at all the cullud amusement parks an' carnivals. Heah's my card."

It was an impressive bit of pasteboard, embossed in red and gold:

INFERNO DANTE

The Human Meteor

He Dives Into a Flaming Lake of Fire

Death Defying. Sensational.

WORLD'S CHAMPION COLORED SKYROCKET

"Hot ziggety dam!" ejaculated Johnny in awe—"Ain't you somethin'!"

"Well, I'se pretty good. I'se divin' week after next at Blue Lake Park near Bumminham. You better come out an' watch me."

"Brother, you coul'n't chain me away. But how come you don't git fried when you hit them flames?"

"They go out," chuckled Inferno Dante. "They on'y put a li'l on the water, an'

minute I hit . . . psssst! the flames has gone."

Johnny was enormously impressed. "Fifty dollars ain't enough," he said, "an' I never espek to see fifty cents again. Tell me some mo'."

For the ensuing fifteen minutes, Inferno Dante regaled his eager one-man audience with tales of his own prowess and exploits. He was not unduly modest, but then his career had been vivid and colorful and he did not need to exaggerate in order to reduce Johnny to a paralysis of wonder. He described his costumes—gleaming spangles of gold and silver and green clinging to his figure as it teetered atop a fifty-foot perch; he brought shudders to Mr. Nack with the description of the last awful moment when the lake was ignited and he leaped off into space . . . then the breath-taking seconds as he hurtled through the air. . . .

Inferno was a good talker; a graphic, expressive speaker; and he made gestures. One of these gestures required him to remove both hands from the steering wheel.

The crash came with awful suddenness. The car swerved and leaped. There was the explosion of a tire, the groaning of steel and a terrific impact. For one terrible instant Johnny Nack felt himself sailing through the atmosphere—and then for ten minutes he knew nothing.

He opened his eyes upon a scene of desolation and wreckage. The car had crumpled like a pocketbook in the darkest days of depression. Fortunately there was no fire . . . and there was very little of anything else.

Barring a few minor bruises, Mr. Nack was completely alive and comparatively uninjured. Then he looked around for Inferno Dante.

He saw the figure of his benefactor lying at the foot of the tree which so abruptly had stopped their forward progress—and Mr. Dante lay with a limpness which struck terror to Johnny's heart. Forgetting his own fright, unmindful of his shattered nerves, Johnny made his way to the side of the stricken fire diver.

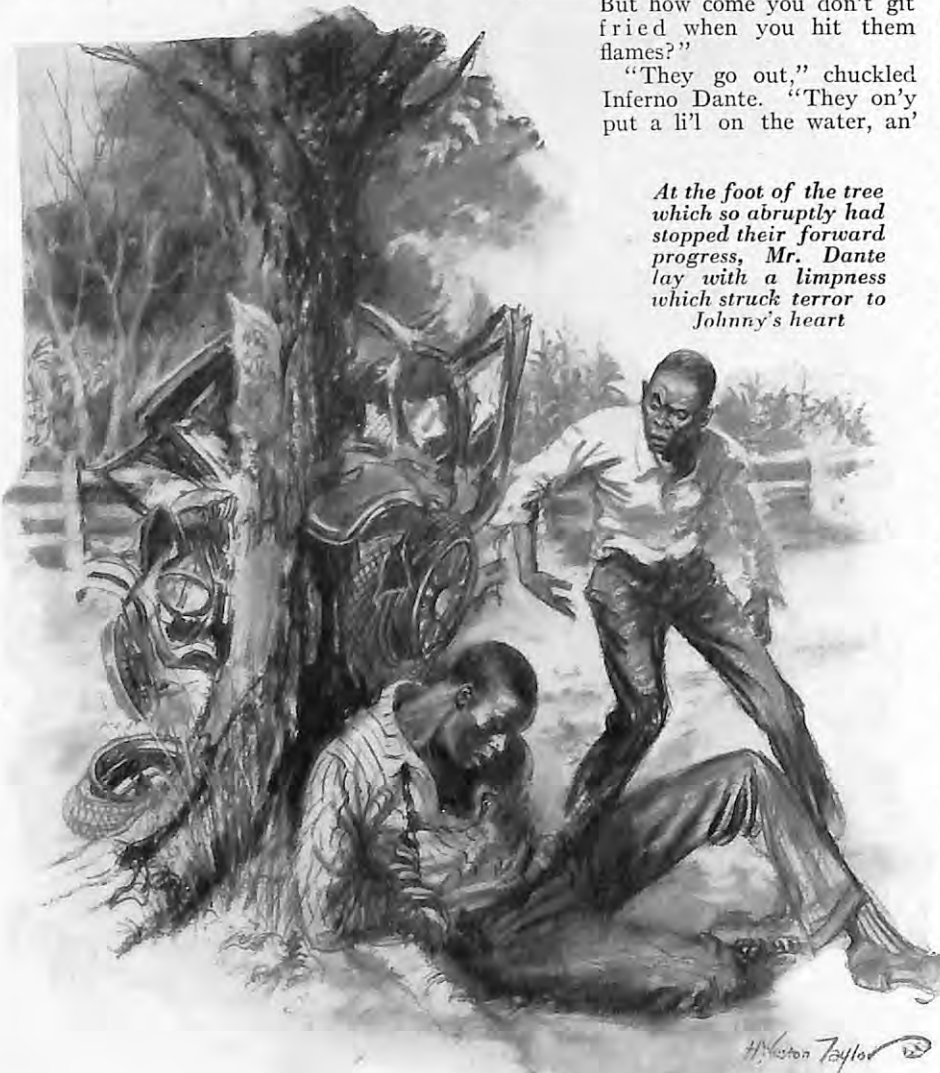
Inferno Dante was not dead, but there was no mistaking the fact that he was seriously injured. He had been sliced by flying glass and his left foot was twisted grotesquely. Johnny Nack rose to the emergency and gave such first aid as he understood.

THE spot was desolate; a few trees and then illimitable distances of corn and cotton. Mr. Nack despaired of rousing Inferno from his stupor and scurried off in search of aid. Eventually he found a negro tenant farmer who owned a mule and wagon. Into this they bundled the unfortunate Mr. Dante, making him comfortable as possible on a pallet of hay. The automobile was abandoned, temporarily at least, and from the rear compartment Johnny took the belongings of the injured man.

One suitcase had not been damaged, but the other—the one containing the glittering costumes—had flown open and blue, green, gold and silver spangles shone in the blazing sun. Johnny repacked it as best he could, tied it with a bit of rope, and climbed in beside his unconscious friend.

"He's pow'ful bad hurt," said the driver.

(Continued on page 36)



At the foot of the tree which so abruptly had stopped their forward progress, Mr. Dante lay with a limpness which struck terror to Johnny's heart

H. Weston Taylor



The body had been doubled up and thrust into a zinc-lined trunk in the room Preller had occupied

A Masked Crime

AMONG the passengers on the liner *Cephalonia* sailing from Liverpool for Boston in early March, 1885, were two Englishmen listed as Arthur Preller and Walter H. Lennox-Maxwell. They were cabin-mates and came aboard as companions. What their earlier association had been never was to be known. One assumption even has been that they did not become acquainted until they found themselves on the boat-train headed for the same steamer.

Outwardly, as long as they were on a British boat, there was not much to mark them as different from their fellow voyagers or from each other—that is, as far as class went. The boat was not fashionable and there were few aristocrats aboard. Although Preller and Lennox-Maxwell were looked upon in the United States later as English swells, that was far from being their rating. Preller was a business man, a sort of independent trader, willing either to sell British goods or buy American products. No evidence that he was masquerading ever developed. He may be accepted as an ill-fated, honest man. He was youngish, thick-set, heavy featured, sand-complexioned, with a slightly sulky air, though the manner might have been only that of reserve. He was fanatically religious, belonging to a sect known as the

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Number Seven in the Series of Famous Man-Hunts

By Edgar Sisson

Plymouth Brethren, carrying a Bible marked from cover to cover with his own opinionative notes.

Lennox-Maxwell, from name to every claim for himself, was as false as Preller was actual. His real name was Hugh Mottram Brooks, and he was the ne'er-do-well son of a school-master of good family at Hyde, England. He had indulged in nearly all the shady pastimes on the Continent as well as in England, but while the police in France and England had occasionally been interested in him they never had held him for crime. He had played a little with forgery, not as a check passer, but to provide himself with credentials as an adventurer. For possible use in America he had with him a forged diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons.

None of his arts had been lastingly profitable, and some recent dubious happenings in Paris had left him nearly broke

and given him a panicky desire to get across the Atlantic Ocean. One plausible view, though never substantiated, was that he had gotten himself mixed up with a crowd of conspirators and international spies centering in Paris and then had tried to betray some of its members. But he may have been only a swindler. He was, anyway, in flight under an assumed name.

In line with his doctor plan, he was growing a beard, which, as it had the hue of golden brown, gave him a distinguished appearance. He smiled easily and talked more readily than most of his countrymen, so that he was popular with new acquaintances. Altogether he was a likely-appearing chap. Preller, it was evident, looked up to him. And to Lennox-Maxwell from the first, Preller with a well-lined purse was little less than a godsend. The two decided to travel together through the United States.

Only a few days were spent in Boston after the landing. Preller wished to investigate business possibilities in the middle-west, and Lennox-Maxwell was agreeable to the long trip. He might, he said, find in some city or other a good place to begin a medical practice. After a brief halt in Chicago the pair went to St. Louis, registering at the famous old Southern Hotel on the last day of March. If a real business motive brought Preller to St. Louis,

no trace of its nature ever was found. The absence has a tendency to make one wonder if the nimble-minded Lennox-Maxwell had not proposed some scheme to which Preller had been attracted. If so the device would have had to be sugared with the appearance of legality, for Preller's religious scruples would have to be considered. If such a plan was in process, St. Louis apparently was not meant to be the scene of use. The men during the five days they were seen together at the hotel and about the city acted as if they were only travelers intent upon enjoying themselves in a foreign land.

THEIR English clothes made them noticeable, their loose tweeds not being common wear. Their preference, too, for whisky and soda instead of good St. Louis beer was a cause of laughing comment in the hotel barroom. This was a spot more frequented by Lennox-Maxwell than by Preller, who generally ordered his drinks sent to his room. It was remarked that the bearded fellow was a mixer. He chatted with the barber, whom he visited for a hair-cut and a whisker trim. He entered the hotel drugstore also, buying soap and toilet articles on his first trips. There on the fourth day of his stay he purchased a small bottle of chloroform, saying that a doctor on tour ought to keep his medicine case stocked with drugs.

On the afternoon of April 5th, Lennox-Maxwell strolled up to the hotel clerk's counter as much at ease as ever and informed the clerk on duty that Preller had gone for a visit of a few days with "friends in the country" but would keep the room, as on his return he would make a further stay in the city. Lennox-Maxwell said for himself that he was leaving the next day. Preller, he added, would join him later in an eastern city. He was away from the hotel that evening but spent the night there.

He checked out of the hotel the next day, as he had announced, and paid not only his own bill but Preller's room rent for a fortnight ahead, explaining that he was not sure of the date of his friend's return and that he wished to avoid the inconvenience of having the trunks removed from the room and placed in storage. He showed a well-filled pocket book, and was liberal with his tips. The bell-boys and porters were sorry to see him go.

He ordered his baggage sent to the railroad station, and said he would attend to the checking there. He did not leave a forwarding address, saying that he expected no mail. He was going north first, he said, and then east. The clerk supposed he meant Chicago and then New York. At the station he checked his two bags at the parcel room. He never returned to claim them. The pieces were located in the due course of the later hunt. They contained only English clothes, all tracing marks cut away. No person of Lennox-Maxwell's description left St. Louis the night of April 6 or on the following days. For more than a week no reason was known for any public interest in either Lennox-Maxwell or Preller.

Then, on April 14th, the city of St. Louis was horrified by the news that the body of a murdered man had been found in a room in the Southern Hotel. The corpse was soon identified as that of the

Englishman, Arthur Preller. Medical examiners reported that chloroform "sufficient to destroy life" had been the means of death. The body had been doubled up and thrust into a zinc-lined trunk in the room Preller had occupied and which after his supposed departure had been held in his name. The trunk had finally aroused the suspicions of a chambermaid, and the hotel manager had ordered that it be opened.

Even more sensational than the crime of murder itself was the indication of assassination—an ordered execution for unknown offense. Pinned to the garment in which the body was wrapped was the scrawled note,

"So perish all traitors to the great cause!"

The handwriting differed from that of the hotel signature of Lennox-Maxwell. It was his, however, as proved by comparisons with more samples of his writing months later. He had turned his forgery skill to account.

On the basis of the epitaph, a theory of secret society murder of origin in some European conspiracy was built. The English authorities, however, reported that they found no ground for such a conclusion in so far as Great Britain was concerned. No continental inquiry was made since both victim and suspected assailant were English. The information from abroad came rapidly in consequence of the active steps the London police were asked to take. Concrete evidence that either Preller or Lennox-Maxwell was in reality Hugh Mottram Brooks had been cabled by the St. Louis police to London. For all the care "Lennox-Maxwell" had taken to remove identifying marks from

Preller's clothing, he had overlooked the name of Brooks on the very wrapper in which he had laid Preller away. From description of the two men, the English police were able to respond that the person who had fled was Hugh Mottram Brooks, whatever his alias. They had traced him to his sailing moment on the *Cephalonia*.

In St. Louis, "Lennox-Maxwell" naturally had been regarded as the probable murderer from the hour of the crime's discovery. The sale of chloroform to him had been promptly reported by the pharmacist. The police hunt for the Englishman began at once. The quarry had a clear start of nine days; and the scent was broken at the railroad station.

Brooks had been smart enough. On one of the times Preller and he were out together in the city he had by some tale or other induced Preller to buy a valise for him, take it from the store and check it temporarily at an express office. The police discovered this sale but as the buyer was remembered as smooth shaven, the matter did not seem to connect with the fugitive. The day had been chilly and the shopper's tweeds were hidden under an ulster.

On a rainy day subsequently a tall man in raincoat and slouch hat had claimed the valise at the express office with the proper check and had not been noticed distinctively by the clerk. This episode escaped the police entirely. The same muffled man, Brooks himself, hired a room in a lodging house in the depot section, paid a week's rent and left the valise there. The room was not occupied again until the evening of the sixth of April and then only for a few hours. The man who entered and the man who departed wore a loose top coat and sank the lower part of his face in the folds of a silk scarf.

Illustrated
by Herbert
M. Stoops



UNDERNEATH the outer dress everything about the two men was different. Of an English beard only a French mustache remained and the color of that had changed from a reddish brown to a darker hue, matching a new shade given also to the hair on the head. The tweed suit had been replaced with a blue of a different cut, the coat having a snug waist line. The wearer, once he was back in the railroad station and had removed the top coat and thrown it, lining out, over his arm, bore himself stiffly, like a soldier. Hugh Mottram Brooks of England had become Theodore Cecil D'Augier of France, captain of infantry in the French army. Under American eyes he could carry off the rôle. His old clothes were in the bag. His new ones had been taken easily from his old bags after he dismissed his porter and before he checked them at the parcel room, and then carried in a bundle to the lodging house.

Captain D'Augier, nowise unwilling to be observed, bought a ticket to San Francisco, and a Pullman berth. He made the trip without stopovers, stayed only two days in the coast city and was on the high seas bound for Australia before the Preller murder was known in St. Louis. He was keen and fast, yet after he was away from St. Louis he stumbled three times.

First, he wore gloves on the train. True, continental as well as English travelers wear gloves almost continually when they



journey. But few Frenchmen or Germans were train passengers in the western countries in those days while Englishmen frequently were. To the train men gloved passengers were Englishmen.

So when the St. Louis inquiry for an Englishman went over the country a brakeman recalled the Englishman he had seen on his division as he passed through the train, and as St. Louis was at one end of his run he reported the incident there. The police interest was cooled when they got hold of the Pullman porter and conductor and learned from them that the passenger was not an Englishman but a Frenchman. The traveler had not been reticent. He had told the conductor his name and said that he was on a leisurely tour of the world. He spoke with a pronounced accent, which the conductor supposed to be French. It did not sound like English. By that time the police, what with encountering several Englishmen who had been irritated by undue annoyance, and with being confronted with nothing but a general absence of clues, were considerably out of sorts. They were in a mood to consign Captain D'Augier to

The sprightly young person with whom he dined knew more about the big outside world than he could have surmised

perdition along with the others and to forget about him.

Still a routine inquiry did go to San Francisco for a report on the Frenchman and his destination. All might have remained well for the fugitive except for a linking second and third lapse, one emotional and one due either to penuriousness or to a thinning pocketbook. He sought in San Francisco an evening of woman society, and the sprightly young person with whom he dined knew more about the big outside world than he could have surmised. San Francisco was a port of call for ships of all nations. She had met Frenchmen before. This one did not seem to ring quite true. She didn't care, of course, and never would have thought of harming him. He had spent adequately in entertaining her. But she remembered him.

Perhaps because of his liberality on this occasion, the seeming Frenchman felt disinclined to pay the price of first class

ocean accommodations. So he bought steerage passage. Of course that made the seller of the ticket remember him. His first inquiry was for rates to Melbourne, but he finally bought passage for the further port of Auckland, New Zealand. He may have figured that in greater distance lay greater safety. More likely he meant to reach Auckland from the first, either because he had friends there or because he expected to find additional funds within reach at the end of the journey. He might have gotten away, however, or at least stretched out the pursuit had he left ship at Melbourne. The oddity of a French officer sailing in the steerage was one, he must have realized, that could not be overlooked if suspicion ever were attracted to him. He had the opportunity to adopt another disguise. He did not do so. Evidently he had become overconfident when he read the San Francisco newspapers and saw no mention of a St. Louis crime.

Had he known more about San Francisco he would have stayed close to his lodgings and not risked conviviality. In no city in the world except possibly Paris

(Continued on page 48)

Behind the Footlights



"Nona," a romantic farce by Gladys Unger, is Lenore Ulric's present medium for a pyrotechnical display of temperament as a continental dancer on tour through these United States. Miss Ulric, passionate and alluring as always, travels in a private car with an entourage of secretaries and special musicians. It is the difficulty of finding a satisfactory pianist that causes all the excitement in the first act and brings on the amorous complications of the second and third. Arthur Margetson, pictured at the left with Miss Ulric, is the successful candidate for this office and makes a satisfactory foil for the entertaining tactics of the dancer in pursuit of her man

WHITE

"Flying Colors," by Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, leads the van of new musicals. Vilma and Buddy Ebsen (right), a pair of dancers new to the revue stage, score heavily. The dancing throughout is distinguished and beautifully set, with Clifton Webb and Tamara Geva headlining. The score is good, and has Jean Sargent to do chief honors while the comedy is handled by Patsy Kelly, Charles Butterworth and Philip Loeb. Mr. Butterworth's monologue entitled "The Harvey Woofster Five Point Plan" is the funniest thing he has done since the famous after-dinner speech in "Americana"



WHITE



WHITE



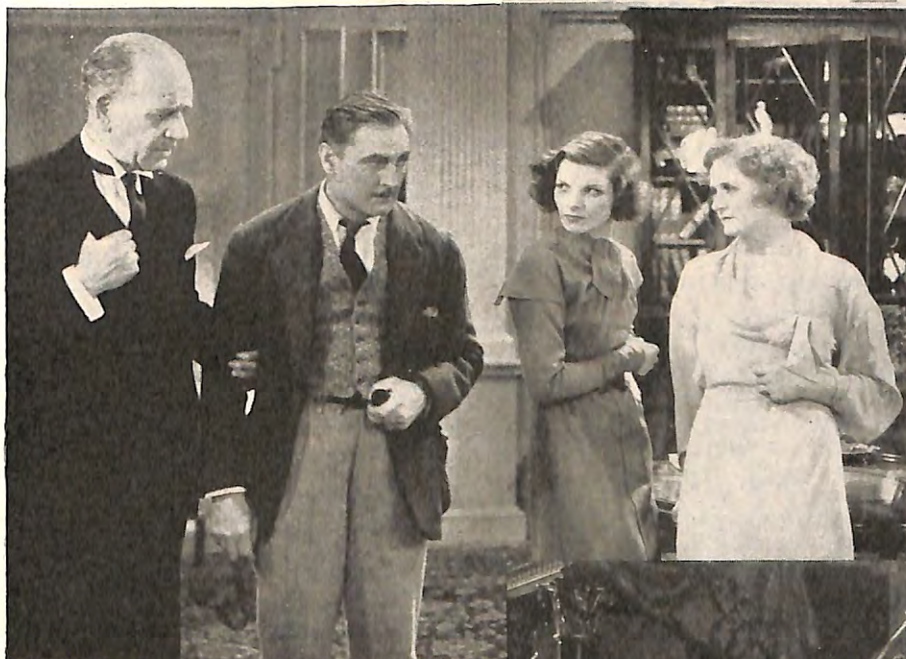
Far and away the best of the new season's crop of plays so far is "When Ladies Meet," a wise and witty comedy by Rachel Crothers which handles the eternal triangle from an original angle. Selena Royle as the wife and Frieda Inescort as the other woman give excellent performances, while Spring Byington (left), a charming widow who can't make up her mind about remarrying, does sterling justice to a fat comedy part. Walter Abel, unsuccessful suitor to Miss Inescort, and the deus ex machina who brings her face to face with her rival in an intensely interesting and dramatic scene, deserves to share laurels with the three women

And On the Screen



Reviews by Esther R. Bien

Vienna, so gay and brilliant before the war, is a sad place to Herbert Marshall in "Evenings for Sale." Not only has there been a social upheaval, but his family is deeply impoverished and the ancestral castle is about to go under the hammer. In desperate circumstances he decides on one final fling at life and attends the carnival ball. There he meets his fate, the lovely Sari Maritza, and encounters his former orderly, Charlie Ruggles. Imbued with a new desire to live, Marshall accepts Ruggles' offer of a position as paid dancing partner in a popular night club. And so enters Mary Boland, pictured with Messrs. Marshall and Ruggles at the right

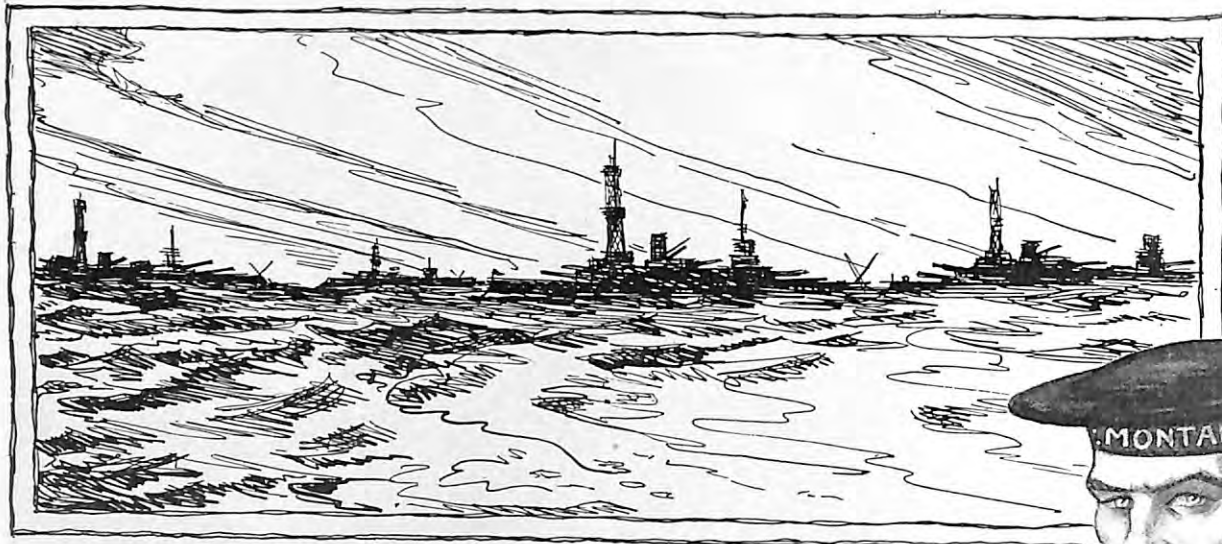


More than a decade ago a charming young actress named Katherine Cornell made her mark in a play entitled "A Bill of Divorcement." That same play is now serving on the screen as the vehicle for some very fine acting by the group at the left—Henry Stephenson, John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn and Billie Burke. It is the poignant drama of two women and a man—mother, daughter and father. They are trapped in a tragic dilemma by one of the immutable natural laws and the burden of the solution falls most heavily on the daughter. Miss Hepburn in the rôle of the daughter gives an outstandingly fine sympathetic performance and John Barrymore is at his best

They are still killing Christian martyrs to make a Roman holiday in the movies. Hungry lions growling for a meal in the arena, Lucullian feasts for pampered patricians, and Nero making music at his famous bonfire; all have their place in the screen play called "The Sign of the Cross." At the right is pictured Fredric March, as Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome, trying to lure Elissa Landi, a Christian captive, to join the feast. The love story of these two, so widely separated by fortune and position, is a stormy one and foredoomed to tragedy. Charles Laughton, the English actor, plays Nero and Claudette Colbert his consort, Poppaea



1394-237



The Iron Man

By Jennings Perry and Leighton Reed

Drawings by Eugene Mc Nerney, Jr.

THE marine orderly stood by the iron bunk and called Moriarity from his sleep. He called twice or thrice—and not insolently as his custom was but with persistence, keeping a discreet distance from the bunk, his eyes wary of the huge brown hands lying loosely on the blankets. Scarred hands. The marine was mindful. Those were the mitts which had, in the old days, hammered their way through all the rough and tumble battles of the Navy ports. Which, not long ago, had punched big Carp Sandringham into a pink mush to win the heavyweight championship of the Battle Fleet. The hands clenched unconsciously now into solid mallets as the bulk beneath the blankets stirred, and the orderly trod backward. It was not safe. Even though Moriarity had reformed it was not safe; a man just breaking out of a deep and snoreful slumber might fling about unaccountably. It would not be pleasant, the orderly imagined, to be tapped even accidentally by one of those mallets.

"Hey, sailor! All right, sailor, turn out!" he called and, seeing blue appear in Moriarity's slitted eyes, tamed his voice. "Captain's compliments, champ, and will you please lay aft to his cabin on the double."

The tone was, to Moriarity, inoffensive, but Moriarity did not care for marines. "Captain, eh?" He was awake now, slithering his husky legs from the covers. He bounced erect on the balls of his feet. "Well lissen, gyrene, the captain ain't sendin' me no compliments this time o'day. So don't get flip. I've woke to sweeter sights than your mug. See? . . . Now what's the row?"

Copyright, 1932, by Jennings Perry and Leighton Reed

"Plenty, champ, no joking. Come on—and bring your favorite alibi."

Mr. Coverer was with Captain Wynn. The captain's crisp, gray-streaked moustache bristled over the solemn line of his mouth. Behind his desk he sat upright as a ram-rod and from time to time, as the executive officer proceeded with his report, gave a quick, dry nod.

"Obviously," Mr. Coverer was saying with all the gravity due the situation, "our own men were in it—or behind it. I think of Moriarity first. His reputation suggests him. Of course they were old hands," he continued with conviction. "They counted on the absentee lights, on the inexperience of the officer of the deck. They knew how to take advantage. Besides—"

In full course of his surmise Mr. Coverer was interrupted by the rap of heavy knuckles outside. Captain Wynn's gaze shifted. The door opened and was filled

from side to side, from top to bottom, by a sailor. Moriarity stood better than six feet. The clean white hat set on his flaming thatch ducked to enter. He saluted and stood waiting, self-assured, independent. Captain Wynn regarded him with reserve, with silent approval. A man large, healthy, experienced—valuable. The champ.

But the commander's thin nose advanced, quivering, as to a scent.

"From twelve to four last night you stood watch, Moriarity. Can you account for yourself after that time?"

"No, sir."

"Hmm! And how is that?"

"I was asleep, sir," Moriarity said simply and behind Captain Wynn's composure flickered the ghost of a smile.

"MORIARITY," he said, "were you mixed up in what happened last night?"

"I was not, sir," the champ affirmed. "Did something happen?"

"That was what I wanted to know," said Captain Wynn. "Mr. Coverer." He nodded, turning over the man.

What had happened, Moriarity heard, was certainly, as the marine had put it, "plenty." At sunup, Captain Wynn, returning aboard in the gig, had beheld the starboard side of his ship smeared with great letters hastily applied with red paint. The red letters spelled MAD HOUSE. It had been there of course for all the Battle Fleet, lying in San Pedro Harbor, to see, revealed by the rising sun. Even tarpaulins smartly rigged and the driven efforts of gobs with waste and turpentine could not have erased the glaring label before the other ships had seen. It was



a thing that was not practiced upon a ship of the line, upon, above all, the admiral's flagship. It was enormous. Apparently the miscreants had slipped alongside in a motor-sailer and had gotten away without a sound. In the dark. Mr. Coverer gave the story curtly, in the clipped impatient phrases of an inquisitor rehearsing events to refresh the memory of a man under suspicion. His manner betrayed a sub-surface skepticism—as if the hand of Moriarity had been found in too many escapades to go unsuspected in this one. This could not be indulged as a prank, he concluded. This was insulting and heinous. "A very, very serious business."

"Yes, sir. It is." Moriarity's blue eyes were swimming steady. He showed neither surprise nor amazement. That was bad.

"Now, son," Mr. Coverer badgered, "you know very well who these men were—"

A sharp clack sounded as Captain Wynn's fingers let slip a bronze paper-weight upon the polished top of the desk.

"I think that will do, commander," he said quietly. His own fashion of dealing with the men and Mr. Coverer's fashion did not always gee. Did not now. It was less than no use, he knew, trying to brow-beat Moriarity—any old plank owner like Moriarity. They would not tell and it was outside an officer's dignity to wheedle. Moriarity would not tell even if he knew, which was not proven.

"MR. COVERER believes the trouble may have started with the athletic group," he said. "I want to ask you, Moriarity, as one of the prominent members, whether you have heard any kicks against the training methods in force on this ship. I want you to answer frankly."

For a moment, then, the big sailor looked uncomfortable. He folded his arms across his chest.

"I wouldn't've said anything, Captain, but since you ast me, I guess Mr. Coverer's right. The guys have been kickin'."

It was the commander's turn to smile; this he did faintly. Captain Wynn sat still, as if he had been taken aback sharply, which was true, but his eyes did not waver from Moriarity.

"I see. And what is the rub with you, my boy?"

"Me? . . ." The champ was thoughtful. "Not me, sir. I guess I can put up with it. It's some of the guys grouchin' about turnin' out every morning with the deck force and turnin' in at nine, and watchin' your step ashore, and the chow—I mean no pie, and like that—and the other

guys ashore callin' 'em Boy Scouts—"

"What's that?"

"—or Mellen's Food babies, like some. We done won the Iron Man again and now—some of 'em thinks—we oughta be sorta let up on."

"Oh! . . . Like that."

"They gripes, yes sir."

Captain Wynn swiveled toward the port, seemed to reflect. He stared at the circle of pale morning sky. It was almost as if he had suffered hurt in his own pride.

"ALL right, Moriarity," he said, turning back. "I'm glad it hasn't got you. And it won't help the men to kick. It cost us effort and strict perseverance to win twice for this ship the athletic honors of the Battle Fleet. We will not surrender that position. We are proud of it." He paused. "There will be no relaxation of the training, Moriarity."

The captain looked then, when Moriarity had gone, at Mr. Coverer.

"What do you think?"

"I—"

"About him. Moriarity. Will he stick it out?"

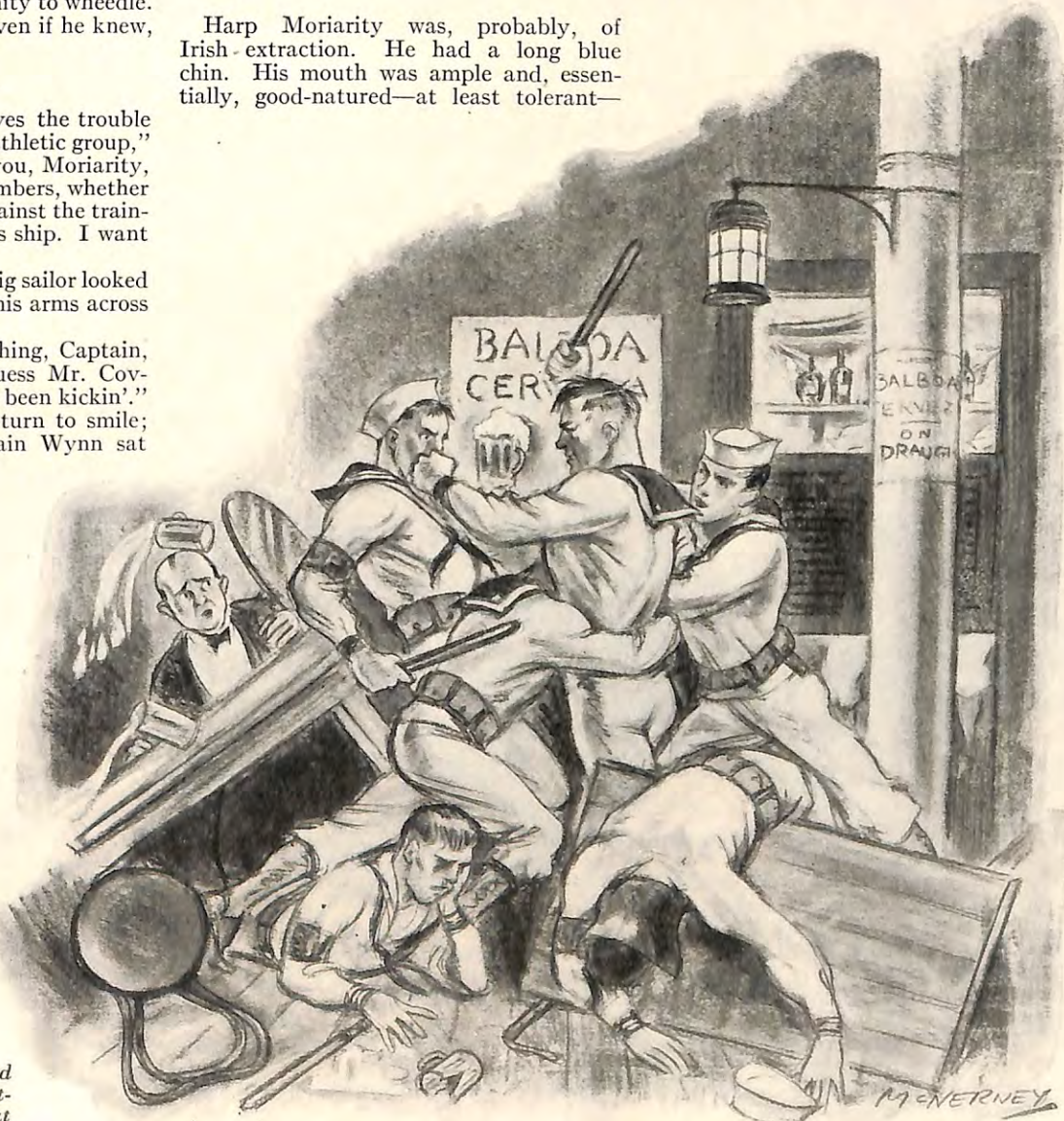
"Hardly."

