

The Elks

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Magazine

DECEMBER, 1932



WALTER BEACH TRUMPETER

God Rest You Merry Gentlemen

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

International Trucks Serve Fuel Producers
... Fuel Distributors ... and YOU!



IMAGINE the nation suddenly deprived of every ton of coal and coke—every gallon of fuel oil. With the first blast of icy winter, stark misery would threaten seventy-five per cent of the country's population.

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To meet this human demand, a giant industry has developed—a nationwide net of mines, wells, processing plants, and distributing facilities, totalling a combined

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There may be a difference of opinion on the relative merits of various fuels, but when it comes to their transportation, producers and distributors alike are agreed on the dependability and economy of International Trucks.

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f. o. b. factory (taxes extra)

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unmatched service.

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BAREE LILAC TOILET WATER
Regularly priced at \$1.00. This very exquisite achievement produces a queer, mysterious, fascinating odor. BAREE has mastered something new in blending this delightful, irresistible lilac toilet water.

BAREE CLEANSING CREAM
Regularly priced at \$1.00. Maintain that school-girl youthfulness. A cleansing cream such as this is necessary as an aid in cleaning and building alluring skin.



PURSE SIZE PERFUME
Regularly priced \$1.50. Milady always requires the best—she can have it here in a small purse size Garden of Eden—A new odor that will entrance you from first drop.



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Regularly priced at 50c. The hair is woman's crowning glory. Baree offers you just what you need to give your hair that natural looking lustre and glossy effect.

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Regularly priced at 50c. An important accessory to milady's beautifying toilettries. Excellent for protecting skin and keeping it soft. Delightfully retreating for make-up.



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BAREE PERFUME DE-LITE
Regularly priced \$3.00. The exotic fragrance and fascination of this entrancing perfume will delight you. Just a dab and its irresistible odor will charm and be with you for the day.



BAREE LIP ROUGE
Regularly priced 50c. In keeping with present-day economy demands our rouge is packed in liberal size jar to be used for either lips or face.

BAREE NAIL POLISH
Regularly priced 50c. Your hands quickly show whether you are fastidious and stylish. Keep up with the times by using this extraordinary fine nail polish. Everything complete, ready for use, including applicator.



\$11.50

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Each article in this offer is guaranteed to be as represented and to please you or you may return purchase and we will refund your money.

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Just sign your name and address to coupon. IF YOU DO NOT CARE TO DESTROY THIS MAGAZINE SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER or drop coupon in envelope and mail to us. Your bargain surprise package containing the 11 alluring beauty needs will be sent to you by return mail. Pay postman 98c, plus postage on arrival. Clip coupon today—NOW.

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Something About This Number

IN HIS talks to the Grand Lodge at Birmingham following his installation last July; in his official circulars and at the regional conferences with District Deputies, and Lodge and State Association officers, the Grand Exalted Ruler has emphasized the great importance to the Order of the nation-wide reinstatement campaign which he decreed. The results of this united effort, which came to an official end on November 11, are published on pages 28 and 29 of this issue. More than 13,000 members were added to the rolls of the Order. Many of these are men who had not before been Elks, but a large proportion is composed of the most desirable of those who, for one reason or another, had dropped away from the Order in recent years, and who are now gathered again within the fold. It is, all in all, a splendid showing and to those Lodges, which have earned special honor by their loyal and devoted efforts to offset the inroads of business depression, THE ELKS MAGAZINE extends its heartiest congratulations.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE'S article "Why College?" published in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, in which the author attacked what he called "the college fetish," brought to Mr. Terhune and to the magazine a heavy correspondence, some of it in support of Mr. Terhune's thesis, some in opposition. Because they present so well certain opposing points of view, we have selected two of these contributions for publication in this number. A college president, and a father who is planning a classical education for his children, answer Mr. Terhune. You will find their ideas set forth on page 19.

A FEW weeks ago there appeared in the real-estate pages of a New York newspaper an offer to swap a comfortable, well-built suburban home for a collection of postage stamps! That set us thinking. Just what is it that makes a philatelist, as a stamp-collector likes to be known? We asked John Tunis to find out, and the result is the highly interesting article with which this number of the magazine opens. Here's a piece that every stamp collector—excuse us, philatelist—will enjoy, and in which the uninitiate will find much curious and fascinating lore.

BEGINNING, appropriately, with the new year, we shall start publication of a five-part serial by that fine spinner of tales and old friend of the Magazine and its readers, Courtney Ryley Cooper—may his shadow never grow less! It is the story of a traveling circus in the hard-bitten West of the '70's; of its gallant struggle for existence, and of the adventures of its performers, in particular those of as charming a heroine and as likable a hero as you will meet in many pages of reading. Douglas Duer has done the illustrations, which means that the spirit and the characters of the story are pictured to the satisfaction of even the author.

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Published Under the
Direction of the Grand
Lodge by the National
Memorial and Publi-
cation Commission

The Elks Magazine

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

Features for December, 1932

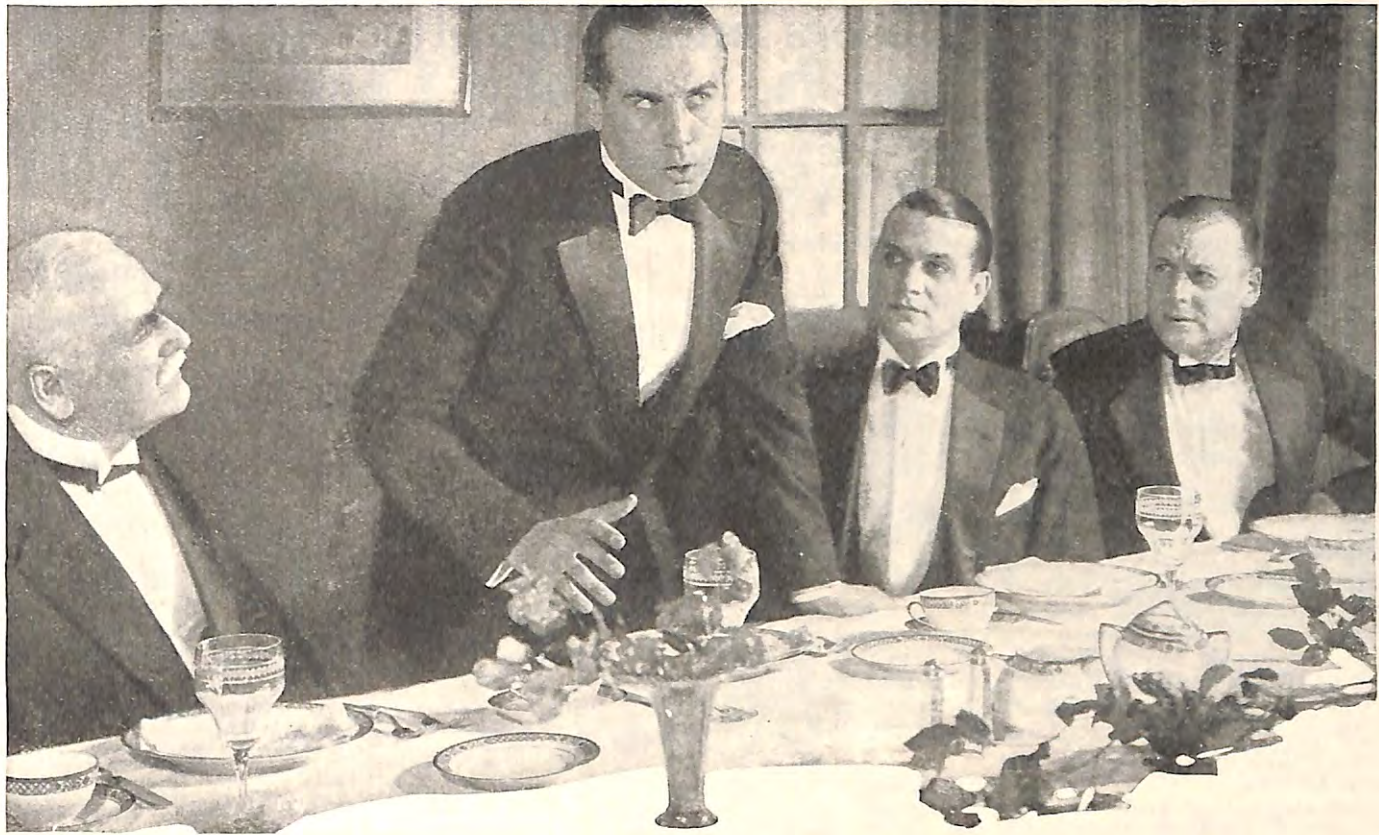
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"To inculcate the principles of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity; to promote the welfare and enhance the happiness of its members; to quicken the spirit of American patriotism; to cultivate good fellowship. . . ."

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

The Elks Magazine, Volume 11, No. 7, December, 1932. Published monthly at 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, U. S. A. Entered as second class matter May 17, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in New York City, N. Y. Single copy, price 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Possessions, for Non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Elks, \$1.00 a year. For postage to Canada add 50 cents; for foreign postage add \$1.00. Subscriptions are payable in advance. In ordering change of address it is essential that you send us: 1. Your name and member's number; 2. Number of your lodge; 3. New address; 4. Old address. Please also notify your Lodge secretary of change, and allow four weeks' time. Address notice of changes to THE ELKS MAGAZINE, at address above. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by return postage. They will be handled with care, but this magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety.



Speechless...When a Few Words Would Have Made Me!

But now I can face the largest audience without a trace of stage fright.

THE annual banquet of our Association—the biggest men in the industry present—and without a word of warning the Chairman called on me to speak—and my mind went blank!

I half rose from my seat, bowed awkwardly and mumbled, "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me today," and dropped back in my chair.

Speechless—when a few words would have made me! The opportunity I had been waiting for all my life—and I had thrown it away! If I could have made a simple little speech—giving my opinion of trade conditions in a concise, witty, interesting way, I know I would have been made for life!

Always I had been a victim of paralyzing stage fright. Because of my timidity, my diffidence, I was just a nobody, with no knack of impressing others—of putting myself across. No matter how hard I worked, it all went for nothing—I could never win the big positions, the important offices, simply because I was tongue tied in public.