"Maybe, Mr. Coverer. He's the champ."

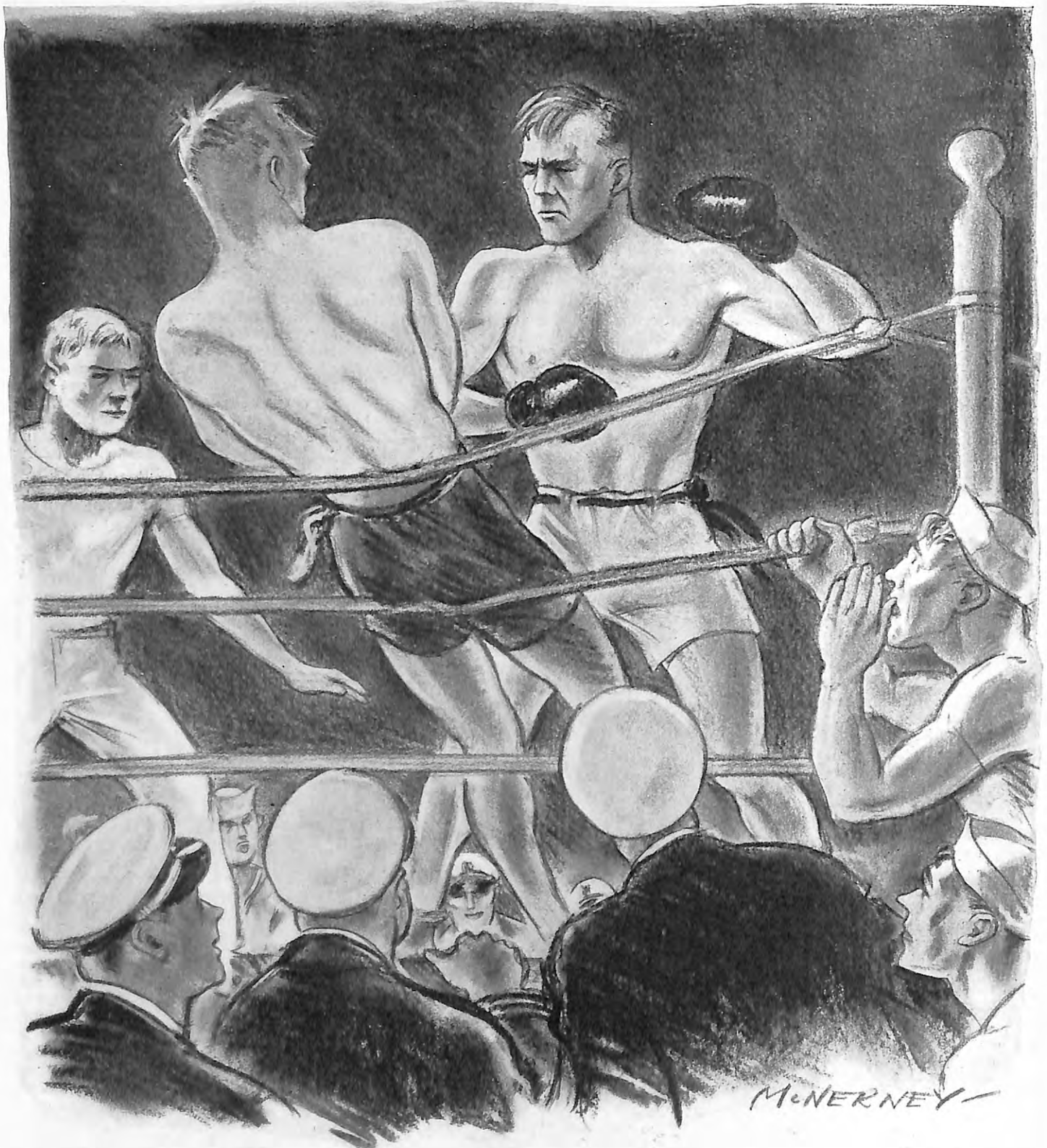
Harp Moriarity was, probably, of Irish extraction. He had a long blue chin. His mouth was ample and, essentially, good-natured—at least tolerant—

and his eyes were the color of shoal water in the tropics. His left, stripped for the ring—or the fire-room—was one-ninety-one. His rating was first-class watertender and the date of his enlistment in the U. S. Navy was stippled with indelible ink inside a figure eight knot on the corded biceps of his left arm—1919, since which date he had traveled widely and toughened his fists on every head that offered. He would fight, for the joy of it; for something inside of him, born, that made it a joy. Hence the list of his corrections was long and he had known the brig at sea and the calaboose ashore. More recently he had reformed and fought now with the gloves. . . .

"Champ. . . ." The word was in him, in his consciousness, his pride, as he stooped out of the captain's companion and drifted forward across the quarter-deck. Champion of the Battle Fleet—that had a sound! That rang out loud! Purposely he had traversed the quarterdeck obliquely and now, pausing in his stride, he cast over his shoulder a keen, probing glance. The Iron Man, he saw, was taking the morning sun. Was o.k. Secure. Of course this would have been true, but anyway—he smiled to himself and went on. Anyway, did it hurt to keep an eye on



Moriarity's eyes blazed with the old light of battle and the crash about him was music to his ears



the little fellow? What was wrong with that?

He went on directly to the athletes' mess in No. 5 casemate, near the galley. Shanghai Jones and Pete Campichini lifted their noses out of their plates of gruel to regard him darkly. They were his co-stars, Pete the wing-footed pride of the relay team, Jones the south-paw twirler for the *Montana's* crack nine. Moriarity sat squarely opposite them and scooped deep into his own bowl. He looked at his messmates through his eyebrows.

"If you guys got red paint on your shirt-

The Swede's sweating back was against the ropes and Harp's blue eyes had not wavered from the button of his chin

tails you better get to scrubbin' in a hurry," he said, and filled his mouth with milky coffee.

Pete's blank mystification was perfect, his black eyes rolling. But Jones scowled into his spoon.

"Whaddaya mean . . . paint?"

"I'm tellin' you."

"We was at Dirty Mike's joint all night, wasn't we, Pete?"

Campichini nodded.

"Yeah," Moriarity said, and ate. "And he'd swear to it, that Dublin kike—he'd swear the day Chicago burned Mrs. O'Leary's cow was asleep in his back room. They're wise to him."

"Lissen, Harp," said Shanghai, bending flat to the table, "something hadda be done. You see that yourself."

"Sure," said Pete.

Both were scrutinizing Moriarity's face, a little anxiously. You saw their deference to the champion of the Battle Fleet. He returned their looks with derisive pity.

(Continued on page 39)

Cast and Broadcast

By
Philip Coles

Up Pops Hawkshaw

Twice a week murder runs amuck in the NBC studios as *Sherlock Holmes*, grown querulous and crotchety through dismal years of stalking *Death*, gumshoes, deducts, detects. In this atmosphere of crime and disaster, Richard Gordon, the ex-stage actor who plays detective in the "Adventures of *Sherlock Holmes*" rises to the occasion and delivers justice left and right

RAY LEE JACKSON

\$5,000

The new singing sensation from the Coast, Donald Novis, took one of the Atwater Kent Auditions for a \$5,000 prize. Arriving East with his attractive wife, he sang himself into a long-term contract with NBC. A crystal-pure lyric tenor, Donald Novis has been perfectly trained, has the cleanest-cut diction we have heard, keeps one eye on opera

RAY LEE JACKSON



RAY LEE JACKSON



From Socks to Mayonnaise

Billy Jones (Top) and Ernie Hare were smash-hit radio favorites back in the early days of broadcasting, when, with stethoscopes, the fans listened in on the old one-lungers, and we were very young. Now, when radios have eight lungs, and we are not quite so young, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare are still smash-hit favorites

King's Find

Peg Healy, "found" by Whiteman, King of Jazz, is heard, and heard often, on the NBC Whiteman broadcasts. She is a discovery of the Paul Whiteman Auditions, a booming boon to the nation's radio listeners. Peg Healy is just another experiment to NBC's Ray Lee Jackson, the tricky photographer who framed her

Number's in Safety

In a lilting, haunting voice, beautiful Harriet Hilliard, one of Columbia's newest and brightest surprises, is singing gay songs for Ozzie Nelson and his boys these cold Autumn evenings. Her telephone number, we find after weeks of concentrated research work, is cached in a safety deposit vault. When it comes to beautiful blondes our life is like that

By Ernest
Haycox

Rodeo



THIS third day of July began to lose its burning brightness, its breathless heat. A shapelessly red sun sank behind the western spur of the Tugwash Hills, flushing the opposite eastern spur with a last bannered and spangled radiance. At once the southern reaches of Absalom Valley, all afternoon hidden by the prairie's copper haze, began to rise through a clearer air. Partial quiet came to the talkative crowd, and into this quiet pitched the announcer's spaced-out words. "Last ride. Bob Kingman up on Captain Jack." Over on the mourners' bench those who already had ridden showed a greater interest and Howard Harpster's bronze call floated the width of the field. "Give him a play, Bob!" Colonel Henry Isom of Running US backed his pony to a corner of the arena for a better view of the performance; the other two judges likewise shifted.

Bob Kingman lifted his loose frame across the top of the chute and seated himself gently in the saddle. Captain Jack, nine hundred satin-black pounds of energy, trembled a little and his ears went flat. Seeing that, Bob Kingman's long mouth formed a tight grin. He kicked his feet securely into the stirrups, he rubbed his palms along his thighs. The man guarding the chute gate looked through an interstice and warned him casually, quietly: "Watch the third jump, Bob. He's got the damndest twist—" Kingman wrapped the hackamore rope twice around one hand and brought up the slack. For a lengthening interval he stared straight into the fading brightness of the arena, listening to the called advice, to the swelling volume of encouragement from the stands. Those people—friends and dwellers in this isolated little valley—wanted him to make the ride; he could feel

that. The grin faded, his fibers were touched by sudden coolness, the preliminary nervousness died out of him. His free arm rose signalling to the sky. "All right, Bill, let 'er flicker."

The gate opened. Captain Jack, who was old at this business and who loved these battles, stiffened throughout. Kingman felt power surge into the brute like the turn-on of steam. Captain Jack swelled, his head dropped to his knees and he went out of the cramping chute in one high parabolic leap that snapped Kingman backward in the leather. Captain Jack's procedure was always the same—to pull his rider off balance, to stun him and to dump him. He came down with a terrific, stiff-legged smash and rose onward to another straining plunge. Kingman thought, "he explodes on the third one," and met the next assault loosely, muscles relaxed. Captain Jack grunted when he struck and the heavy shock ran up through flesh and leather and sledged Kingman at the base of the neck. Captain Jack ceased his forward rush and rose quivering on his two hind feet, and Kingman sighted the sky between the horse's pointed ears; then he was down in the dense dust, nursing his fine-drawn sense of balance while Captain Jack exploded into a furious fore-and-aft bucking. Meeting those detonating impacts, body whipped by each lunge and wrench, Kingman automatically scratched neck and withers. His hat fell, his hand remained aloft. There was a slight smell of blood in his nostrils and the arena's crisply outlined edges began to blur before him; women's white dresses made square patches against a massed background. Into his deep preoccupation the roar of the crowd broke only faintly and the report of Colonel Isom's gun not at all; but the pick-up men galloped forward from the rear and pinned Captain Jack

between them. Kingman awkwardly slid across the rump of the left pick-up man's horse and dropped to the ground. There was an inevitable moment of reaction in which he walked aimlessly across the field in a straddling, bouncing manner. Then all things focussed for him and he turned against the mourners' bench, chuckling.

"Was it a ride?"

The sorrel giant who was Howard Harpster said approvingly: "You'll qualify for to-morrow. Didn't doubt it, did you?"

Little Lou Pujo, sitting slightly apart from the other half-dozen contestants, put in his dry and somewhat hesitant word. "Good ride, Kingman."

"Thanks."

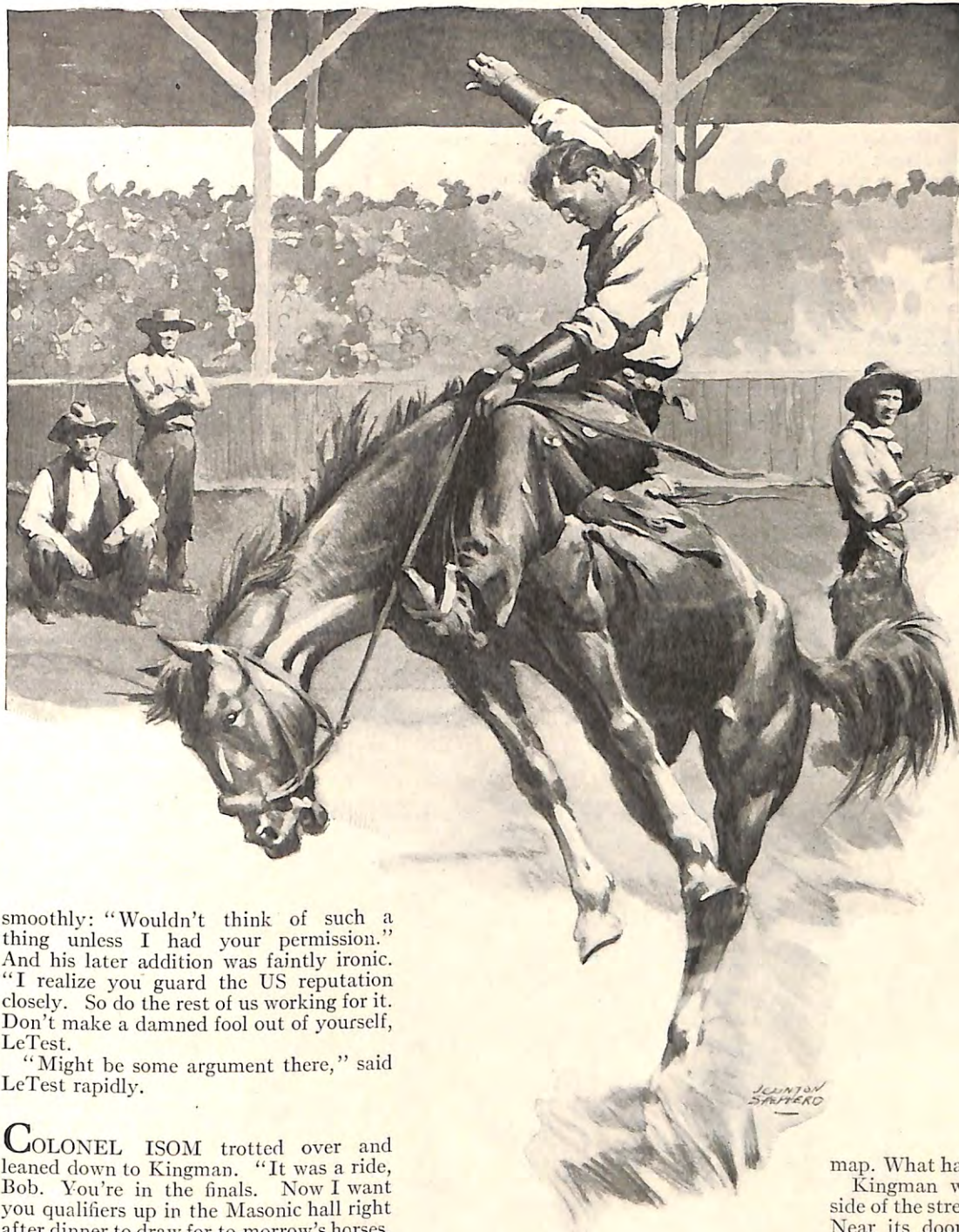
"Isom gave you a long one," observed Howard Harpster.

"The colonel," mused Kingman, "never favors his own hands."

"**A**ND never will," cut in another voice that was heavy and grudging. Howard Harpster had opened his mouth to speak, but he closed it and thrust an odd look at Kingman; a deliberate silence came to the group. Kingman, turning toward the other end of the bench, said, "Just so, LeTest," impassively. That was all, but his eyes remained on this LeTest who was foreman of Running US and therefore his immediate boss. LeTest was standing. His thick legs—good bronc-rider's legs—ran straight down from wide hips to support a blocky frame. Everything about him was solid and on the big, round-boned face lay a bitter taciturnity. "Anybody could ride an easy chair like Captain Jack." "Am I braggin' about it?" inquired Kingman.

"Why don't you?" retorted LeTest.

Glance pinned to the foreman, Kingman reached toward his tobacco-sack, saying



Illustrated by
J. Clinton Shepherd

Jump-up Joe leaped into the sky, all his muscles shuddering; he dropped, and as he dropped he wrenched his long barrel

smoothly: "Wouldn't think of such a thing unless I had your permission." And his later addition was faintly ironic. "I realize you guard the US reputation closely. So do the rest of us working for it. Don't make a damned fool out of yourself, LeTest.

"Might be some argument there," said LeTest rapidly.

COLONEL ISOM trotted over and leaned down to Kingman. "It was a ride, Bob. You're in the finals. Now I want you qualifiers up in the Masonic hall right after dinner to draw for to-morrow's horses. Pujo, Bee Huggins, Harpster, LeTest and Kingman. Don't be foolish to-night and do a lot of drinkin'. The horses don't drink."

Fort Rock's band, hastily assembled on the field, broke into the national anthem. Everybody rose; Colonel Isom turned stiff in the saddle. Kingman pivotted with a military about-face that civilian life could not quite erase and faced the flag slowly going down the halyards at the hands of Jubal Minto. Minto, who had gone up San Juan hill with Kingman five years back made a ceremony of it. He caught the flag in his arms, never letting it touch the ground; he unsnapped it and folded it and stood still while the music faded out on a long descending note. All at once the crowd broke across the field and the day was done. Kingman turned and walked toward the town, Bee Huggins and Howard Harpster beside him. Neither worked for Running US, but they were ancient friends

of Kingman and spoke with friendship's frankness.

"LeTest wouldn't of said that to you," pointed out Harpster, "unless he wanted to develop a fight."

"It's his manner," reflected Kingman. "He's foreman over seventy-five hands and he figures to be a little tougher than they are."

"No," contradicted Harpster. "He's pointed at you. Everybody knows it. You can't go on ignoring him forever. There's a time coming—"

"Listen to me," said Kingman, and stepped in the middle of the walk. The crowd shouldered all three gently to the dusty street. Riders loped past. A restaurant triangle clanged like a fire alarm and the colored squares of Sullivan's Western Star of a sudden blazed with premature lamplight. Down the street tramped the band, making an infernal noise. Kingman

nearly shouted. "If the time comes, it will be because mugs like you shove it at us. Nine out of ten gunfights happen just like that. Some fellow squints at another fellow, and the mob yells for action. LeTest figures he's got to be tough. Pretty soon all these rumors about him and me will get the best of his judgments and he'll feel it a point of pride to go through with the affair. You're a couple of blamed fools."

Howard Harpster studied Kingman with bland wisdom. "He never did like you and he's rubbing it in. If you win over him to-morrow he won't feel no better. The man's about got his mind made up there ain't room for both of you on the same

map. What happens then? Come on, Bee."

Kingman went on alone to the other side of the street, headed for the restaurant. Near its door he heard his name called and swung back to see Colonel Isom paused opposite with his girl, Frances. Frances waved a pink parasol gaily at Kingman who started immediately over, but Isom came out into the dust and stopped him there, looking up to Kingman's swept, ruddy cheeks. It was easy to see he had been just such a ridden-slim man as Kingman in his day, as casually certain of himself; and at fifty he showed what Kingman might become. Age had not softened him materially, had not abraded the integral honesty of his make-up. His eyes were that inevitably faded blue which comes of facing many sunrises and sunsets, but they were shrewd, uncompromisingly clear. "I saw you and LeTest jawin' out there," he said. "You're both US riders—and I will not have a squall between you. Mark that down in your little black book."

Kingman smiled. "Supposin' LeTest doesn't agree?"

"I know—I know. He's a hard nut with a one-track mind. Foremen get to be that way, and he's a good one. If he wasn't I wouldn't of kept him all these years. But you ain't the same type, Bob. You've got a brain, and the penalty for havin' a brain is the usin' of it. I'm telling you something I don't want you to forget. A good man never gets anywhere in the world by lettin' himself down to the level of an ordinary hand. Never play the other fellow's game. Play your own."

"A hell of a thing to ask me."

"If I didn't think a lot of you I wouldn't be askin'. Your easy days are done. The sense of the quarrel between you two fellows is so thick around Fort Rock I could cut it with a knife. All right. You've got a decision to make—just to be another fellow that makes his answers in the smoke, or to be somebody worth knowin'. Any fool can be stampeded into gunplay, but it takes a wise man to figure a better way out. Good luck for to-morrow. I'm going to make you ride till your shirt-tail hangs down."

Kingman nodded, moved on. He acknowledged somebody's cheerful greeting and elbowed into the restaurant. Posted on a stool, he checked the bowl of soup that came sliding across the counter to him. He dropped in a handful of oyster crackers, ferried them around with the tip of his spoon, bathed them impartially, absent-mindedly. Somehow irritable, he was thinking that there were points of pride other than Victor LeTest's to be considered here. This affair was like fire in punky wood, eating its secretive way to the surface and there bursting to blaze. He didn't want to fight LeTest, but there was a time when the soft word ceased to be the right word.

II

ROCKETS were arching brilliantly across the heavens and the holiday crowd made fitful weaving shadows against all the mellow store lights when Bob Kingman walked into the Masonic hall's stairway and climbed to the upper room. In here was nothing but a confused rumble of voices and a dense fog of tobacco smoke suspended from the ceiling like Spanish moss. All the qualifiers were waiting for him. A roaring dice game operated in one corner, bronzed riders kneeling prayerfully in a circle. There was quite a crowd. Henry Isom came in, holding his hat inverted.

"Every man draws his own horse. You're nearest, Pujo."

Pujo drew and looked. "I get Tonto." "And Tonto gets you," mused Harpster, stepping up. He drew Roosevelt and shrugged his shoulders. Bee Huggins got Cannonball. Victor LeTest took General Miles. Last to draw, Kingman knew what he had before opening the pellet. It would be Jump-up Joe; it was.

Harpster said: "Huggins and me is out right now. Can't make no show on a couple of hobby horses. We'll hold the stretcher for you, Bob. You picked a lulu."

Pujo nodded his small, dark head at Isom. "Thank you, Colonel," he said courteously. "It was a fair deal—and I got a good buckler."

"You'll stick two jumps," grunted LeTest, unreservedly contemptuous.

Pujo's eyes had a shaded, Latin luminescence to them. They glowed on LeTest. "You," he stated curtly, "are not talking to a US hand. Maybe you can ride horses, but you can't ride me. Cut it out."

A short, strained silence gripped the group. LeTest's broad jaw firmed up as it always did against opposition and he made a motion with his hands. Isom stopped that swiftly. "The remark was uncalled for, LeTest. You boys better get some sleep. The horses don't shoot craps, either."

LeTest wheeled back to the game without further comment and after a moment Pujo followed. Isom said, "Don't do too much dancing to-night, Bob," and went down the stairs, leaving Kingman and Huggins and Harpster to themselves.

"That last crack of Pujo's," said Harpster evenly, "could be construed as a personal reflection on you, Mister Kingman."

"What did I tell you about fool talk?" Harpster turned impatient. "It's all right to be charitable, my son. But charity begins at home. I'm doggoned if I like to move around the crowd and hear things said about you."

"Things are bein' said?"

"Things are bein' said."

"So the Romans want a holiday," muttered Kingman.

"If that's the way of the world, can you help it? Never let any man use your reputation to run up his own for bein' tough."

"Why should anybody care?"

Harpster looked to Huggins expressively, then back to Kingman. "It's expected the sun should rise and should set. It's likewise expected you should turn off from nothin' that wears britches."

"Oh, hush."

THE dice game fell to pieces in a bitter, explosive quarrel. LeTest reared off his knees and cursed little Pujo, who came straight to his feet and fell against the US foreman with both fists striking out. LeTest shook his head and cursed again. He hit Pujo one square blow, knocked the smaller man against a table. The table capsized and Pujo sank into the wreckage, saying nothing. His breathing cut sharp, slicing echoes into the descended quiet

and he struggled up. LeTest threw himself forward, formidably massive, and punished Pujo with unrelenting right and left smashed to the face. Pujo hit back, frame yielding each time he was struck. He wasn't afraid and he wouldn't give, and for several moments the impact of their fists made a ragged tattoo throughout the room. Then LeTest roared like a bull, broke down Pujo's flimsy barrier, got him beneath the armpits and tossed him ten feet across to a wall. Pujo shook his head wearily and dropped on all fours.

"Get out of here!" shouted LeTest, full of rage. "You beef-stealin' runt—don't come around mixin' with honest people! You got a nerve bein' in Port Rock at all! Get to hell out of town and back to your brush before US ties you to a tree!"

"You goddam bull," said Pujo, coldly. "You'll never lay your hands on me again!"

"Won't I?" shouted LeTest and moved



"Your ten minutes are up, LeTest. If you are going to draw, do it now"

(Continued on page 42)

Ringmastering for the Amateurs

The old master of amateur sports promotion tells you how to run a tournament for the boys who fight for fun ~

By
Paul Gallico

The qualities that make for a professional fighter are of necessity reflected in a minor way in the amateur boxer

PHOTO BY
N. Y. DAILY NEWS

THE mechanics of running an amateur boxing tournament is comparatively simple—a hall, a ring, officials, buckets, sponges, a whistle and a bell, boxers, and eventually an audience, and the show is under way. On the other hand, the assuming of the terrific responsibilities connected with handling a group of from one hundred to five thousand ambitious and sometimes crackbrained youngsters, and bringing them through safely and uninjured—beyond the usual shiners, cuts, nosebleeds and bad hands—is a little more serious. It calls for the utmost thoroughness, care, worry, and a good deal of expense. Those who are not prepared to meet these conditions have no business in amateur boxing.

To realize better the problems connected with establishing and running a large boxing tournament, it is necessary to know something about the boy behind the entry blank—the amateur boxer. He is rarely of a high grade of intelligence. An experienced tournament director assumes immediately that he is incapable of caring for himself, and therefore makes all arrangements to see that somebody else takes care of him. Theoretically, the ama-

teur boxer is an idealist who likes to fight for the fun of it, who enjoys the thrill and shock of combat, and who turns to glove fighting as an outlet for his excess spirits. In practice it works out otherwise. The number of young men who enjoy a punch in the nose or a hook to the stomach are few and far between. The true amateur is the exception. The average boy is in the game for what he can get out of it—kudos, prizes, publicity, money, advancement, a stepping-stone to a professional career. This makes him cunning, wily, over-ambitious, greedy, and inclined to take chances far beyond the dictates of common sense. The qualities that make for a successful fighter are of necessity reflected in a minor way in the amateur boxers, and they are not exactly the most handsome or praiseworthy ones in the category of human traits. The fighter must have an overbearing ego. He must be blood-thirsty, cold-blooded, and cruel. He must have that lack of gentleness and decency that will permit him to step into an opponent who is helpless and whose hands are down and hit him in a vital spot as hard as he can. He must be, I regret to state, a good deal of a louse.

Sportsmanship, fair play and the gentle-

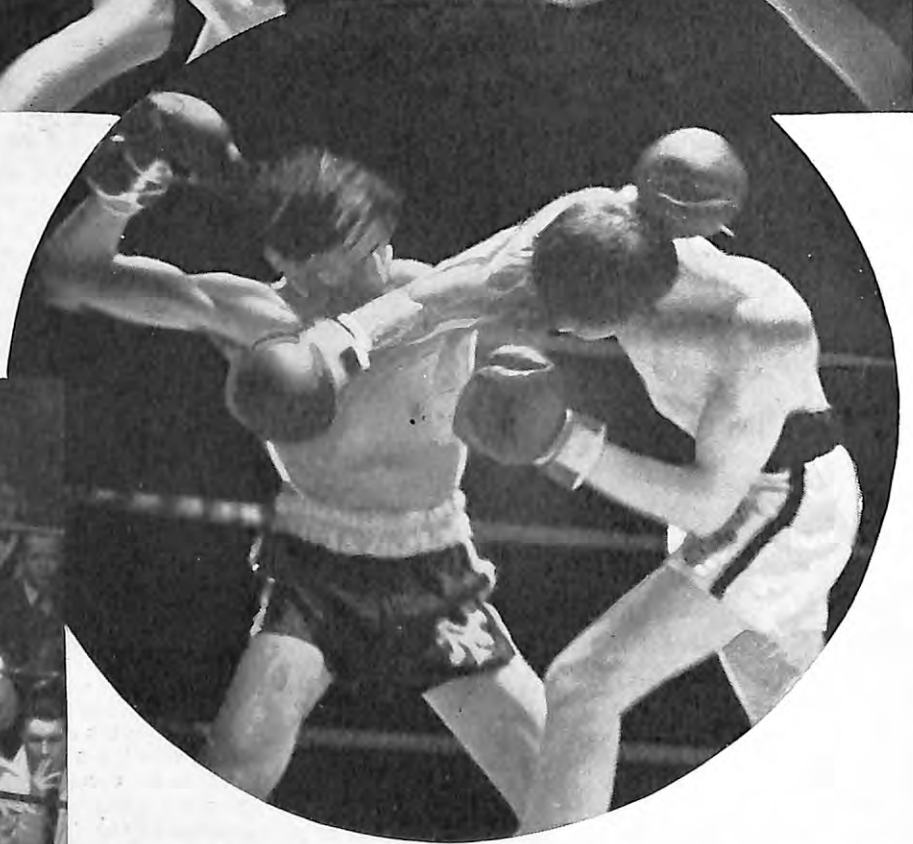
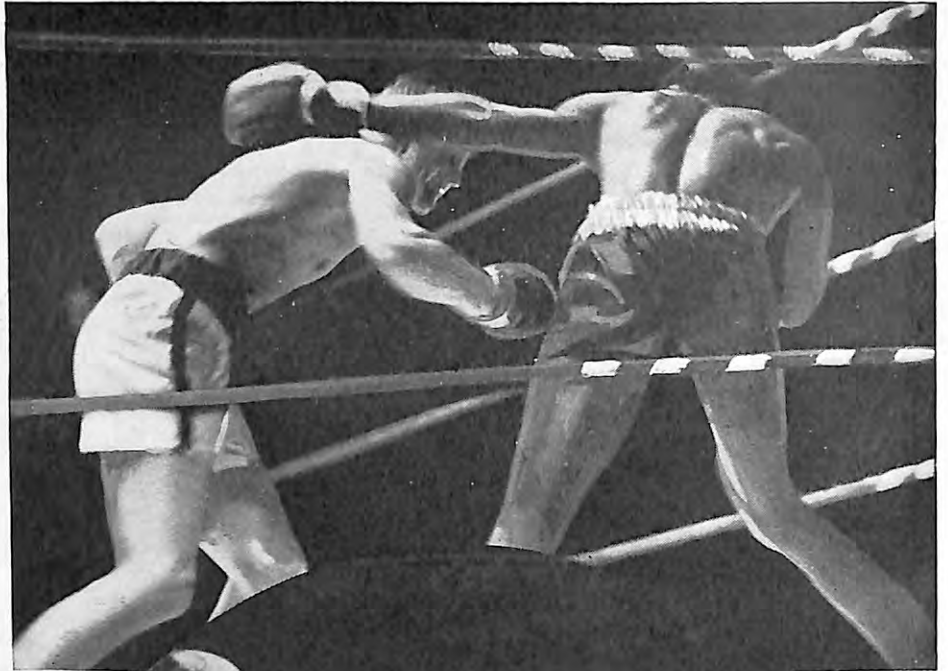
man's code are stressed in amateur boxing, but a fight is a fight and a fighter is a fighter, and some of the traits I have indicated here may be present in a minor way or in a small scale in the youngster making his ring debut, and sooner or later they will present problems to anyone engaged in staging a successful amateur tournament, and must be taken into consideration.

MAKE no mistake. Boxing is a dangerous sport. It is a great body builder confined to the gymnasium, the sixteen-ounce pillows and the "excuse-me-did-I-hit-you-too-hard" stage. It gives a boy confidence and courage to know how to defend himself. A boy who knows how to box is rarely a bully. Poise, stamina and mental agility are the by-products of moderate boxing. But as soon as the kids are tossed into the public pits, their knuckles padded with no more than six- or eight-ounce mittens, it is dynamite. The head was not meant to be bludgeoned. The brain case, the seat of intelligence does not improve under pounding. Hands, with their hundreds of tiny bones, were never designed for striking (even the Pithecanthropos in the dawn of mankind had

sense enough to pick up a club when attacking or attacked), imperfect hearts were not meant to be taxed by the nerve and physical strain of nine minutes of intense combat. The much-condemned German *Mensur*, the student sword duel, is much more merciful than boxing. A slashed cheek heals to a clean scar. The wounds that boxing, carried too far, leaves on the brain and on the soul are never mended.

No organization can live down or explain away the death or serious injury to an amateur boxer. There is simply no excuse for it. A pure accident when all precautions have been checked and double-checked is unavoidable, but mostly they may be traced to negligence or inefficiency on the part of those handling the tournament. It is the duty of every tournament organizer to see that there are no loopholes, and that when something does occur, it is an accident beyond the power of human care and foresight to forestall.

IT THUS becomes evident that the most important man in any honest amateur boxing tournament is the medical director. In his hands rests the security of the tournament and the safety of the boys. It calls for a man who is a skilled and experienced physician and surgeon, a man who has been in some way identified with athletics and understands boys and competition, a psychologist, a martinet and an absolute czar from whose word there is no appeal.



Sportsmanship and the gentleman's code are stressed in amateur boxing, but a fight is a fight

For six years, Dr. Thomas F. DeNaouley has held this position for the Daily News A. A. Golden Gloves. More than thirty thousand amateur boxers have passed through his hands. Over eight thousand bouts have been fought under his supervision without serious injury to a contestant. He is in charge not only of the bodies of the contestants, ruling when and where they are not fit to fight, but also all safety measures in the arena, hygiene of the dressing quarters, care of minor injuries, including final say as to when a bout should be stopped.

The medical routines and precautions as outlined in this article have been developed by Dr. DeNaouley and his staff. The technical and clerical end

has been worked out by the trial and error method by the Golden Gloves organization of The Daily News A. A.

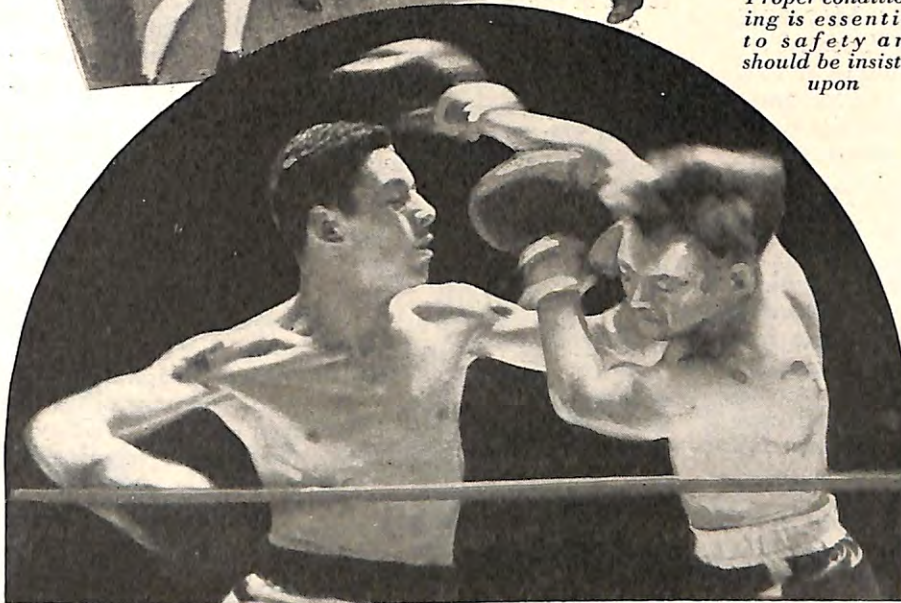
Sponsors of amateur boxing tournaments must be members of or affiliated with the local Amateur Athletic Association, and conduct the bouts under its sanction and under A. A. U. rules.

There are eight classes, by weight and name, as follows—Flyweight at 112 pounds, Bantamweight at 118 pounds, Featherweight at 126 pounds, Lightweight at 135 pounds, Welterweight at 147 pounds, Middleweight at 160 pounds, Light Heavyweight at 175 pounds, and Heavyweight, unlimited.

There are three divisions of amateur boxers—open classes for veterans and seasoned campaigners who have won tournaments and prizes, novice classes for boxers who have never won a tournament, and sub-novice classes for the raw material, boys who are boxing in their first public



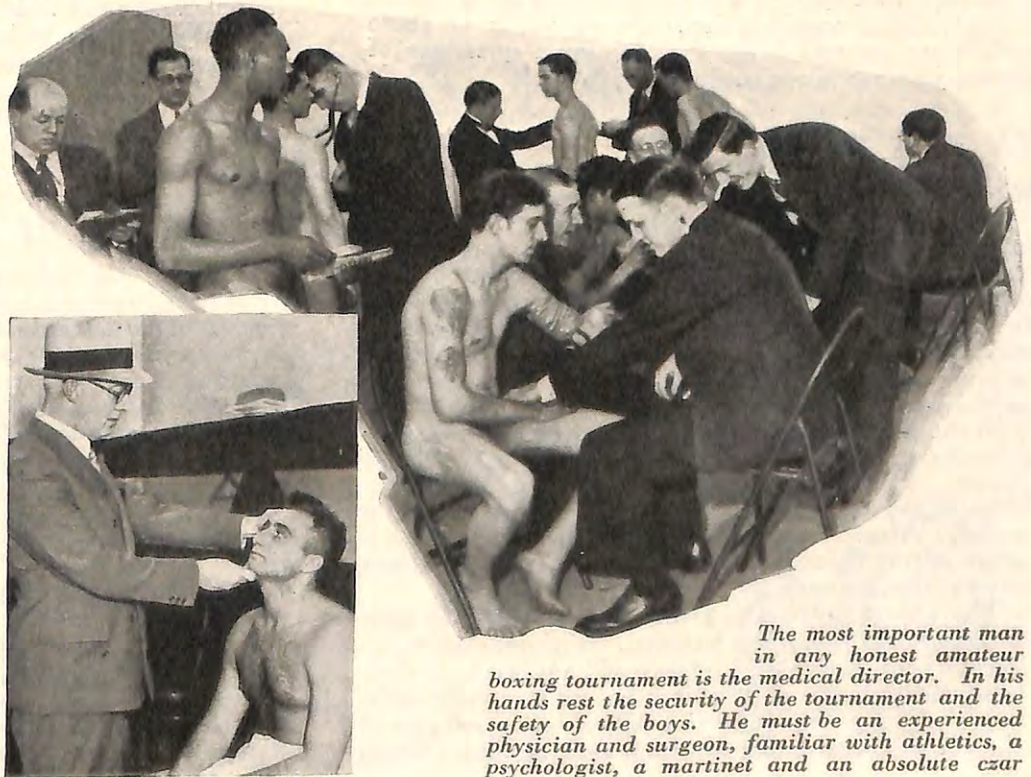
Proper conditioning is essential to safety and should be insisted upon



exhibition or tournament. And the first duty of the tournament director is to decide which divisions he wishes to present and see that the boys are in the proper classes. Nothing makes a worse impression or is more harmful to the sport and to the boys than to send a beginner in against a veteran amateur (some of them have had over 100 fights, and are amateur merely technically) and have him annihilated. It may destroy a youngster's morale, and it makes a sorry spectacle. Most of the veteran amateurs—(pot hunters) prefer knocking over a chump to engaging in a real fight. It doesn't take them long to begin to imitate their professional brothers. A well-balanced program will present veterans of established reputation and skill, novices boxing for experience, and sub-novices trying out their wings—and, incidentally, furnishing most of the entertainment with prodigious exhibitions of mis-directed energy.

The entry blank, to conform with A. A. U. rules, should state the classes, the weights, the prizes and the place where the tourney is to be held. The age limit is seventeen for youth and the discretion of the medical director at the other end.

In an amateur tournament of any magnitude, the clerical force goes into action as soon as the entries begin to pour in, as they will if the prizes are fair and attractive,



The most important man in any honest amateur boxing tournament is the medical director. In his hands rest the security of the tournament and the safety of the boys. He must be an experienced physician and surgeon, familiar with athletics, a psychologist, a martinet and an absolute czar

and the meet held under the proper auspices. The name of each contestant is entered on a card along with his weight, his class, his address and his A. A. U. registration number. If no registration number accompanies the blank the card is set aside for further action, because no boy may box in an A. A. U. tournament unless he is registered. All information appearing upon the entry blank is listed upon the card, which thereafter follows the young crusader right on through the tournament until he is either defeated or crowned champion.

Two things the experienced tournament director will have made plain upon his entry blank—that each applicant when he presents himself for physical examination, must have with him his birth certificate or affidavit of birth, and his parent's or guardian's consent to box. The former is necessary because the little rascals will try to chisel their way into the glories of the feint, the counter and the right cross to the jaw. We catch dozens of the ambitious imps in the Golden Gloves, looking innocent as cherubs and declaiming their ages to be seventeen or eighteen, when they look fifteen or sixteen. They have usually forgotten their birth certificate at home on the piano. When sent back for it with orders to report at the next examination, they never show up.

THE parent's or guardian's consent is a little more serious. It is customary to ask the boys to sign a waiver of release in case a bout should terminate in a death or an accident. This waiver is not worth the paper it is written on unless it is accompanied by parent's consent, since practically all of the contestants are not of legal age. This will keep many a boy out
(Continued on page 55)



EDITORIAL

COLLEGE EDUCATION

■ In the October number of THE ELKS MAGAZINE there appeared an article by Albert Payson Terhune, entitled "Why College?" The standing of Mr. Terhune as a thoughtful man of letters, and his great number of admirers among the readers of this periodical, justified the publication of his article upon a subject which is attracting wide attention.

As was to be expected from such an author, he maintained his views with a sprightly series of arguments which will appear to many as convincing.

But THE ELKS MAGAZINE feels that it should explain to its readers that Mr. Terhune's views were presented as his own, not necessarily as those of this Magazine. While it is true that there can be little question as to the correctness of some of his opinions, or as to his final conclusion, as based upon certain assumed conditions, there are other considerations involved in the question which may be forcefully presented in support of the general value of a college education.

The purpose of this expression is not to take issue with the distinguished author, nor to invite a further controversial discussion of the subject, but merely to remind our readers that in this case, as in all others where special articles of like character are published in our columns, there is no implication that THE ELKS MAGAZINE is presenting its own views. It is only maintaining its policy of conducting a journal which is, in effect, an open forum, wherein may be set forth, for intelligent consideration, diverse views of those entitled to express them therein, upon questions of general interest to our readers.

TAKE A HAND

■ In the Under the Spreading Antlers department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in each issue, there will be found news of the unusual charitable and benevolent activities of the subordinate Lodges which have been reported. The record is one which must give satisfaction to all Elks. But there is one feature about most of these events which might well be made more impressive. That is the number of Elks who personally participate in them.

In the great majority of cases the particular occasion is in charge of a Committee, the members of which are active. A few other members of the Lodge also take a hand. But the larger percentage of the membership content themselves with their contributions to the expense, either through payment of dues or by donations to the charity funds.

There is no purpose to criticize those who thus limit their participation in such events. Without such backing and cooperation the Lodges could not carry out their benevolent programs. But it is desired to suggest again that such members are getting only a very small part of the pleasure and happiness from such activities which

they would derive if they took an active personal interest in them.

A good deed is a mutual experience. The actor and the recipient of the benefit alike are made happy thereby. But the degree of pleasure, to either, is dependent upon the personal contacts involved.

Did you ever see the eager light of happy expectation in the eyes of a hungry child when you presented a lunch-box on an Elk's picnic? Did you ever note the wistful look on the face of one who had no ticket turn to delight as you disregarded this lack of credentials and accepted him as a welcome guest? Did you ever feel the touch of a little hand in yours, placed there with confidence in you as an acknowledged temporary guardian? If you have, you will know what a kick comes

from such participation in an Elk's entertainment of underprivileged children. If you have not, you have missed a real thrill.

Many Lodges have adopted entertainments of such children as periodic features of their charity programs. It is a splendid and appealing service. It is real "Elk stuff." And the member who merely watches



from the sidelines, or reads about it in the papers, fails to get his full share of happiness from the occasion.

A fellow who has spent a day in contact with these little ones, actively trying to add to their happiness, has acquired an experience that it will delight him to recall. And, what is better, it will prompt him to do other acts of like character.

We miss a lot when we let the other fellows do these things for us.

HOME COMING NIGHT

■ In his first official circular the Grand Exalted Ruler outlined the plans for conducting the Reinstatement Campaign for the reclamation of desirable men who have severed their connection with their respective Lodges during the past five years. By the time this issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE is in the hands of its readers the campaign will have reached its final stages. The importance of this movement and its tremendous possibilities for increasing the membership of the Order is obvious to all. It is naturally assumed that each Lodge has been active in carrying forward the suggested program.

The Grand Exalted Ruler, has, very happily, designated Friday, November 11th, as the date for closing this campaign with a big Home Coming Night. The name is significant and appealing, as is the date.

It is to be hoped that on this approaching occasion each Lodge will be able to report its full quota of reinstatements. It will be a real home coming for those who

are again enrolled in the Order; and each Lodge may well make it an event of rejoicing at which the fraternal bonds may be renewed with social and fraternal incidents that will rekindle the zeal of all members.

The Order of Elks is very specifically a patriotic fraternity. The value of its service to our country measurably depends upon its strength of membership. And it is appropriate that on Armistice Day, when our people everywhere are repledging themselves to patriotic loyalty, the Order should present to the country a marked increase in active members, as a concrete evidence of its own loyalty and of its enlarged capacity for patriotic service.

Home Coming Night should be an outstanding event in every subordinate Lodge of the Order.

EDUCATED MEN OF ELKDOM

■ In his recent special circular, addressed to the Past Exalted Rulers of the subordinate Lodges, Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson referred to them as the "educated men of Elkdom." The phrase is well chosen, by whomsoever it may first have been used; and it carries its own implication of inherent obligation.

A member who, after his preliminary training in other offices of the Lodge, serves a term as Exalted Ruler, acquires a knowledge of the Order, its laws and ceremonies, its true objects and purposes, its powers and limitations, which is not possessed by the rank and file. His experience in the actual administration of the affairs of the Lodge gives him a clearer insight into its needs,

its strength and its weakness. He knows the members, the workers and the shirkers, the leaders and the followers. He has learned much of the needs of his community and how his particular fraternal organization can best serve them. He is, in effect, a graduate from a fine school of fraternalism.



And just as society rightly expects and demands more

from those who have been trained in educational institutions and have become thus better equipped to serve it, so the Order rightly expects and demands more of those of its members who have been educated in its service. The capacity for usefulness of itself creates the obligation for its exercise.

The letter of the Grand Exalted Ruler is a strong appeal to the Past Exalted Rulers to continue their active interest in Lodge affairs; to reestablish their contacts where they have been broken; and to keep their valuable experience available for the assistance of those who have followed them in office, and who have real need of their counsel and cooperation. It is to be hoped his appeal will meet with a generous response.

There is no group in any Lodge comparable with its Past Exalted Rulers in capacity for service in the promotion of its fraternal activities. There is no group which possesses to the same degree the confidence and

esteem of its membership. There is no group which should be more ready and eagerly willing to assist in the promotion of its welfare. There is no group upon whom the obligation to do this rests more strongly.

The extent to which Past Exalted Rulers observe this obligation is the true measure of their loyalty.

THE LOTTERY RACKET

■ Lotteries which involve the use of the mails or instrumentalities of interstate commerce are proscribed by Federal law. They are prohibited by the statutes of many States. But a number of schemes have been devised, designed to evade the laws, which have been presented to the subordinate Lodges to be sponsored by them in the name of charity.

In most such cases the promoters are professionals who receive a large proportion of the profits derived. The schemes are generally of questionable legality. But there is no question as to the policy involved. It tends to bring the Lodges into disrepute and to arouse the resentment of the members and others who are thus sought to be exploited.

The gambling spirit is existent in most of us. But good Elks do not require this sort of appeal to secure their response to the call of a worthy cause.

The Grand Exalted Ruler has deemed the evil of sufficient importance to warn the subordinate Lodges against being led into this method of raising funds. The warning should be heeded, not only as a matter of legal safety but as a matter of fraternal policy.

Intelligent officers will have no difficulty in discriminating between such schemes and legitimate enterprises which a Lodge may appropriately undertake in the furtherance of fraternal activities.

IT CAN BE DONE

■ The officers of the subordinate Lodges have been in harness since April. They have adjusted themselves to their respective loads and should be steadily pulling on the traces. At this season every Lodge should be functioning with full one hundred per cent efficiency. It should be doing those things in its respective community which constitutes its proper fraternal tasks.

For some time, because of general conditions, there has been a disposition to shrink from any undertaking which could be avoided. There has been a tendency to regard many usual activities as impossible to be successfully undertaken. But in every community there are things which should be done and which the local Lodge of Elks should do. There ought not to be any hesitancy in assuming these local duties. An Elks Lodge worthy of its charter can do whatever happens to be its particular job.

What is specially needed now in every Lodge is the courage to recognize and accept every proper Lodge responsibility and the spirit of confidence in its capacity to meet them fully.

If it is something that should be done by an Elks Lodge, even though it presents difficulties, an Elks Lodge can do it. One composed of real Elks will do it. It is such a spirit which has made the Order what it is.





The procession before the baseball game arranged by North Tonawanda, N. Y., Lodge to raise funds for shoes for school children

Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

North Tonawanda, N. Y., Elks Raise \$1,500 for School Shoes

WITH the approach of cool weather and the opening of the schools, and with the discovery that two thousand children in the twin cities of Tonawanda and North Tonawanda, N. Y., needed shoes, the members of North Tonawanda Lodge, No. 860, undertook to arrange a charity baseball game between the Buffalo Bisons, of the International League, and a picked team from the Tonawandas. The result was the earning of \$1,500 to purchase footwear for the children. The accomplishment of this feat was the result of the energy of a committee from the Lodge, with Exalted Ruler B. A. Tiebor as Chairman; and of the kindness of President Frank J. Offerman, of the Bisons. Although the team's schedule seemed to present no opportunity for playing the charity game, Mr. Offerman, by a rearrangement that required a night contest and a double-header, brought his players to North Tonawanda for the contest. To carry them from Buffalo, Fred Carpenter, President of the local bus lines and a member of No. 860, donated transportation. Post No. 264 of the American Legion cooperated in the enterprise by sending its fifty-piece band to lead the parade of ten thousand that marched to the field. Buffalo won the game, 7 to 1.

Beaumont, Tex., Lodge's Rare German Clock Again in Order

Among the several signs of a quickening enthusiasm among the membership of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, No. 311, within recent weeks has been the restoration to full running order of a rare treasure which the Lodge possesses, a great Schwarzwald clock. This timepiece, standing taller than a tall man, is an elaborately carved and intricately mechanized product of the celebrated German watchmakers of the Schwarzwald, or Black Forest. Experts have placed its age at seventy-five years and its value at several thousands of dollars. Twice every hour it strikes: at the hour and at the half hour. And at the completion of its even round of sixty minutes, two little doors fly open, three small wooden figures emerge and, as a miniature pipe organ within plays a lively Teutonic air, the mannekins perform a little jig. As the tune finishes, they retire, the doors close and the show is over, until another hour comes around. The clock was willed to the Lodge several years ago by Mrs. Charles Hageman, widow of the proprietor of the Crosby House, Beaumont's leading hotel in the days, a generation ago, of the first oil boom. Mr. Hageman himself had

To All Members

CONGRESS has just enacted a law making it compulsory for postmasters to charge publishers two cents for every change of address filed with the Post-office.

This law will place an annual expense of several thousand dollars on THE ELKS MAGAZINE unless every member will immediately notify THE ELKS MAGAZINE or his Lodge Secretary as to his change of address.

Please cooperate with your Lodge Secretary in this regard, and notify him at once of your new address.

been an energetic and devoted member of No. 311, and it was doubtless out of respect to his interest in the Lodge that the wife who survived him bequeathed the timepiece, together with the sum of \$15,000 for new furnishings for the Home, to Beaumont Lodge. The clock, however, was not immediately moved to the Home and when it was, it was discovered that something was wrong with its mechanism. Far too complex for repair by the usual watchmaker, it stood silent for several years. Not long ago, however, a German watchmaker familiar with Schwarzwald clocks arrived in Beaumont and he was commissioned to put the rare piece in order again. This he did. The clock now has been restored to the Home, where it keeps perfect time and performs its marionette show as gaily and faithfully as it did when first it was made, three-quarters of a century ago.

Citizens of East St. Louis Pay Tribute to Bruce A. Campbell

As a token of their appreciation of the civic service which he has rendered to East St. Louis, two hundred and fifty prominent citizens recently tendered a mid-day banquet to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell at the Broadview Hotel. The honor was the first of its kind ever to be conferred upon a resident of the city. Speakers, introduced by the Toastmaster, H. Grady Vien, Chairman of the Forum Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, included County Judge Paul Farthing, who made the chief testimonial address; Mayor Doyle, of East St. Louis; Wallace Wright, President of the Chamber of Commerce; and Mr. Campbell. Of note among those present to honor Mr. Campbell was Congressman Charles A. Karch; and, in the course of the luncheon, Mr. Vien reported the reception of messages of felicitation from Gov. Louis L. Emerson, from Judge Henry Horner, candidate for Governor; from Congressman-at-Large William H. Dieterich; and from Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. Organizations participating in the celebration comprised the Lions, the Optimists, and the Rotary, Kiwanis, Exchange, and Business and Professional Women's Clubs.



The rare old German clock, one of the treasures of Beaumont, Tex., Lodge, and recently restored to running order

Clearwater, Fla., Elks Induct Class; Honor David Sholtz

David Sholtz, Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee of the Grand Lodge, was the guest of honor and principal speaker recently at a celebration at the Home of Clearwater, Fla., Lodge, No. 1525, incident to the initiation of a class of eighteen candidates, a group dedicated to Exalted Ruler S. L. Miller. Many other

Elks of prominence were part of the gathering. These included District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler J. L. Reed, Sr.; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers James J. Fernandez, Paul Henderson and M. O. Overstreet; Past President Harold Colee, of the Florida State Elks Association; and the Exalted Rulers of a number of neighboring Lodges. Of note among the candidates inducted were Ross B. Norton, President, and Fred J. Lee, Secretary, of the Chamber of Commerce; Police Chief E. F. Gross, City Manager H. M. Kindred, Mayor L. H. Zinner, of Safety Harbor, and Municipal Judge Ralph Richards. The Lodges of St. Petersburg, Tampa, Bradenton, Fort Myers and Sebring were among those represented by officers and other members. The address of Mr. Sholtz, in which he praised the work of Florida Elks in behalf of children of the State; a period of entertainment and a buffet supper were features of the unofficial incidents of the evening.

Elks Are Asked to Send Copies of "Eleven O'Clock Toasts"

From time to time THE ELKS MAGAZINE receives requests from members of the Order for "Eleven O'Clock Toasts." While it has a few in its files which it is pleased to send to those asking for them, it has not nearly the variety necessary to comply with the demands upon it for copies. The Magazine, therefore, would like to ask Elks who have in their possession new toasts, or toasts not generally familiar to other members of the Order, to send them in. In this way it can be of service to the many whose requirements it now is unable to meet. Manuscripts will in every case be handled carefully and, if it is desired, returned to the sender after they have been copied. Please address manuscripts to the News Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Grand Exalted Ruler Among Elks To Take West Indian Cruise

Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, together with many other notable members of the Order, has signified his intention of taking part in a winter cruise of Elks to the West Indies and Panama. The Grand Exalted Ruler, in the course of the cruise, plans to make official visits to Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, in the Canal Zone; and also to dedicate the new Home of San Juan Lodge, No. 972, in Puerto Rico.



Election Night Is Elected



AS a Lodge event, Election Night is going to be as big an occasion as it will be in political circles.

FROM more than a thousand Lodges, word has come that they are going to take advantage of the date to get together present members, former members and prospective members in one big group in the Home to hear returns over the radio.

Moreover, postcards, letters and other announcements have been pouring into the hands of members of

the Lodge Activities Committee, sponsors of the Election Night get-together idea, stating that special entertainments and other features have been arranged.

For your use on Election Night, there ap-

pears, on Page 53 of this issue, a special tally-sheet for tabulating returns and keeping track of the trend of the election as reports of voting are received.

TAKE it to the Lodge Home with you Election Night. And take, too, another member — or former member or likely candidate for membership. Election night has been elected by the Lodge as an ideal means of strengthening membership. Elect yourself to help that means along.



The trip will be one of seventeen days aboard the Hamburg-American cruise ship, *Reliance*, a new oil-burning vessel expressly designed for tropical waters and for recreation. Departure will be made from New York January 28, and the return to the same port will be on February 15. Virtually every port and point of interest in the Caribbean and the seas adjacent will be visited in the course of the voyage. Within the duration of the two and a half weeks Elks will have the opportunity to see at first hand the colonial aspects of Spanish, Dutch, British and American civilizations. They will have,

too, the enjoyment of every facility for ship-board pleasure throughout a marine journey of more than five thousand miles. In detail, the schedule of sailings calls for departure from New York at eleven o'clock in the morning, Saturday, January 28; arrival at the first port of call, San Juan, Puerto Rico, Wednesday morning, February 1. Elks of San Juan Lodge are planning to insure memorable entertainment for the visitors. After a full day there, the *Reliance* will leave for La Guayra, the principal port of entry to Caracas, capital of Venezuela, for a full day of sight-seeing, Friday, February 3. Setting out from the harbor early that evening, the Elks cruise ship touches next at Curacao, Dutch Indies. There, from early morning until afternoon of Saturday, February 4, passengers will have opportunity to see the city and its life. Colon, Panama, will be reached the morning of Monday, February 6; and there those aboard the steamer may be assured not only of many glimpses of the beauties and wonders of the Isthmus, but also of a cordial reception by the members of the two Canal Zone Lodges. Two days later, February 8, the *Reliance* will steam into the brilliant harbor at Kingston, Jamaica. There a full day will be spent, with departure made in time to reach Havana the afternoon of Friday, the 10th. Two days in Havana, at the height of its festive season, and the ship will turn northward again, to reach New York on Wednesday, the 15th. As for the steamer itself, it will offer every possible means of pleasure between ports. Its staterooms are high-ceilinged and airy, for tropical voyaging. The decks are unusually wide. The upper ones have been especially designed for all kinds of deck games. A tiled swimming-pool, open to the sky, is another of the many features of the great boat. The cuisine is of the splendid Hamburg-American line standard. Information concerning the cruise may be had and reservations of accommodations made by writing to Travel



A festive event of an Elks' cruise last winter to the West Indies. This year a similar voyage has been arranged. Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson will be a participant



LANDEB
The float entered by Boone, Ia., Lodge in its city's Achievement Day Parade, a short time ago. The Elks' exhibit was awarded one of the principal prizes

Department, THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge Is Host To Supreme Court Justices

Entertainments of a legal nature marked the beginning of fall activities at Pocatello, Idaho, Lodge, No. 674. First of these was the reception, at a session of the Lodge, of the members of the Idaho Supreme Court, all of whom are Elks belonging to Lodges either in Idaho or Montana. The principal speaker upon this occasion was Chief Justice T. Bailey Lee. The other justices present were Bertram S. Varian, of Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448; Raymond L. Givens, Past Exalted Ruler of Boise Lodge, No. 310; Alfred Budge, of Pocatello Lodge, and Robert D. Leeper, of Lewiston Lodge, No. 896. An additional guest was Clerk of the Supreme Court Clay Koelsch, of Boise Lodge. In the course of the meeting, Past Exalted Ruler E. G. Gallet, of Pocatello Lodge, State Auditor, gave an interesting account of the early days of No. 674. The Pocatello High School Band of seventy-five pieces gave a splendid concert at the conclusion of the Lodge meeting. The aspect of the law had entered earlier into the life of No. 674 at a meeting the week before, when a mock trial was held for four members who recently had married. The charge was the commission of matrimony. Esteemed Lecturing Knight Milton E. Zener acted as prosecuting attorney and former Attorney-General R. L. Black presided. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty and sentence to a life of servitude.

New York and Connecticut Elks Choose Bowling League Officers

The bowling teams of ten Lodges in Westchester County, New York, and in the part of Connecticut adjacent to it met a short time ago at the Home of Mount Vernon, N. Y., Lodge, No. 842, for the election of officers of their league for the coming year and for the adoption of a schedule of games. The group, known as the Westchester County, New York, Elks Bowling League, chose George Daner, of White Plains Lodge, No. 535, President; William May, of Mamaroneck Lodge, No. 1457, Vice-President; William H. Valentine, of New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756, Treasurer; and Herman Schneider, of Mount Vernon Lodge, Secretary. Charles S. Hart, Past Exalted Ruler of No. 842, and member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge,

was named Honorary President. Mr. Hart has donated a handsome trophy to be awarded the league champion at the end of the season. Lodges belonging to the league, besides those mentioned, are Yonkers Lodge, No. 707, Ossining Lodge, No. 1486, Mount Kisco Lodge, No. 1552, Port Chester Lodge, No. 863, Bronx Lodge, No. 871, of New York; and Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150, of Connecticut.

Hoboken, N. J., Elks Honor Past Exalted Ruler Ahrling

In token of the zeal and value of his services in its behalf throughout the last twenty-five years, Hoboken, N. J., Lodge, No. 74, presented a short time ago to Past Exalted Ruler Walter F. Ahrling a set of resolutions, engraved upon parchment and richly bound in leather, setting forth formally the membership's sense of heartfelt appreciation. The handsome testimonial was given to Mr. Ahrling at a recent meeting of the Lodge. Past Exalted Ruler John Roeder, Jr., made the address of presentation; and the honored recipient responded with feeling and felicity. In addition to expressing the appreciation of his willingness, generosity, kindness and ability in efforts for the betterment of the Lodge for a quarter of a century, the set of resolutions included a paragraph of specific reference to Mr.

Ahrling's record. This read: "Resolved: that the members of Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, B. P. O. E., hereby express their everlasting appreciation of his graciously given labor of love by his many years of service on House, Bowling, Bazaar, Convention, Crippled Kiddies and Relief Committees; his service as Esteemed Leading Knight during the Lodge year 1917-1918, in recognition of which he was voted an Honorary Life Membership in Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, B. P. O. E., on April 5, 1918; and mention is hereby particularly made of the excellent record he established by serving as Chaplain of Hoboken Lodge, No. 74, B. P. O. E., from April, 1925, to April, 1932, under seven consecutive Exalted Rulers, bringing to an end of his own volition his service in that capacity, because of his removal to another State, the post having been proffered him again by our present Exalted Ruler."

Vincennes, Ind., Lodge Suggests Idea for Coming Initiations

To subordinate Lodges planning to reaffiliate lapsed members as the culmination of a "Homecoming Campaign" during November, Vincennes, Ind., Lodge, No. 291, has offered a suggestion for the making of such occasions especially interesting. The project is founded upon an idea which No. 291 put into effect several years ago. The Lodge held a special session at half-past ten o'clock on the morning of Armistice Day, and the ceremony was so arranged as to conclude at eleven, when the two minutes of silence in memory of those who died in the war were observed. Candidates thus inducted were given thereafter membership cards dated, "November 11th, 11 A. M." A luncheon and an afternoon program of welcome followed the initiation.

Junction City, Kans., Elks' Nine Wins Two Junior League Titles

This year, for the first time, Junction City, Kans., Lodge, No. 1037, undertook to sponsor a junior baseball team; and it had, at the conclusion of the season, the gratification of finding its proteges winners of both the mid-season and final championships of the Junior Baseball League. This organization is composed of teams sponsored by a number of civic groups. The Elks' team, under the able leadership of Abe Ruef and A. Y. Weir, finished its schedule with a record of eleven victories in twelve games.

Palatka, Fla., Lodge Has Informal Call From District Deputy

District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Caspian Hale, accompanied by fourteen fellow members of New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge, No. 1557, and four members of DeLand Lodge, No. 1463, called unofficially a short time ago upon



ANDERSON
The Junior Baseball Team sponsored by Junction City, Kans., Lodge. These youngsters won both the mid-season and final championships in their league

the membership of Palatka Lodge, No. 1232. Although the visit was informal, the meeting at which the Palatka Elks received the District Deputy proved to be unusually auspicious. Both Mr. Hale and the Reverend P. J. Downey, Chaplain of the Florida State Elks Association, gave addresses that evoked hearty applause. Exalted Ruler B. C. Pearce presided. A social session followed the termination of the Lodge session.

"Ex-Service Men's Night" Is Held At Hibbing, Minn., Lodge Home

Two hundred Elks and their guests gathered a short time ago at the Home of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, for the Lodge's third annual celebration of "Ex-Service Men's Night." The meeting opened with the presentation of the flag by the Boy Scout unit sponsored by No. 1022. A feature of the evening was an address by Congressman Paul Kvale. Social events included a program of entertainment and a buffet supper.

Tom Shinnners, "Sunshine Man," Of Passaic, N. J., Lodge, Dies

Nearly twenty-one years ago, back in the days when William Howard Taft had still a year to serve as President, a derrick boom fell upon Tom Shinnners, of Passaic, N. J., and broke his back. He did not die, but ever since then, until a few weeks ago, he has lain almost entirely paralyzed, in St. Mary's Hospital. For many months the despair of his injury made him wish the end would come. But when it did not, desolation gave way to determination to make the best of the cruel lot which life had dealt him. He smiled again. His cheer, his courage won for him the name of "The Sunshine Man." He became a national figure. Letters poured in. First, they were letters of encouragement and consolation. But so bravely did he reply, typing laboriously with the one finger he could move, that in time missives asking help and advice became the rule. It is said that five thousand letters a year reached him, and to at least three thousand of these he wrote answers. They came from the afflicted and the broken-spirited and, in time, they came to constitute a great interest in Tom Shinnners' life. This, and an application to reading during his every waking moment, kept "The Sunshine Man" going. Of later years the telephone and the radio helped link him closer to life outside the hospital. And despite all his handicaps and the press of self-assumed obligations, he found time to edit from his bed a department of the bulletin of Passaic Lodge, No. 387, of which he was a devoted member. He took likewise, during the war, an intense interest in those who served in it, particularly the severely wounded. One token of appreciation of this was his election to honorary membership in the Rainbow Division. Not long ago, from a complication of internal disorders, Tom Shinnners died. He



The Ritualistic Team of Boulder, Colo., Lodge, winners of the championship of the State at the recent annual convention of the Colorado State Elks Association

was fifty years old. Elks not only of his own Lodge, but of every Lodge in the country, are mourning the passing of this so indomitable and beloved member of the Order.

Birmingham, Ala., Elks Are Hosts To Journalists of Note

Journalists of State-wide prominence were the guests a short time ago of the Elks Historical Club of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79, at a luncheon at the Home. The guests comprised Charles N. Feidelson, editorial writer of the Birmingham *Age-Herald*; and Vincent Townsend, City Editor; Leon W. Friedman, Fraternal and Industrial Editor; and George Riley, News Editor, of the Birmingham *News*. Of note among the Elks who entertained them were President Ben Mendelsohn and Past President E. J. McCrossin, of the Alabama State Elks Association; and President Harry W. English, of the Historical Club.

Essay Contest Is Conducted at Elks National Home; Winner Named

Fifty-eight residents of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., took part recently in a contest, organized by Past Exalted Ruler Bernard Levy, of Cincinnati, O., Lodge, No. 5, and sanctioned by the Board of Grand Trustees, for the best essay upon the subject, "How I spend my time at the Elks National Home." To the winner of the competition Mr. Levy awarded a prize of \$25; and to the resident to submit the next-best essay, a prize of \$5. After a careful review of all the contributions, Mr. Levy has announced Ed J. Erwin, of Bos-

ton, Mass., Lodge, No. 10, winner of the first prize; and F. G. Spencer, of Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 830, winner of the second. Special mention for merit was accorded to George R. C. Johnson, of Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293; J. W. Christie, of New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30; Eugene L. Johnson, of Elmira, N. Y., Lodge, No. 62; James R. Stratford, of Montgomery, Ala., Lodge, No. 596; R. Bruce Evans, of Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642; Franklin H. Brooks, of New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1; C. A. Southwell, of Honolulu, H. I., Lodge, No. 616; and Sam E. Hill, of Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160. The winning letter, written by Mr. Erwin, read as follows: "I came to this wonderful Home as a guest of the B. P. O. E. at the age of sixty-five. I was amazed when I saw the beautiful buildings and grounds surrounding them. I noted how well everything had been provided for one's comfort, happiness and contentment. At first, I spent hours in reflection and retrospection, which brought me one regret: that I had become a beneficiary, as I realized how much it meant to be a contributor. I determined then to give my time and service wherever it would result in making the pathway one of roses. As we are equipped with a splendid library, I take advantage of it and do considerable reading; and I also use the recreation room which, of course, has billiard, pool and card tables, for diversion. The golf course I am sold on. My routine for the day does not vary much. In the morning, after the first mail, I read to the men whose eyesight is impaired; then a round of golf before lunch. After lunch, more golf. After dinner I go to the hospital and visit some of the shut-ins and read to one in particular who is now blind and paralyzed—a



FRED J. SMITH

The large gathering which attended the clambake, an annual affair, of Ossining, N. Y., Lodge



Winners of Elks National Foundation Scholarships: at the left, James Kane Leahy, son of Dr. J. P. Leahy, of Middleboro, Mass., Lodge; and, at the right, Felix Picard, nephew of Past Exalted Ruler R. J. Marcoux, of Lewiston, Me., Lodge

wonderful character and a great inspiration to me. I go to my room, which will compare with any in a first-class hotel in furnishings and care, and my last act before retiring is to thank the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Universe for guiding me to his hallowed spot where I can pass my declining years in surroundings which I believe are unsurpassed in the entire world; and I remember those who founded it and those to whose care it is entrusted; and when I am called I know every reverence and respect will be paid me at the Lodge of Sorrow which is our Finis."