And then, like magic, I discovered how to overcome my stage fright—and I was amazed to learn that I actually had a natural gift for public speaking. With the aid of a splendid new method, I rapidly developed this gift, until, in a ridiculously short time,

I was able to face giant audiences—without a trace of stage fright!

Today I am one of the biggest men in our industry. Scarcely a meeting or banquet is held without me being asked to speak. My real ability, which was hidden so long by stage fright, is now recognized by everyone. I am asked to conferences, luncheons and banquets as a popular after-dinner speaker. This amazing training has made me into a self-confident, aggressive talker—an easy, versatile conversationalist—almost overnight.

* * *

No matter what work you are now doing, nor what may be your station in life, no matter how timid and self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak, you can quickly bring out your natural ability and become a powerful speaker. Now, through an amazing new home study training, you can quickly shape yourself

into an outstanding, influential speaker, able to dominate one man or five thousand.

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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.

Stop Worrying about Yourself!

Why fret yourself into old age 'way ahead of your time? Listen to this common sense about your body:

Eight hours' sleep is NOT essential to health. Overwork does NOT lead to nervous breakdown. A carefully planned diet is NOT necessary. Modern life is NOT too strenuous for your nerves. Constipation is NOT at the root of most physical ailments—nor is it caused by eating the wrong kind of food.

THAT is why nine out of ten suspected "disease symptoms" are pure bunk. The human body can stage marvelous come-backs, if you give it half a chance! You fear your common cold will develop into pneumonia. You see the spectre of lockjaw lurking in that pinpricked finger. But do you know that the odds are 9 to 1 you already have actually had tuberculosis—and never even knew it? Do not resign yourself to that ache or pain because "it runs in my family"—when heredity probably has nothing to do with it!

In times like these, can you afford to handicap yourself with needless worry? Isn't it high time to throw overboard old and outworn scares and superstitions about your health and yourself?

To find real health assurance, read "THE HUMAN BODY," by Dr. Logan Clendening, Member of the Board of Governors, American College of Physicians, and Professor of Clinical Medicine, University of Kansas. His delightfully written, easy-to-read masterpiece has been hailed enthusiastically by profession and public alike. Here is the fascinating, thrilling biography of YOU—your body, your weight, your health, your length of life, your food, your habits. It "debunks" physical fads and fallacies and replaces them with the true, common-sense facts about the human machine. Thousands paid \$5.00 for this book. Now only ONE DOLLAR!—399 pages, printed from the original plates on high-grade paper. Send the coupon without money for your copy NOW.



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Office of the
Grand Exalted Ruler

Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks

of the United States of America



Official Circular Number Four



*Elks National Memorial
 Headquarters Building,
 2750 Lake View Avenue,
 Chicago, Ill., November 21, 1932*

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

MY BROTHERS:

We approach the end of 1932 happy in the knowledge that our fraternity has increased in strength and has broadened its field of usefulness. Since April first, the Lodges reporting have initiated 7,521 new members and have reinstated 5,689 brothers who had lost contact with their Lodges. Those Lodges that have not reported have no doubt added several hundred more to our rolls. Our new strength is not found in this increased number alone but also in a new spirit of faith in the future of our beloved Order and in a higher appreciation of its value to us and its usefulness in our community life.

Distressing as conditions have been in our country, we find much for which we can truly give thanks. We are citizens of the greatest nation on the face of the earth. We are the heirs to the most fertile spot on God's footstool. Our troubles are largely of our own making. We became extravagant and indifferent because the rewards for our labor were out of proportion to the effort expended. We forgot the homely virtues of thrift and vigilance. But the true American spirit is now asserting itself. Confidence in ourselves is being restored and we face the future with renewed hope. We find a new pride in the sturdy qualities of character of our forefathers who founded and built this nation, and we are striving to prove we are true sons of these noble pioneers by applying ourselves to the task of preserving the blessings of our beloved country for future generations.

At this season of good-will to all people of every race and creed, our Lodges are preparing to feed the hungry, clothe the needy and cheer the unfortunate. Color will be brought to the cheeks of little children with wholesome food and warm clothing, and laughter to their hearts with new playthings provided by the Elks everywhere. We shall ever find pleasure and happiness in ministering to the needs of others.

We find further cause for rejoicing in the unanimity with which the constitutional amendments submitted to the Lodges for approval were ratified. Each of the amendments received more than 550,000 affirmative votes, as reported to date, and some of the Lodges have neglected to make their returns. I feel that these changes in policy are important steps forward and that the Order will receive great benefit from them next year and thereafter.

Your Grand Lodge officers and committeemen are grateful for the generous response of subordinate Lodge officers and committeemen to the suggestions that have been made for increasing Lodge activities and making our Order a more effective agency for community welfare.

Working together, we shall overcome the difficulties that have beset us for the past three years and shall meet at our next Grand Lodge Reunion as members of a stronger and nobler fraternity.

My best wishes and fraternal greetings go to every one of you.

Cordially yours,

Howard E. Thompson

Grand Exalted Ruler.



Christmas Day With James Whitcomb Riley

By Laura A. Smith

Decoration by Ralph Boyer

CHRISTMAS day with Riley! The very words carry with them the silvery chimes, the radiant greetings, the richness, the sweetness and the glory of the day. For, it was a story-book day—a day of dreams come true, of golden hours—a day with the beloved Hoosier poet, Christmas day with Riley.

The sun, that mild, merry Christmas morning, rose with such a smiling face I felt that he, too, was taking a hand in our celebration. Noontime dinner obtained at Mr. Riley's home—noontime dinner and early evening supper—the good old Indiana custom. So, I set forth in proper attire and in time to dine at two o'clock at the friendly brick mansion in Lockerbie Street.

*Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of
the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake
hands with the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never
may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lock-
erbie Street!*

I literally walked through streets of gold to reach the poet's home. By happy cooperation of sun and frost, pavements, fences, trees and the leaf-stripped vines on the houses sparkled; sparkled for all the world like diamond-dusted Christmas

cards. They were truly Christmas streets: belated toy caravans, florists' chariots, family transports, grocers' and ice-cream trucks were scurrying past with trumpeting of horns. Little children, beloved of Santa Claus, were airing new dolls, white, woolly lambs or trying the speed of miniature cars. No window was without its Christmas wreath framing the friendly faces which smiled upon the passerby. Odors of Hoosier turkeys, roasting; of mince pies and steaming plum puddings, testified that the kitchen was celebrating in its own homely way. It is good to be back in Indiana on any Christmas day.

The same sun and frost had turned the celebrated Lockerbie home of the poet, that great house of warm red brick, into a ruby-walled castle with windows of glittering crystal. I heard the "merry Christmas" of Mr. Riley. He walked into the library slowly, but unaided—the last time I had seen him he had been supported by his man—though the dear right arm still hung helpless. What a tragedy was that loss of strength to the hand that had been so quick to record the beautiful images of the Hoosier poet's mind. It was a loss that could not be estimated, for Mr. Riley—he told me himself—could not dictate his poetry nor could he manage the pen with his left hand. As for typewriters—they drove the Muse away completely. "See," he said, upon my first

visit to him after the fateful stroke, "this old hand is just like the claw they use to pick up nails with in a hardware shop."

None of this, of course, crept into our Christmas joy. No cloud passed over its sunshine. The corner where Mr. Riley sat enthroned in a huge leather armchair, was filled with greetings from friends, far and near. The half-hour before dinner was spent in opening and reading some of these messages. "How kind of Bob to think of me!" "From Jim. Well, it is good to get a line from Jim!" Every greeting received a blessing from the kindly Hoosier poet. He counted his friends his richest blessing.

HOW every one, great and small, remembered his Christmas! He seemed to belong to the whole world. Flowers had come from every part of the United States, and greetings from all over the earth. It brought to mind his birthday anniversary, when I had felt he might be lonely and—like everyone else—glad to be remembered; and sent my little greeting. The following day's paper had this dispatch from Indianapolis: "The Hoosier poet received nearly four thousand greetings yesterday in honor of his birthday anniversary. Extra postmen were provided to deliver his mail, which came from all parts of the world." On this anniversary—October seventh, 1915—while America's men of letters made pilgrimage to his

(Continued on page 46)



Above, the famous one penny black of Queen Victoria, printed in 1840, the first stamp ever issued. At the left, the one cent magenta of British Guiana, the most valuable stamp in the world. Only one specimen is known to exist

Stamp Collecting and Collectors

Scene: the Postoffice in Washington.
Time: before seven o'clock on the morning of Friday, January 1, 1932.

By John R. Tunis
Decorations by Harry T. Fisk

into the unknown. We, the descendants of a race of pioneers, men who crossed the ocean and invaded an uncharted and hostile wilderness, are to-day cooped up in offices. We spend our lives hemmed in automobile traffic or jammed in subways.

ALTHOUGH the building has not yet been opened officially for business, lines have already formed at every window that sells stamps. When the windows are actually raised, these lines, which are growing larger every minute, stretch clean across the floor and out to the street. At eight o'clock so great is the crowd that additional windows are opened, but immediately new lines form. At nine and again at ten others become available, but so rapidly does the mob of purchasers increase that by eleven the last window has been opened and twenty-six long lines wind across the room. Twenty-six windows selling stamps when on a normal morning a few are sufficient!

All day this continues without any let-up. The ancient joke about the lady who asked to see some stamps and then, when the clerk pulled out a sheet of a hundred, picked two exactly in the center, is repeated a dozen times an hour. The clerks are nearly wild trying to meet the demands of the public. Still the crowd comes and keeps coming. What is the rush all about?

Simply this. For the first time that morning Uncle Sam was selling the new Bicentennial issue of George Washington

stamps. Those slow-moving lines in the big postoffice building could be duplicated at about the same time in the postoffices of every city throughout the United States. They were composed of stamp collectors who were purchasing the complete set and mailing letters addressed to themselves on the opening day of the sale. During business hours that day there were sold more than \$100,000 worth of the new stamps and between 3,500,000 and 4,000,000 copies were disposed of.

Why?