Two Elks National Foundation Scholarship Awards Made

Through the Chairman of the Board, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, the Elks National Foundation Trustees announced a short time ago two awards of Elks National Foundation Scholarships to young men entering college. One is a resident of Massachusetts and the other of Maine; and each award was made upon the recommendation of the State Elks Association of the resident's State. The recipient in Massachusetts is James Kane Leahy, son of Dr. James P. Leahy, of Mattapoisett, a member of Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274. Young Mr. Leahy was graduated from the Fairhaven High School with the class of 1932. His record throughout was distinguished not only for scholarship but also for an active and successful participation in extracurricular activities, athletic and otherwise. He received highest honors in his courses during the four years at the school. In his junior year he was chosen a member of the National Honor Society and subsequently, in his senior year, served as its Vice-President. As a junior he received from the Harvard Club of New Bedford the Harvard prize for scholarship and character. President of his class during his third year, Vice-President during the fourth, as well as Class Prophet and Class Marshal, Mr. Leahy served also as a member of the Student Council and of the Foreign Language and Literary Clubs, and was Exchange Editor of the school magazine. In sports he was no less energetic, playing on both the basketball and baseball teams. In his senior year he was baseball captain. His rating in scholarship for the entire high-school course was A. He has entered Brown University. The nephew of R. J. Marcoux, Past Exalted Ruler of Lewiston Lodge, No. 371, was the recipient of the Elks National Foundation Scholarship for Maine. He is Felix Picard, of Winslow. At the age of sixteen he was

graduated from Winslow High School with second highest honors. He has entered Colby College, with the intention of studying law after the completion of his course there.

Float of Bridgeport, Conn., Elks Wins First Prize in City Parade

Competing against twenty-five other spectacular exhibits, the float entered by Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36, in its city's George Washington Bicentennial Parade a short time ago, won first prize. For its victory, the Lodge received a handsome silver loving cup. The float depicted Washington taking the oath of office as President. Two hundred and fifty uniformed members of No. 36 marched in the patriotic procession.

Reading, Pa., Lodge's Champion Bowling Team Has High Hopes

With a championship record last year to encourage them, the bowlers of Reading, Pa., Lodge, No. 115, under the management of Jack Coyle, are looking forward to the coming season in the sport with high hopes of again winning first honors in the Elks' Tri-State Bowling League. The showing of No. 115's Bowling Team in 1931 carried with it not only supremacy among the eight teams which are members of the league, but also the setting of a

high team-score mark of 1081 pins. The total number of pins scored by the team for the entire season was 39,622. The members of the team were guests at a banquet at the Home of Reading Lodge at the conclusion of the league race. Four hundred Elks were present, representing Lodges throughout the Southeast District of Pennsylvania. In the course of the festivities a splendid silver trophy was awarded the champion Reading bowlers in token of their achievement.

Woonsocket, R. I., Elks Assist In Campaign to Save Hospital

Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge, No. 850, has thrown itself energetically into a citizens' campaign to prevent the closing of the Woonsocket Hospital, an institution threatened a short time ago by such severe financial problems as to make its further operation doubtful. At a preliminary meeting called in behalf of the hospital recently, there were in attendance, to represent the Lodge, Exalted Ruler Thomas C. Mee, a member of the Board of Aldermen; Secretary William J. Thibodeau and Esteemed Lecturing Knight Abe A. Brown, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee of No. 850.

Boy Scout Troop Sponsored by Elks Of Toledo, O., Wins First Honors

Of unusual gratification recently to the members of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, was the receipt of a report that the Boy Scout Troop which they sponsor had, for the fourth consecutive year, been placed at the very forefront among units of its kind in its district. The proteges of the Toledo Elks composed one of six groups to win the Achievement Trophy for 1932; and they furthermore were awarded, for their showing at camp, the Honor Troop Banner.

Pennsylvania Northwest District Association Has Record Meeting

Seventy-two delegates, constituting the largest attendance of the year, gathered a short time ago to take part in the regular meeting of the Northwest District Association of Pennsylvania Elks, at the Home of Warren Lodge, No. 223. Prominent in the list of subjects discussed were arrangements for the Student Aid Fund; and plans for cooperation with the Southwest and Central District Associations of the State in a reception to be tendered Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson in February or March of the coming year. Of note among the attendants of the meeting were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John N. Mark, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers J. G. Bohlender and Joseph Riesenman, Jr.; Trustee Matthew A. Riley of the

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The Bowling Team of Reading, Pa., Lodge, winner last season of the Elks' Tri-State Bowling League Championship. The Lodge entertained the bowlers at a banquet recently

News of the State Associations

Oklahoma

GRAND Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews were honored guests recently at the annual convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association, held at Pawhuska, under the auspices of the Lodge of that city, No. 1177. Mr. Andrews was first to arrive. He was, upon the initial day of the gathering, entertained by officers of the Association and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries of subordinate Lodges at a luncheon at the Country Club. The following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler, escorted from Tulsa by a group of Elks comprising Exalted Ruler James H. Wilcox, Past Exalted Ruler A. F. Dahrooge and present officers of Pawhuska Lodge, came to the city. At the point of arrival a parade formed in his honor. The procession included the Band of the Boys Training School at Pauls Valley, an organization sponsored by the Lodge; a decorated automobile, in which Mr. Thompson, Mr. Andrews, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden, and President E. R. Walcher, of the Association, were seated; Elks marching units, the Band of Pawhuska Lodge and the American Legion Drum and Bugle Corps. The destination of the parade was the Kihekah Theatre, where the Grand Exalted Ruler made an address at the opening public meeting of the convention. He was introduced by Mr. Andrews who, in turn, had been presented by Bert B. Barefoot, former member of the Judiciary Committee of the Grand Lodge. Mayor John D. Askin voiced the welcome of Pawhuska to its distinguished visitors. President Walcher presided. At noon Mr. Thompson was the guest at a luncheon at the Duncan Hotel. At this were officers of the Association, and Exalted Rulers and Secretaries and Chairmen of the Reinstatement Committees of Lodges in the State. Seventy-five members of the Order in all were present. The afternoon held two events of unusual moment: the one, the ritualistic contest for the championship of Oklahoma, won by Blackwell Lodge, No. 1347; and the other a conference of the Grand Exalted Ruler with representatives of Oklahoma City Lodge, No. 417, El Reno Lodge, No. 743, Chickasha Lodge, No. 755, Enid Lodge, No. 870, Alva Lodge, No. 1184, Blackwell Lodge, Duncan Lodge, No. 1446, McAlester Lodge, No. 533, Shawnee Lodge, No. 657, Tulsa Lodge, No. 946, Bartlesville

Lodge, No. 1060, Sapulpa Lodge, No. 1118, Nowata Lodge, No. 1151, and Pawhuska Lodge. Most picturesque of the events of the convention was the barbecue, late in the afternoon, at the Indian Village. At this, after a number of native dances, the Grand Exalted Ruler was adopted into the Osage tribe as Opah-tun-kah, or Big Elk; and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews was received likewise as Opah-shin-kah, or Little Elk. With one exception, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Andrews are the only white men ever to be so honored by the Osages. In the absence of Big Chief Fred Lookout, Chief John Abbott performed the ceremony of adoption. This closed with the presentation to Mr. Thompson and Mr. Andrews of Indian headdresses and beaded tobacco pouches. Notable among the Elks to attend the affair were Mr. Barefoot, President Walcher, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Sam Clark and E. C. Cranston; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers L. A. Browder and R. W. Moreland. The Grand Exalted Ruler left in the evening for Lincoln, Nebraska, where another conference had been arranged. Business sessions of the Oklahoma convention took place the next day. Features of these were a splendid address by Mr. Andrews and the election of officers for the coming year. To

guide the affairs of the Association for the next twelve months, the following were chosen: R. K. Robertson, of Sapulpa Lodge, No. 1118, President; M. W. Brown, of Shawnee Lodge, No. 657, First Vice-President; Dave Perry, of Enid Lodge, No. 870, Second Vice-President; George McLean, of El Reno Lodge, No. 743, Third Vice-President; L. F. Pfotenbauer, of Oklahoma City Lodge, Secretary; H. A. P. Smith, of Shawnee Lodge, No. 657, Treasurer; H. R. Heichelheim, of McAlester Lodge, No. 533, Tiler; and J. C. Miller, of Tulsa Lodge, No. 946, and Harry Kessler, of Oklahoma City Lodge, Trustees. The delegates decided upon El Reno as the place of next year's meeting.

New Hampshire

WITH President Andrew N. Sym occupying the chair, delegates to the fourth annual convention of the New Hampshire State Elks Association gathered a short time ago at the Home of Franklin Lodge, No. 1280. Lodges represented, in addition to the host Lodge, were Portsmouth Lodge, No. 97; Manchester Lodge, No. 146, Claremont Lodge, No. 879, Keene Lodge, No. 927, Concord Lodge, No. 1210, Rochester Lodge, No. 1393, and Laconia Lodge, No. 876. A guest of honor at the meeting was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler

Benjamin P. Hopkins. Officers elected for the 1932-1933 term were Charles H. Bean, of Franklin Lodge, President; A. Vard Dennison, of Claremont Lodge, First Vice-President; P. J. Hinchey, of Berlin Lodge, No. 618, Second Vice-President; F. E. Normandin, of Laconia Lodge, Third Vice-President; and J. A. McInerney, of Rochester Lodge, Secretary and Treasurer. A social event memorably pleasant was a clambake at Webster Lake at the conclusion of the convention.

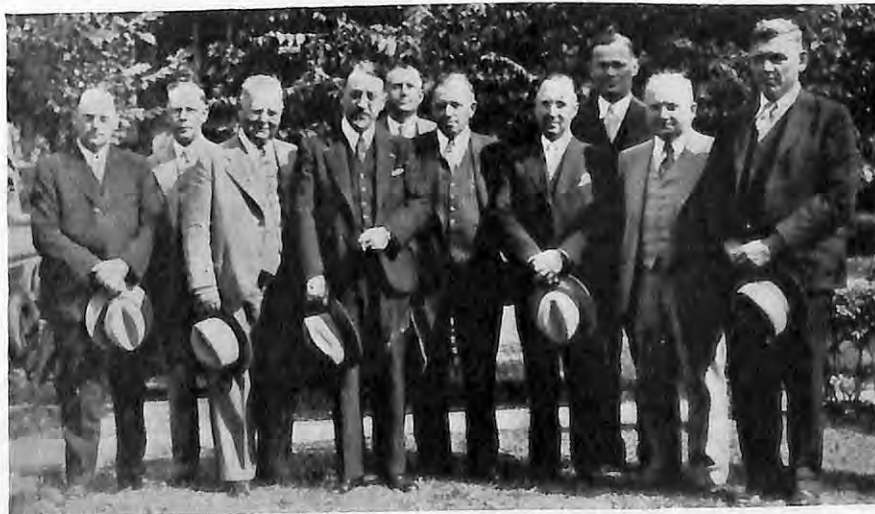
Illinois

A GROUP of present and former officers of the Illinois State Elks Association conferred recently with President J. F. Mohan at his home in Pontiac upon plans for the coming year. Those present upon the occasion included First Vice-President Roy S. Preston, Second Vice-President Marx M. Harder, Secretary Nelson H. Millard, Trustees D. M. Lotts and Roy S. Huffman; Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Association's Welfare Activities Commission; Past Presidents Louie Forman and J. C. Dallenbach; and Past Trustee Earle Thompson.

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The Ritualistic Team of Blackwell Lodge, awarded first place in the championship competition recently at the Oklahoma State Elks Association convention



Present and former officers of the Illinois State Elks Association at the home of President J. F. Mohan, in Pontiac, for a conference concerning the organization's plans



MCDONALD

The gathering of Elks which welcomed Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson during his recent sojourn in Lincoln, Nebr.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

WITHIN a period beginning early in September and extending into the first few days of October, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson established direct contact with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, officers of State Elks Associations and the representatives of many scores of subordinate Lodges by means of the arrangement of regional conferences in a number of States. These gatherings supplemented his earlier personal communication with Elks in many sections of the country, achieved through attendance at conventions of State Associations and visits to individual Lodges.

The object of the regional conferences was principally that of enlarging and consolidating the membership of Lodges. The gatherings, informal in nature for the most part, provided forums for the discussion of means to attract new members to the Order, and to reclaim former members. Subjects also brought forth for consideration were the nature of membership in the several Lodges, whether it were of a transient or a stable sort; the matter of Lodge finances; and a review of the charitable efforts of Lodges within the last year.

In calling the assemblages of District Deputies and other leaders among the Elks of the States, Mr. Thompson chose sections of the country where he had not been able to be present when State Association conventions were held; and throughout his tour he took occasion, wherever possible, to call upon subordinate Lodges in his official capacity as chief executive of the Order.

The first of Mr. Thompson's visits was that to the membership of Hope, Ark., Lodge, No. 1109, on September 10, in the course of his journey to preside at the initial regional conference at Dallas, Texas. Mr. Thompson's brother is a resident of Hope; and the Grand Exalted Ruler found the double opportunity, in stopping there, to visit both a member of his family and a group of members of the Order. In the evening of his stay in Hope, Mr. Thompson was the guest of Hope Lodge at a banquet. The one hundred guests gathered upon the occasion to greet him included Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Leonard R. Ellis, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler C. J. Griffith, and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. R. Healey, Victor A. Ghio, F. W. Duttlinger and Talbot Feild.

The Dallas Conference

MANY other distinguished members of the Order, including every District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler from Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas, participated in the regional conference the following day, at the Jefferson Hotel in Dallas. Both morning and afternoon meetings were held, as well as a luncheon at which, in addition to Grand Lodge officers, there were present sixty representatives of sub-

Mr. Thompson Calls Many Regional Conferences

ordinate Lodges. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, those in attendance comprised Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight P. L. Downs, Harry A. Logsdon, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; James H. Gibson, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; W. R. Dudley, Jr., former Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers T. G. Nichols, Wayne Manning, F. L. Lubben, M. Riley Wyatt, and N. J. Nanney, of Texas; A. J. Manhein and D. T. Lenhard, of Louisiana; and Sam Clark and E. C. Cranston, of Oklahoma; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles A. Mangold and Henry Block, of Texas; and Harry E. Holmes, President of the Texas State Elks Association. Lodges represented at the conference were, from Texas, Wichita Falls Lodge, No. 1105; Burkburnett Lodge, No. 1489; Plainview Lodge, No. 1175; Haskell Lodge, No. 1158; Dallas Lodge, No. 71; Fort Worth Lodge, No. 124; Waco Lodge, No. 166; Marshall Lodge, No. 683; Cleburne Lodge, No. 811; Galveston Lodge, No. 126; Temple Lodge, No. 138; Houston Lodge, No. 151; Austin Lodge, No. 201; Brenham Lodge, No. 979; Port Arthur Lodge, No. 1069; San Antonio Lodge, No. 216; Seguin Lodge, No. 1229; Sweetwater Lodge, No. 1257; Eastland Lodge, No. 1372; Ranger Lodge, No. 1373; Cisco Lodge, No. 1379; and Breckenridge Lodge, No. 1480; and, from Louisiana, Shreveport Lodge, No. 122; Monroe Lodge, No. 454; Alexandria Lodge, No. 546; and Natchitoches Lodge, No. 1363. Because of the imminence, the following day, of the Oklahoma State Elks Association Convention, at which they were to be present to meet the Grand Exalted Ruler, delegations from Lodges in Oklahoma did not find it necessary to attend the conference.

On the morning of September 12, en route to attend the convention of the Oklahoma State Elks Association at Pawhuska later that day, Mr. Thompson stopped for a short while in Tulsa. There he was met at the station by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight O. L. Hayden and Exalted Ruler C. J. Hindman and other officers of Tulsa Lodge, No. 946. After his welcome, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest at breakfast of the Elks assembled. Thirty members of the Order were present upon the occasion.

Mr. Thompson's part in the activities of the Oklahoma State Elks Association convention

are reported elsewhere in this issue, in "News of the State Associations."

Traveling north from Oklahoma, the Grand Exalted Ruler passed through Kansas City, Mo., and was entertained, the morning of September 13, at breakfast by Exalted Ruler E. G. Stephens and other officers of Kansas City Lodge, No. 26. He found opportunity, upon this occasion, to make a brief talk to his hosts upon fraternal affairs.

Lincoln, Nebr., Lodge, No. 80, greeted Mr. Thompson in the evening of the same day at a testimonial dinner at the Cornhusker Hotel. Upon his arrival in the city, the head of the Order was met by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Guy T. Tou Velle and Exalted Ruler George E. Lewis, of Lincoln Lodge. At the banquet, welcome to the community and to the Lodge was extended by Mayor F. C. Zehrung, senior Past Exalted Ruler of No. 80. To this Mr. Thompson responded in a brief speech. He made a more lengthy address later at the Lodge Home, where two hundred Elks were gathered to receive him.

The Second Large Meeting

THE following morning, that of September 14, the Grand Exalted Ruler presided at the second regional conference. In attendance were leading Elks of the three States of Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas. Meetings took place both in the forenoon and afternoon. At midday a luncheon was held, with one hundred members of the Order present. The distinguished assemblage included, besides Mr. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank L. Rain, James T. Keefe, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; W. B. Greenwald, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Guy T. Tou Velle and Charles A. Laughlin, of Nebraska; F. W. McDonald, H. D. Cook and H. J. Ferguson, of Kansas; and J. A. Walser, C. H. Duffy, and A. R. Perasso, of Iowa; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred L. Harrison and Walter C. Nelson, of Nebraska; President C. L. Baskins, First Vice-President H. P. Zieg and Secretary L. L. Turpin, of the Nebraska State Elks Association; and President L. Timken and Secretary L. F. Goerman, of the Kansas State Elks Association. Represented also were the memberships of Omaha Lodge, No. 39, Fremont Lodge, No. 514, Grand Island Lodge, No. 604, Norfolk Lodge, No. 653, Kearney Lodge, No. 984, North Platte Lodge, No. 985, Columbus Lodge, No. 1195, Lincoln Lodge, No. 80, Hastings Lodge, No. 159, Beatrice Lodge, No. 619, York Lodge, No. 1024, Nebraska City Lodge, No. 1049, and Fairbury Lodge, No. 1203, of Nebraska; and Wichita Lodge, No. 427, Hutchinson Lodge, No. 453, McPherson Lodge, No. 502, Newton Lodge, No. 706, Augusta Lodge, No. 1462, Pittsburg Lodge,

No. 412, Independence Lodge, No. 780, Osawatomic Lodge, No. 921, Lawrence Lodge, No. 595, Salina Lodge, No. 718, Junction City Lodge, No. 1037, and Goodland Lodge, No. 1528, of Kansas. Inasmuch as the Grand Exalted Ruler was to attend the Iowa State Elks Association convention the following day, he did not request that Iowan Lodges send delegates to the Lincoln conference.

On September 15, Mr. Thompson attended the convention of the Iowa State Elks Association at Marshalltown. An account of this event appears upon another page of this issue, in "News of the State Associations."

An enjoyable incident to occur during his trip to Marshalltown was a dinner given in his honor at the Home of Omaha Lodge, No. 39. A stopover in the city was made necessary by the schedule of trains. Mr. Thompson's hosts at the Home included Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler James M. Fitzgerald, and Past Exalted Ruler T. B. Dysart, Secretary Penn. P. Fodrea, and Treasurer J. C. Travis, of No. 39.

The Gathering in Minnesota

AT THE Home of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge, No. 44, the evening of September 17, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a barbecue supper, an entertainment made additionally memorable for its coincidence with the Lodge's observance of "Old Timers' Night." Charter members and others of long standing were special guests upon the occasion. In the course of the festivities, Mr. Thompson made an address to the three hundred Elks present. The pleasure of the evening was heightened by the rendition of a number of songs by the Glee Club of the Lodge.

A third regional conference, embracing representative Elks of Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northern District of Michigan was held the following day in Minneapolis. Response to the Grand Exalted Ruler's urgency to attend this meeting was remarkable. Every District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler from the territories mentioned was present; and nine of the ten Lodges of North Dakota, in particular, sent delegates, some of them coming from more than six hundred miles distant. Mr. Thompson did not find it necessary to ask subordinate Lodges of Wisconsin to send representatives, since he earlier, in August, had had the opportunity of conferring with them at the convention of the Wisconsin State Elks Association. The conference comprised sessions in both the morning and afternoon, with a most enjoyable luncheon, attended by one hundred members of the Order, held in the interval between the meetings. Elks of note at the gathering included District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers A. L. Dretchko and Michael F. Sullivan, of Minnesota; A. C. Pagenkopf, of North Dakota; George C. Hunt, of South Dakota; A. J. Geniesse, J. E. Newton and P. T. Weber, of Wisconsin; and Ray E. MacAllister, of Michigan; W. C. Robertson, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Sam Stern, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; Walter F. Marcum, President, and A. K. Cohen, Past President, of the Minnesota State Elks Association; Robert B. Meldrum, President of the South Dakota State Elks Association; Edward W. Mackey, Past President of the Wisconsin State Elks Association; and Charles D. Ray, formerly Secretary to Past Grand Exalted Ruler James G. McFarland. Represented at the conference were, of North Dakota, Grand Forks Lodge, No. 255; Fargo Lodge, No. 260; Jamestown Lodge, No. 995; Minot Lodge, No. 1089; Valley City Lodge, No. 1110; Dickinson Lodge, No. 1137; Bismarck Lodge, No. 1199; Devil's Lake Lodge, No. 1216; and Mandan Lodge, No. 1256; of South Dakota, Sioux Falls Lodge, No. 262; Huron Lodge, No. 444; Watertown Lodge, No. 838; Aberdeen Lodge, No. 1046; Mitchell Lodge, No. 1059; Madison Lodge, No. 1442; and Brookings Lodge, No. 1490; of Michigan, Iron Mountain Lodge, No. 700; and Ironwood Lodge, No. 1278; and, of



The Grand Exalted Ruler, Mrs. Thompson and their daughter, Miss Mary Ellen Thompson, at Minneapolis, where a regional conference was held

Minnesota, St. Paul Lodge, No. 59; Stillwater Lodge, No. 179; Mankato Lodge, No. 225; Winona Lodge, No. 327; Albert Lea Lodge, No. 813; Red Wing Lodge, No. 845; Faribault Lodge, No. 1166; Owatonna Lodge, No. 1395; Minneapolis Lodge, No. 44; Duluth Lodge, No. 133; St. Cloud Lodge, No. 516; Brainerd Lodge, No. 615; Willmar Lodge, No. 952; Hibbing Lodge, No. 1022; Bemidji Lodge, No. 1052; Fergus Falls Lodge, No. 1093; and Thief River Falls Lodge, No. 1308.

The Elkhart Conference

GRAND Exalted Ruler Thompson made an official call upon Elkhart, Ind., Lodge, No. 425, on September 21. A reception committee, headed by Past Exalted Ruler James A. Bell, met him at the station and escorted him thereafter to the Home. Among the two hundred Elks present at the Lodge session to hear Mr. Thompson's address were Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, John K. Burch, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; and Robert Proctor, a member of Elkhart Lodge, and Past Grand Worthy President of the Fraternal Order of Eagles.

At the Elkhart Hotel the next day, September 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler held the fourth of his regional conferences, the attendants embracing representatives of Grand Lodge Districts, State Elks Associations and Lodges of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Noteworthy in the group which discussed the affairs of the Order with its chief executive were Mr. Masters, Mr. Burch; James S. Richardson, Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees; W. Dickson Brown, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Frank J. McMichael; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Victor V. Swartz, Frank M. McHale, Raymond F. Thomas and Edwin Loewenthal, of Indiana; William A. Montgomery, Claude E. Cady and E. P. Greenwald, of Michigan; and Fred L. Bohn, T. A. O'Leary, J. A. Rockey, John C. Cochrane and P. P. Boli, of Ohio; President Lee F. Bays, First Vice-President Joseph L. Clarke, Second Vice-President C. J. Joel, Third Vice-President O. Ray Miner, Secretary W. C. Groebl, Treasurer T. E. Jeanneret, Trustees Joseph F. Getz, E. J. Greenwald and William H. Anger, and Chaplain the Reverend W. E. Hoffenbacher, of the Indiana State Elks Association; President Norman C. Parr and Trustees William G. Campbell and Charles

W. Casselman, of the Ohio State Elks Association; and President Charles C. Chappel and Secretary Arthur E. Green, of the Michigan State Elks Association. Subordinate Lodge representatives present were those of South Bend Lodge, No. 235, La Porte Lodge, No. 396, Elkhart Lodge, No. 425, Michigan City Lodge, No. 432, Ligonier Lodge, No. 451, Hammond Lodge, No. 485, Valparaiso Lodge, No. 500; Goshen Lodge, No. 708; East Chicago Lodge, No. 981, Gary Lodge, No. 1152; Kendallville Lodge, No. 1194; Whiting Lodge, No. 1273; Logansport Lodge, No. 66; Fort Wayne Lodge, No. 155; Peru Lodge, No. 365; Warsaw Lodge, No. 802, Huntington Lodge, No. 805; Decatur Lodge, No. 993; Columbia City Lodge, No. 1417; Garrett Lodge, No. 1447; Union City Lodge, No. 1534; Elwood Lodge, No. 368; Frankfort Lodge, No. 560; Hartford City Lodge, No. 625; Lebanon Lodge, No. 635; Portland Lodge, No. 768; Tipton Lodge, No. 1012; Evansville Lodge, No. 116; Bedford Lodge, No. 826, Sullivan Lodge, No. 911; Indianapolis Lodge, No. 13; Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86; Connersville Lodge, No. 379; Bloomington Lodge, No. 446; Shelbyville Lodge, No. 457; New Castle Lodge, No. 484; Columbus Lodge, No. 521, and Rushville Lodge, No. 1307, of Indiana; Jackson Lodge, No. 113; Battle Creek Lodge, No. 131; Lansing Lodge, No. 196; Ionia Lodge, No. 548; Owosso Lodge, No. 753; Dowagiac Lodge, No. 889; Coldwater Lodge, No. 1023; Three Rivers Lodge, No. 1248; Niles Lodge, No. 1322; Hillsdale Lodge, No. 1575, Detroit Lodge, No. 34, Saginaw Lodge, No. 47; Bay City Lodge, No. 88; Flint Lodge, No. 222; Ann Arbor Lodge, No. 325; Pontiac Lodge, No. 810; Ferndale Lodge, No. 1588, Grand Rapids Lodge, No. 48, Kalamazoo Lodge, No. 50; Manistee Lodge, No. 250; Muskegon Lodge, No. 274; Traverse City Lodge, No. 323; St. Joseph Lodge, No. 541; Benton Harbor Lodge, No. 544, Petoskey Lodge, No. 629, Cadillac Lodge, No. 680; Ludington Lodge, No. 736; Big Rapids Lodge, No. 974; Grand Haven Lodge, No. 1200; Holland Lodge, No. 1315, and South Haven Lodge, No. 1509; of Michigan; and Marion Lodge, No. 32; Galion Lodge, No. 1191; Ashtabula Lodge, No. 208; Toledo Lodge, No. 53; Defiance Lodge, No. 147; Fremont Lodge, No. 169; Wapakoneta Lodge, No. 1170; Lancaster Lodge, No. 570; and Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, of Ohio. The presence of the Ohio

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ELKDOM OUTDOORS

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

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

Whitefishing with Hook and Line

By E. J. Grundy, Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, No. 615

MINNESOTA counts her ten thousand lakes. The count is not accurate. She has nearer eleven thousand.

Millions of years ago, a huge sheet of ice pressed southward. When it melted it left, among others, a beautiful lake known as Ten Mile, in the north central part of the State. It is just fifty-five miles north of the Elks Club at Brainerd, and located on Highway 19. It is an extremely deep lake. Some say, the deepest in Minnesota. Whitefish are caught by hook and line from one of Ten Mile's ledges in forty to ninety feet of water. Alongside this ledge of blue clay and gravel lies a basin two hundred and fifty feet deep. A friend tells me he has sounded a five-hundred-foot depth. There are rumors of depths exceeding one thousand feet. I hope to verify these rumors someday.

Ten Mile has fifty-six miles of shore line. Six excellent beaches and many scenic points and bays are found. The land is unsuited to farming. It is still the wild playground of deer and fowl. At rare intervals mischievous bear are seen. There is no case on record where these fun-loving bears have harmed any person who did not bother them. The much maligned porcupine is there too. He is harmless, perfectly harmless if you keep your hands off him. Ten Mile Lake has no inlet other than the submerged springs in its depths. On much of the shore line the glacial ice erected a substantial dike or levee. The pure waters of the lake are protected from possible shore pollution. The many springs together with the great depth of the lake insure clear sparkling water even in dog days. This is one reason why Ten Mile whitefish are so choice in quality. The beaches rival those of Miami. Our little daughter of seven is a good swimmer. So long as she



Whitefish taken with hook and line

is not alone we permit her the freedom of our beach. The lake has but one outlet. It leads down through a chain of other lakes into the Mississippi River.

After twenty years' rambling I have seen something of sport everywhere. Be it said to my discredit that, with all my advantages, I remain a rank amateur in fishing. My one accomplishment seems to be catching whitefish on a hook and line. Many serious folks will not believe me. Ten Mile is the only lake where they will take the hook for me. At least twenty of my friends excel me in this method. Over five hundred whitefish took the hook in Ten Mile Lake last summer.

An acre spot is small, even on land. It is insignificantly small on Ten Mile water. Get off this one spot and you will not get any whitefish. Ordinary geometry will locate you. We sight from a forestry tower, a group of Norway pines and a point of boulders. The bait used is tiny shiners around two inches in length. The hook also is small and in keeping

with the bait. A light bass line with sufficiently heavy sinker, mounted four inches from the hook, is used. No leader of any kind is used. At least one hundred feet of anchor rope and a heavy anchor for boat will be needed. Whitefish have small mouths devoid of teeth. They bite almost imperceptibly when the little shiner is held about two inches off the bottom of the lake. But once you hook him, look out. Plenty of thrills will be yours. Strong-arm methods will tear the hook from his tender mouth. Play him ever so carefully until a landing net can be placed under him. The shiner bait is hooked well to the rear with head hanging slightly down. Hours sometimes pass without results. All at once something happens. You will be kept busy clipping coupons off sport

bonds. They will not take the hook early in the morning or late in the evening. From eight forenoon until five afternoon is the range in hours. Sometimes the noon hour is the best. The most frequent catch runs around two pounds. Three to five pounds are frequent with seven pounds less frequent but in the cards. Ten and one-half pounds is the record for Ten Mile.

Whitefish use gravel for teeth, the same as a chicken. They have something inside of them which looks very much like a gizzard, and probably is. The bladder is built for heavy pressure in the deep lake. They will not live long when brought to the surface. Along in November, just before the ice forms, they leave the deeper water and adapt themselves for a time to shallow water. Taking them with hook and line meets the ethical requirements of a sportsman. Caught in this manner, the supply can never become depleted. Our grandchildren will enjoy the sport.



Harry Y. Smith on right with 400-lb. bear atop car

Big Game Season Is Here

By Harry Y. Smith, Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, No. 233

WITH November comes preparation for those who enjoy, above all else, the thrill attached to the pursuit of big game. One of its most devoted followers is Harry Y. Smith of Red Bank, New Jersey, Lodge, No. 233. The following description is an excerpt taken from an article written by Mr. Smith describing his killing of the

big bear shown atop the car in the accompanying photograph.

"After leaving our guide, we came across some bear tracks that were followed closely. They were indeed so fresh that the water trickling down along the trail had not yet washed them out, but had merely begun to seep in, forming little puddles within their depressions. Boughton, my companion, and I remained together until half-past eleven, when he took the right fork of the trail, and I the left, agreeing to meet at this junction at one o'clock. I had not gone forward any very great distance, when I heard a 'slushing' noise, like that of some hooved animal in a swamp.

"Suddenly the sound ceased. Then it began again. First it seemed off to the right, then to the left, then I seemed to hear it behind me, and again in front of me. I became greatly confused not only as regards direction, but also as regards distance.

My senses, trained in the atmosphere of civilization, seemed to have deserted me here in the wilderness. I pressed forward, expecting to catch sight of a deer at any moment. Before I realized it I was at the top of a ridge looking down into a ravine, and about forty yards distant I caught my first glimpse of a black bear. My mood now changed from one of confusion to excitement. Actually I was "all up in the air." Was I properly prepared? Was there any danger? These and a thousand other questions pressed forward confusedly in my mind. It seemed as if hours passed in those few seconds before I raised my gun, leveled it at the big black fellow, and fired. He lunged, slid down on his shoulder, staggered about in a circle and lay there half paralyzed. I rushed up, ready for a second shot, if necessary; but the fight was over. He reared up with that great massive bulk like a giant, his two front paws stretched out toward the skies, settled down on his haunches like a groggy pugilist, struggled about for a time, and lay still. The blood which had been streaming through the hole in his head and over his face told me that I had scored a tell-tale shot. I now discovered that the mysterious sound which had so confused me was the bear feeding on a deer-paunch, which had recently been removed by another hunter. When we weighed my bear later, he scaled 406 lbs., less his paunch.



Dr. E. B. Nalboriski, of Stevens Point, Wis., No. 641, with 46 in. 30 lb. Musky, caught at Arbor Vitae Lake, Wis.



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YOU probably have heard the old familiar boast—when we go fishing, bring a truck to take 'em home. A truck isn't big enough for C. C. Baker, Columbus, Ohio, Lodge, No. 37, and T. Arch Taylor of Fort Pierce, Fla., Lodge, No. 1520, when they go after Jewfish. It takes a wrecker to bring home their catch, as the above photograph shows. The larger fish weighed 500 pounds and was taken on rod and reel. It's an everyday occurrence with Baker and Taylor, says Frank B. Goodwin, Past Exalted Ruler

of Fort Pierce, who sent in this article. In eight times out their catches totaled over 7,000 pounds of Sea Bass, Snook, Blue Fish, Snapper, Jack and Jewfish. These catches, in every instance, are turned over to the Social and Community Welfare Committee for distribution among the needy families in and around Fort Pierce. Nearly 100 families are supplied with fish every time Baker and Taylor go out. Over 10,000 pounds of fish have been distributed through the Lodge in the past eight months.

Troy Lodge Members Plan Hunt

AT TROY, N. Y., Lodge, No. 141, there is an organization within the Lodge known as the "Helmhold" Fish and Hunt Club, and every year during the deer season this group makes several trips into the Adirondack Mountains and, in past years, have never failed to bring home their quota of deer. They are at present making preparations for this sea-

son's activities and, from all reports, their plans sound extremely interesting. The chairman of this organization is Fritz Helmhold, shown at bottom on the right with a string of small-mouth black bass. "Elkdom Outdoors" wishes them luck and is expectantly waiting for some pictures of this season's kill.



Members of the Troy, N. Y., Lodge "Helmhold" Fish and Hunt Club



Fritz Helmhold, chairman of the club

A Hitch in Time

(Continued from page 8)

"Us ca'ies him to Cahaba where they got a hospital."

II

JOHNNY NACK came through the door of the four-bed colored ward and approached the cot occupied by Inferno Dante. In his right hand he bore a few wild flowers, plucked inexpertly from the roadside. Mr. Dante smiled.

"You sho' has been good to me, Johnny. I reckon I would of died hadn't you of been heah."

"Foolishment you talk. I ain't done 'nothin'."

"Says you. Mos' fellers would of lef' me lyin' by the road an' tooken my money an' clothes."

"You was kind to me, Inferno. An' anyhow, I coul'n't treat nobody thataway. How you feelin'?"

"All right—'ceptin' fo' this busted ankle. Ain't that the dawg-gondest luck? Th'ee days fum now Ise s'posed to commence divin' in Bumminham, an' the doctor says I won't do no such of a thing nowhere until mebbe a month."

"Right you is, Mistuh Dante. Twisted ankles ain't no kind of things to dive off of." Mr. NACK shook his head. "Has you wrote them Bumminham folks yet 'bout bein' hurt?"

"No, Johnny—I ain't. I was hopin' I'd git to be all right."

"They's gwine be disappointed."

"Ain't you tootin'?" Inferno gazed at his friend. "No use of you stayin' 'round heah no longer, Johnny. Nothin's wrong with me now 'ceptin' my ankle."

"Shuh! Big Boy—I woul'n't run off an' leave you in no hospital."

"That don't make no neverminds. I has met lots of folks, an' they is all treatin' me good. Besides, I got a favor I crave to have you do." "Yassuh?"

"I ain't never been to Bumminham, an' I don't yearn to git in bad with them Blue Lake folks. Co'se I cain't fill this engagement, nor neither the one I got fo' the two weeks after that in Memphis. Ise gwine write the Memphis folks, but sence you is goin' to Bumminham anyway, I want you to run down there an' see them fellers pussonal. Let 'em know I has been hurt an' mebbe I'll dive fo' 'em next summer. Also you can carry my coschumes which was all dirtied up, an' have 'em cleaned so when I git there ev'rything will be fixed. What do you say?"

"I does anything you want, Inferno. But I ain't cravin' to leave you heah alone."

"That's settled then. How 'bout money?"

Johnny produced Mr. Dante's wallet and a slip of paper. "Heah's yo' pocketbook. I tooken it out of yo' pocket after you happened to that accident." Painstakingly, he checked over his daily expenditures. "You got forty-two dollars lef', Inferno. Co'se I had to spend some of that money buyin' eatments fo' myself, on account of not havin' nothin' of my own, but I figgered—"

"Forget it, Johnny. You saved my life, didn't you?"

"Gosh! That wasn't nothin'."

Inferno Dante did some calculating. "I wisht I had mo' money. But folks heah won't cash no check of mine, an' so I cain't leave you have on'y enough to git you to Bumminham. You got to make out some way after you git there."

"I will. Don't you worry."

"Heah's enough fo' the railroad ticket. The rest I need fo' myse'f an' fo' havin' the car fixed so's I can drive it as far as Bumminham. I want you to git on the train this afternoon an' tote my busted suitcase. Have it fixed an' also see Joshua Pruney, which is president of Blue

Lake park. Fix things up fo' me will you?"

"Doin' favors fo' you is the fondest thing I is of."

"Don't I know it. An' I'll hunt you up in Bumminham about a week fum now. You write me where at you is livin'."

Inferno gave his friend sufficient money for the railroad fare and one dollar additional. He supplied further instructions, and bade Johnny an affectionate farewell.

"Ise yo' friend, Johnny—always."

"Nor neither I ain't no enemy of your'n, Inferno. You was swell to me. Just knowin' a feller who is somebody makes me feel good all over. You see, I ain't never been nobody in all my life, an' fum now on I can say I know you, an' then folks will kind of envy me."

"Fumadiddles!" Mr. Dante held out his hand. "You just got time to catch that train. Write me where you is at—an' goodbye."

Regretfully—Johnny NACK departed. As he settled himself on the train he saw two Negroes across the aisle point to his suitcase and nod eagerly. Mr. NACK grinned.

"Them fool fellers," he soliloquized—"They think Ise Inferno Dante."

III

MR. NACK stepped off the train in Birmingham, took one wild look at the towering buildings and remembered that his cash capital was precisely one dollar.

He had reached the promised land, and was frightened. A small-town lad himself, the big city awed him, and he became panicky at the thought of what to do when his dollar should have vanished.

He clutched Mr. Dante's elaborate suitcase tightly in his right hand, and struck off toward Darktown with the unerring accuracy of a homing pigeon.

City noises dinned in his ears: the thrum and honk of automobiles; the clangor and clatter of street cars; the clanking of trains in the railroad yards; the thunder of trucks and shrill scream of newsboys.

He reached the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, intersection of the two main arteries of Birmingham's colored civic center. There he saw dusky citizens of elegance and poise; he glimpsed the Chapion and Frolic Theatres, Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored, the lodge rooms of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. He asked directions and entered the lobby of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, an imposing edifice of, by and for his colored brethren. An elevator shot him to the seventh floor and a comely and efficient secretary greeted him in the anteroom of an office which bore on its door the name JOSHUA PRUNEY, and beneath it the words BLUE LAKE PARK, INC.

The secretary dimpled at him and bade him be seated. She informed the visitor that Mr. Pruney was in conference with Lawyer Evans Chew in the latter's suite on the eighth floor. She was so friendly and affable that for a single instant Johnny forgot his terror of loneliness, and only a few seconds later did he again commence to worry what he would do when his single dollar should be gone forever.

The secretary burst into Lawyer Chew's private office and addressed her portly employer.

"He's heah, Mistuh Pruney."

"Who's heah?"

"Inferno Dante."

"Where?"

"He's waitin' in yo' office. I tol' him I'd fetch you right down."

Mr. Pruney excused himself, but Lawyer Chew insisted on accompanying him. "I wish to shake this sterling example of cullud manhood's hand," orated Lawyer Chew. "He has reflected credick on the race an' is known fum

Coast to Coast an' fum East to West. He's a noble feller."

En route back to the Pruney offices, the secretary deemed it wise to warn the two prominent gentlemen.

"He's kind of puny," she said. "Sort of notless-looking."

"Greatness is as greatness does," intoned Lawyer Chew. "You shoul'n't leave physical size warp yo' judgment, young lady. Mistuh Dante is great an' glo'ious."

They barged into the office and Johnny rose. The splendor of their Prince Albert coats and striped trousers dazzled him and he stood speechless while they pumped his hand and propelled him into Joshua's private office. Once inside, Mr. Pruney commenced speaking before Johnny could say a word.

"Brother Dante," said Joshua Pruney—"Us is proud to welcome you to Bumminham an' to have you dissociated with Blue Lake Park. The cullud folks of this city is pantin' with excitement just to git a look at you. I'll have my office boy carry yo' suitcase over to Sally Couch's Cozy Home Hotel where us has reserved a suite fo' you, an' if there's anythin' you crave, you must consider I an' Lawyer Chew at yo' service."

Johnny NACK blinked and backed away. Of course they had seen the name on the suitcase. Mr. NACK tried to disillusion them.

"I got to explain . . ."

"'Bout yo' bein' late? That doesn't differ. Good to keep 'em waitin', says I. An' besides, you ain't due to make yo' lust dive until Monday. We got the divin' ladder fixed up swell at the deep end of the swimmin' pool an' a feller which has worked with carnivals an' knows how to fix the fire which you dive into. But meanwhile, I reckernize that you is tired, an' we'd better finish up our li'l business."

Mr. Pruney produced a wallet and extracted therefrom ten five-dollar bills. Once again Mr. NACK struggled to protest.

"Now, listen, Mistuh Pruney—I don't crave . . ."

"Fine, my boy: fine. I know this ain't nothin' but chicken feeds fo' you, but when Joshua Pruney signs a writin' that he'll hand you fifty dollars cash advance the day you show up in Bumminham—he sticks to it. Heah's yo' fifty, an' I don't even ask fo' no receipt. Now git you over to the hotel an' grab a hunk of sleep, 'cause I know you is tired. Ise gwine drive by fo' you tonight at seven on account we's havin' a dinner party at my house an' you is the guess of honor."

Fifty dollars! Cash money! They fairly forced it into his pocket and shoved him good-naturedly out of the office. Swept by circumstance, Johnny fell in behind the openly admiring office boy who conducted him to the corner hotel.

"Gee!" said the lad, "you is sho' some-thing."

"Hmph!" said Johnny.

"Oh! I reckon you git plumb sick an' tired of folks tellin' you how grand you is, Mistuh Dante—but you is a marvellous man: really!"

Johnny NACK sighed. Mistake or not, it was superlatively gratifying to have anyone look up to him, and so he forebore to explain that he was not the great Dante.

They mounted to the second-floor lobby and Mr. NACK was introduced to the massive colored damsel who owned and operated The Cozy Home.

"Miss Crouch, this heah is Inferno Dante."

"Gosh!" Her eyes betrayed interest and enthusiasm: "Can you 'magine that!"

"Now listen—" started Johnny desperately, but she cut him short.

"I ain't aimin' to 'barrass you, Mistuh Dante, on'y I do git a terrible kick out of just havin' such a famous feller in my house."

She conducted Johnny to the corner suite,

inquired after his comfort and left him alone. Mr. Nack collapsed.

But however much he might wonder, there was no doubt about his enjoyment of the situation. For the first time in his life he was somebody, and so long as no one knew that he was a mere proxy for greatness, the taste was sweet.

He bathed and sought to dress himself as befitted the great personage he was supposed to be. But his own wardrobe was considerably the worse for wear, and so he untied the rope which bound Mr. Dante's suitcase.

HIS eyes beheld a lavish array of costumes, but nothing which he could wear to the Pruney party that night—and Johnny knew that he could not resist carrying his masquerade into the next day. He had never attended a great social function, he had never met personages on a basis of equality. And so he sought Sally Crouch and explained that he had lost one of his suitcases and was bereft of proper wardrobe.

She was eager to be of assistance—entirely too eager. Less than thirty minutes later a long, tall, gangling gentleman who introduced himself as Percy Yeast of Yeast & Snead's Tailoring Emporium appeared with an armful of clothes. Over Johnny's violent protests, they fitted him to a suit which Mr. Yeast claimed was the finest thing in his stock at twelve dollars. Two shirts and a yellow necktie completed the ensemble and brought the bill up to fifteen.

Mr. Nack determined to explain then and there that a ghastly mistake had been made; that he wasn't Inferno Dante and never would be, and that he couldn't even swim, much less dive fifty feet into a flaming lake. But his intentions were stronger than his lips and before he knew it, he had paid over to an admiring Percy Yeast fifteen of the fifty dollars given him by Joshua Pruney.

Alone again, he surveyed himself with approval and then became conscious of a sinking sensation. This awful thing had been forced upon him; never from the first had he intended to do anything but declare that he was merely a friend of the great Dante. But they hadn't let him talk, and now he had spent fifteen of the fifty dollars given him.

There seemed no way out of his dilemma, and—truth to tell—it was a situation not entirely without savor. As for its effect upon the real Inferno Dante, Johnny did not worry. Inferno was a great guy, and would probably get a good laugh out of it. Besides, Johnny merely had annexed fifty dollars which Dante's ankle prohibited him from earning, and so the famous man was none the worse off financially.

Mr. Nack knew that the confession could not be postponed beyond the morrow, but since the die had been cast for him, he intended to enjoy himself for one night. Time enough to worry later; a bit more admiration, the expenditure of a few more dollars . . . well, he was sufficiently involved now that such things didn't matter.

For one wild in-

stant he contemplated the possibility of actually carrying the masquerade through the two weeks' engagement for which Inferno Dante had contracted. At the moment he was in a fine frenzy of exaltation and the prospect of leaping fifty feet into a lake of fire didn't seem nearly so appalling as it had when people regarded him merely as an amoebalike individual named Johnny Nack.

Hunger assailed him and he wandered downstairs. He found a place at the counter in Bud Peaglar's palace of gustatory delight and, by way of hors d'œuvres for the Pruney banquet, absorbed a bowl of Brunswick stew and two barbecued lamb ribs. Then he purchased a genuine five-cent cigar, gazed complacently at his mirrored self, and tried to believe that his one great day was worth any misery that might follow.

Promptly at eight o'clock a uniformed chauffeur rapped on his door and announced that Mr. Pruney's car was waiting below. Dazzled by this newest and most luxurious development, Johnny trailed the flunkey downstairs and stepped into a shiny sedan.

"Oh! Mistuh Dante," said a feminine voice which sent shivers up and down the Nack spine—"this is the most wonderfulest moment of my life."

Johnny turned his eyes upon the stranger. He saw a young lady of surpassing pulchritude; a full-blown and delicious creature of rich curves and friendly manner, and, what was more, he observed that she was gazing upon him with an expression of adoration.

Johnny quivered. His last scintilla of doubt vanished, and for the first time in his monastic life he abandoned himself to the thrill of being

admired by a ravishing member of the opposite sex.

"My name," cooed the Vision, "is Grenadine Brill an' I'se a reporter fo' *The Weekly Epoch*, which is one of our best an' mos' leadin' cullud papers. I found out fum Mistuh Pruney that you was gwine be guess of honor tonight an' I ast him coul'n't I accompany you fum yo' hotel to his house so as to git my interview befo' all them other folks started pesterin' you. You ain't mad, is you, Mistuh Dante?"

"Me? Mad? At a beautiful gal like you?"

"Oh! Mistuh Dante!"

"Call me Inferno," pleaded Johnny with a burst of valor which frightened him.

"You is a wonderful man, Inferno: Not uppity like so many celebrities I has interviewed. I feel like I was gwine incline tords you."

"Yassum. An' also me tords you."

The interview, regarded strictly from the journalistic angle, was not a success; but from the standpoint of the personal, it was a triumph. Long before the car reached the Pruney home Johnny Nack confessed to himself that he was hopelessly and happily enamored of Miss Brill and she was in a condition which bordered on ecstasy.

The evening was magnificent, the dinner a Lucullan delight and the guests lavish with compliments. Johnny Nack was an instant social success. His shy, retiring nature; a fright which was interpreted as modesty; his wistful eagerness to please; his stubborn refusal to boast of his own exploits—all of these things conspired to make him even more of a hero than they had regarded him at first. Grenadine clung to Johnny's arm adoringly, and made him more and more sad that it was impossible

for him to carry through. He knew Inferno would regard it as a huge joke, and the only stumbling block was that he couldn't dive or swim.

The socially elite of Birmingham took the great man to their bosom, and before the evening ended, Mr. Nack was the recipient of cordial invitations from such persons of distinction as Dr. and Mrs. Lijah Atcherson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Cæsar Clump, Mr. Orifice R. Latimer, Dr. and Mrs. Brutus Herring, Florian Slappey, Jasper De Void and Epic Peters. At ten o'clock he bade his host good-night and accepted the suggestion of Miss Brill that she drive him back to his hotel.

Grenadine elected to take a circuitous route, and they came eventually to a brilliantly lighted park. Hundreds of colored folk patronized the riding devices and refreshment stands, and Miss Brill explained:

"This is where you is gwine show ev'ybody what a great man you is."

"You mean this is Blue Lake Park?"

"Uh-huh. S'posin' you take a look at yo' divin' platform. I know the feller which is gwine he'p you."

(Continued on page

38)

"I know this ain't nothin' but chicken feeds fo' you, but heah's yo' fifty, an' I don't even ask fo' no receipt"



(Continued from page 37)

Johnny was feeling noble. He almost had convinced himself that he might learn to be a fiery high diver in the two days remaining for possible practice. Grenadine was that sort of a damsel: inspiring her gentlemen friends to exploits beyond their natural powers.

It did not occur to Johnny that Grenadine might have had an ulterior motive in driving him to the park; he didn't even notice the peculiar lilt in her voice when she announced that she was acquainted with the gentleman who had been assigned to assist Inferno Dante in his death-defying dive, and he certainly could not suspect that his own advent had caused Miss Brill definitely to determine that she would never commit matrimony with Martial Slade.

THEY found Mr. Slade presiding at the rickety roller coaster which was his own personal concession. Mr. Slade was a rather stocky gentleman who gave an impression of much muscle, and he frowned as he saw his particular girl friend approaching on the arm of another man. Having lived around carnivals and amusement parks for years, Mr. Slade was accustomed to settling all arguments with his fists, and it occurred to him that he could pulverize this stranger with a single punch.

Grenadine beamed upon Mr. Slade. "Martial—meet my great friend, Inferno Dante."

Martial blinked. "Says which?"

"Inferno Dante."

"Him?"

Johnny squirmed. He was acutely conscious of his own insignificance, but the wine of achievement was pounding through his veins this night and he was not minded to be high-hatted by anybody.

"Inferno Dante is my name," he announced with dignity, "an' I swims in fire."

Mr. Slade transfixed the little man with a lengthy and disconcerting stare. Then he shrugged. "You sho' is known ev'ywhere, Mistuh Dante. Ise plumb happy to meet up with you."

The words were pleasant enough, but there was something in Mr. Slade's manner which

made Johnny uncomfortable. He therefore tried to be friendly and wondered at the evil glance which Martial bestowed upon the radiant Miss Brill.

"Mistah Dante craves to see the platform he's gwine dive off of," said Grenadine.

"I bet he does. Right this way, folks."

They reached the crowded swimming pool and Mr. Slade disappeared just long enough to turn a light switch. A beam shot into the night and limned the fifty-foot ladder. Mr. Nack gazed up and up and up, and knew suddenly that whatever else he might become in this life, he would never be a high diver.

"Gosh!" he gasped.

"Too high?" sneered Martial.

Johnny gulped. "Not hahdly high enough."

"I can raise it higher."

"Nemmin'. I 'greed to dive fifty feet, an' I reckon it woul'n't be fair was I to try an' show off."

Mr. Slade seemed queerly interested in Johnny, both as a park attraction and as a rival. Grenadine was almost too obvious with her display of affection toward the newcomer, and when she and Johnny departed, Mr. Slade placed hands on hips and stared after them. He was frowning and his lips formed words:

"Somethin' funny about that feller," he told himself. "I worked in Shreveport two yeahs ago with Inferno Dante an' this feller ain't him."

Mr. Slade's mouth twisted into an evil smile as he continued his soliloquy. "I could expose him now—but I won't. He don't know that I know he ain't Inferno Dante an' I prospects to give him enough rope to drown hisse'f with."

IV

(From the Weekly Epoch)

DARING DAREDEVIL
VISITS BIRMINGHAM

Handsome and Modest Hero Captivates
City & Will Be Seen In
Dives Next Week

By Grenadine Brill

Slender, handsome and modest, but filled with the fire into which he plunges with such

reckless abandon for the beneficence of the intelligentsia and elite, Inferno Dante, world-renowned hero of the colored race will be seen in dives next week at Blue Lake Park every evening at eight-thirty.

Mr. Dante, who is the superb incarceration of all that is noble and attractive in manhood, flashed across the city like a meteor, and has impressed all and sundry with his personality, pep and poise. He was interviewed private by Ye Correspondente who found him charming, affable and delightful.

"Ain't you scared when you leap into space with naught but fire below you?" he was asked.

"No," he retorted pleasantly, "I ain't scared of nothing, and I love my career." "It must be fun to travel all around," suggested this reporter enviously.

"Pretty good," replied this Great Man, "but you git tired of it after a while."

Thousands will attend Blue Lake Park all next week to see this paragon of manly virtue perform his stunt and if you are foolish enough to miss it, you will sure have missed something.

HAVING meticulously spelled out each word a dozen times, Mr. Nack was pleased to hear a rap on the door of his room. He lowered shoeless feet from the windowsill and turned to greet the muscular gentleman who breezed through the door.

"Mawnin', Mistuh Dante. You mebbe don't remember me, but Ise Martial Slade."

"Yassuh, I recall you puffed. You is the feller which runs the roller coaster at Blue Lake."

"I own it."

"Well, shine my shoes! You must be a pretty great pusson."

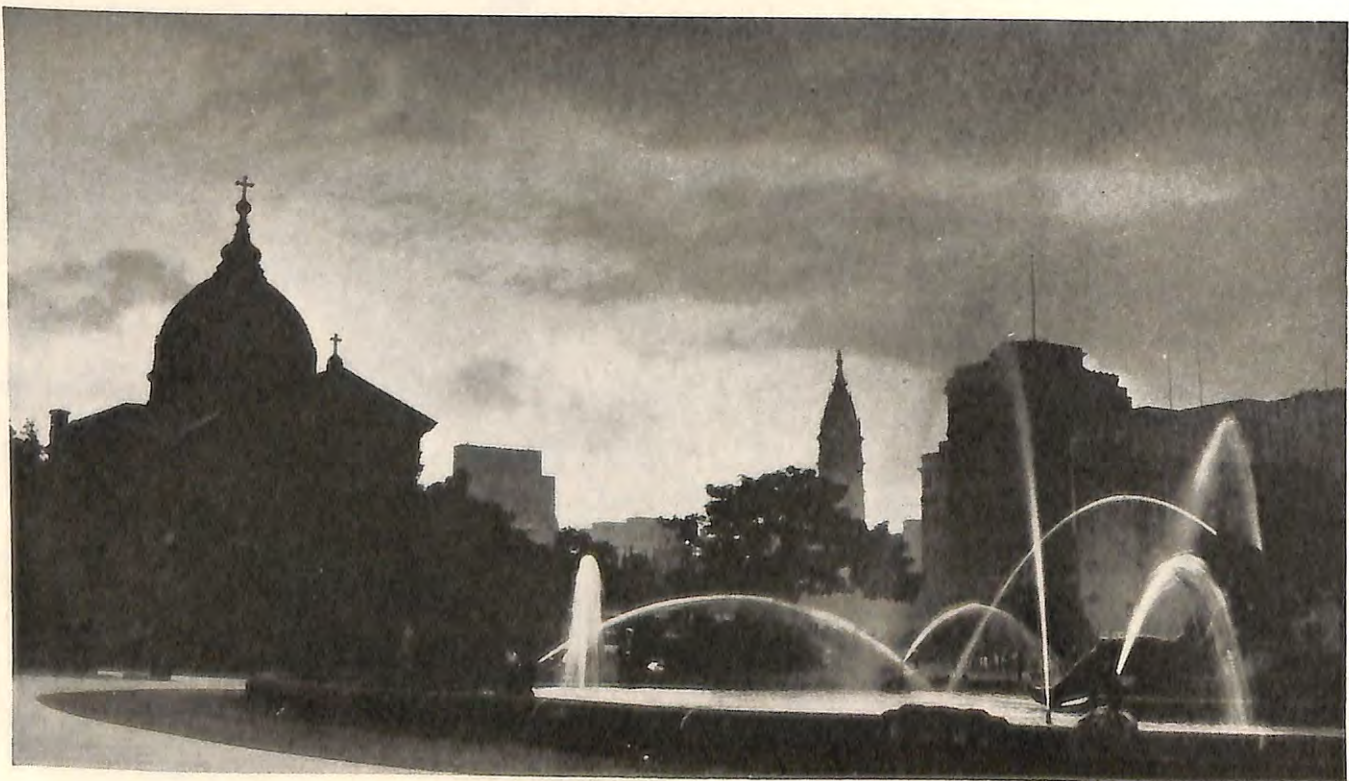
Mr. Slade's jealous eyes fell upon the newspaper.

"Pretty good interview Grenadine written about you."

"Uh-huh. Kind of flattery, though."

Martial seated himself and fairly exuded friendliness. He felt that he held every ace in the deck and now proposed to find out what was what.

"Ise he'pin' you with yo' dive, Mistuh Dante, an' I dropped in to see if there was any special 'rangements you wanted made befo' Monday night."



Silhouette of Philadelphia's skyline as seen from Logan Circle

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

Mr. Nack struggled to appear indifferent, but something was worrying him. "That ladder looked awful high, Brother Slade."

"Fifty feet. I measured it myself. Nor neither that ain't all. I has worked with fire-divers befo', an' I know just how the fire has got to be fixed so it'll go out as soon as you hit."

"S-s-sposin' it don't, though?"

"Shuh! You'd git a li'l burned, maybe. But tha's what the crowd comes to see. . . always hopin' you'll git injured some way. Funny, ain't it?"

"Yeh. Awful funny."

Mr. Slade asked a catch question: "What sort of dive is you doin' off the high board now: back flip or front flip?"

Johnny walked into the trap. "Sometimes one an' sometimes t'other, Martial. I never hahdly know until I git ready to leap."

Mr. Slade chuckled inwardly. "Gosh! he

told himself, "this feller not on'y ain't Inferno Dante, but he ain't even a diver."

Aloud, he said: "Been seein' much of Miss Brill?"

Johnny waxed enthusiastic. Graphically, he described to the jealous Mr. Slade all of Grenadine's perfections. Martial smiled through the ordeal, that Johnny might not suspect the acid which was eating at his soul.

It was readily apparent that Mr. Nack had fallen for Grenadine most enthusiastically, and Martial more than suspected that his devotion was not destined to go unrequited. Wherefore, reflected Martial, it behooved him to bring about the maximum discomfiture for the impostor.

Exposure of the masquerade would discomfit Johnny most thoroughly, but Martial had a better idea. Having satisfied himself that Johnny was no part of a high-diver, Mr. Slade planned to compel Johnny to climb the ladder preparatory to making the leap. One

of two things would then happen: Johnny would either renege in full view of eager thousands and thus make of himself a ridiculous and cowardly figure, or else he would make the plunge in sheer desperation and be completely exterminated.

Mr. Slade rose to go. "Ise yo' friend, Mistuh Dante—an' I crave to he'p you out. How would you like to join a good lodge we got heah in Bumminham?"

"Swell," agreed Mr. Nack. "What lodge is it?"

"Yonder's their card," said Martial—"an I'll be glad to he'p you git elected." He pitched a bit of pasteboard on the table and left the room. Johnny picked up the card and read it thoughtfully.

OVER THE RIVER BURYING SOCIETY
Of Birmingham, Alabama

KEEFE GAINES—President & Undertaker.

(To be concluded)

The Iron Man

(Continued from page 16)

"What's it gonna get you? . . . Plenty of the same. The old man's on our tails, now. You'll cram baby food and bone-builder from now on, all right, and work out like you never saw before. . . Cripes! you dumb clucks—you got it comin' to you."

Shanghai bridled. "O.k., sailor, lay down on us."

"Me? I ain't no sorehead."

"Oh, no . . . since you're the champion—"

"Lay off," said Harp. Jones laid off.

"It ain't my fault," Harp said. "You did it to yourselves, bein' so good at winnin'."

"You most," Pete accused—"soakin' Carp to sleep for enough points to cinch the Iron Man twicet over! We others didn't know what we was gettin' into."

"Did I?" Harp passed the back of his hand across his mouth and arose. "Well, I can stand the gaff if you guys can, but take it from me—" he flattened his hand toward them—"get that paint off your shirts."

THE Iron Man stands almost to a man's middle and is cast silver. One arm uplifted and outstretched he is set to hurl the classic discus. He is the prime athletic trophy of the Battle Fleet, the cherished symbol of the prowess of the ship that wins him. The men of that ship are called "the iron men." On the *Montana* his honored perch was a shelf specially affixed to the top of the engine-room ventilator, on the starboard side of the quarter-deck, aft the cage mast. There, on his mahogany pedestal, he poised, and was gazed at, and pointed out to visitors. Also he made trouble. . . .

Ordinarily possession of the trophy brought no difficulty into the life of a ship, but on the *Montana* circumstances combined to this eventuation. Captain Wynn, unfortunately, took the Iron Man to heart; he was enthusiastically proud of him, proud of the superiority of his men. Two years running, now, the *Montana's* athletes had captured the games; they would, by a third win, retain the Iron Man permanently.

This was Captain Wynn's hope . . . his intention.

Captain Wynn had not taken command of the flagship till just before the last games. Coming out from the Scouting Fleet he had brought with him considered and inflexible ideas of training for physical fitness—"fit men, fit Navy." He owned, himself, a rather thin, though wiry, figure and it was as if he were determined to supply this deficiency vicariously, through the triumph of his men. It was, apparently, difficult for him to comprehend a casual attitude toward the Iron Man, or to suspect that the unremitting schedule of

training he imposed would inevitably, little by little, sour the men's pride in their own achievements.

He was, as Moriarity had prophesied, even more rigidly determined now than before that the training should be adhered to, and by the time the fleet moved south toward Panama, in February, the state of mind of the athletes' mess was one of acute martyrdom. Only Moriarity still held aloof from this communal complaint.

"You ast for it," he reminded the mess. "You pulled that goofy business in Pedro and thought you'd got away with it when the old man let it slide. Well, I told you it was comin' back on your own heads . . . and you got it, ain't you? You look like prize pink babies fed up for a show. And you might as well make up your minds to be champions. Take it from me."

But Shanghai Jones said what he thought: "You're so stuck up about yourself it's got into your craw. Some day you'll come to and realize you've had your bellyful—and that bright day I want to be around with a great big juicy razz."

"And me with its twin sister," Pete chimed. "I never expected to see a guy named Moriarity trainin' on condensed milk!"

Moriarity stretched, the tendons of his muscle-rounded arms tautened like backstays in a gale. He was immune to their chaff, complacent, serene.

Shanghai Jones, whose slight head cold was worrying Lieutenant Roper, the athletic director, blew his nose. He nodded toward the champ and quietly, with withering sarcasm, said, "Look, the old Iron Man himself!"

IT was on the cards, however, that Moriarity should be something less staunchly propped by his reformation than he had thought; the role of "model citizen" was unnatural to him and was, like all such arbitrary revampings of human character due in the main to vanity, subject to change. To reversion. Commander Coverer, who was not, like Captain Wynn, an idealist, had known this; Shanghai Jones and Pete Campichini and Ernie Rasmussen, the closest of the champ's messmates, devoutly hoped it was true. It could not, they felt, go on like it was. They waited for some sign of betterment, some upheaval of the old Moriarity—and in the meantime the Battle Fleet arrived at Panama.

And at Panama, almost immediately, Moriarity himself began to feel the pinch of the situation he had, to his messmates, belittled.

This was a morning early in March when, led by the *Montana*, the column steamed into Balboa anchorage to find overhead a hard, glassy sky bent like a reflector behind a flaming

sun. It was full morning and the heat shimmered in vertiginous waves over ships and water and shore. It was a heat in which men's throats, goaded by imagination and fond memory, ached for cooling draughts—and no sooner had the flagship tied up at the Government dock than Moriarity, a towering figure in immaculate sea-going whites, double-timed across the quarterdeck to the men's gangway where awaited bitter disillusion.

"Sorry, champ . . ." Lieutenant Switzer, the officer of the deck, spoke with smiling commiseration. "No liberty for the athletic mess—Captain's orders. Going to give you all a workout in the whale boats instead. . . ."

The check was too abrupt for its full import to sink instantly beneath the champ's red top. He stood, for a moment, balanced on his toes, his eyes fixed on the line of green palms beckoning at the end of the pier, the green hump of Ancon Hill rising beyond. Something inside him went "Ugh!" The punch was low, a foul.

No liberty . . . Panama, and no liberty! It sank in, and he knew why. It was because of that shindig at Pedro, but—cripes!—he hadn't been in on that. His mouth was parched. Other gobs were leaping ashore with yells, but no athletes . . . none of the Iron Men. Hang all that! . . . Wordlessly, red with anger, he spun on his heel. Not five paces away the little silver discus-thrower held his hand toward the sky. Moriarity glowered. . . .

In the bunk compartment the Iron Men had assembled. They were not in foment. They had not donned whites. They were playing acey-ducey on the deck. Moriarity stopped by the scuttle-butt and grounded his fists on his hips. His lips twitched. "You guys—" he began, and held his tongue. He saw how it was suddenly—they had known beforehand and had not told him. They had pulled a fast one on him, the champ. They were watching him out of the sides of their eyes.

A sugared voice demanded, "Smatter, pop? . . . can't you stand the gaff?"

The long blue chin quivered as Moriarity gritted his teeth. He started, but did not move. These were little guys. But an invisible crack had opened in the welded shell of his pride.

They trained as they were bidden, but without interest. They manned the whale boats daily. Every morning the baseball team was taken ashore for pitching and batting practice. It was like jail. No longer did hopeful sprouts offer as sparring partners for Moriarity. His fists were vicious, he cracked heads. Strangely enough among the others of the squad the grumbling died down; speculatively now they watched the metamorphosis of Moriarity. Now when the champ had occasion to visit

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(Continued from page 39)

the Quarterdeck he kept studiously to the port side, averting his eyes from the Iron Man.

The gobs of the Battle Fleet flocked ashore, to the old haunts. There were rumors of high times over there, back of Balboa. The *Montana's* athletes suffered in silence.

Then, one morning a few days before the scheduled departure for the summer maneuvers off the Southern Californian coast, Lieutenant Roper called together his gang on the fo'c'sle.

"Well, men—" His voice, like his uniform, gave the impression of having been faultlessly tailored—"as a reward for your good showing, Captain Wynn has granted all of you liberty for this afternoon."

All the faces were wooden. "Reward!" Pete Campichini singled out the word under his breath, spat, "Cripes!"