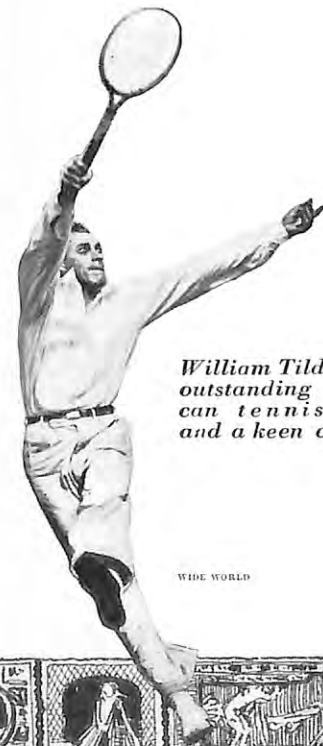
What is it that forces a sensible human being from a warm bed at five-thirty on a cold January morning in order to reach a postoffice and stand in line on a stone floor at a closed window merely to buy a set of twelve postage stamps?

What impels otherwise normal persons to offer a million francs or four thousand dollars in good round money for a rare specimen of a certain stamp?

What induces a house-owner to put up a \$12,000, nine-room, modern home with all conveniences, in a desirable suburban community, in exchange for a good stamp collection?

In short, why is a stamp collector?

Collecting is exploring. It is venturing



William Tilden, 2nd-outstanding American tennis star, and a keen collector

WIDE WORLD





BROWN BROS.



BROWN BROS.



BROWN BROS.



PHOTOPRESS



WIDE WORLD



BROWN BROS.

Famous Collectors —

Reading from top to bottom they are: Queen Helena of Italy; King George of Great Britain; Sultan Fuad I, ruler of Egypt; Suzanne Lenglen, famous French tennis player; Adolphe Menjou and Clara Bow, favorites of the silver screen; and Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the famous financier, Hetty Green

We are tied down on every side by the humdrum necessities of life, by endless laws and ordinances, by rules and regulations. Collecting permits us to escape these hindrances. It allows us to forget, to travel; and who doesn't long to forget and to travel? Through the help of stamps we can visit strange out-of-the-way places like Labrador and Labuan, Rhodesia and the Reunion Islands, or Tobago, off the coast of South America, which was the home of Robinson Crusoe.

Yes, you will say, but why stamp-collecting? Why make a fool of yourself over little bits of colored paper? Why not collect first editions, strange books, china or rare glass? Or guns, or bottles, or old masters, or ship models, or any one of a dozen things? Why stamp collecting? For two reasons. First, because it is cheap. Buy a dollar album, a packet of stickers priced at ten cents, an envelope of a thousand mixed stamps costing a quarter, and you have become a stamp collector.

ANOTHER reason for collecting stamps instead of something more elegant and showy is their compactness. Your collection may be valued at \$5, \$50, or \$500, but there it is between the covers of a volume that you can carry under one arm. Many famous collections have been so carried. When the Czar of Russia was banished to Ekaterinburg, after the Revolution, about the only thing he took with him was his stamp collection, worth then somewhere around \$250,000. This was split up and later sold in Paris by the present Russian Government for more than three times that sum.

Moreover there are no restrictions in stamp collecting. Anyone can do it. With no funds and nothing to start with except a blank book from the five-cent store and a desire to gather stamps, you can begin. The field is wide open, the world is yours. You may commence with a capital of ten cents or ten thousand dollars, you can paste in your first stamp, as I did, when

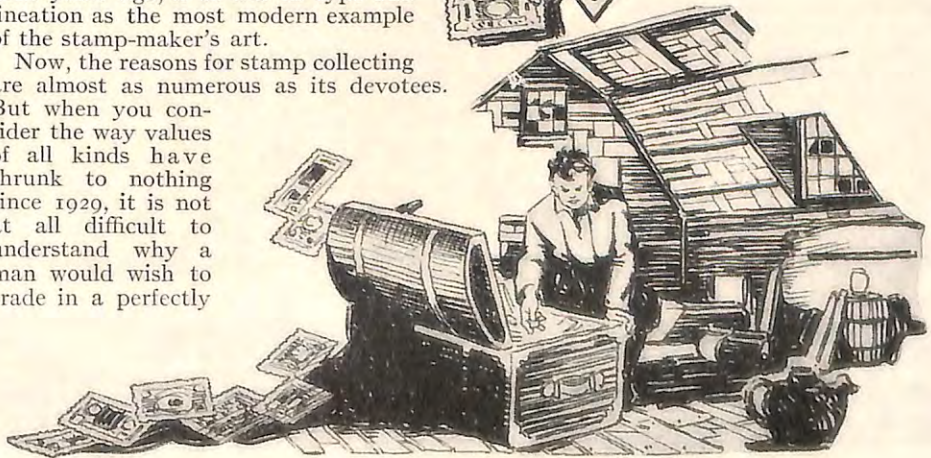
you are nine years old, or find satisfaction in your collection when you are ninety. Mr. Ralph Kimble, whose weekly talks over Station WMAQ in Chicago have aroused such wide-spread interest, states:

“AMONG the thousands who have written to me have been boys and girls of eight years of age and there have been grandfathers and grandmothers of eighty. Between the two have come letters from every age and every walk of life, from every quarter of the Union. Philately is universal in its appeal, boundless in its resources, unlimited in its benefits.”

Which is exactly why this hobby is gaining at the rate of 50,000 yearly in the United States alone, why stamp talks are given over the air, why newspapers devote a weekly page to philately. Even during the height of the depression stamp collecting has gone ahead. Someone remarked recently that the only perfect thing which our civilization has produced is sanitary plumbing. It has also brought us the postage stamp. Think of it. The first of all stamps, which appeared nearly one hundred years ago, is as fine in type and lineation as the most modern example of the stamp-maker's art.

Now, the reasons for stamp collecting are almost as numerous as its devotees. But when you consider the way values of all kinds have shrunk to nothing since 1920, it is not at all difficult to understand why a man would wish to trade in a perfectly

good house for a stamp collection. Have value in stamps not gone down also? Certainly. But not to the extent of those things which in the old days we spoke of trustingly as securities. Moreover, the rise in stamp values has been steady and consistent. Between 1859 and 1875 an Englishman named Hughes got together a small collection worth less than \$400. Twenty years later the same stamps were sold for \$15,000, and today they could not be bought for ten times that amount. Examples of this kind are numerous. During the War the British army under General Maude captured the city of Bagdad in Mesopotamia from the Turks. Shortly after their entrance they seized a quantity of Turkish stamps and promptly put them to use by surcharging them “BAGDAD IN BRITISH OCCUPATION.” The



complete set could have been bought for less than a dollar in 1917. At the present time they fetch something like \$3,000, and one stamp catalogued in 1928 as worth \$1,000 is now listed with no price mentioned. A copy of this stamp could probably be sold for a considerable amount of money today.

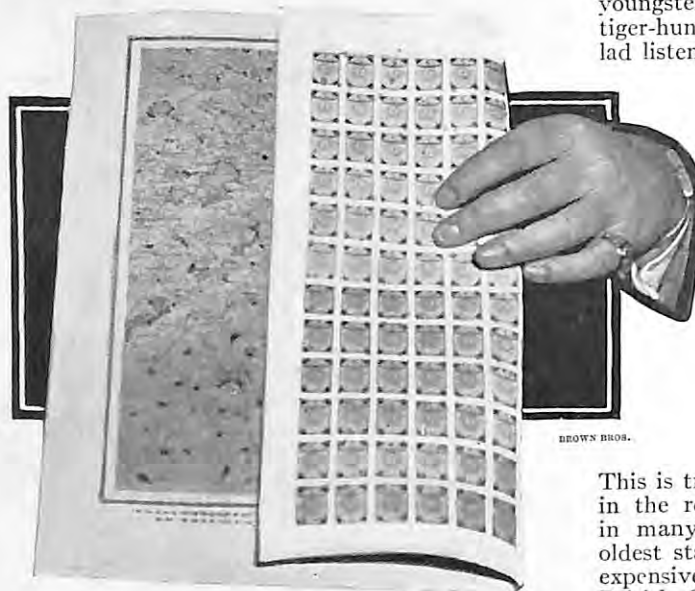
THIS is, however, by no means the most valuable of all postage stamps. The costliest stamp, like the majority of valuable antiques, was unearthed by a small boy rummaging through an attic when he shouldn't have been. Such is the way many rare postage stamps have been discovered. Unless you have cruised a bit in the West Indies you have probably never heard of British Guiana. But that little patch of country on the northern coast of South America is celebrated among stamp collectors. In 1872, a schoolboy in Georgetown, the capital, found an old envelope in his attic with a specimen of the one cent magenta, the third issue of the first stamp ever put out by British Guiana. He kept it for some years and finally sold it to a dealer for six shillings, doubtless well satisfied with the bargain. So was the dealer, who afterward sold it to a man named Thomas Ridpath of Liverpool, England, for a consideration of \$600. Ridpath later sold it to Count von Ferrari for \$700, and following the War this identical stamp was bought at auction by an agent of Mr. Arthur Hinds, of Utica, N. Y., the world's most famous collector today, for the sum of \$32,500. The largest price ever paid for a single postage stamp! At present that specimen is catalogued as worth \$50,000. Incidentally as this is the only copy known to exist, Mr. Hinds offered to present it to King George to complete his collection, but the offer was refused.

Naturally, a rise of this kind is unprecedented, just as the stamp is an unusual and rare specimen. But let us take a few instances of normal rises likely to happen to the average collector over a period of years. As a boy I managed to get together a small book of several thousand stamps, a few bought, some begged from older persons, the majority traded with friends. Possibly as much as fifteen dollars was spent on this album over a period of ten years. The earliest regular American stamp, a five cent red-brown with the head of Franklin upon it, cost 75 cents in 1905. It is now worth \$8.00. The pony express rider of 1869, worth a dollar unused, is today catalogued at \$3.00, while a one franc Belgium stamp of 1865, listed at \$1.25, now brings \$6.00. A German two kreutzer of 1862, worth \$3.00 in 1905—this was the gem of the collection—is listed at \$18.00 now. Not an extraordinary rise but a

steady one showing what stamps will do over a period of years.

Stamp collecting before the War was a quiet and peaceful amusement. There were then no special issues, no new nations with complicated names and more complicated stamps coming into the picture, there were no airmail stamps and few commemoratives. Today all that has changed and the beginner is likely to be dismayed by the vast extent and possibilities of collecting. In the year 1930 alone there were in Spain more than two hundred different varieties of stamps, not counting those surcharged and used in Tangier and the colonies.

In starting, therefore, the beginner will do well to get some suggestions from an older collector or a dealer. When buying stamps he will be advised to purchase only from reputable firms. They sell nothing but good specimens, they guarantee their stamps, and what is more important, they protect the beginner, who usually lacks a knowledge of values, from fakes, reprints, counterfeits and worthless issues. Because



These stamps were printed on the back of a German military map immediately after the War, due to a shortage of paper, December 19, 1918

crooks and counterfeiters exist in the stamp business as in others; the counterfeiters especially are extremely clever and can duplicate a stamp, treat it with chemicals to change its color and produce a valuable rarity, or imitate a watermark so that only an expert can tell the deception. The oldest and largest stamp company in this country is the Scott Stamp and Coin Company of New York, distributors of the standard yearly catalogue which is indispensable to every stamp enthusiast. The 1933 edition, containing pictures of nearly 200,000 varieties, and "giving the date of issue, color, shape and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any Government in the world," is one

of the most fascinating books to be found.

The oldest stamp business in the world at the present time is that of Stanley Gibbons, Limited, of London, England. Gibbons started his business in a corner of his father's chemist shop in the little south coast town of Plymouth, in Devon. One morning, a sailor came in with a duffle bag full of Cape of Good Hope stamps. Gibbons purchased the lot for \$25. A rare haul. He later sold them for \$9,000 and thus started himself in business as a stamp dealer.

Most stamp dealers are real characters. They deal not with big business firms in a cold, impersonal way; but largely with individuals, collectors, all of whom have different tastes and different needs to be satisfied. Dealers come to know not only a lot about stamps but a good deal about human nature. Mr. Herman Toasperm, a prominent New York dealer, tells in a recent issue of that excellent journal of the philatelic world, *Stamps*, an interesting story showing the educational side of collecting. One day he was beguiling a youngster with an imaginary story of a tiger-hunt he had taken in Africa. The lad listened to the end of the story, then remarked:

"But, Mr. Toasperm, there are no tigers in Africa."

"How do you know?" asked the dealer.

"Because I have some Straits Settlements stamps showing pictures of tigers, and so I read up on them in father's encyclopedia."

NOW, the average dealer will tell you that one of the mistakes of most beginners is to assume that stamps acquire value through age.

This is true to a certain extent, for even in the recent slump stamp values have in many cases actually risen; but the oldest stamp is not necessarily the most expensive. The one cent magenta of British Guiana is worth \$50,000 not because it is old but because it is rare; the one penny black of Queen Victoria, which was the first of all stamps, is, on the other hand, not valuable, because it is fairly common. As the first stamp it was a curiosity; many persons in England bought copies and preserved them, whereas only one specimen of the British Guiana has ever been discovered. The value of a stamp, then, depends not upon its age but upon the number of copies extant. One duplicate of the British Guiana stamp would lower its value but little if any; more than one would probably subtract from \$15,000 to \$20,000 from its worth. There is a report at present that the Principality of Monaco will cease issuing its own stamps and substitute those of France. If true, this will doubtless cause some of the later issues of Monaco to become valuable.

Several years ago a man walked into the postoffice at Washington and asked for
(Continued on page 35)





That ladder seemed to stretch endlessly, and Mr. Nack felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to sit down

A Hitch In Time

By Octavus Roy Cohen

Part II

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

JOSHUA PRUNEY, president of the Blue Lake Park Corporation, gazed with disapproval upon his visitor.

"You is always makin' trouble, Martial Slade."

"I ain't makin' no trouble, Mistuh Pruney: I'se tryin' to save you fum such."

The eyes of the stout executive narrowed. "I ain't aimin' to git pussonal—but ain't it the troof that you is kind of jealous on account Grenadine Brill has been runnin' around with Mistuh Dante?"

Martial fidgeted. "I ain't studyin' 'bout that gal, Mistuh Pruney. Her an' I was finished long ago."

"I know that. But it was her that did the finishin', wasn't it?"

"Naah! I gotten rid of her 'cause she was so dumb. Why, Brother Pruney, if she was to scramble her brains with eggs, she wouldn't have nothin' but scrambled eggs."

"Hmph! An' 'cause you is jealous, you try an' make me b'lieve that this feller ain't really Inferno Dante."

Copyright, 1932, by Octavus Roy Cohen

"I didn't say no such of a thing. I just said he didn't look like no high diver to me, an' so I gotten suggestive that you should hire some big feller to watch an' see he don't try an' run away fum Bumminham with yo' fifty dollars an' without makin' no leaps."

"I ain't got no money to waste on such triffin'."

"Leave me hire him, then. I'll pay Simeon Broughton to guard that feller . . . an' when Simeon guards, he guards, an' I don't mean maybe. All I'se tryin' to do is save the park fum bein' made ridiculous. There ain't nothin' I'd like better than to know I'se wrong. I hope he is Inferno Dante an' I hope he's the swell-est diver in the world, 'cause then us gits good business at the park. Now I ask you—ain't that reasonable?"

President Pruney was forced to agree. He still maintained that Martial Slade was consumed with an unreasoning jealousy—but, certainly, if the roller-coaster gentleman wished to invest a few dollars for the purpose of satisfying himself that Inferno

Dante really was Inferno Dante . . . then that was his own absurd business.

"But no fumadiddles!" cautioned Joshua. "Does anything occur to Inferno Dante that shoul'n't, you is sho' gwine pay fo' it."

"Shuh! I woul'n't do nothin' to him, Brother Pruney. He's folks, that feller is."

VI

SUNDAY brought doubt and misery to Johnny Nack. Things were happening which he neither understood nor liked. For one thing, there was the affair of the gargantuan colored gentleman who dogged his footsteps with exasperating persistence; who sat always in the hotel when Johnny was in his room, and who refused to be anything but friendly and uncommunicative. Mr. Nack was commencing to suspect that Simeon Broughton was a bodyguard, and that someone was suspicious. Torn with worry, he invited Mr. Broughton into his room and donated a cigar.

"Why is you all the time follering me aroun'?" he inquired.

"Ain't got no reason, Brother Dante."

"You ain't doin' it fo' fun, is you?"

"Uh-huh."

"But why? You got to have some other reason."

Simeon smiled. "I love high divers, Mistuh Dante. Ev'y night you is heah Ise gwine be at Blue Lake to see you plunge in that fire. An' I ain't preposin' to leave nothin' happen to you befo' you start struttin' yo' stuff."

"Nothin' ain't gwine happen."

"You bet it ain't. Ise seein' to that. Now don't you worry none, Brother Dante. Ise gwine stick right with you wherever you go—right up to the last moment when you start climbin' the ladder at the park."

Johnny begged, pleaded and argued with an amazing lack of success. He eventually drove the mammoth Simeon from his room, and flopped on the bed with his own colossal misery.

He had been hopelessly entangled in a web of circumstance; swept by a flood tide of ill-fortune, and—to complicate matters still further . . . he had fallen deeply, hopelessly, rapturously in love with Grenadine Brill.

THE situation appalled him. No question that Simeon Broughton had been assigned the job of preventing Johnny from exodus. He had accepted advance payment from Blue Lake, and obviously the park officials intended that he should fulfil his part of the agreement. Mr. Nack shuddered. The slight touch of valor which came to him when he was in Grenadine's company was sadly lacking now, and he knew it would be completely gone when Monday night arrived.

Much as he adored Grenadine, he determined to flee this city of delight and trouble. Twenty dollars remained to him: some day he intended to return the entire fifty which had been forced upon him, but now he figured it would be best to invest his remaining capital in complete and efficient flight.

He dressed carefully in his new suit, set his hat at a jaunty angle and ambled through the lobby and down the stairs with a brave display of insouciance. As he reached the street level, he heard the footsteps of Simeon Broughton descending.

Johnny moved swiftly. He fled into an alley, sprinted to Seventeenth Street, swung southward, detoured to the L. & N. yards and walked up the tracks toward the station. He knew that a train was due shortly and he intended to leave Birmingham and his lady-love. He didn't bother about destination: any place where he could again become Johnny Nack would be acceptable to him. He had known his great moment, and hereafter he could look back upon it with pleasure. Meanwhile

his job was one of insuring his own safety.

A local snorted in from Decatur. Johnny headed straight for the Jim Crow car, never bothering with the formality of purchasing a ticket. He had one hand on the rail when a throaty voice sounded in his ear.

"Goin' somewhere?"

Mr. Nack's heart sank. "No, Brother Broughton—I ain't aimin' to."

"Just come down to see somebody off, didn't you?"

"Yeh," answered Johnny with perfect truth—"I done just that."

"So did I. Now s'pose you an' me walk back downtown an' eat us a barbecue samwich."

JOHNNY capitulated. No sense bucking a fate so inexorable as this. Each move made his dilemma more complicated, his predicament more horrible. He couldn't do the high dive and he couldn't refuse: if he tried the former course he'd be entirely killed; the latter alternative meant a year in the Big Rock for fraud.

He indulged in a miserable two hours and shortly after dark dragged his weary way to the home of Miss Grenadine Brill. That young lady was radiantly buxom in a largely flowered print dress, and she made no effort to conceal her delight. They sat on the veranda and Grenadine directed Johnny's attention to the moon which was rising romantically above the blast furnaces.

But Johnny's eyes were focussed upon a large oak-tree in the shadow of which lurked the formidable figure of Mr. Broughton. He knew that the indefatig-

able Simeon would remain there indefinitely and that, when he—Johnny—again headed for town, the large gentleman would follow. Small wonder then that Mr. Nack betrayed no vast enthusiasm when Grenadine commenced to elaborate on her pleasurable anticipation of the morrow.

"Ise all thrilled up, Inferno," she gurgled. "Just think of you hurlin' thoo the air into a lake of fire far, far below."

"Yeh," groaned Johnny, "Ise thinkin' 'bout that."

"Seems to me you ought to be skeered."

"It does seem thataway."

"Ain't you?"

"I ain't said I ain't."

"Well, tell me the troof: 's you is or is you ain't?"

Mr. Nack felt the need of a confidante. He turned suddenly upon the pleased and astonished young lady and declared that he cared for her most consumingly. Her response to his declaration of honorable passion was instant and delicious.

"Oh! Inferno!" she gasped—"Ise plumb crazy 'bout you."