"Now, men, I want to give you a word or two before you go ashore. You are all in first-class shape for the games, and I want you to stay that way. Captain Wynn is proud of you, the ship is proud of you. I can assure you that if we keep our present form we shall win the Iron Man for our ship for all time. So remember, liberty is up at five-thirty sharp. Be on board, and—" he paused very briefly for emphasis—"no fighting, stay out of Coconut Grove, and—no beer!"

No beer. . . . A look of pained amazement spread on the wooden faces.

"N-o beer, sir?"

"Right." With unconscious irony the lieutenant dismissed them. "Enjoy yourselves, fellows."

Harp strode to the hatch, smiling.

An hour later three Iron Men—the champ and Shanghai Jones and Pete Campichini—settled themselves behind a table in a back room at Jimmy Dean's. A waiter skidded a basket of potato chips in front of them, hurried away and returned with three large, foaming tankards of the Navy's favorite, Balboa Cerveza . . .

Pete proposed, grinning, "To the Iron Man, guys," and Shanghai capped it, "Long may he rust!"

Harp raised his mug. It was not a toast to which formerly he would have subscribed. He prepared to drink deep. The exploding bubbles of the froth cooled the tip of his nose—no more.

A brawny arm with a shore patrol brassard pinned just below a first-class boatswain's mate's rating badge reached over his shoulder. A shore patrol baton knocked the mug to the floor, splashing the golden liquid in shameful ruin.

"Not this time, sailor! . . . Captain's orders to chase any Iron Men aboard, found hittin' the strong drink. Sorry!"

It was then—and instantly—Moriarity arose. He came up like leviathan rising in wrath from the deep and the first trip of his scarred fist wrapped Boatswain's Mate Krause about the legs of another table. He bellowed defiantly as Krause's boatswain's pipe shrilled

for assistance, and Pete Campichini, doing a long dive for the doorway, yipped happily—for Moriarity was Moriarity again.

Feet pounded up outside and Moriarity squared away to meet the rush. He found himself suddenly full of joy and vengeance. As they piled through the door he went to meet them, driving his powerful fists in short, crunching jabs, grunting under the impact of hurtling bodies. Gone were his white hat and neckerchief. His tousled red head bobbed above the others. His eyes blazed with the old light of battle—rules off and bare knuckles—and the

of dejection such as only yaws for volatile and impetuous spirits, cast down. This was not due, not even superficially, to the punishment which had been clamped upon him—a thirty day confinement to ship. That was light, considering. Against Captain Wynn he nursed no hard feeling. The captain couldn't have given him lee-way denied to the others. He saw that. The athletic gang as a whole had had to pay for the Pedro stunt, since it had never been hung on any of them particularly.

What weighed upon him, mashed him down, was the realization that he had been wrong. Until now he had been on the captain's side, against his messmates. That was rubbed out now. Shanghai and Pete and Rasmussen had been right. The training—this kind of training—was too much to pay for any renown. It was the bunk. Now he was on the men's side—and the men, he felt, were down on him.

Ernie Rasmussen, the pole-vaulter stuck his blond head over the beading of the first division hatch and took in the long figure slumped against a bitt on the fo'c'sle. "Unh! he grunted and made an elaborate pretense of looking around. "Seen a thing called the Iron Man up here, sailor? . . . pretty little gadget 'bout so high—"

Moriarity rolled his gaze upon him, sick and scalding. "In a pig's eye!" he muttered.

Late in the darkest of the morning watches Ensign Outerbridge, fighting off sleep in the O.D.'s

booth, heard faintly a single splash under the port side of the quarterdeck, and thought nothing of it. Later, in the furor of scandal, he remembered. Under cover of darkness profane hands had lifted the Iron Man from his honored perch and dropped him overside. As silver sinks, so had the hard-won symbol of physical supremacy plummeted to the mucky ooze at the bottom of Balboa anchorage. . . .

The Battle Fleet steered north off the Mexican coast. Aboard the flagship all was quiet—too quiet. A strained and surcharged atmosphere. The empty shelf upon which the Iron Man had stood was an eloquent and ever-present reminder of the shame that was on the ship. Captain Wynn issued a fiat and Lieutenant Roper, addressing the men of the athletic mess, spoke with finality.

"Since we have no trophy to surrender it is imperative that we should make the loss only our own. Each man—each group—must win. There is no other honorable way."

The perpetrator of the shocking deed at Panama was not discovered, indeed scant effort was made to find him out. It was Captain Wynn's way. The Iron Man was gone irretrievably; his loss must be repaired by the only possible means—by gaining rightful and lasting title to him.

With a docility that should have been suspected the men of the athletic group buckled to their training, without protest accepting



FRED NEHER

"If it's looks you're after, lady, why don't you buy a goldfish?"

crash of men and chairs and crockery about him was music to his ears.

No liberty, eh! . . . no beer! . . .

"Come on, you ugly apes!"

It lasted three glorious minutes. The cessation was abrupt. Moriarity still stood amid the wreckage, but with two husky bluejackets hanging to either arm; a third was crawling out from between his knees and two or three of the patrol slept where they had fallen. From the doorway gazed the cold eyes of Lieutenant Morris, the assistant provost marshal, strictest martinet of the fleet. With uncommon insolence Moriarity grinned, but briefly. The grin dried up. Lieutenant Morris spoke crisply through thin lips drawn inward to a tight line. . . .

"You will report aboard your ship immediately. To the O.D. Get along."

Moriarity gulped. "Yes, sir." Under the officer's cold stare the elation drained out of him. Authority was authority, wherever you met it, and Moriarity was an old timer. He was Navy. This had happened to him before. The heat of his outbreak still tingled in him; he had been aloose, rampaging, lost in it. This was reality. The rebound.

Back aboard he was swallowed up in a pit

Cross-Word Puzzle

By A. E. Shaw, Glendale, Calif.

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: Carl J. Dillinger, Portland, Oregon; Helene Gulka, Newark, N. J.; Andrew Strolis, Ruhton, Minn.; Bernice Stuart, Seattle, Wash.; and R. B. Taff, Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

even the severest regulations. And none more submissive than Moriarity, the champ. Again the model athlete he worked diligently to improve and maintain his condition, his science. The Iron Man was never spoken of; it was as if, completely awed by his destruction, the men bowed their necks to the yoke willingly. In midsummer, on the eve of the games, Lieutenant Roper was able to report proudly to Captain Wynn that his men were in the pink, that already the games were as good as in the bag.

What the officers had not even a hint of was that, leaving Panama, the leaders of the athletic group had held a cabal in their bunk compartment—a cabal in which Harp Moriarity had participated, in whose dispositions he had glumly connived. All that had been prepared.

In August the first of the final events, the baseball game, was played at Trona field. After pitching six shut-out innings Shanghai Jones had the ill-luck to turn his wrist. The *Mississippi's* nine won 4 to 2. While in the bleachers Pete Campichini, fleet hope of the relay team, leaping about in his excitement, struck his ankle too smartly against the end of a bench. It was too bad.

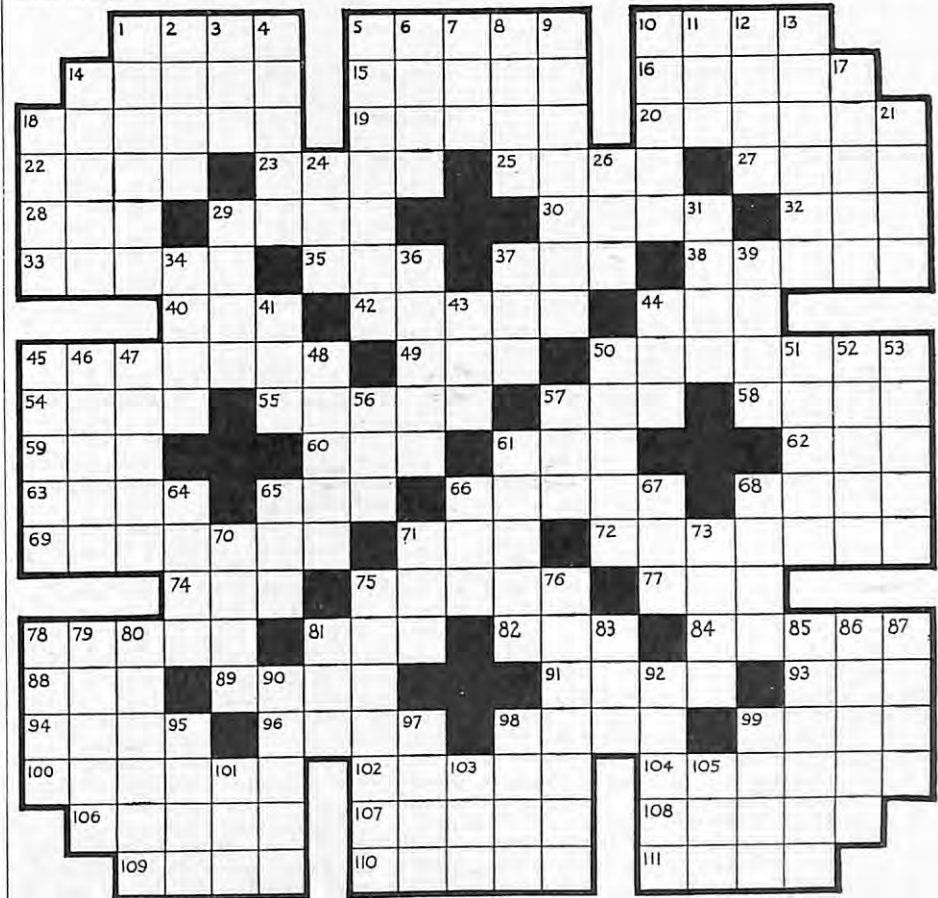
"Champ! . . . CHAMP! . . . CHAMP! . . ." the *Montana's* men were yelling themselves hoarse—the officers yelling with the men. Moriarity was not cheered. The faces upturned about the ring that had been rigged on the *Montana's* fo'c'sle were too eagerly expectant. Hoisting himself through the ropes he marched to his corner and sat, lax and silent, while the trainers administered a final rub to his sturdy legs.

THE officers from the *Mississippi*—the challenger ship—had good ringside seats. They had chairs. The gobs swarmed everywhere—on the big stoppered fourteen-inch guns, on barbettes and turret-tops and collapsible bleachers ranged on two sides of the ring, fight-lovers, primed for a fight. Moriarity scowled. His eyes rested momentarily on the *Montana's* rooting party, a solid group in undress blues . . . "Champ! . . . champ! . . ." Yes, well—those guys, they hadn't been through twelve months in the nursery!

Up on the bridge Captain Wynn paced nervously back and forth, his sharp, firm features hiding alike the chagrin he had experienced and the hope he could not suppress. For months he had looked forward to the games, personally arranging the training schedules for his athletes, seen with gratification their fitness and skill, and then—first Jones's wrist; then Campichini out; then Rasmussen, dropping the pole vault by a bare inch. . . . Of course it could not have been helped, and the challengers were strong—but he had hoped, from event to event. . . . And now, only Moriarity left. The champ . . . to carry the burden, to overcome, if he could, the *Mississippi's* lead in points. And if Moriarity failed . . . ? Captain Wynn's thoughts winced at the alternative. The *Montana* had no Iron Man to relinquish. He had not been able to bring himself, even after the ominous sequence of defeats, to the shame—for himself and his ship—of a tardy substitution. Moriarity must! . . . The sudden clang of the ring-gong called him to the forward bridge rail.

After one minute in there with the challenger Harp knew it was not going to look phony, and this knowledge was all the comfort he had. The *Mississippi's* big Swede could take care of himself—could punch, could block, could take them. On his scow-like feet he got about with surprising rapidity. It would look all right, natural. In an honest fight he would have been Harp's meat, but as it was he was no push-over. His timing lacked something. Twice hand-running Harp bobbed under his long shots to reach home with short, thudding driven which shook, but did not bother, the Swede. To his meager satisfaction was added the feeling that he would not have to pull his punches . . . much. Just keep his left on ice. The first

(Continued on page 42)



Across

- 1—Be sullen
- 5—Thin
- 10—Talk idly
- 14—Elevate
- 15—Steamship
- 16—Ceremonies
- 18—Powder within plants
- 19—Table for prayer
- 20—Made amends
- 22—Misfortunes
- 23—Facility
- 25—Moistened
- 27—Manufactured
- 28—View
- 29—Engrave with acids
- 30—Christmas carol
- 32—Metal container
- 33—A flower
- 35—Small mound
- 37—Fuss
- 38—Prophetic signs
- 40—A snake
- 42—Mends, with thread
- 44—Substance containing metal
- 45—Device to set machine going
- 49—Deity
- 50—Large house
- 54—Ireland
- 55—Country in Asia
- 57—Large tub
- 58—An Indian tribe
- 59—Nothing
- 60—And not

- 61—A feudal title
- 62—A metal
- 63—Want
- 65—Heaven
- 66—Flat surface
- 68—Not deranged
- 69—Applies oneself persistently
- 71—Ocean
- 72—Glides by
- 74—Peer
- 75—Twilled cotton goods
- 77—A tree
- 78—Personal pronoun
- 81—Assembled
- 82—Pinch suddenly
- 84—Near-sighted man
- 88—Tune
- 89—A bird
- 91—Hard-shelled fruits
- 93—Of that same
- 94—Eagle
- 96—An indigo plant
- 98—The moon
- 99—Medicinal plant
- 100—Director
- 102—Indian civet
- 104—Things which remain
- 106—Church vestment
- 107—Appearing as if gnawed
- 108—Trite
- 109—High Turkish official
- 110—Cozy abodes
- 111—Comfortable

Down

- 1—Mean bed
- 2—Anoints
- 3—Advantage
- 4—Dogma
- 5—Slit
- 6—Heap
- 7—An insect
- 8—Peruse
- 9—Trips to do commissions
- 10—A thin fabric
- 11—Strike
- 12—Minute particle
- 13—A whist term
- 14—Parts
- 17—Type of car
- 18—Italian city
- 21—Lairs
- 24—Behave
- 26—Lowing of a cow
- 29—Formerly
- 31—Forsaken
- 34—Merit by reason of service
- 36—Intent
- 37—Together with
- 39—Trap
- 41—Coddle
- 43—Decompose
- 44—An edible grain
- 45—Cassia leaves
- 46—Tested
- 47—Disturbed
- 48—Skating places
- 50—A French river

- 51—Insignificant parts
- 52—Think
- 53—Baseball teams
- 56—Male child
- 57—By way of
- 61—Killed
- 64—Immerses for a short time
- 65—Pen
- 66—Indite
- 67—Sprite
- 68—Agile
- 70—Ship's company
- 71—Place
- 73—Purposes
- 75—Dweller
- 76—Record of proceedings
- 78—An Oriental weight
- 79—Lets
- 80—Florid
- 81—Male humans
- 83—Play on words
- 85—Greasily
- 86—In rhetorics, a form of repetition
- 87—Pieces out
- 90—More precious
- 92—Pithy
- 95—Ancient country near Palestine
- 97—Italian coins
- 98—For fear that
- 99—Cry of sorrow
- 101—High priest
- 103—Kind of cattle
- 105—Greek letter

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

(Continued from page 41)

round, fast but not exciting, was plainly Harp's. "F'r cripes sakes,"—Shanghai Jones leaned through the ropes.—"don't forget to ease off!" Beside him Pete Campichini nodded anxious insistence.

Harp grunted, without turning his head . . . conscious of a transient irritation. What did they want, what was eating them? He knew what he had to do—what they had done. It was all right for them, easy; when a man was the champ it was not so easy. But he'd agreed. They needn't keep putting in.

At the gong he stepped out and halved a round, but the next three went to the Swede by an edge. That ought to hold them.

Then Harp forgot. It was the sixth and the Swede gave him an opening too good to be true. Of itself his left uncoiled, snapped into the Swede's mid-section. That was where the Swede lived. "Ooof!" he said. They heard it on the bridge. Harp's right crossed like a flash, pounded unkindly on the Swede's rough chin. He stepped back, bobbed, twisted and came up behind the Swede. For a ludicrous moment the Swede looked for him everywhere, then whirled and came on mad. His mitts levelled like a line squall, filled the air in every direction. Harp blocked, dodged—grinned. Again the deceptive left flick to the Swede's head, rocking the Swede to his senses. The round ended with a hot exchange of short punches in the Swede's corner—all Harp's. Fun. It had been something like! . . . The bell—and Harp, suddenly remembering, walked to his corner, miserable. . . .

Captain Wynn, above, leaning on the bridge rail, was miserable, thinking. An utter and sickening sense of failure possessed him. Moriarity was not going to win this fight. Moriarity was going to let this fight, and his title, slide—as Jones and Campichini and Rasmussin had let their events slide; and the fault was his own. Oh, his own! Watching Moriarity it had come to him—the realization of his error. You could not treat men—gobs—as had been done on the *Montana* and accomplish anything. They were not machines, to be made perfect. There was not in a gob's life aboard ship so much of gayety that you might, with impunity, rob him of his rare delights ashore. He had once, it seemed, known this, but something—ambition, a foolish ideal—had displaced it from his mind. There had been signs, warnings: the labeling of the ship here at Pedro, the fate of the Iron Man. He might have heeded; instead he had sought ruthlessly to mold these men in the way of his own will, and now—revolt. He had made the Iron Man for them a symbol of oppression and they were escaping from under. So be it.

In profound contrition he would have turned from the rail had not Captain Stoner, the *Mississippi's* commander and his guest, stood beside him. Captain Stoner was chuckling in high good humor.

"Guess my boy's sitting pretty tonight. That big mick of yours looks pretty sick."

"Yes—" Captain Wynn nodded slowly. "—there's something on his mind."

Down in the glare of the cluster lights rigged over the ring the challenger was crowding Harp into a neutral corner with a two-handed flurry of punches. Harp grimaced; once again the unerring left whipped from his side and the Swede recoiled as Harp slipped cleanly from the ropes. From high topside the conning tower a shrill-voiced *Montana* rooter piped, "Atta bo-oy, Iron Man!" A leaden bubble rattled in Harp's stomach. Iron Man . . . huh! For a bare instant his eyes lifted absent-mindedly toward the voice . . . his eyes clipped shut. Someone had hit him with the anchor.

The referee's arm rose and descended with methodical fatefulness like something you once imagined in a malarial dream.

"Seven—"

You had been hit, knocked down, knocked out. You were supposed to hear the birds sing. . . .

"Eight—"

You were champion heavyweight boxer of the Battle Fleet . . . and the nasty taste in your mouth was resin.

Harp rolled over, pulled somebody's knees under him and got up. His chin hurt like hell. It was a long blue chin and his hair was red and the sock he had taken stirred something that went far back to the probable Irish extraction. Probably not so far at that.

The referee stepped clear and in a swim of faces Harp distinguished Shanghai Jones's and Pete Campichini's . . . They were winking, grinning, giving him the wiseguy sign—oh, yeah! Did they think he took a dive? . . .

He stumbled, straightened groggily. He reached over his head and stabbed something white and flapping that sailed into the ring . . . a towel; white—but Harp saw it red. No friend chuckled that. Instinctively side-stepping as the Swede rushed in he hurled the towel far out into the *Mississippi* rooting section. Then, crouching, he turned. . . .

Then they saw something. . . . The Swede bored into him, solid. Their bodies met with the inconsequent and annulling impact of two sandbags. Harp hung on. His mind was glimmering, but he knew a thing or two by heart. His mind was clearing, the jelly in his legs hardening into good muscle. His elbow went back and forward once like a

piston-rod and they saw the Swede start aft on his heels. Did they yell? . . .

But they were yelling for the Swede. The guys from the *Mississippi* had had their digits on the money and they were yelling for a kill. "Crack up a Iron Man!" they were yelling "—bring 'im on home!" Harp heard them only incidentally—it didn't mean a thing. Captain Wynn was hanging from the bridge rail by his eye brows.

They saw his march. He walked into the Swede like a battlewagon putting her prow through a pier—his chin in his fists. The Swede hit him and raised a red blotch on his muscle-ribbed middle; the Swede hit again—the Swede hit as he pleased and all he could but he was retreating and Harp was walking in; the Swede's sweating back was against the ropes and Harp's blue eyes had not wavered from the button of his chin. It was something, to see, unrelenting and inevitable—like tomorrow, and taps. You knew it was on the cards and you sat with your mouth open and waited.

Harp's head was clear and his mind easy. There was no question. He had entered into a combination of malcontents to throw down his ship and dishonor a little silver gadget his own hands had consigned to the mud of Balboa anchorage—well, it wouldn't work. Not so long as he was champ, not so long as a sock on the chin touched off his Irish and the taste of powdered resin was bitter. It was something to be called an Iron Man, and any guy that disagreed he could lick.

His feet were planted apart. Abruptly he took down his mitts from his face. The tip of his left glove barely raked the Swede's center. The Swede's guard dropped and Harp delivered—191 pounds rising through six inches like a law of physics.

The Swede's arms flew out like the wings of a Dutch wind-mill, he doubled up and went out through the ropes, limp. All there was was to pick up the pieces.

Harp stood in his own corner and listened to the music. . . . "Champ! . . . champ! . . . champ!" He looked around and the air was full of white-hats. He looked up at the bridge and thought he saw Captain Wynn leaning over. He batted his eyes. He thought he had seen the old man lift his hand to his gold-braided cap in a salute. The hell he had of course . . . to him? But still, on the off chance, he returned the salute . . . glowing.

The referee was beckoning him to the center of the ring. Two guys came busting through the ropes and fastened themselves proudly to his sides. Pete Campichini's eyes were overflowing with joy. Shanghai Jones said, "Boy, what a sock!"

Rodeo

(Continued from page 20)

forward. His solid chin cramped full lips into a downcircling bulldog line; all his face was a dark, rankling mask. "Won't I? Why, I'll throw you down the stairs—"

"Stop that," broke in Kingman. "Settle in your tracks, LeTest."

LeTest stopped in surprise, stared slantwise through the smoke to Kingman. "Who asked you to butt in?"

"When you speak for US you take in too much territory," said Kingman deliberately. "Beat it, Pujó."

Pujó steadied himself against the wall, wiping blood off his cheeks. But he was collected and very calm. "LeTest, you laid your hands on a man one time too many. Maybe you can bullyrag the rest of this country, and maybe you can treat the US riders like a bunch of dogs—"

Kingman broke in gently: "There's some doubt about that, Pujó."

"I don't notice you doubtin' it!"

"Go on—beat it," urged Kingman.

Pujó placed a darkly composed stare on

LeTest and departed without hurry. LeTest never bothered to look at him, all this while watching Kingman with a colder concentration. The habitual overbearing contempt roughened his words. "A nice grandstand play, Kingman."

"When you fight you like 'em small, don't you?" said Kingman indolently.

LeTest's cheeks went hard. "I don't draw the line."

"Don't hypnotize yourself with big ideas, LeTest. Your head only holds one fancy at a time."

"You want to correct that fault?" bit off LeTest.

"What your grudge against me is, I don't know. But you've aired it considerable of late. I'm hearing too many things second-hand."

"Here's something first-hand," ground out LeTest. "You never do anything till you get an audience. I don't rate your capacities any direction worth a damn."

"Fine," applauded Kingman, ironically. "Where do we go from there?"

"It's your corn."

Kingman stared through the smoke, conscious of the drawn-off spectators, of the heavy-weighted interest. The silence in here lay as thick as the smoke. He reached for his tobacco, pushing back the quick and inflammatory words with a self-discipline that was each moment harder to maintain. He was thinking of Colonel Isom's talk which made a barrier against his own deep inclinations and he was thinking: "The fool's pride has pushed him into this. How much longer have I got to make allowances?" But his answer was smooth.

"I'll let you make the next move, if you're bound on moving."

LeTest's big lips curled and his attitude was flamboyantly derogatory as he wheeled back to the interrupted game. Kingman only shrugged his shoulders and went down the stairs. On the street Huggins and Harpster reached him.

"The gentle dove of peace," said Harpster, "must be a bad bird."

"He made a mistake usin' his hands on Pujo," said Kingman. "Didn't you see Pujo's eyes?"

"Pujo's a rat."

"Rats bite." He saw both of these old friends caught between loyalty and dissatisfaction. They were moody, depressed; and Harpster was trying to say something. But he checked it. "Never mind. Some hands of poker are harder to play than others."

The aimless ranks of the crowd absorbed and separated them. Kingman lighted his cold cigarette, drew in one breath of smoke, threw it away. The pleasure of the night was gone and that customary ease which comes of a hard day well met refused to abide with him. He was wise enough to realize the symptoms of a troubled conscience. A man had to live with himself, had to keep his own private fences mended; and tonight he had evaded LeTest's plainly issued challenge. "What," he demanded of himself, "has a good brain to do with it? He knocked back my ears and I played I liked it. Hell, this can't go on."

The fiddles and guitars were making melody in the hall above John Loder's store. There was a cluster of men at the stair entry and he passed through with a brief acknowledgment of the friendly approval given him. Somebody said, "Careful of that Jump-up nag, Bob. He ain't got no manners I'm able to discern." When he reached the hall the music had paused and he sighted Frances Isom in a far corner, surrounded by stags. But he reached her as the music started up again, said cheerfully, "Thanks, boys," and wheeled her away. Frances Isom's tall body ended in a copper glowing casque of hair that reached to the level of his chin. She tipped her head to him, quiet amusement lying in the gray eyes. She had the Isom bearing, the Isom slow certainty written all over the fine, even featurings of her face. It was like her to caution him.

"You shouldn't be dancing. There's to-morrow."

"After to-morrow," said Kingman, "I'm through riding. All this drudgery is just to furnish the home-folks a two-day wallop. The fun's gone out of the game, Frances."

The girl's eyes fell to shining—her smile was that deep and that understanding. "Not you, Bob. As long as there is any strength left in you, you'll be in the middle of things. You were never born to be a spectator."

"You've got me pegged?"

"I had you pegged long ago—long before you knew there was such a girl as me watching you across the corral here. But I wish LeTest had drawn Jump-up Joe instead of you." "I'd rather lose on a tough horse than win on a bum one."

She said, "We don't want to dance," and led him out of the revolving circle to a quiet corner of the floor. She was suddenly sober, her supple hands folded; and she watched him with a clever, more worried interest. "I heard what happened in the Masonic hall. I liked your judgment. You did right. Don't let the crowd push you into something, Bob."

"I wish I knew what ailed the man," muttered Kingman.

"Don't you know? He hates you because of your popularity. Whatever you do interests people. You've got the gift of making fine friends. Every door in Absalom Valley is open to you. To-morrow all the people in the stands will be pulling for you to win. You're—

you're a kind of a hero to this country, Bob."

"Oh, hush."

"That's why he hates you. He's very proud, very powerful. And very lonely, I think. He has no friends. Wherever he goes, your name is ahead of him. Dad likes LeTest because he is a fine foreman. I don't. I think LeTest is a bully who needs one beating to make him

lom. He knows it. We know it. You ought to."

Kingman turned abruptly, impatiently away. But his path was barred by Tom Vey who came wheeling his invalid's chair across the floor. Tom Vey's heavy frame was badly shrunken and his hair gray-streaked; his eyes, though were as canny as they had been in the days of his own riding supremacy.

"Good luck for to-morrow," he told Kingman.

Kingman looked down, knowing Tom Vey would understand. Tom Vey had gone through this a hundred times. "It's my last rodeo, Tom. The fun's gone out of it."

"It always goes," said Vey. "But it comes back when the shoutin's done. As long as you've got sound limbs and good kidneys you'll be waitin' the year through for the battle."

"Like to be out there, Tom?" Vey's face was dry, expressionless. "I busted my share. One of 'em busted me. No regrets. Part of the game to take what you get, Bob. Good luck for to-morrow."

"Thanks," said Kingman and went back to the street. Turning the corner of the Fort Rock hotel some odd sight through the boiling crowd arrested his attention. But he didn't immediately look—not until he had gone up the hotel porch and reached the deeper darkness. Then he put his glance across the street to a black angle between buildings opposite the Western Star. Pujo stood half concealed in that aperture, watching the saloon's doors.

"LeTest made a mistake hitting that little man," thought Kingman. Alertness pulled his tired muscles together and his thoughts ran along a ready channel of suspicion. A whole succession of streaming rocket light flooded the town with an instant's pale, unnatural radiance and then left the shadows deeper

than before. Pujo threw his cigarette into the dust with a nervous motion and turned away. The gesture seemed final; Kingman went into the hotel and walked up to his room. In bed, the problem was very clear to him. He had no sufficient anger to fight LeTest; yet the compulsion of range tradition pushed him inevitably into it. Refusing, he would be ruined. He knew that. A lifetime's reputation for courage could not stand against one moment's show of seeming weakness. Was Isom suggesting that as a greater act? The town band pumped brassy gusts of noise through his window half the night.

III

PUJO was too light to weather the explosive bucking of Tonto. He dusted his breeches on the second jump. Bee Huggins showed daylight and was ruled out, and all the remote spectators in the stands heard his plaintive cursing as he limped back to the mourner's bench. Roosevelt gave Harpster a runaway ride, refusing to make a fight of it. Victor LeTest shot out of the chute with all the earmarks of a fine exhibition under his belt; and then General Miles unexpectedly dumped him. A long "ah" of surprise ran through the crowd. Howard Harpster's Apache yell went skirling into the sultry afternoon's air. "Go to it, Bob!"

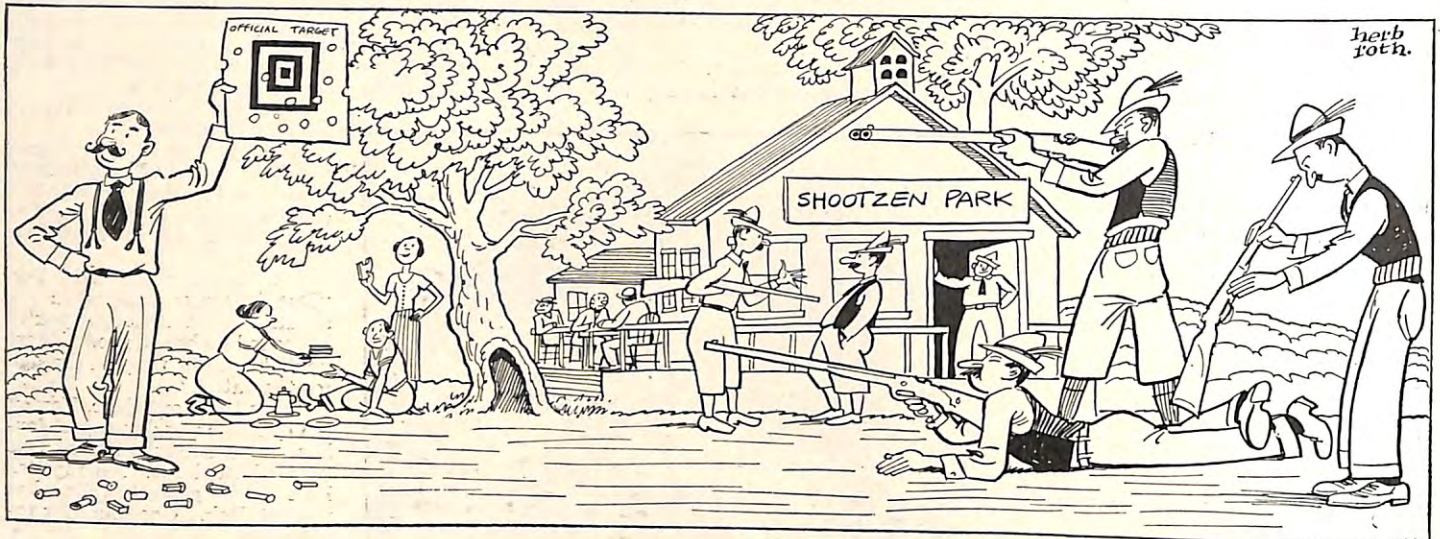
Kingman balanced himself tentatively on the chute's side and waited for Jump-up Joe to quit fighting the empty saddle. Jump-up Joe was like that—a horse who went mad at the touch of discipline. Nobody liked him; he was

(Continued on page 44)



What Twelve Things Are Wrong With This Picture?

(Answers will be found on page 52)



(Continued from page 43)

a malcontent even in the corral, a fomentor of vicious tooth-and-hoof battles. Kingman lowered himself and swiftly drew back. Jump-up Joe squealed and crashed against the boards. The stands went still and the guardian of the chute gate spoke a warning.

"He'll fiddle like that all afternoon. Drop on him sudden and take your chances. I'll open the gate when I see you grab the hackamore. Be careful—if he thinks of it he'll roll you."

"Now," grunted Kingman and dropped into the saddle. His feet found the stirrups, he seized the hackamore rope. Jump-up Joe, giving vent to a display of rage that was almost human, reared up and got his front quarters over the gate before it was quite open. The hand there slashed him across the muzzle with a lariat's end and ducked out of the way. Jump-up Joe came down on the gate and left it so much wreckage behind him. Out across the field he went in a waltzing violence, rising and striking with his forefeet. He squalled again, threw his body half around, whipping Kingman far aside. Kingman scratched him. Kingman cursed him. Jump-up Joe leaped into the sky, all his muscles shuddering; he dropped, and as he dropped he wrenched his long barrel deliberately. It was to Kingman like being on the tip of a curling whip. The bones of his neck cracked and hot fire burned in his stomach. He missed something—he missed the roar of the crowd. Nothing but dead silence announced his ride and into this silence the grunting and the furious snorting of Jump-up Joe made wicked echoes. The horse went to his knees, throwing Kingman's chin against the horn of the saddle; the horse reared and fell into a series of angling, swaying, four-footed plunges. The gun broke with a barking report, the pick-up man drove into Jump-up Joe, and Kingman departed via the rump of the left pick-up man's horse. He stood where he landed, reflexes still churning his brain. Then the fog cleared and the brightness of the day's last sunlight hit his eyes. All the Absalom people were yelling at him. Howard Harpster ran across the field and draped a heavy arm around his shoulders.

"You scrappin' son-of-a-gun!"

The three judges sat together in front of the stands. Colonel Isom called his name and he walked that way, stepping hard against the dirt. Isom held the trophy in his fist and he bent from the saddle and offered it to Kingman with suppressed pride.

"Two years straight for you, Bob. Hang it on your mantel."

"That's one argument settled," said Kingman.

Isom said: "As for the other, play your game, not the other man's."

"His game might be mine."

"Never let Absalom see you do an ordinary thing."

The band broke into the national air and everybody rose. The flag fluttered down. This was the end of it for another year. Gone loose and weary, Kingman told himself there could never be another year. He should be pleased, he should be feeling that relaxing glow of physical ease. But he wasn't feeling it. He stood there, with his mind locked in the insoluble problem LeTest presented. The fine edge of recklessness no longer cut his difficulties for him, there was no swift answer as there once had been. The trouble was—and the realization hit him hard—he saw two sides to this affair; and when a man came to that stage he was old and the fun was out of the game.