"You don't know half how crazy you is."

"I don't care . . . it's just bein' with you."

"With who? Just 'cause Ise Inferno Dante?"

"Nossuh, 'cause you is you."

"You mean that?" inquired Johnny with fierce earnestness. "If I wasn't who I is, but was somebody I ain't—would you still be fon' of me?"

"How can you ast me such a question?"

Mr. Nack seized her hand. "I can trust you, cain't I, Grenadine-sugar?"

"You know you can, honey."

"All right then—listen to my tale of woe!"

Johnny spoke haltingly at first, but as he worked into the dramatic recital of his predicament, the words flowed more freely and graphically. He told everything from the moment of his meeting with Inferno Dante, and when he finished he waited—but not for long.

"Honey!" Grenadine spoke in an awed and solemn voice: "I think you is just too wonderful."

"Says which?"

"I think you is twice as much hero as if you was really Inferno Dante."

"An' you don't blame me?"

"It wasn't yo' fault, was it?"

"No-o-o! But that ain't gwine make me any less dead when I jump off that ladder."

Miss Brill was very positive. "You ain't gwine jump."

"What is I gwine do?"

"Tell 'em you ain't Inferno Dante, tha's what."

"An' git th'owed in jail?"

"Tha's better'n bein' kilt, ain't it?"

"I ain't sho' . . . I didn't ast 'em fo' no money; they just give it to me, an' befo' I realized, it was all spent."

Grenadine was frowning. "I wisht I had some to loaned you, Johnny, but Ise payin' stallment on th'ee dresses an' a hat, an' they got my sal'ry all tied up down to the office. I ain't got a dime."



Johnny had one hand on the rail when a throaty voice sounded in his ear. "Goin' somewhere?"

"I woul'n' take money off you nohow. You see, I is just a mean, lowdown feller. An' wuss'n ev'ything else, Ise gittin' Inferno Dante in bad, an' he was nice to me."

"You was nice to him, too, wasn't you? Di'n't you save his life?"

"I know. But when I think of him lyin' in that hospital up in Cahaba . . . I can just see myse'f sayin' Ise skeered to make the dive, an' right away it gits all aroun' that Inferno Dante ain't no good no mo'." Johnny pounded his puny fist on the veranda railing. "Ain't no use talkin', Grenadine—no matter does I git kilt entirely, I has got to make anyhow one dive."

"You cain't!" she wailed.

"I got to—else Inferno Dante will be ruind."

"But if you do it, you'll be ruind."

"Better me than him."

"Johnny! You is grand . . . but Ise yo' gal, an' I ain't gwine stan' fo' such."

"You cain't do nothin' 'bout it."

Johnny was enjoying a fit of exaltation. "I gotten myse'f into this, an' I got to git out. I can make one jump an' then preten' that I hurt myse'f, so they won't think hard of Mistuh Dante. Ise made up my mind, gal!"

"You cain't! I won't let you! Why Johnny, you cain't even swim!"

"I borried a life-preserver fum the park yestiddy: one of them kind that wraps around yo' body. Ise gwine wear that under my coschume—so anyhow I won't drowned."

"You don't reelize, though, honey. When you git fifty feet up in the air, it's gwine look awful high."

"Not to me it ain't, 'cause Ise gwine have my eyes shut."

Her arguments and pleadings fell on deaf ears. Johnny was obsessed by the thought that he must sacrifice himself for the sake of the real Dante. He convinced her that exposure would be worse than a watery grave . . . and left her in tears.

But he was hysterical with righteousness as he started for town, and invited his bodyguard to walk with him. Johnny discoursed on the delights of high-diving, and Simeon was so impressed that later—after Johnny had retired for the night, Mr. Broughton summoned Martial Slade to the hotel.

"You is wrong 'bout this feller, Martial: He really is Inferno Dante."

"You is foolish as you look. I know Dante pussonal."

"Well, whoever he is—he's gwine make that dive to-morrow night."

"Did he say so?"

"You ought to of heard him after he lef' Grenadine's house. He was sayin' how sorry he was he couldn't make it th'ee or fo' times in one night."

"Bluff!" grunted Martial Slade. "Just bluff. He don't know I seen him steal a life-preserver fum the park. That feller cain't even swim."

"He could with a life-preserver."

"I ain't gwine leave him wear it. An' no matter what he thinks . . . when he gits up to the top of that ladder, he ain't gwine jump, neither. Or anyway, if he does, he'll git all busted up."

"That'd be awful," commented Simeon.

"Sure it would," agreed Martial—"fo' him!"



And then, flame spurting from the rear of his anatomy, blindly—desperately—Johnny leaped into space

(Continued on page 32)

Behind the Footlights

The burden of her tragic rôle in "Mourning Becomes Electra" has not dimmed Alice Brady's fine flare for comedy. Here she is at the left with A. E. Mathews disporting herself in a gay and delightful comedy called "Mademoiselle" from the French of Jacques Deval. Grace George did the adaptation and plays the name rôle, the part being that of a niggardly governess whose suppressed yearning for a child evolves a new angle for treating the problem of a maiden in distress



"Dinner at Eight," the new Edna Ferber-George S. Kaufman drama, is a highly satisfactory blend of good acting and interesting writing. The action shows the kaleidoscope of fatalities that overtakes the house of Jordan and the guests invited for dinner a week from Friday. Among other things, the Jordan fortunes totter under the secret machinations of Paul Harvey (right). He is a blustering Western financier married to an alluring hat-check girl (Judith Wood). Here is a glimpse of the lurid domestic quarrel between this well-matched pair, which is one of the play's high spots



Crime and mystery are presented in their most baffling and exciting aspects in "Criminal at Large," by the late Edgar Wallace. It would be unfair to tell you more about the plot than is known to William Harrigan when he goes down to Mark's Priory to make his investigations. Two murders have been committed there without leaving any satisfactory clues. Lady Lebanon (Alexandra Carlisle), obsessed with the importance of perpetuating the family name, is not very helpful to the investigators. She is shown here (left) in a stealthy midnight conference with her niece, Katherine Wilson

And On the Screen

Reviews by Esther R. Bien

"Flesh" is the title of Wallace Beery's coming picture. It is a moving and dramatic story in which Beery (right) a wrestling-waiter in a German beer-garden, comes to America to win new laurels. An honest, loyal giant, not very clever, he has a heart-breaking struggle against treachery on every side



The romance and hardships of the brave men and heroic women who pioneered in the settling of the West will be the stage setting for Richard Dix in "The Conquerors." The story begins with the panic of 1873 when Roger and Caroline (Ann Harding), stripped of all wealth, start for Fort Allen, Nebraska, to begin their great adventure. They are pictured at the left with Edna May Oliver, whose staunch friendship helps them over some of the hardest of their early trials

John Glidden (Richard Bennett) is dying and his relatives have gathered at his home, their pockets bulging with travel folders and automobile advertisements, waiting impatiently for the wealth they hope to inherit. But John Glidden is stubborn even about dying and the idea of passing on his hard-won wealth to this worthless lot of sycophants enrages him. Finally he hits on a scheme that pleases him. From the telephone book he chooses nine names at random and to each of these goes one million of his wealth. The reactions of these nine beneficiaries in "If I Had a Million" to their sudden fortune varies as widely as their backgrounds and environment, but none will provide the audience with more entertainment than the couple pictured at the right—Alison Skipworth and W. C. Fields, a couple of old vaudeville troupers



Squaw Man

By George Creel

Illustrated by Charles Heurlin

THE Indian woman, like some wounded thing, dragged a tortuous way across the treeless plain, now zig-zagging on uncertain feet that dripped blood through the worn moccasins, now crawling blindly on hands and knees. All through the hot forenoon she struggled, but at last the sun, directly overhead, beat her down, and after a few fierce, convulsive struggles, she fell flat and lay still. When the three riders came by an hour later, no movement stirred the mound of tattered buckskin. The two older men stared incuriously, but the third trapper, a bearded young giant, slid from his saddle and laid an ear over the heart.

"How about it, Dave?" drawled one of his companions, the tone carrying small interest.

"She's still alive, an' that's all. Hand me the water."

Slowly, patiently, the Samaritan poured small trickles on the swollen tongue that protruded from between the blackened lips, and when the eyes opened, let her drink for herself. Carefully measuring her swallows, however, he soon pushed down the clutching hands and straightened from his crouch.

"Well?" he shrugged. "What say, 'Raphoe?"

"Hain't but one thing to do, I reckon." Arapahoe, pulling off his black slouch hat, scratched fretfully at the bandana wound about his head. "Don't seem as if we could go off an' leave her, do it, Jim?"

"S'pose not." The short, squat trapper, as broad as he was long, spat disgustedly. "Pass her up, Dave."

Taking the limp body in front of him, he touched spurs to his horse and the little procession of riders and pack mules moved away across the desert, heading for the mountains that shut off the northern sky. The sun sank low, a faint line of green showed ahead, and as twilight fell they came to a small stream, and pitched camp in a grove of cottonwoods and dwarf willows. Putting his burden behind some driftwood that served as a windbreak, Jim helped Dave hobble the horses and pack-mules, while the one called Arapahoe struck fire, and busied himself cooking a piece of buffalo hump.

"This'll put strength in her," he announced after a final taste. "Come on now." Roughly lifting the half-conscious woman to a sitting position, he fed her the hot broth sip by sip, and then wrapped



A Tale of the Mountain Men of the Old West

her warmly in a blanket. "I'd do that for a dog," he explained shamefacedly, bustling back to the kettle. "Jes' the same, hit's an all-fired nuisance." The other two said nothing but their own irritation was plain to be seen.

Only a few weeks before, in this year of 1830, important decisions had been made at the summer rendezvous of the trappers on the banks of the Green. Milton Sublette, Jim Bridger, Broken-Hand Fitzpatrick, Jean Baptiste Gervais and Henry Frapp united to form the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, with avowed purpose to fight John Jacob Astor's ruthless monopoly, and nearly all the mountain men had sworn allegiance. Outfitted for a season's hunt, they scattered in twos and threes, shouting good-byes and boasting of the catches they expected to make.

Old Arapahoe Stoner, and Jim Shurtleff were mountain men of long experience, dating back to Hunt and McKenzie's ill-fated Astoria expedition in 1812. Dave Bonney, the Kentuckian, although a youngster, had amply proved himself. Standing six feet two in his moccasins, few men could match him in strength and fleetness, and not even Bridger was deadlier with the rifle.

"We hain't got no time to be foolin' 'round with half-dead squaws," growled Shurtleff. "Hit's September now, an' winter'll be down on us afore we know it."

"We'll give her a pack mule in the mornin'," decided Arapahoe. "That an' some meat, an' she ought to be able to shift fer herself."

A night's sleep, followed by more broth and a juicy cut of meat, worked a miracle of restoration in the Indian girl, and walking up to Bonney, she delivered what was plainly a speech of thanks.

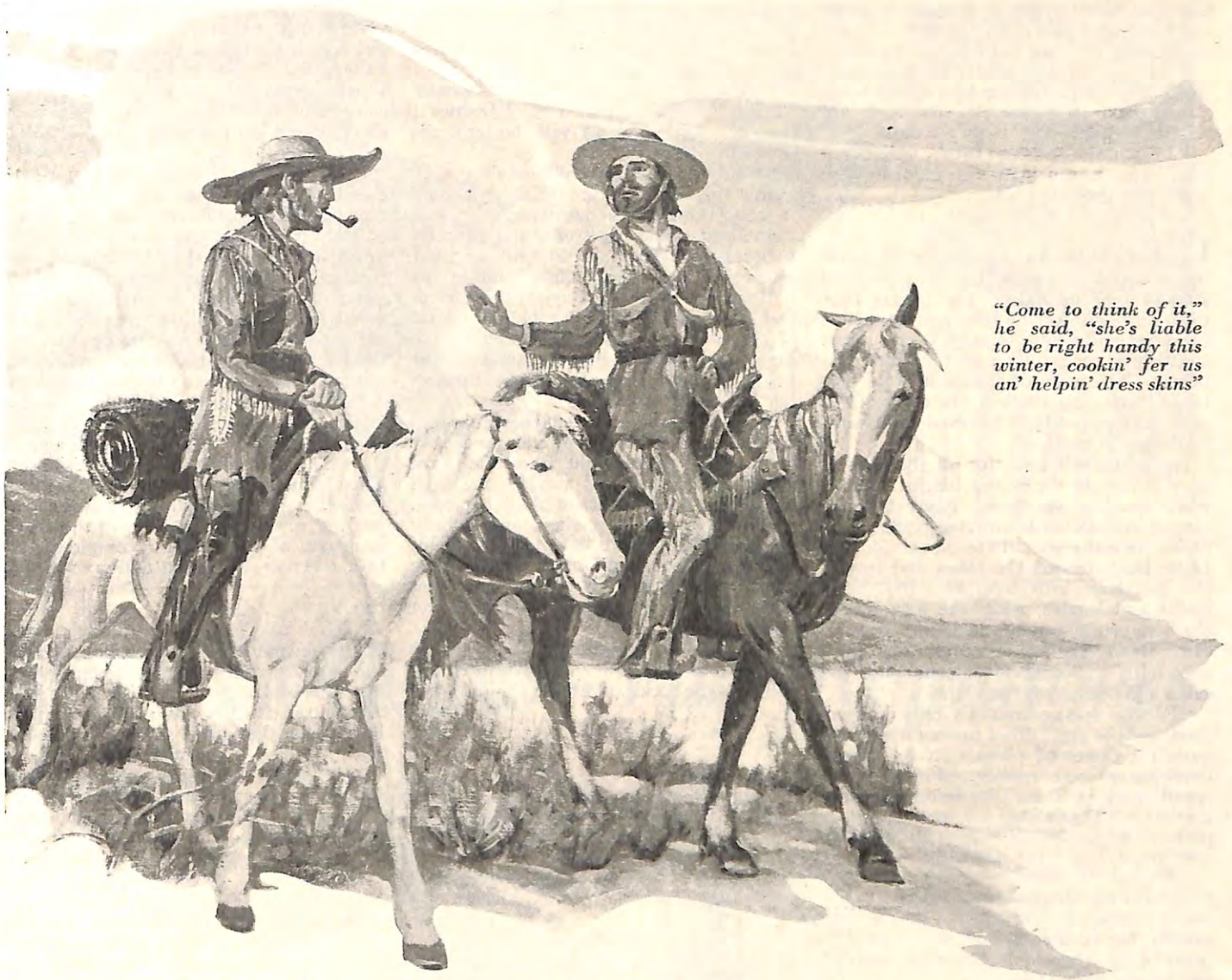
"CHEYENNE," declared Arapahoe, and plunged at once into an animated conversation. "Her name's Singin' Little Bird," he interpreted. "The Blackfeet captured her somewheres north of here after a big fight, but she gave 'em the slip. Been wanderin' all over the place, an' got away from water. Seems a spunky sort."

"All right," Shurtleff interrupted impatiently. "Tell her *adios* fer all of us, an' let's be gettin'."

When Arapahoe informed Singing Little Bird of their plan, however, it developed that it did not appeal. Weakly but stubbornly she advanced an idea of her own, and merely shook her head when Stoner bawled back a volley of profane protests.

"She says she's a-goin' with us," he cried exasperatedly.

"Like hell she is," declared the Missourian, leaping forward. "I'll soon fix that." Lifting the Indian girl bodily, he threw her on a packmule, and strapped the



"Come to think of it," he said, "she's liable to be right handy this winter, cookin' fer us an' helpin' dress skins"

bundle of provisions in place. "Now, tell her to light out, an' be mighty quick about it."

Arapahoe made a short and plainly imperative speech, but when the three rode away, Singing Little Bird followed, nor were Shurtleff's curses potent enough to make her turn in the opposite direction.

"Well, I'll be damned." Out of temper, he reached for his quirt, but Stoner intervened.

"Come to think of it," he said, "she's liable to be right handy this winter, cookin' fer us an' helpin' dress beaver skins. An' thar's Dave, too," he grinned. "Time the boy wuz gittin' himself a nice likely Indian gal to keep his lodge fer him."

"No Indian gal's goin' to keep lodge for me," hotly declared the Kentuckian. "How many times I got to tell you that? I don't aim to be no squaw man, not now nor never."

"She's got her eye on you, sonny," Arapahoe cackled. "An' jes' wait until she's fattened up. You'll be a-changin' of yore tune."

In the matter of Singing Little Bird's appearance, the old trapper proved a true prophet. As food and rest filled out the face and body, even Shurtleff grudgingly admitted that she was about as likely an Indian wench as he'd ever laid eyes on. From the first, too, her devotion to Bonney made no pretense at concealment.

Utterly disregarding all that Arapahoe had done, Singing Little Bird seemed to feel that her rescue was entirely due to the Kentuckian, and gave him a doglike admiration that took no account of rebuffs.

LEAVING the desert floor, the trappers began the climb that brought them finally to the Snake. Traveling was now slow and cautious, for the river ran between precipitous cliffs, and there was also the danger that roving bands of Blackfeet might be encountered. Arapahoe, the guide, turned sharply to the right one morning, and following a small tributary stream for some miles, led the way through a well-nigh impassable gorge, and brought them out into a fair valley bounded on every side by frowning mountain walls.

"Wood, grass, water an' beaver." He waved the proud hand of proprietorship. "What more do you want? And I'm willin' to bet no Injun ain't ever been here."

Shurtleff remained dubious, and all the next day was devoted to wide swings that not only covered the valley but every approach to it. Not a single Indian sign was found, and satisfied of security, the trappers cut down aspens and built a small hut. Even the most casual tour of inspection convinced Bonney and Shurtleff that

Stoner was correct in assuming the valley to be virgin territory, for the beaver were thick, their dams blocking the main stream and making marshes of every little creek. Bonney was all for setting the traps at once, but Arapahoe insisted upon a boat.

"I ain't as young as I useter be," he explained, "an' wadin' in icy water won't do me no good."

Cutting down a cottonwood tree, they dug it out and shaped the ends, and evening found them ready. Poking slowly along the shore in the canoe, they planted their traps near the beaver slides, two or three inches below the surface, fastening the chain to a pole stuck firmly in the mud. Then a precious horn flask was drawn forth, and the peeled willow twig, used for bait, carefully anointed with castor.

"That's shore strong medicine," said Shurtleff, drawing back from the penetrating odor. "Beaver air goin' to come miles to git it."

THE virtues of the "medicine" were amply proved in the months that followed, for the morning rounds brought rich harvests, few traps ever being without a fat beaver. Singing Little Bird's industry fulfilled another of Arapahoe's prophecies, for not only did she do the cooking but proved tireless when it came to graining and dressing the skins. Even grim

Shurtleff joined Arapahoe in open liking for the Cheyenne girl, but Dave Bonney held to an aloofness that bordered on hostility.

"Jes' you wait till winter settles down," jibed Arapahoe, wagging his grizzled head. "First cold sperr an' all yore high an' mighty ideas air goin' to go a-scootin'."

"I don't aim to be no squaw man, I tell you," the Kentuckian answered stoutly, reddening through his tan.

CHRISTMAS saw the coming of snow, with skins of ice on the river, and the little streams freezing tight. The beaver took to their lodges for the hibernation, and as the trappers meant to stay over for the spring hunt, preparation for the winter was begun. The walls of the cabin were buttressed with new timbers, the chinks filled in with clay, and then followed brisk hunting to lay in meat.

Not a difficult task, for all about them were mountain sheep and black-tail deer, while down in the Snake River bottoms ranged buffalo herds, drifting back to the plains from the upland meadows. Singing Little Bird dressed the robes and turned the deerskins into hunting shirts, moccasins and leggings, while the men jerked the beef or else pulverized it into pemmican. Beside the fire of a night, old Arapahoe fairly wallowed in the comfort of the cabin and boasted of their luck.

"Ef the spring huntin's only half as good, we'll be goin' down to the Green with more'n a thousand plews. At \$5 apiece, that's sure some money. I'm goin' to spend mine in Taos," he informed them grandly. "Thar's the place to get action for your pesos."

Shurtleff played with the idea of making a journey to California, fired by reports of its wines and fine horses, while Dave Bonney declared a firm intention to return to his old home in Kentucky.

"Ain't been back since I run away six years ago," he confessed. "Think mebbe I'll stay, settlin' down an' marryin' some nice gal."