The music crashed out into the silence and ceased. Jubal Minto strode by with the folded flag in his arms. Steve Mountjoy raced away from a lighted fuse in the center of the field and a moment later the crashing explosion of powder confined between anvils went tearing into the suddenly sunless air. It was all over. Kingman wheeled toward Fort Rock's street; Howard Harpster fell into step.

"To-night," said Kingman, "we'll christen this cup."

"Well, don't cry about it."

"The prospects don't sound as joyous as of yore, Howard," said Kingman irritably, and went off alone. It was beyond six. He ate, the trophy tucked inconspicuously on his lap; later he went to the hotel room. For a little while he lay flat on the bed, hearing the Fourth of July fireworks sputter and snap below him. The band was tirelessly, terribly in operation again. "So, because he is a fool full of pride," muttered Kingman, "and I'm a fool with another kind of pride, we fall to a killing. Two years ago it wouldn't of mattered. But now it seems all wrong."

IT WAS dusk when he walked down to the street. The sprinkling cart had been by and the acrid odor of dampened dust was strong in the air. Store lights made brilliant patches through the windows; restless eddies of people surged against each other, dissolved, reformed. There was the sound of high revelry in Sullivan's Western Star. When Kingman walked in the full force of it turned on him, hit him with a warm, healthy friendliness. For that one moment a sense of comfort dissolved the hard core of resenting uncertainty in him. He smiled at all those riding partners, laid the cup on the bar.

"As long as there's any man standing on his feet, Sullivan," he drawled, "keep that thing full."

A long yell engulfed him. But Howard

Harpster came forward and his grave resistance to the holiday mood brought a silence. Harpster's words were almost metallic.

"I wouldn't do any drinkin' Bob. LeTest has been extending his remarks."

"You're a fool, Howard."

Harpster said doggedly: "That's all right. Call me anything you want. But I'd rather see you dead than make the wrong answer. You're Kingman, see? Don't forget that. Some things you've got to do."

Kingman looked into his partner's hard, anxious eyes and some odd chemical change happened in him, dissolved the puzzle and left him recklessly satisfied. He said to himself, "I can't change from what I used to be," and then he answered Harpster. "I shall have to take care of whatever comes my way."

The straining look on Harpster's face broke. "That's it," he half cried. "I—"

He got no farther. The saloon doors shrilled and a body passed rapidly in, bearing heavily on the floor. Kingman turned casually and saw LeTest come to a stiff, stubborn stand. LeTest had heard and Kingman knew then that his slow phrase had crystallized the foreman's anger beyond change. LeTest's bitter, jealous eyes hit Kingman.

"All the outfit goes back to the ranch to-night. Get your horses and go."

It was nothing but an expedient to climax the quarrel. Any other would have done. This was showdown and there was nothing left now but the old, timeless ceremony of acceptance. Kingman said:

"I'm staying here."

"You've got ten minutes," rapped out LeTest. "If I find you in town after that you know what to expect." He turned then and walked rapidly from the room.

Kingman pushed the trophy cup farther across the bar. "Keep it full," he repeated, and followed LeTest to the street. Paused there, he found no sight of the US foreman, but his name was briskly called and he turned to see Tom Vey wheeling himself from the saloon. Vey's prematurely old face seemed very tired.

"I'd hate to see you go through with this."

"What would you do?" challenged Kingman.

"If I had your body I'd do just what you're going to do," admitted Vey. "But I'm not rough and tough any more and it looks different to me. You're both good men, Bob. A bullet settles nothing and leaves one of you dead."

"LeTest is of age."

"LeTest is his own worst enemy. He's proud and he won't give."

"So I ought to do the givin'?"

"He'd go through hell to be a popular man, which is why he hates you. He'd cut off both arms to help a friend."

"What friends?"

"I'm his friend," murmured Vey. "The only one he's got, I guess. Once upon a time I was his sort of a fellow."

"The thing is settled, Tom."

Vey's tone was inexpressibly regretful. "Men make a lot of unnecessary trouble for each other."

Kingman crossed the street and went to his room. He strapped on his gun-belt, lifted the weapon from its seat, dropped it lightly back. He made one moody turn of the room, thinking of the sadness of Vey's answer, thinking of this futile ending just ahead. And then he closed his mind to thinking and walked out. Frances Isom was on the shadowed porch, waiting for him. She came forward, she touched him gently with one hand.

"You're sure this is what you want to do, Bob?"

All the contradictions angered him. He was sharp, almost severe. "Tell your dad there's other things besides a good mind."

"That was his way of telling you he didn't want to lose you, Bob. This is my way—"

She lifted, kissed him. "But I said last night your way was my way." She was crying. Crying bitterly. He started to speak, and found the porch empty. Frances ran down the steps and into the crowd. Searching for her with his eyes, he suddenly saw Pujo in the far shadows, in that black niche he had been the evening before. Covertly drawn back, the little man was again turned toward the Western Star.

Kingman felt a sense of needed hurry, of overhanging disaster. It came upon him without explanation and carried him off the steps into the street. He crossed, entered a stable and passed to its rear; he cut through another alley and placed himself to command Pujo from a different angle. "LeTest," he thought, "made a mistake hitting that fellow."

Some shift of Pujo's body warned him and he

looked around to discover LeTest striding along the dust, bound for the Western Star. The word was published, that much was plain from the manner in which the edges of the crowd recoiled. There was less noise in the saloon; men hurried out and swiftly edged aside. LeTest came slowly on and paused at the doors, all his motions controlled by that weighted care of one balanced on the fine edge of action. Kingman watched him with a blacker and blacker temper; and then he returned his hard glance to Pujo. The little man had crawled from the recess. He lifted his gun with a strange, gliding sureness—setting its sights against LeTest who stood unawares sixty feet away. Kingman thought savagely, "He's not intendin' to give LeTest a chance," and afterwards his racing hand dropped and rose and fired. The sound made a rending, crashing blast between the building walls. A woman screamed. Pujo never let a word out of him, but he staggered into a lane of light, quick agony slashing deep lines into his thin face. One arm hung broken and the fingertips turned to a flowing crimson. Victor LeTest's voice rode the night with a fierce, bitter anger.

"I'll finish this—"

"Shut up!" called Kingman. "You had it coming. Pujo, get out of town!"

MEN streamed from the Western Star. Howard Harpster's giant frame laid a great patch against the saloon's glow and the dying fragments of talk struck unnaturally clear into the pervading suspense. LeTest and Kingman and Pujo formed a motionless triangle, but Pujo was a limp, beaten man with a bleak fear on his cheeks and at that moment Kingman felt a pity—a remote pity. His own body squared itself against the US foreman.

"Your ten minutes are up, LeTest. If you are going to draw, do it now."

LeTest's face was dim. The hulking frame

shifted. "You did me a favor," he said in a wondering voice.

"Never mind that."

"You had no reason to step in here, Kingman."

Kingman said brusquely: "I don't deal in murder. The ten minutes are up."

But LeTest was rooted and perplexed; and Kingman got a faint view of that broadly formidable face oddly cast. LeTest's hanging arms drew up, a motion of resignation. "No—you've done me a favor."

"I don't claim it," said Kingman sharply.

"I never go back on my obligations," grumbled LeTest.

For a moment nothing was said; the ranked people were rigidly absorbed in this scene turned strange beyond reason. Kingman's hat brim jerked sharply upward and one hand described a final gesture.

"This thing has got to end here. I see no point in a gunfight, LeTest. But it is either that or no more talk of a quarrel between us."

"Kingman," exploded LeTest, "you're a damned sight better man than I figured!"

Kingman shifted, moved forward. "We'll drink on that, LeTest!"

"I'm your friend," said the US foreman.

Sudden motion swept the crowd off Fort Rock's walks. Howard Harpster emitted an Apache yell and came up to strike LeTest soundly on the back. Colonel Isom walked out of the crowd and he said proudly: "Kingman, you never do the ordinary thing." Then he turned to the crowd, deeply pleased. "The men of my outfit are loyal. The drinks are on me to-night!"

Kingman looked across the street to Frances standing straightly against the hotel wall, saw the shining approval of her eyes. He extended his hand to LeTest, a fine sense of ease and recklessness running beneficently through him. "Next year," he drawled, "we'll give those horses a better ride."

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 33)

Lodge delegates was not requisite, inasmuch as the Grand Exalted Ruler had conferred with officers from their State at the convention of the Ohio State Elks Association several weeks before. Their enthusiasm for the betterment of the Order, however, prompted many Lodges to volunteer to be represented at the Elkhart conference.

New York Elks Assemble

PRESENT and former officers and committeemen of the Grand Lodge, active and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and officers of the Elks Association of the State and representatives of subordinate Lodges of New York conferred with the Grand Exalted Ruler at the Home of Albany Lodge, No. 49, on September 23. Before the meeting, a delegation of welcome, headed by President James H. Mackin of the New York State Elks Association, met Mr. Thompson at the station and conducted him to the Lodge Home. Those who participated in the conference included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, William T. Phillips, Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; Charles S. Hart, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Past Grand Trustee William E. Drislane; George J. Winslow, former Chairman, and Harry Nugent, former member, of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; George W. Denton, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; D. Curtis Gano, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph E. Vigeant, John W. Bierlein, Robert J. Walsh, Samuel D. Matthews, Martin A. Cameron, Francis W. O'Donnell, P. W.

Devendorf and Gustav H. Papenmeyer; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Peter Stephen Beck, Paul Van Wagner, Walter M. Stroup, Leo W. Roohan, E. A. McCaffrey, Peter A. Buchheim and Thomas J. Hanrahan, Jr.; and President James H. Mackin, Honorary President the Reverend Arthur O. Sykes, Vice-Presidents William J. Malaney, F. Harold Loonam, Oscar E. T. Schonfeld, Edmund H. Lawler, John M. Beck, William Maxon, and Charles H. Abrahamson; Secretary Philip Clancy and Treasurer John T. Osowski, of the New York State Elks Association. At the luncheon following the morning conference, one hundred and ninety-three Elks were present; and at the meeting which ensued in the afternoon, five hundred were in attendance. Lodges represented were Poughkeepsie Lodge, No. 275; White Plains Lodge, No. 535; Peekskill Lodge, No. 744; Yonkers Lodge, No. 707; New Rochelle Lodge, No. 756; Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 842; Port Chester Lodge, No. 863; Mamaroneck Lodge, No. 1457; Ossining Lodge, No. 1486; Beacon Lodge, No. 1493; Mt. Kisco Lodge, No. 1552; Newburgh Lodge, No. 247; Kingston Lodge, No. 550; Port Jervis Lodge, No. 645; Middletown Lodge, No. 1097; Catskill Lodge, No. 1341; Monticello Lodge, No. 1544; Liberty Lodge, No. 1545; Albany Lodge, No. 49; Glens Falls Lodge, No. 81; Amsterdam Lodge, No. 101; Troy Lodge, No. 141; Saratoga Springs Lodge, No. 161; Hoosick Falls Lodge, No. 178; Gloversville Lodge, No. 226; Schenectady Lodge, No. 480; Plattsburg Lodge, No. 621; Hudson Lodge, No. 787; Cohoes Lodge, No. 1317; Mechanicville Lodge, No. 1403; Whitehall Lodge, No. 1491; Ticonderoga Lodge, No. 1494; Watervliet Lodge, No. 1500; Utica Lodge, No. 33; Rome Lodge, No. 96; Ogdens-

burg Lodge, No. 772; Malone Lodge, No. 1303; Herkimer Lodge, No. 1439; Iliion Lodge, No. 1444; Saranac Lodge, No. 1508; Elmira Lodge, No. 62; Hornell Lodge, No. 364; Cortland Lodge, No. 748; Binghamton Lodge, No. 852; Owego Lodge, No. 1039; Corning Lodge, No. 1071; Oneonta Lodge, No. 1312; Wellsville Lodge, No. 1495; Watkins Glen Lodge, No. 1546; Buffalo Lodge, No. 23; Rochester Lodge, No. 24; Jamestown Lodge, No. 263; Niagara Falls Lodge, No. 346; Olean Lodge, No. 401; Medina Lodge, No. 808; Dunkirk Lodge, No. 922; Batavia Lodge, No. 950; Albion Lodge, No. 1006; Syracuse Lodge, No. 31; Oswego Lodge, No. 271; Watertown Lodge, No. 496; Oneida Lodge, No. 767; Fulton Lodge, No. 830; Lyons Lodge, No. 869; Seneca Falls Lodge, No. 992; Geneva Lodge, No. 1054; Newark Lodge, No. 1249; New York Lodge, No. 1; Brooklyn Lodge, No. 22; Staten Island Lodge, No. 841; Bronx Lodge, No. 871; Queens Borough Lodge, No. 878; Freeport Lodge, No. 1253; Patchogue Lodge, No. 1323; Glen Cove Lodge, No. 1458; Hempstead Lodge, No. 1485; Great Neck Lodge, No. 1543; and Huntington Lodge, No. 1565.

The New England Conference

FROM Albany, the Grand Exalted Ruler proceeded to Worcester, Mass. There, on September 24, at the Home of Worcester Lodge, No. 243, he conferred with three hundred New England Elks. Of this number, more than two hundred attended the luncheon between sessions. Upon his arrival in the city, Mr. Thompson was welcomed by Mayor John C. Mahoney, in a cordial address. In the evening the Grand Exalted Ruler was the guest of honor at a dinner given by the Past

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Exalted Rulers of No. 243 at the Bancroft Hotel. Later, he made a brief radio speech to Elks of New England. At the conference, in addition to the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley made addresses. Prominent Elks to attend the meetings, besides those already mentioned, were Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, Past Grand Tiler Michael H. McCarron; E. Mark Sullivan, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; J. Levi Meader, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Edwin K. McPeck, former member of the New Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Bernard E. Carbin, former member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; Richard A. Cantwell, former member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Ned C. Loud, John F. Burke, Bernard S. McHugh and Ernest M. Torbet, of Massachusetts; John A. McDonald and Samuel Hillson, of Maine; Duncan MacKenzie, of Rhode Island; Felix P. Callahan and Joseph M. Fitzgerald, of Connecticut; Benjamin P. Hopkins, of New Hampshire; Charles F. Mann, of Vermont; President Roy R. Powers, First Vice-President John F. Pickett and Trustees William Reither, John J. Nugent and William M. Scully of the Connecticut State Elks Association; Third Vice-President Hubert W. Flaherty and Trustees Arthur J. Harty, John E. Moynahan, and William B. Jackson of the Massachusetts State Elks Association; Second Vice-President Charles H. Bean and Secretary-Treasurer J. A. McNerney, of the New Hampshire State Elks Association; and President Fred L. Sylvester, of the Maine State Elks Association. Massachusetts Lodges to send delegations to the conference were Milford Lodge, No. 628, Cambridge Lodge, No. 839, Brookline Lodge, No. 886; Waltham Lodge, No. 953; Hudson Lodge, No. 959; Marlborough Lodge, No. 1239; Framingham Lodge, No. 1264; Newton Lodge, No. 1327; Natick Lodge, No. 1425; Winchester Lodge, No. 1445; Concord Lodge, No. 1479; Watertown Lodge, No. 1513; Maynard Lodge, No. 1568; Lawrence Lodge, No. 65; Lowell Lodge, No. 87; Everett Lodge, No. 642; Salem Lodge, No. 799; Gloucester Lodge, No. 892; Woburn Lodge, No. 908; Newburyport Lodge, No. 909; Medford Lodge, No. 915; Chelsea Lodge, No. 938; Melrose Lodge, No. 1031; Revere Lodge, No. 1171; Wakefield Lodge, No. 1276; Beverly Lodge, No. 1309; Peabody Lodge, No. 1409; Boston Lodge, No. 10; New Bedford Lodge, No. 73; Fall River Lodge, No. 118; Taunton Lodge, No. 150; Brockton Lodge, No. 164; Quincy Lodge, No. 943, North Attleboro Lodge, No. 1011; Attleboro Lodge, No. 1014; Winthrop Lodge, No. 1078; Middleboro Lodge, No. 1274; Hyannis Lodge, No. 1549; Springfield Lodge, No. 61; Worcester Lodge, No. 243; Pittsfield Lodge, No. 272; North Adams Lodge, No. 487; Fitchburg Lodge, No. 847; Gardner Lodge, No. 1426; Holyoke Lodge, No. 902; Northampton Lodge; No. 997; Greenfield Lodge, No. 1296; Clinton Lodge, No. 1306; Adams Lodge, No. 1335; Webster Lodge, No. 1466; and Westfield Lodge, No. 1481; those of Connecticut: Danbury Lodge, No. 120; Waterbury Lodge, No. 265; Derby Lodge, No. 571; Norwalk Lodge, No. 709; Winsted Lodge, No. 844; Stamford Lodge, No. 899; Greenwich Lodge, No. 1150; Ansonia Lodge, No. 1269; West Haven Lodge, No. 1537; Hartford Lodge, No. 19, Meriden Lodge, No. 35; New London Lodge, No. 360; Norwich Lodge, No. 430; New Britain Lodge, No. 957, Putnam Lodge, No. 574, Middletown Lodge, No. 771; Bristol Lodge, No. 1010; Willimantic Lodge, No. 1311; Rockville Lodge, No. 1359; and Wallingford Lodge, No. 1365; and those of Rhode Island: Providence Lodge, No. 14; Newport Lodge, No. 104; Woonsocket Lodge, No. 850, and Pawtucket Lodge, No. 920. Because of earlier meetings with them at State Elks Associations' conventions, it was not required that delegates from Lodges in Maine,

New Hampshire or Vermont attend the conference with the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Meeting at Newark

DISTRICT Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, together with officers of the New Jersey State Elks Association and representatives of the Lodges in that State gathered at a regional conference with Grand Exalted Ruler Thomp-

Union Hill Lodge, No. 1357; Ridgewood Lodge, No. 1455; Weehawken Lodge, No. 1456; Bergenfield Lodge, No. 1477; Cliffside Park Lodge, No. 1502; Lyndhurst Lodge, No. 1505. Ridgefield Park Lodge, No. 1506; Westwood Lodge, No. 1562; Clifton Lodge, No. 1569; Newark Lodge, No. 21; Orange Lodge, No. 135; East Orange Lodge, No. 630; Dover Lodge, No. 782; Bloomfield Lodge, No. 788; Morristown Lodge, No. 815; Montclair Lodge, No. 891; Belleville Lodge, No. 1123; South Orange Lodge, No. 1154; Irvington Lodge, No. 1245; Summit Lodge, No. 1246; Nutley Lodge, No. 1290; Boonton Lodge, No. 1405; Madison Lodge, No. 1465; Newton Lodge, No. 1512; West Orange Lodge, No. 1590; Camden Lodge, No. 293; Millville Lodge, No. 580; Bridgeton Lodge, No. 733; Mt. Holly Lodge, No. 848; Burlington Lodge, No. 996; Lambertville Lodge, No. 1070; Vineland Lodge, No. 1422; Lakewood Lodge, No. 1432, and Freehold Lodge, No. 1454.

The Richmond Conference

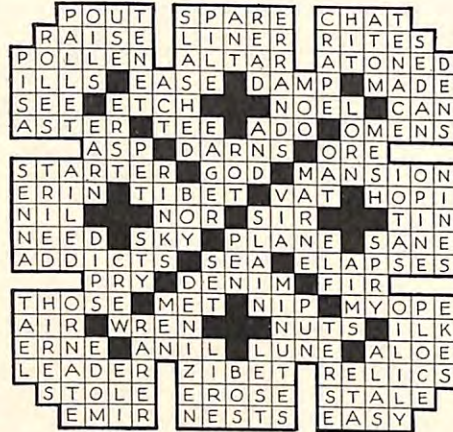
ONE hundred and twenty-five Elks were present at the regional conference, embracing the States of Virginia, West Virginia, Delaware, Maryland and North Carolina, and the District of Columbia, at the Home of Richmond, Va., Lodge, No. 45, on September 27. Speakers, besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred Harper, and Robert S. Barrett, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. The notable Elks present, in addition to those to address the meeting comprised Past Grand Tiler John E. Lynch, Walter P. Shaner, member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. C. Abbott and L. C. Hollis, of Virginia; S. B. Haffner and F. M. Peters, of West Virginia; A. C. Braun, of Maryland, Delaware and the District of Columbia; and J. J. Burney and Shelley B. Caveness, of North Carolina; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers W. B. F. Cole, John W. Morrison and M. G. Witten; and President Thomas L. Sclater, First Vice-President J. G. Mayo, Secretary H. E. Dyer, Treasurer R. P. Peoples, and Trustees John G. Sizer and H. M. Dilg, of the Virginia State Elks Association; Secretary Walter B. Wilson, of the West Virginia State Elks Association; President Alfred W. Gaver, of the Maryland, Delaware and District of Columbia State Elks Association; and Secretary T. B. Kehoe and Trustee Robert E. Stevens, of the North Carolina State Elks Association. Subordinate Lodge memberships represented were those of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15; Wilmington, Del., Lodge, No. 307; Baltimore Lodge, No. 7; Annapolis Lodge, No. 622; Towson Lodge, No. 469; Frederick Lodge, No. 684; and Harve de Grace Lodge, No. 1564, of Maryland; Wheeling Lodge, No. 28; Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482; Bluefield Lodge, No. 269; Martinsburg Lodge, No. 778; and Beckley Lodge, No. 1452, of West Virginia; Goldsboro Lodge, No. 129; Wilmington Lodge, No. 532; New Berne Lodge, No. 764; Elizabeth City Lodge, No. 856; Charlotte Lodge, 392; Greensboro Lodge, No. 602; High Point Lodge, No. 1155, and Asheville Lodge, No. 1401, of North Carolina; and Norfolk Lodge, No. 38; Richmond Lodge, No. 45; Portsmouth Lodge, No. 82; Petersburg Lodge, No. 237; Newport News Lodge, No. 315; Hampton Lodge, No. 366; Suffolk Lodge, No. 685; Manchester Lodge, No. 843; Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 875; Roanoke Lodge, No. 197; Danville Lodge, No. 227; Lynchburg Lodge, No. 321; Charlottesville Lodge, No. 389; Harrisonburg Lodge, No. 450; Alexandria Lodge, No. 758; Winchester Lodge, No. 867; Clifton Forge Lodge; No. 1065, and Pulaski Lodge, No. 1067, of Virginia.

In the evening, after the termination of the conference, the Grand Exalted Ruler paid an official visit to Richmond Lodge. Introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Harper, he made a stimulating address to the four hundred members of the Order assembled in the Lodge

(Continued on page 48)

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 41)



son at the Home of Newark, N. J., Lodge, No. 21, on September 25. The subordinate Lodge delegates from Pennsylvania, as well as officers of the Elks Association in that State, he had met earlier at the annual convention of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and their presence in Newark, therefore, was not required. Among those who took part in the New Jersey conference were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, and Charles H. Grakelow; Charles S. Hart, member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee; Francis P. Boland, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; William D. Hancher, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Aloysius J. Kaiser, Richard F. Flood, Jr., Charles R. Tomlin, and James V. Harkins, of New Jersey; and F. T. Benson, Henry L. Coira, John M. Schiele, Wilbur G. Warner, and Gurney Afferbach, of Pennsylvania. Former Grand Lodge officers and committee members in attendance were Past Grand Trustee Henry A. Guenther; William Conklin, former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Grover C. Asmus, Nicholas Albano, John H. Cose, George H. Liebgott, Val D. Scheafer, and Francis V. Dobbins. The conference included also Thomas Osborne, Harry H. O'Claire, and Edward L. Grimes, Vice-Presidents; John A. Flood, Secretary; Charles Rosencrans, Treasurer; Thomas F. Macksey and George L. Hirtzel, Trustees; and William A. Dittmar, Sergeant-at-Arms, of the New Jersey State Elks Association. The total number of Elks present was two hundred and fifty. They comprised, besides those just mentioned, representatives of Asbury Park Lodge, No. 128; Red Bank Lodge, No. 233; Elizabeth Lodge, No. 289; New Brunswick Lodge, No. 324; Phillipsburg Lodge, No. 395; Perth Amboy Lodge, No. 784; Long Branch Lodge, No. 742; Plainfield Lodge, No. 885; Somerville Lodge, No. 1068; Rahway Lodge, No. 1075; Bound Brook Lodge, No. 1388; Dunellen Lodge, No. 1488; Washington Lodge, No. 1563; Union Lodge, No. 1583; Westfield Lodge, No. 1585; Paterson Lodge, No. 60; Hoboken Lodge, No. 74; Jersey City Lodge, No. 211; Passaic Lodge, No. 387; Bayonne Lodge, No. 434; Kearny Lodge, No. 1050; Englewood Lodge, No. 1157;

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Yet there is a rational basis for buying a radio. . . . If you reflect a moment, you will realize that all you care about any instrument is how it sounds; how it looks; how long it is likely to last; how much it costs. These four factors—not wild claims or mystifying phrases—should influence your selection.

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Grand Exalted Ruler, Floyd E. Thompson, has recorded on a Columbia record a message of special interest to all Elks. If you attend the election-night party at your Lodge you will hear this message. If you want to hear the Grand Exalted Ruler in your own home, you can purchase the record from your Lodge secretary any time after November 8.

(Continued from page 46)

room. A supper and a program of entertainment followed the formal session.

The next morning, that of September 28, Mr. Harper was host to Mr. Thompson at breakfast at his home and later drove him to the Elks National Home, at Bedford, Va. There the Grand Exalted Ruler, after an inspection of the Home, had luncheon with Superintendent Robert A. Scott and his family. Other guests upon this occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler T. A. O'Leary and a number of other members of Marion, Ohio, Lodge, No. 32, who were visitors to the Home at the time. Mr. Thompson, in the evening, addressed the residents of the Home and later was an appreciative spectator at a minstrel show given there.

The Assembly at Atlanta

ON September 29, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Atlanta, Ga. A delegation from Atlanta Lodge, No. 78, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, and John S. McClelland, Justice of the Grand Forum, welcomed him as he reached the city. In the evening Mr. Thompson was guest of honor at a dinner given by the present officers and Past Exalted Rulers of No. 78. Thereafter he made an official call upon the Lodge. At the meeting, with Exalted Ruler Joseph R. Cooke presiding, three hundred Elks were present.

Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, South Carolina and Florida sent representative Elks to the regional conference with the Grand Exalted Ruler at Atlanta the following day, September 30. In the course of the meeting they had opportunity to hear addresses not only by Mr. Thompson, but also by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Andrews, Grand Justice McClelland and Daniel J. Kelly, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee. Notable among the gathering were District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Benjamin J. Fowler, and I. G. Ehrlich, of Georgia; Leon McCord, of Alabama; J. B. Price and E. C. Smith, of Mississippi; L. D. Boyd, of South Carolina; Caspian Hale, Thomas A. Johnson and J. L. Reed, Sr., of Florida; President L. F. Chapman, of the Florida State Elks Association; and Vice-Presidents J. Gordon Hardy and H.

B. Roberts and Secretary Robert E. Lee Reynolds, of the Georgia State Elks Association. Lodges to have representatives present were Montgomery, Ala., No. 596; Charleston Lodge, No. 242; Greenville Lodge, No. 858; Rock Hill Lodge, No. 1318, and Columbia Lodge, No. 1190, of South Carolina; Columbus Lodge, No. 111; Savannah, Lodge, No. 183; Brunswick Lodge, No. 601; Atlanta Lodge, No. 78; Macon Lodge, No. 230; Athens Lodge, No. 790; LaGrange Lodge, No. 1084; and Griffin Lodge, No. 1207, of Georgia; and Tampa Lodge, No. 708; St. Petersburg Lodge, No. 1224; Sebring Lodge, No. 1529; Lake City Lodge, No. 803; Tallahassee Lodge, No. 937; DeLand Lodge, No. 1463, and New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, of Florida.

The Conference at St. Louis

ON OCTOBER 2, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in St. Louis, Mo., for a conference with Elks from the region included in the States of Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, Tennessee and Arkansas. At the station he was welcomed by a delegation from St. Louis Lodge, No. 9. With those constituting it—Exalted Ruler E. J. Martt and several of his official staff; and Past Exalted Rulers Jules Bertero, Joseph H. Glauber, Charles J. Dolan and B. F. Dickmann—Mr. Thompson later breakfasted at the Lodge Home. Present at the conference which followed were one hundred members of the Order. Of especial distinction among them were Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight Clarence Friedman, Grand Esquire Henry C. Warner, Past Grand Treasurer Fred A. Morris, John L. Grayot, member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers C. J. Griffith, of Arkansas; James Finnem, D. C. Burnett, C. J. Schulerburg, Clyde Brewster, Joseph B. Crowley, Jr., and Norman Hoffman, of Illinois; James J. Patchell, of Indiana; F. W. McDonald, of Kansas; H. E. Curtis, of Kentucky; R. A. Ward, and E. L. Biersmith, of Missouri; and J. M. Payne and Hugh W. Hicks, of Tennessee; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers E. Perry Huston, Walter H. Moreland, Jr., Louis A. Calcaterra, William M. Frasar and O. F. Davenport, of Illinois; President M. E. Gouge and Vice-

President J. H. Dickbrader, of the Missouri State Elks Association; President Leland O'Callaghan, of the Kentucky State Elks Association; President J. F. Mohan and Secretary Nelson H. Millard, of the Illinois State Elks Association, and Frank P. White, Secretary of the Welfare Activities Commission of that organization. Lodges to respond to the Grand Exalted Ruler's invitation to be present were Jonesboro, Ark., Lodge, No. 498; Nashville Lodge, No. 72, and Memphis Lodge, No. 27, of Tennessee; Louisville Lodge, No. 8, and Madisonville Lodge, No. 738, of Kentucky; and Kansas City Lodge, No. 26; Sedalia Lodge, No. 125; Springfield Lodge, No. 409; Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673; Lexington Lodge, No. 749; Trenton Lodge, No. 801; De Soto Lodge, No. 689; St. Charles Lodge, No. 690; Mexico Lodge, No. 019; Washington Lodge, No. 1559, and St. Louis Lodge, No. 9, of Missouri. Although they had had opportunity earlier, at the convention of the Illinois State Elks Association, to discuss fraternal affairs with the Grand Exalted Ruler, a number of Illinois Lodges volunteered to have representatives attend the St. Louis conference. They were Oak Park Lodge, No. 1295; Aurora Lodge, No. 705; LaSalle Lodge, No. 584; Decatur Lodge, No. 401; Pontiac Lodge, No. 1019; Dixon Lodge, No. 779; DeKalb Lodge, No. 765; Peoria Lodge, No. 20; Springfield Lodge, No. 158; Belleville Lodge, No. 481; Centralia Lodge, No. 493; Litchfield Lodge, No. 654; Alton Lodge, No. 746; Jerseyville Lodge, No. 954; Carlinville Lodge, No. 1412; Olney Lodge, No. 926; Robinson Lodge, No. 1188; Lawrenceville Lodge, No. 1208; DuQuoin Lodge, No. 884; Herrin Lodge, No. 1146; Carbondale Lodge, No. 1243; West Frankfort Lodge, No. 1340, and Metropolis Lodge, No. 1428. The delegates to the meeting were addressed by Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and other Grand Lodge officers and State Association officials, and by Past Grand Treasurer Morris, in the course of the conference.

The following day, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the opening exercises of the convention of the Missouri State Elks Association, in St. Louis. This event is reported in "News of the State Associations," in another part of this issue.

A Masked Crime

(Continued from page 11)

did the police keep better tabs upon visitors than in the older San Francisco. The attitude was unobtrusively protective of the strangers who were "out to see the sights." Not even the cold trail mattered. A few hours after he got the assignment to survey the town for a sign of a French officer, a plain clothes lieutenant had placed the hotel where Captain D'Auguier had stayed, and learned he had sauntered forth for a pleasant evening. In the night-life district the searcher came upon the girl with whom the traveler had dined. She told the policeman that she did not believe her entertainer was a real Frenchman.

The detective came alive at that remark. He had until then been doing an evening's duty on a trifling matter of police detail, expecting to find that a lonely Frenchman had merely whiled away an evening agreeably. If the man was only masquerading as French he could easily be the suspect wanted in St. Louis. He had come from there, according to the police report. He must be found.

There did not have to be much hunt for his

tracks toward the sea. The steerage episode thrust itself into the foreground. Steerage is a good place to hide but not when one has placarded one's self beforehand. The hunters had him, or thought they had. Dispatches

went to Melbourne to intercept him there. The ship had come and gone. The fugitive might have set foot there and had a last chance at escape. Instead he was on board at Auckland when the harbor police came out to get him.

He denied that he was an Englishman and showed French papers that seemed in proper order. The colonials said that he might get away with such a claim among Americans but not among New Zealanders. He admitted then that he was an Englishman and denied that he was either Walter Lennox-Maxwell or Hugh Mottram Brooks or that he ever had been in St. Louis. The sergeant faced him with a note book taken from his belongings. Its fore-leaf bore the name of Lennox-Maxwell and the entry that the owner had been in St. Louis from March 31st to April 6th.

That was unanswer-



"Didn't your mother ever teach you that it isn't polite to point?"

able evidence of identity. The prisoner quit fighting and told a story from which he did not afterwards deviate. He said that Preller had died accidentally from an overdose of chloroform he had administered, to ease pain from a troublesome though minor ailment. He had believed, he said, that he had sufficient medical knowledge to perform the slight surgical operation necessary. His flight, he said, was due to panic.

Dramatic as was the pursuit and clever as was the detective work that laid Brooks by the heels in a New Zealand jail the case was to be so crowded with other unusual circumstances that the defendant's battle for life was a continuing public spectacle for the next three years.

IT WOULD be expected that Brooks, as soon as he was arrested, would be questioned about the meaning of the sinister phrasing, "So perish all traitors to a great cause!" That placard left on Preller's body was at odds with any defense of accident. Brooks nimbly avowed that the sentence was written to provide a false scent. Then and later this avowal was not contested, for it satisfied both the prosecution and the defense. The former decided that it was easier to charge a motive of plain robbery than of involved conspiracy, and the defense adopted the accident theory that Brooks had provided. If there was any deeper and more mysterious motive, these mutual tactics served to hide it forever. Yet the net consequence was that Brooks was never explained and that to the last he remained a masked figure in spite of all that was found out about his family and about his life before he left home to become an adventurer.

There were aspects of the crime, too, which gave Great Britain a logical interest in the affair. None was openly shown. Brilliant and expensive lawyers came forward, however, for the defense of Brooks, though he was without funds and his family was poor.