"Don't talk toolish." Arapahoe stretched himself luxuriously. "How you ever goin' to be satisfied back thar after you've had the easy life of these here mountains? Thar ain't no place in the world whar a man can live higher. Anyway," he leered, "what you aim to do with Singing Little Bird?"

"Now don't you start that up again," Bonney answered angrily. "She ain't nothin' to me an' you know it."

"Mebbe not," Shurtleff observed dryly, "but you're a

hull lot to her. Notice how you git all the best buckskin fer yore moccasins? An' I don't see me an' 'Raphoe havin' fancy work on our shirts."

"An' look how she's been a-learnin' English," Arapahoe joined in. "Darned if the little scamp cain't talk better'n me right now."

"You two old rapsallions shut up," roared the Kentuckian. "Nobody's goin' to make a squaw man out of me."

January came and went, and in early February the trappers set out for what was to be their last buffalo hunt in the bottoms of the Snake. Busy at her various tasks, Singing Little Bird took no account of the time, but when dusk gave way to night, and the men had not returned, she knew an uneasiness that broke through her Indian passivity.

Time after time she left the cabin and walked down to the valley's entrance, but it was close to midnight when she heard a call so faint that it would have been missed by ears less keen than her own. Following up the cry, she found Bonney bleeding badly, and at the end of his strength, although still crawling. Bending down, she caught his hands about her neck, and half carrying, half dragging, got him to the cabin.

"Blackfeet," he gasped. "They came on us afore we knowed it. We forted up behind some rocks an' fit 'em all afternoon,

an' then they got Jim an' Arapahoe." His voice trailed off into a whisper, and the girl held a tin cup of whiskey to his lips. "Come dark," he continued weakly, "I slipped away, an' jumped down a canyon side. But they'll be here as soon as it gits light. I lett too plain a trail of blood an' hide."

Silent, seemingly stolid, only the eyes showing her agony of fear and distress, Singing Little Bird cut away the blood-soaked buckskins, disclosing a jagged bullet wound in the shoulder, a deep rock-torn gash in the thigh, and the right leg broken just above the ankle. Turning swiftly she put a kettle of water on the fire, gathered together a number of fine deer sinews, and then put a sharper point to an awl and a keen edge on her hunting knife.

Gently washing the wounds with hot water, she probed for the bullet, and breathed a sigh of relief at finding it against the skin at the back. A deft incision enabled her to dig it out, after which she took the awl and sinews, and began the delicate work of sewing up the gash in the thigh. Bandages of soft doeskin completed the task, and now she gave attention to the leg.

THE break, fortunately enough, was a clean one, and pressing the bones together, she adjusted rude splints and bound them fast with buckskin thongs. Bonney's lapse into unconsciousness saved him from pain, but while the girl's swift fingers never shook nor faltered, her face was damp with the sweat of an intolerable apprehension.

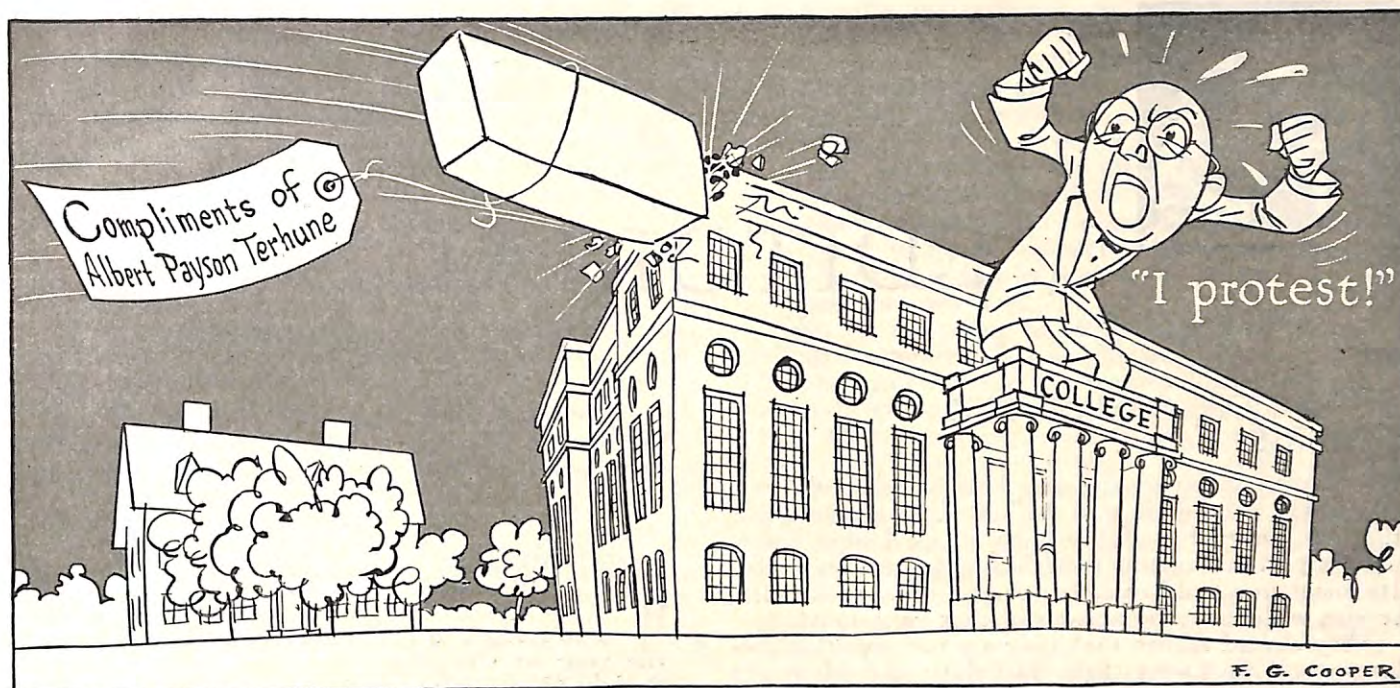
Moving with the same swift efficiency, she gathered blankets and buffalo robes and piled them on the floor. One after the other she lifted food and supplies from the shelves—jerked meat, pemmican, flour, grease—and then packed Galena pig lead, bullet mould and powder. Now hurrying into the darkness, she caught a horse and led him, still hobbled, to the cabin door, where she cinched on the blankets and robes saddlewise. Swinging both a rifle and the bundle of provisions from her shoulder band, she bent down to Bonney and trembled as she saw his blanched and sunken face.

"Come," she whispered, lifting his heavy head, but it was only when she forced a second cup of whiskey between his lips that he opened his eyes. Claspng him about the waist, she got him to the door, and assisted by her own agonized effort, managed to get him on the horse. Casting off the hobble, Singing Little Bird mounted behind him, and passing her hands under his arms, held the trapper's unsteady body in place, at the same time clutching the hackamore. Veering

(Continued on page 36)



In the Snake River bottoms ranged buffalo herds, drifting back to the plains



Why College?—Two Rejoinders

READERS will remember Albert Payson Terhune's forceful article "Why College?" published in the October issue of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. In this paper Mr. Terhune attacked what he called "the college fetich." His thesis, that the usual classical course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts entails sacrifices of time and money entirely unjustified by its results, naturally brought forth many comments, some in support, some in opposition. Two of these are published herewith. The first is by Arthur E. Morgan, President of Antioch College; the second by a father who is planning a classical education for his children.

THE EDITORS.

Rejoinder Number One

Before I became a college president I was an engineer. Twenty-five years of practical experience in that field led me to many of the conclusions Mr. Terhune has expressed in his article, "Why College?" Again and again I observed graduates of liberal-arts schools—Mr. Terhune's "classical" scholars—floundering hopelessly and helplessly when they faced the realities of the working world and the necessity of making a living.

But I saw, too, another side, which Mr. Terhune has overlooked. In employing more than fifteen hundred technically-trained men during twenty-five years, I observed that far too many engineers and technical men, graduates of the vocational courses which Mr. Terhune so wholeheartedly endorses as "fitting a student solidly for his chosen trade or profession," were unprepared for that part of their lives which lay outside narrow vocational limits. In fact, their training was commonly so narrow that they were greatly restricted in doing their special work. In other words, their education had been one-sided, leaving

them ignorant of many fields with which acquaintance was needed to supplement and round out their lives. They were even too narrowly prepared for making a living, and still more poorly prepared to make a life.

I agree with Mr. Terhune in attacking the outmoded educational methods of many of our institutions of higher learning. But I should go further, and likewise attack that narrow specialization in a vocational field which excludes other interests—those interests which should make it possible for men and women to go beyond the "practical" necessities of every day to cope with those manifold problems which must be solved if mankind is to create a new and better world. Even in the world of to-day, the man with a narrow skill may find that skill obsolete through shifts in our economic life.

I should not say "no college." I should say "a new college" for a new and rapidly evolving civilization. Indeed, at Antioch we are saying it in everyday life. Antioch College was reorganized twelve years ago on exactly the propositions I have stated. It was, and is, an endeavor to fit students for all phases of well-proportioned living. We ask each student to give approximately half his study time at college to a general liberal education, introducing him to every main field of human interest. The other half of his study time we ask him to give to preparation for his special field of work. But study is not all. The student spends half his time at liberal and professional study, and the other half at practical work for pay, in alternating periods of five or ten weeks. During these working periods the student develops common sense, judgment and stamina. Not any one part of this program, but all three together, will be adequate for the needs of the future. That the Antioch program appeals to a high quality of students is evidenced by the fact

that in nation-wide tests of student quality Antioch freshmen rank at the top. That the other part of the program is successful is indicated by the fact that in this trough of depression nearly all Antioch cooperative students are now engaged during their working periods on steady jobs in laboratories, offices, stores and industries, at wages less than 10 per cent. lower than those two years ago.

AS to the school curriculum; political economy, free trade and tariff, wealth and capital, should not be abstract terms to the students who can find in the classroom answers to some of the questions their jobs have raised. Chemistry and physics in the school laboratory will have some eminently practical uses for the student who works in the laboratory of a large industry or perhaps of a city sewage system. Throughout the numerous different occupations which Antioch students on the cooperative plan may investigate, the practical values of many college courses are demonstrated. At present a large proportion of young engineers are out of work. Of last spring's crop of engineering graduates probably less than 10 per cent. are placed. Antioch engineering graduates, because they have a broad basis of general education, are better able to adjust themselves to the times, and to meet the needs of widely varied situations.