The battle in his behalf, nevertheless, did not begin until he was returned to St. Louis. The extradition process proceeded with normal slowness but without hindrance. New Zealand at least was willing to get rid of him. Brooks was turned over to the United States and by autumn was in jail in St. Louis. Then the prosecutor looked at his evidence and decided that he had little upon which to base a charge of murder. In fact the melodramatic note calling Preller a traitor was all the evidence of murder there was, and against it was set the testimony that Brooks would give stating that the note was a lie and the death an accident—merely manslaughter. If the prosecutor sought to delve for proof of assassination, he got nowhere. His theory and that of the police was that Preller had been killed by the police Brooks to get the victim's money, a moderate amount of about one thousand dollars. How to prove the theory? The prosecutor chose a method which got him assailed for bad taste, and for supplying a wretched example of conspiracy, but which the courts accepted as legal. The attorney's device made the trial as famous as the crime itself.

In the language of the conservative *American Law Review*—

"The State's Counsel, not content with the methods which are ordinarily resorted to by State's Counsels 'put up a job' in detective slang by getting a detective into jail and procuring a confession from (Maxwell) Brooks. In order to do this the authorities committed a most extraordinary abuse of the machinery of justice. They got a detective to forge a railway debenture. They then arranged discovery of the forgery.

"The supposed forger was then arrested and indicted by the grand jury, and committed to jail to await his trial. The grand jurors supposed of course that they indicted a real forger. But the prosecuting officers knew that it was only a detective trick.

"Now the indicted forger, on the days when

the prisoners were allowed to promenade in the rotunda found means to make the acquaintance of Brooks. The two planned their defenses together and eventually confessed to each other. Finally when Brooks came to trial the indicted forger, to the surprise and dismay of the prisoner, was put on the stand as a witness against him. The whole plot was then exploded.

"Notwithstanding these facts the court ruled, and we believe correctly as a rule of evidence, that as the confession was voluntary it was admissible as evidence. This view was sustained by the Supreme Court (of the State), four judges concurring and one dissenting. The dissenting judge placed his conclusion on the ground of public policy, and there was no other ground on which it could be placed."

The opinion of that one dissenting judge, the venerable and much respected Justice Sherwood, rang out, however, so clarion strong that it is quoted to this day, and courts henceforth frowned upon efforts to repeat the "trick."

"I am free to say," wrote Justice Sherwood at the end of a scathing analysis, "that as long as I have been on this bench I have never examined the record in any case, civil or criminal, where the rights of a defendant to a fair and impartial trial have been so frequently and flagrantly disregarded by a trial court as in the present instance."

Hearty and scornful words—but not of much use to the defendant who had been ordered to the gallows. For Brooks was decreed guilty of first degree murder by the jury, and this was the verdict the majority decision of the Supreme Court upheld.

The trial itself was colorful in human details not included in the legal outline. The detective McLoughlin, who was "planted" in the jail with Brooks, was the latter's companion for forty-seven days. It would appear from the records that Brooks confessed inferentially rather than directly. Aware that the motive of crime alleged against him was robbery, he plotted with McLoughlin to manufacture evidence that he had plenty of money of his own when he left Boston with Preller for St. Louis. Under the detective's eye he forged affidavits from invented persons "in Boston" stating that to their knowledge the defendant possessed considerable funds at that time. The stool pigeon vowed he could get the papers sent to Boston and returned by mail with the Boston stamp on the envelopes. He turned the false papers over to his superior, the prosecuting attorney, who then concluded he was ready to try the case. The trial began in the St. Louis criminal court in May, 1886, more than a year after the death of Preller.

PUBLIC feeling against Brooks had continued high in St. Louis. There was difficulty in getting jurors who had not expressed their feelings. After the jury was impaneled one member was unsuccessfully challenged on the charge that he had declared Brooks was guilty and should be hanged. The juror denied that he had made such a statement and was allowed to continue to serve.

The prosecution proved with ease that Brooks was a person of bad character; that he had forged the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons as well as the "Boston" affidavits; and that he was traveling under an assumed name when he came to St. Louis with Preller. The detective, whose testimony was admitted in spite of strenuous objection, was the chief witness of the state. The defense argued in vain that the fruits of a police plot against the prisoner was not credible evidence. The prosecutor told the jury that robbery was a sufficient motive of murder.

Brooks took the stand in his own behalf and swore to his version of accidental death. In explanation of his flight he said that under English law he knew he would not be allowed to give evidence for himself; that he was not aware that American law gave him that opportunity of testimony and so believed that as

(Continued on page 50)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 26

(Continued from page 40)

a stranger in a foreign country he would be helpless and doomed. Hence he had yielded to fright, written the note to create the semblance of assassination and tried to escape. He admitted that he forged the affidavits and blamed that action to panic also.

The jury did not believe him and condemned him to death.

The attorneys for Brooks, in appealing to the Missouri Supreme Court, argued that their client had not been given a fair trial, citing jury bias, public clamor and misuse of the powers of the State in the plot to trick the prisoner.

In spite of the higher court's decision that the verdict should stand, the attorneys saw sufficient hope in Justice Sherwood's dissent to induce them to seek a final review of the case from the United States Supreme Court. Only a point of constitutional law can get the ear of this bench of last resort. Few criminal cases afford that opening and none was apparent here. The Supreme Court merely ruled, as usual, that it was without jurisdiction. So there was no hearing on merits; no review of the trial.

In their pleadings, filed with the court, the attorneys had urged that "the police witness has shown that he held out an inducement, a promise to the defendant for his statement, which renders it incompetent." The defendant, the pleading asserted, had not had a "fair and impartial trial." To which the Supreme Court, having held itself without jurisdiction, had no necessity of reply.

The refusal of the Supreme Court to intervene was handed down in January, 1888. Since the jury's verdict the legal battle for the life of Brooks had been waged in the courts for more than a year and a half. The end seemingly had come. But when the attorney-general of Missouri moved in the State Supreme Court for the usual mandate authorizing the execution of Brooks, the court refused its issuance.

There had been strange happenings both behind the scenes and in the emotions of the St. Louis public. Great Britain, which had seemed to have abandoned its citizen, was credited with the use of quiet and powerful influence in his behalf. The new court delay was thought to be a consequence. Even of larger usefulness to Brooks was a sudden shift in popular feeling. The street cry had been for his life before he was convicted. Now it became one for the commutation of his sentence or even for his pardon. The power for either of these actions lay with the governor of the State. He was besieged. The description of the feverish scene

of yesterday, reading like a counterpart of the idolizing of some of the criminals of our own day, was preserved in the pages of the *American Law Review*.

"At this juncture," stated the law periodical, "some diplomatic influence appears to have been thrown into the case, although not appearing upon the surface. The public, too, which had screamed so furiously for the execution of Brooks now began to entreat for his pardon, or at least for a commutation of sentence. One of the newspapers of St. Louis which had been loudest against the prisoner when the crime was discovered joined the army which called for commutation. The preachers joined in it, the women joined in it, many excellent citizens who ought to have been ashamed of themselves signed petitions for it. The pressure on the governor was very great. The mother and sister of the prisoner, excellent women and greatly to be pitied, came from England, visited the governor and appealed to his wife and daughters. It was thought the governor, a large, good-natured man, would yield.

"The old schoolmaster, father of the prisoner, made several trips to America. He criticized, as justly he might, American methods of criminal procedure. But the criticism took the wrong direction. The contrast between those methods and English methods are most striking. If this homicide had been committed in London instead of St. Louis the prisoner would have been tried, convicted and executed within three months after his extradition. He would not have been granted the numerous privileges he was given here. He would not have been allowed to testify in his own behalf. Though the prosecuting officer would not have prostituted the machinery of justice by putting up such a detective job against him."

The governor, like the jury, weighed the latter irregularity against the evidence of crime, and to the surprise of the community did not yield to the pleas for mercy. He declined to interfere. The attorney general a second time asked the State Supreme Court to grant the mandate for the execution and the court again sentenced Brooks to death. In August, 1888, he was hanged.

Whether a reprobate who killed for a trifle of money, whether an unlucky scamp guilty of no more than accidental manslaughter, or whether a conspirator who carried out an evil assassination, he must have climbed the gibbet stairs a bewildered man, wondering at the processes of law by which he had come to his end.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 30)

Pennsylvania State Elks Association; and President F. L. Bensinger, of the Student Aid Fund. Lodges represented were those of Franklin, Oil City, New Castle, Titusville, Greenville, Grove City, Sharon, Woodlawn, Beaver Falls, Butler, Ellwood City and the host Lodge. A splendid dinner, at which a number of ladies, the special guests of Warren Lodge, were present, followed the termination of the two-hour business session.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Drum And Bugle Corps Gains Honor

To its Drum and Bugle Corps Long Beach, Calif., Lodge, No. 888, recently accorded the honor of formally opening the new Lodge-room of the Home, remodeled a short time before at a cost of \$10,000. The occasion was made additionally auspicious by the holding in the Lodge-room of an Olympic Dance, at which the oarsmen of Canada, Great Britain, New Zealand, Japan, Germany, Italy, Brazil, Australia, Uruguay, France, Poland, Holland and the United States were special guests. The improvements made in the fitting of the Lodge-room are extensive, comprising the installation

of terraced rows of permanent, heavily upholstered rows of opera seats, hangings of heavy velvet upon the walls, new lighting fixtures and an entirely new lighting system, and the decoration of the walls and ceilings with designs in gold and silver leaf.

Logan, Ohio, Lodge Honors Barney Stracke on His 100th Birthday

Logan, Ohio, Lodge, No. 452, recently held a meeting, at which a class of candidates was initiated; and a social session thereafter, in honor of the one hundredth birthday of one of its most popular members, Barney Stracke. This occasion followed another, given by the county and the city in the Court House auditorium in the afternoon, as a token of the community's esteem of and affection for Mr. Stracke. He has lived in Logan since 1852. He was born October 3, 1832, in Germany.

Reynoldsville, Pa., Elks Honor Past State President Horne

As a token of their affectionate friendship and of their esteem of his recent administra-

The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. Who is the reigning monarch of Holland?
2. What is a Mother Carey's chicken?
3. How do Mexicans pronounce "Mexico"?
4. Who was Guy Fawkes?
5. What does "bucolic" mean?
6. Under whose dominion is the famous South Sea island of Tahiti?
7. Where are the next Olympic Games to be held?
8. What is a "triple-threat man" in football?
9. What is the cerebellum?
10. What is meant by an airplane's ceiling?
11. Can a chameleon really change its color?
12. Who wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield"?



The answers appear on page 54

tion of the office of President of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, a group of thirty members of Reynoldsville, Pa., Lodge, No. 519, formed a caravan a short time ago to make a surprise visit to M. F. Horne, who was at the time spending a vacation at a camp several miles from Reynoldsville. A buffet luncheon, provided by Tyler George Bell, of No. 519, and a series of informal speeches were enjoyable events of the visit to the former head of the Pennsylvania Elks' organization.

Middletown, N. Y., Elks Vote Support of Hospital Fund

Substantial contribution to the emergency fund being raised for the Horton Memorial Hospital was voted recently at a meeting of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1097. At the same session, Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge discussed plans for their formation of an Association. A distinguished guest upon the occasion was District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler John W. Bierlein.

Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge Mourns Loss of Past Exalted Ruler Burton

The members of Asbury Park, N. J., Lodge, No. 128, suffered a severe loss recently in the

death of Dr. Asher S. Burton, senior Past Exalted Ruler and Charter Member No. 2 of the Lodge. In addition to a record of long, unselfish and valued service to Asbury Park Lodge, Dr. Burton had for many years been active in furthering the welfare of the Order throughout the State of New Jersey.

Theatre Firm Aids New Orleans, La., Lodge in Fund Campaign

Through the courtesy of Loew's, Inc., New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30, now engaged in a fund-raising campaign to meet indebtedness on its Home, received substantial assistance recently when the company granted permission to use a vacant store in a Loew building in New Orleans for the conduct of a blanket sale. This activity supplements others that the Lodge has been making for several weeks. Virtually the entire membership has enlisted in the enterprise of regaining former members and the attraction of new. Enthusiasm in the campaign has been kept at a high pitch by the holding of weekly luncheons at which captains of membership teams report their week's results. Prominent members of the Lodge acted as hosts at these affairs. Among them have been Past Grand Exalted Rulers John P.

(Continued on page 52)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 26

(Continued from page 51)

Sullivan and Edward Rightor, Exalted Ruler Milton R. deReyna, Past Exalted Ruler Sidney Freudenstein, Percy S. Benedick, Abe Burglass and William C. Ermon. Reports upon the campaign have shown definite progress. At the second of the weekly luncheons, a total of sixty-eight applications for reaffiliation and new membership was announced.

Jesse Harris, Secretary of Macon, Ga., Lodge, Fatally Stricken

Following a slight illness which had beset him about six weeks before, Past Exalted Ruler Jesse Harris, Secretary of Macon, Ga., Lodge, No. 230, and one of his city's most prominent attorneys and charitable workers, died a short time ago of an attack of heart disease. Both for his personal charm and for the many acts of kindness which he performed and sponsored, Mr. Harris was beloved by his fellow members of the Order and by the citizens of the community where he was born and ever since had lived. In the charities arranged by Macon Lodge for children at Christmas Mr. Harris was especially active. But his efforts in behalf of bringing cheer to the needy extended even further. He was for many years President of the Board of Directors of the Salvation Army in his city and, until his death, remained an energetic member. His age was fifty-five years. In token of respect to him, the Macon Bar Association, of which Mr. Harris's legal associate, Charles Akerman, is President, called a special meeting in the Superior Court Room. Surviving him are his mother, Mrs. Eva Harris; his sister, Mrs. A. S. Cohen; and two brothers, Monroe Harris and Mose Harris.

375 Attend Outing of Jersey City, N. J., Elks at Staten Island

Three hundred and seventy-five members of the Order, representing many Lodges in the metropolitan district, recently attended the annual outing of the Membership Committee of Jersey City, N. J., Lodge, No. 211, at the grounds of the Home of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841. Four large motor buses and twenty-five privately owned automobiles were required to transport the Jersey City Elks from their Lodge Home to the scene of festivities. Memorable among the events of the day was a baseball game between the teams of the "Cellarites" of No. 211 and the "Floor Members," in which the former emerged victorious by a score of 7 to 6 after fourteen innings of play. Sack races, potato races and three-legged races were other sports held between the luncheon and dinner at the grounds.

Dover, N. H., Elks Hold Day Of Sports and a Clambake

One of the most pleasurable of recent events at Dover, N. H., Lodge, No. 184, was the field day held not long ago at Simpson's Pavilion. More than a hundred members took part. A clambake, a horseshoe pitching tournament, baseball games and races were incidents of the enjoyable occasion. Arrangements were made by the officers of the Lodge, all of whom

were praised for their successful management of the outing.

Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge Honors Its Winning Baseball Team

Dowagiac, Mich., Lodge, No. 889, honored its champion baseball team recently at a banquet, a testimonial to the nine's winning first honors in the Twilight League of Dowagiac. A series of spirited speeches was a feature of the occasion. The team during its season not only won renown for the Lodge but also contributed to the alleviation of distress in its community, for the proceeds of all the games in which it took part were donated to the milk fund for school children of the city.

Camden, N. J., Elks Thanked For Aid to Cripples

From members of the families of crippled children it has aided, Camden, N. J., Lodge, No. 293, has received recently a number of direct letters of thanks. A representative few of these have been published in the Lodge's bulletin, *Elks Echo*, in the interest of drawing especial attention to the work and the need of constant support of the Crippled Children's Committee. The following are excerpts from two of the communications: "On behalf of my family, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you and your organization"; and "Inclosed find a picture of G—. She was confirmed and we had taken her brace off for the day. She is going to the hospital about the fifteenth and Dr. Buzby is going to take the half brace off for good. Isn't that wonderful? You don't know how I feel when I look at her."

New York, N. Y., Elks Mourn Death of Loyal Knight McCue

New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1, lost recently one of its most loyal and prominent members when Martin G. McCue, Esteemed Loyal Knight of the Lodge and of high prominence in the political world of New York, died. Upon the eve of the ecclesiastical services at St. Agnes' Church, officers of No. 1 conducted the funeral ceremonies of the Order at Mr. McCue's home. At these William T. Phillips, Past Exalted Ruler of the Lodge, delivered an address of eulogy. Among the notable representatives of public life who attended the mass of requiem at St. Agnes were former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, Mayor Joseph V. McKee, and Surrogate James A. Foley.

New Smyrna, Fla., Lodge Gives 600 Children Theatre Party

The Florida State Elks Association sets aside one day every year as "Children's Day." As its own contribution to the observance of this occasion, New Smyrna Lodge, No. 1557, recently acted as host to 600 boys and girls of its city at a theatre party. The youngsters gathered early in the afternoon at the quarters of the Chamber of Commerce and paraded from there to the playhouse, where a program of motion-pictures selected as being especially to their liking—and their applause proved later that it really was—was presented. After the show, the children enjoyed an ample round of refreshments.

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

(See page 44)

1. Rifle targets are marked with circles—not squares.
2. Rifle targets are not held up by men.
3. Man holding target has suspenders holding nothing.
4. Rifle shells are not square.
5. Rifle shells are dropped near rifles, not targets.
6. People are not allowed to picnic so near contestants.
7. Man in background has gun pointed at friend.
8. Man on ground is not aiming right.
9. Man on ground is holding rifle wrong.
10. Second contestant has double-barreled shotgun.
11. Last man is looking into rifle muzzle.
12. Schutzen is spelled wrong.

Tally Sheet for Election Returns

STATES	Electoral Votes					
	1928	Hoover	Smith	1932	Hoover	Roosevelt
Alabama	12	...	12	11		
Arizona	3	3	...	3		
Arkansas	9	...	9	9		
California	13	13	...	22		
Colorado	6	6	...	6		
Connecticut	7	7	...	8		
Delaware	3	3	...	3		
Florida	6	6	...	7		
Georgia	14	...	14	12		
Idaho	4	4	...	4		
Illinois	29	29	...	29		
Indiana	15	15	...	14		
Iowa	13	13	...	11		
Kansas	10	10	...	9		
Kentucky	13	13	...	11		
Louisiana	10	...	10	10		
Maine	6	6	...	5		
Maryland	8	8	...	8		
Massachusetts	18	...	18	17		
Michigan	15	15	...	19		
Minnesota	12	12	...	11		
Mississippi	10	...	10	9		
Missouri	18	18	...	15		
Montana	4	4	...	4		
Nebraska	8	8	...	7		
Nevada	3	3	...	3		
New Hampshire	4	4	...	4		
New Jersey	14	14	...	16		
New Mexico	3	3	...	3		
New York	45	45	...	47		
North Carolina	12	12	...	13		
North Dakota	5	5	...	4		
Ohio	24	24	...	26		
Oklahoma	10	10	...	11		
Oregon	5	5	...	5		
Pennsylvania	38	38	...	36		
Rhode Island	5	...	5	4		
South Carolina	9	...	9	8		
South Dakota	5	5	...	4		
Tennessee	12	12	...	11		
Texas	20	20	...	23		
Utah	4	4	...	4		
Vermont	4	4	...	3		
Virginia	12	12	...	11		
Washington	7	7	...	8		
West Virginia	8	8	...	8		
Wisconsin	13	13	...	12		
Wyoming	3	3	...	3		
Totals	531	444	87	531		

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 31)

Missouri

M. E. GOUGE, of Sedalia Lodge, No. 125, was re-elected President of the Missouri State Elks Association at its recent annual convention, held at the Home of St. Louis Lodge, No. 9. Other officers chosen were E. L. Biersmith, of Kansas City Lodge, No. 26, First Vice-President; J. H. Dickbrader, of Washington Lodge, No. 1559, Second Vice-President; Don H. Silsby, of Springfield Lodge, No. 409, Third Vice-President; C. Lew Gallant, of St. Louis Lodge, Secretary; B. L. Ellis, of Trenton Lodge, No. 801, Treasurer; and L. L. Des Combes, of Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, E. J. Martt, of St. Louis Lodge, and R. A. Ward, of Lexington Lodge, No. 749, Trustees. The election of officers was part of the business session which took place upon the second of the two days of the gathering. An event of unusual interest during the same meeting was the discussion of plans of the Association to provide shoes and stockings and eye-glasses for school children during the year to come. Two celebrated Elks to attend the opening session the first day were Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, both of whom made addresses of an unusually stimulating character. With President Gouge in the chair,

Thomas Muldoon, Secretary to Mayor Victor J. Miller, expressed the greetings of the city to the Elks. Judge C. A. Burney responded. Outstanding among the events of the afternoon of the first day was the ritualistic contest. In this, Warrensburg Lodge, No. 673, champion of the State last year, was awarded first prize. The day closed with a banquet at the Lodge Home. Attendants of distinction were the Grand Exalted Ruler, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Campbell, Dr. Carroll Smith, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee; President Gouge, and Exalted Ruler E. J. Martt, of No. 9, all of whom spoke; and many officers of the Association.

Iowa

THE rehabilitation and consolidation of membership was an important subject of discussion among the representatives of the many Lodges attending the annual convention of the Iowa State Elks Association, held recently at Marshalltown, under the auspices of the Lodge of that city, No. 312. A conference upon the matter took place upon the first day, at a luncheon at the Tallcorn Hotel, when Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and one hundred Lodge officers

(Continued on page 54)



An Active Kruschen Figure
FREE FROM FAT

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(Continued from page 53)

met. Lodges represented were Burlington Lodge, No. 84, Des Moines Lodge, No. 98, Keokuk Lodge, No. 106, Muscatine Lodge, No. 304, Oskaloosa Lodge, No. 340, Ottumwa Lodge, No. 347, Fort Madison Lodge, No. 374, Iowa City Lodge, No. 590, Centerville Lodge, No. 940, Fairfield Lodge, No. 1102, Newton Lodge, No. 1270, Atlantic Lodge, No. 445, Shenandoah Lodge, No. 1122, Clinton Lodge, No. 199, Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 251, Waterloo Lodge, No. 290, Dubuque Lodge, No. 297, Webster City Lodge, No. 302, Marshalltown Lodge, Boone Lodge, No. 563, Oelwein Lodge, No. 741, Sioux City Lodge, No. 112, Fort Dodge Lodge, No. 306, LeMars Lodge, No. 428, Council Bluffs Lodge, No. 531, and Red Oak Lodge, No. 1304. To this group and to a second four hundred Elks, at a banquet in the evening, Mr. Thompson made addresses of inspiration. Besides the Grand Exalted Ruler, there were, among the notable Elks at the dinner, Grand Chaplain the Reverend Dr. John Dysart; Dr. Charles R. Logan, member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers J. A. Walser and A. R. Perasso; Clyde E. Jones, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and appointee to the Iowa Association's committee to rehabilitate membership; President S. H. Longstreet, of the Association; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Henry Louis, J. Lindley Coon, F. G. Cluett, J. Ward, Albert Paul, Leo J. Duster, Paul W. Schmidt, E. A. Erb and Joseph F. Cahill. For the ensuing year, the Association chose Paul W. Schmidt, of Iowa City Lodge, No. 590, as President; J. Le Roy Nichols, of Clinton Lodge, No. 199, as First Vice-President; O. L. Shaffer, of Shenandoah Lodge, No. 1122, as Second Vice-President; H. E. Cook, of Ottumwa Lodge, No. 347, as Third Vice-President; Lial D. Ross, of Cedar Rapids Lodge, No. 251, as Secretary; E. A. Erb, of Burlington Lodge, No. 84, as Treasurer; and J. Lindley Coon, of Newton Lodge, No. 1270, and F. G. Cluett, of Sioux City Lodge, No. 112, as Trustees.

Montana

BEFORE adjournment of its recent annual convention, the Montana State Elks Association, at the instance of its Courtesy Committee, voted formal thanks to a number of persons and organizations that had contributed invaluable assistance to the success of the meeting. Those mentioned in the resolution of gratitude included the officers and members of Lewistown Lodge, No. 456; President George L. Steinbrenner and other officers of the Association; the Band of Lewistown Lodge and the Drum and Bugle Corps of Billings Lodge, No. 394; the King Brothers, for offering their ranch as a place for entertainment; and the several committees of members of Lewistown Lodge and of ladies associated with it.

Answers to the Monthly Dozen

(See page 51)

1. Queen Wilhelmina.
2. A sea bird which sailors consider an ill omen.
3. MAY-he-ko.
4. One of several Englishmen involved in the Gunpowder Plot, an attempt, in 1606, to blow up the House of Parliament.
5. In a general sense, rustic.
6. France.
7. In Berlin.
8. A back who has the threefold ability effectively to pass, run or kick.
9. The rear and smaller part of the brain.
10. The greatest height to which it can fly.
11. Yes.
12. Oliver Goldsmith.

Ringmastering for the Amateurs

(Continued from page 23)

of competition. It will also keep many a tournament promoter out of trouble. It is always a comfort to know that the fond parent is agreeable to the son's bid for ring fame, and will not come screaming into court in the event of some unforeseen injury, complaining that their offspring has been snatched to the arena and cruelly massacred against their will and without their knowledge.

The tournament is now taken over by Dr. Blank, your Medical Director. Be sure that he understands what is required of him. And then gracefully bow out. The show is in his hands until the time when he gives you the list of men who have passed the preliminary examination. Stay away from the examinations. You won't hear the squawks of the rejected boxers, their piteous pleas (which are frequently hard to resist). And you will not be tempted to make the mistake of trying to get the doctor to reconsider his verdict. If you go, you, as a layman, will see youngsters who look sound and physically fit to you, yanked out of line and rejected for no apparent reason. Army rules should prevail. These youngsters are asking to be admitted to the wars. None but the fit can fight. No weakness is tolerated in those who are going to battle.

The examination room should be large, light, airy and warm. There should be checkers at the door to receive the boys, examine their papers, direct them to the place where they are to undress, to check them in for examination, and to answer questions of which there will be a million. There should be men to watch over their clothing and others to keep order and guide them along.

When they are completely stripped and ready they are marshaled in line at the end of the room, thirty or more paces from the chief of the Medical Staff. A long strip of carpet extends down the room to where the Doctor is standing. He summons them up to him one by one. As they start the march, the checker at the head of line who has examined the boy's tournament card which he has been given to carry with him calls out—"Novice Class, 118 pounds." By the time he has reached the Doctor, this observant person has checked up on the following points: general physique, carriage, condition of skin, height for weight and age, green operation scars, general demeanor (whether he has anything to conceal), broken noses or cauliflower ears, which indicate the young man is distinctly no novice. Spinal curvatures, hernias and acute cases of flat feet will also have indicated themselves to the keen eye of the doctor as well as any number of other physical abnormalities, slight or serious, which will be sufficient to bar the boy from competing.

In a large tournament such as the Golden Gloves where thousands of applicants are seen by the examiner, more than 50 per cent. of those rejected are weeded out in this first glance. The candidate comes to a halt before the doctor who continues his search for green scars, and physical abnormalities. The boy's teeth are examined for sharp cutting edges or broken molars that will give him mouth wounds in a bout. His hands are looked over for broken small bones, sprains or dislocations, since no boy is admitted to the wars without a perfect armament, any more than a soldier would be permitted to go into the trenches with a broken rifle or without ammunition. His muscular tone and general condition are scrutinized. If his skin is in poor condition with pronounced acne, he is out since an infection is liable to set in from slight cuts, and the indications are that his blood stream is not up to par. If he is flabby he is rejected. If he is down too fine he is rejected. If he is overweight he can not box. A boy expecting to fight through a long hard tournament at 118 pounds should appear before the examiner

with from three to four extra pounds on him to work off as the tourney progresses. He must be the proper height for his age and his weight, that is to say normal. A bantamweight over five feet ten or eleven would be an abnormality. Having grown too fast for his age or weight it is safe to assume that he is not constitutionally sound enough to enter the ring. The doctor will have a scales at his side. Every boy about whom he is in doubt will be weighed.

Here too, stands the A. A. U. secretary, an expert on amateur boxers and catches the fakers, the repeaters—boys who have been rejected and try again—the professionals, the veterans trying to box in the novice and sub-novice classes, and twins such as the pair that appeared for the novice eliminations in New Jersey during a Golden Gloves a few years ago. Twin A reported for examination and was weighed in and passed at 118 pounds. Twin B lurked in the offing. Twin A then donned his clothing and Twin B removed his and entered the ring where he raised considerable havoc with the class until he was caught, because he weighed 126 pounds.


Once the boy has passed the chief examiner he is passed on to the staff of doctors who test his heart and reject him if it is in any way abnormal, his blood pressure, his lungs his reflexes and his pupillary dilation. Many a youngster walks in with a handsomely made glass eyes and intentions to box. He is caught and thumbed from the tournament. . . .

THE youngster who passes this physical test may be proud of himself. He is in perfect shape. He is fit to fight. The rest of the routine then depends upon the size of the tournament. . . . If it is large enough, the A. A. U. will set up the machinery to register boys who have not yet done so. On the way out the youngster is routed through a final clerk who takes up his tournament card upon which is now entered his medical history, and he is given a ticket bearing his tournament number which he keeps throughout the meet. If it is a small one-night show he passes from the doctor's hands right to the dressing room where he dons his togs, draws on the leather mittens and lies down to await the call to arms.

The medical supervision does not end here. If it is a large tournament which requires several nights of eliminations—the eliminations for the Golden Gloves require three weeks and some boys box as many as six or seven times before they reach the finals, each contestant is reexamined by the medical director or a staff representative before he enters the ring. The examination is not as far-reaching as the entrance test. It embraces chiefly the heart—some boys overtrain between examinations, the system—for colds or signs of approaching illness, and the hands, face and body for newly acquired cuts, contusions and abrasions. This double check weeds out the last possible "heart" case which might have slipped through the first examination. Tournament directors may now approach the evenings of boxing with something approaching a clear conscience—but with their fingers still crossed.

But the work of the Medical Director is not yet done. He still has preventive medicine on his mind. He will examine the ring to see that there is at least one inch of felt padding beneath the canvas and over the board floor—more is desirable to lessen the chances of a concussion should the back of a youngster's head strike the deck. He will see that the ring extends three feet out beyond the ropes on all sides and that padding extends all the way out to the end and over the edge. He will be interested in knowing that the ropes are taut so that boys cannot slip through, and he will

(Continued on page 56)



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be inclined to complain if the canvas is not clean. He is not concerned with the fights, or the gate, or the thrills, or the number of people who attend. His one thought is to bring every youngster consigned to his care through the battles safely and without injury.

And so he will go into the dressing quarters, see that they are clean and heated and well ventilated, examine the showers for cleanliness—all this if a hall is engaged for the bouts. No clubs holding Golden Gloves eliminations may run shows until their auditoriums and rings and dressing quarters have been visited and passed upon by the medical director and the tournament director. The doctor's work is then about done. He assigns a staff man to cover the preliminary bouts, stationed at the ringside; putters about perhaps with an anti-septic solution for the boys to rinse their mouths with, makes up his mind to refuse to let the kids take their filthy towels into the ring with them, planning to make his club supply fresh ones, and is ready for the show.

It is the custom to permit amateur boxers to fight two three-round bouts in an evening, a semi-final and a final. It is a bad custom. In some cases it cannot be avoided. In most cases it can. Organizations staging large tournaments—state championships, district championships, etc., should arrange to have the eliminations on one night and the finals no earlier than four nights after. Boys need that long to recuperate, especially if a boy has had a hard fight. It is hardly fair to send a youngster who has just come through a bitter struggle, perhaps visited the floor two or three times, into a second fight a few hours later against another, who has either drawn a bye and has not fought at all or has had a quick knockout victory.

THE average tourney lasts no more than two nights, three at the most. When the entry list is too large to handle in that space of time, the most satisfactory system, the fairest to the boys is to farm the preliminaries out to smaller organizations to run. This accomplishes a threefold purpose. It gives the boys plenty of rest between bouts. It helps the smaller organizations financially, and it builds

up an audience for the finals, as the boys secure followings in the preliminary bouts.

The clerking, pairing and details of the draw are generally left in the hands of experienced A. A. U. officials under whose auspices the bouts must be conducted. Clubs are privileged to use their own medical supervisor, but the local A. A. U. will assign clerks, two judges, a referee and a timer who are members of the Association. The wise tournament director will employ either two competent professional seconds or send two first class men from his gymnasium class, one into each corner to supervise and work with some of the weird characters who accompany amateur boxers to their battles in the guise of seconds.

Your medical director will have a hand in this because a more unsanitary, more ignorant crew never climbed through the ropes than these personal friends, trainers, managers, seconds or attendants who have come to "look after" their pal. Beyond urging the gladiator to—"Watch 'at right hand now, watch 'at right hand," or "Use 'at lef' now. Use your lef' like I tol' ya," they have nothing to contribute. They know nothing about stanching the flow of blood from a cut or from the nose, sanitation, massage, or bringing a groggy boy back to his senses. More boys are knocked out in their corners by their seconds than in the ring in combat. A cool, experienced man in each corner will prevent gory bouts and save many a boy from injury.

The point at which a bout should be stopped is more often dictated by the desires of the audience than the common tenets of humanity. In a professional championship fight where spectators have paid from five to fifty dollars for a seat there is some small excuse for permitting a bout to continue after it has become one-sided and no longer a contest. In amateur boxing there is no excuse for this whatsoever. A bout in which one boy is definitely superior to the other in every department, and this becomes evident at once, should be stopped. A bout in which a boy is knocked down and who upon arising is not in complete control of his faculties, should be stopped instantly. Bouts in which youngsters receive any kind of cuts around the eyes or any swellings over the eyes should be terminated. For these are not prize-fights. They are amateur contests of

skill and endurance with boys playing the rôle of men. The contestants are not yet fully developed—certainly have no sense of discretion. To permit them to suffer injuries or severe beatings to satisfy an audience that has paid a dollar or two dollars at the most for a ticket, is a crime.

Some referees are intelligent and merciful. Others are noted for permitting bouts to go beyond the dictates of decency. Tournament directors have the right to reject such referees, and should insist as a protective measure, that the medical director or doctor stationed at the ringside have the last say whether a bout should continue.

SIX-OUNCE gloves are used up to and including the welterweights. The classes above that use the eight-ounce mittens. These are A. A. U. standards. They are too light for amateurs and there is considerable agitation afoot to change the rule and provide the youngsters with heavier gloves. Max Schmeling and Mickey Walker in their recent brawl wore five-ounce gloves, and what the German did to Walker's face with these hard little knuckle coverings was pitiful to watch. The six-ounce glove is little better, although of course the light classes do not throw them as hard as the big fellows.

These are but scattered notes on the successful operation of an amateur boxing tournament. The tournament director may use his own imagination on the production end—uniforms for the boxers, uniforms for the attendants, lighting, announcing, speed and precision in presentation. As in all public spectacles, showmanship is important. A tourney that is run in a clean, attractive hall, well lighted, well staged with the drama of these encounters between clerk and butcher boy, truck driver and printer's apprentice emphasized in a dignified manner provides an evening of genuine sport.

Other problems not touched upon here will arise in every tournament of any magnitude. They can be solved simply enough by those sponsoring the affair if they will remember that the health and safety of the boy is the first requisite, that he is young, not of adult intelligence and, after all, an amateur.



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