But the vocational part, as I have indicated, is not enough. Antioch hopes to take a place, however small, among the agencies that are at work to make a new world—new in power, in intelligence and in wisdom. The very industrial depression responsible for the inability of many mothers and fathers to send their children to colleges and universities should be

(Continued on page 43)



EDITORIAL

LAPSATION COMMITTEE SERVICE

■ While comparisons of this kind are difficult, and rarely helpful, it may be stated with confidence that no committee of the subordinate Lodge has a more important function than the Lapsation Committee. Its members should recognize this and undertake their service with the consciousness of that importance.

They should realize that they are not mere bill collectors. If that were their chief duty, the job might better be turned over to those engaged in that business. It is true that in most instances the names referred to the Committee for attention are of those who are delinquent; and it is natural, perhaps, for them to regard the task of securing payments of arrearages as their first concern. But this is an erroneous, and a too restricted, view of the important service expected of them.

Every delinquent member is a prospective loss. His very delinquency is a condition which, if not corrected, will eventuate in his being dropped from the rolls. But there is some cause for that delinquency. And every member who requests a dimit has some reason which actuates him to that course. In either event, the primary duty of the Lapsation Committee is to ascertain that cause or that reason.

It may be a real financial inability to pay the dues. If so that is something which the Lodge should know and appropriately deal with. It may be that it is a false idea of economy, one which is not really essential or wise. A frank and fraternal discussion of this subject may bring about a change of attitude. It may be some dissatisfaction with conditions in the Lodge, born of a mistaken viewpoint which can be corrected. It may be a mere inattention and indifference which the personal interest of the Committee will dispel.

Whatever the condition, whatever the cause, whatever the reason, the Committee cannot intelligently and effectively deal with it until it has been ascertained. And no method of securing this necessary information is comparable with a friendly personal contact and a considerate inquiry at the very source.

The suggestion of payment of dues, as the only object which the Committee has in view, is too often ineffective. That particular feature of the situation should be minimized in discussing the matter. Stress should be placed upon the desirability of membership from the standpoint of the delinquent, and particularly upon the desire of his brothers that the fraternal relationship should not be dissolved.

Those who are in arrears are apt to be a little sensitive about it. The approach to any discussion of that detail should not be abrupt and inconsiderate. Such a member should be made to understand and feel that his restoration to good standing, or the withdrawal of his application for dimit, is sought because of the desire to preserve his status as a brother Elk, with all its fraternal implications, not as a mere source of Lodge revenue.

If Lapsation Committees will approach their task in the spirit and manner herein suggested, they will not only find their duties more pleasant and agreeable, but they will also achieve better results.

CHRISTMAS BASKETS

■ It has been so long the custom among the subordinate Lodges to distribute baskets of provisions to the poor at Christmas, that the term "Christmas Baskets" has a well recognized meaning throughout the Order. They occupy a fixed place in many local Lodge budgets; and the total expended in this particular activity each year is a most gratifying one.



There are numerous ways in which the Lodges may express the spirit of charity and loving kindness which naturally pervades their memberships during the Christmas season. All of them are praiseworthy. But under present conditions, when stark want exists in so many homes, it is to be doubted if any form of charity could be so truly help-

ful as gifts of baskets of substantial food supplies. It is earnestly commended to every subordinate Lodge.

And where this service is to be undertaken, it should be promptly organized, so that a proper survey of prospective recipients may be made and a timely opportunity afforded to every member to contribute to the cause. There is real work to be done; and it will be all the better done if it be well planned rather than hastily and impulsively executed at the last minute.

Look up your ELKS MAGAZINE for December, 1928, and December, 1929. Study again the front covers on these issues. A picture is frequently more effective than any mere words. Those two are peculiarly suggestive and appealing to Elks in connection with this particular form of fraternal service.

And say, fellows, don't forget to put in some goodies for the kiddies. Santa Claus has scratched many of them from his visiting list this Christmas. Let Elks everywhere make up for this as best they can.

AN ENDURING DEBT

■ We frequently boast of the skill and efficiency of our modern engineers and builders as if it were but lately and newly acquired. An oft-cited evidence of this is the fact that a bridge, designed to span some yawning chasm in a foreign land, may be so accurately fabricated in our factories that the thousands of parts may be shipped to the location, requiring only to be there assembled, joined together and put in place. We think of such an engineering feat as something comparatively new in the world.

But it is to be recalled that Solomon's Temple, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, was constructed in this same skillful manner. The great stones were perfectly shaped and dressed at the distant quarries. The giant trees were felled in far-away Lebanon, and from them the huge timbers were elsewhere fashioned to fit their appointed places. So accurately was all this done that it is related, in the Scriptural account of the building of the temple, that:

"There was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was building."

Indeed, it is a well-known fact that present-day architects and engineers are but applying the knowledge and skill acquired from a study of such ancient examples. While it is true that many more efficient methods of accomplishing desired results have been evolved, they frankly admit their tremendous debt to their predecessors of past ages, whose achievements they still admire and study, and from which they still learn.

So in our great fraternity, we hail with proud acclaim the accomplishments of our modern leaders and their official associates. And this we rightly and properly do. They are deserving of our admiration and grateful praise. But we should recognize the fact that, however efficient their service and however splendidly rendered, they are but carrying on and building upon the work of their predecessors. The structure of our Order, its instrumentalities of service, the power of its membership, the spirit which pervades it, are all the result of the work of those who have gone before. They are the bases upon which all new endeavors must be founded. They constitute the fundamental agencies which must be employed.



There is no suggestion in this that we should abate one whit of our pride in our leaders, as they annually assume office and splendidly administer our fraternal activities. Our obligation to them is unquestioned. It should be gratefully acknowledged and appropriately evidenced. This is just a brief reminder of our

continuing indebtedness to those of old, whose labors, whose examples, whose influence and whose accomplishments, are still fraternal assets of present-day value.

Differing personalities and new methods are employed. Greater efficiency is displayed. Varying objectives are adopted. But those engaged upon them still learn and profit from what has been previously wrought by their predecessors, even from the earliest days of our Order's history. Our debt endures.

DON'T BE AFRAID—BUY

■ Whatever other causes may have combined to bring about the nation-wide condition which is generally referred to as "the depression," fear was one of its chief contributing factors. Every one became terror-stricken at the sudden and tremendous shrinkage

in security and property values. They grew more fearful each day of what might happen the next. They were stunned into timid inactivity and were afraid to make any move, except to hoard their money and to safeguard their possessions. Thus the collapse was hastened and its extent enlarged.

And now that thoughtful men foresee the end of this unhappy period, when there are already many evidences of improvement, when it only needs courage and faith to insure a sound and progressive recovery, it is fear that is largely responsible for the delay which attends that recovery.

We are too prone to contemplate with dismay the number who are still unemployed. We do not attach proper significance to the many millions who are still at work, with a tremendous purchasing power, which is not being put to use. The employer who has cut the wages of his employees is afraid they will criticize his purchase of a new automobile as an extravagance to be sustained by possible further cuts. Employees are fearful that their employers will regard with disapproval their purchases of things not absolutely essential. One neighbor is afraid of what another may think of his expenditures which may not be wholly necessary.

Most of us are assuming an attitude just the opposite of that we maintained when times were prosperous, when we hurried to do things we thought were expected of us, whether we could wisely afford to do them or not, for fear our ability might be questioned or that we might be thought niggardly and lacking in public spirit.

If those who can afford to do so will proceed now to buy the things they need or want, business would receive a stimulus which would be promptly felt in every branch of trade. What is needed is an abandonment of this fear of criticism. We should exercise our courageous judgment about our own affairs. We ought to buy now the things we want and can afford to buy. It will take money that is now idle and put it to work. It will enable the merchant to order more goods and pay for them. It will justify the manufacturer in employing more workers and paying them fair wages. It will start the wheels of industry revolving more rapidly. It will speed the return of prosperity.

There are many, of course, who cannot make purchases, because they have no money to pay for them. The suggestion here made is not addressed to them but is made in their interest. It is directed to the millions who can buy what they want and can pay for it.

It is never wise for those who cannot do so to try to "keep up with the Joneses." But the time has come to stop trying to "live down to the Smiths" when it is not necessary to do so. The time has come to reacquire the disposition to deal with our own affairs according to our own abilities and desires, without fear of what some one else may think about it.

If those of us who can will follow this suggestion we will be surprised to find that there will be no criticism. On the contrary, thoughtful people will commend and approve.

This is not a mere sentimental patriotic appeal. It is the very essence of common sense.



Under the Spreading Antlers

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

Sonora, Calif., Lodge Holds Big Celebration for Initiation

DISPLAYING an energy which aroused the enthusiasm not only of its membership, but even of the entire community surrounding it, Sonora, Calif., Lodge, No. 1587, the most recently instituted Lodge in the State, initiated a short time ago a large class of candidates. The event came as the culmination and the reward of a campaign begun toward the end of last summer when a delegation of thirty members made a good-will pilgrimage to Bridgeport, county seat of Mono County, one hundred miles distant. Bridgeport, within the jurisdiction of Sonora Lodge, responded to the friendly invasion of entertaining the members of No. 1587 at a banquet and dance, and by contributing sixteen applications for new membership and three for membership by transfer. When, not long afterward, twelve more applications were received by Sonora Lodge, its members planned to induct all upon an occasion to be designated as "Bridgeport Night." This proved to be a memorable event. Features of it were a spectacular street parade, in which marched the officers of the Lodge in uniform, the forty-five piece band of the high school, the candidates in costume and 150 members of No. 1587, carrying lighted torches. Arrived at the Home, the majority of those who took part in the procession attended a banquet. The Lodge meeting followed, and while this was in progress, the ladies who were guests of the Lodge during the evening, were entertained at a card party. A dance, at which 200 couples were present, ensued; and at the termination of this breakfast was served to eighty Elks and their guests in the banquet room of the Home. For the public part of the celebration, the entire city of Sonora turned out, lining the sidewalks many deep as the parade passed along its line of march. So pronounced was the impression of the entire affair that at the Lodge meeting immediately after "Bridgeport Night," ten more applications for membership were received. The progress that it has made has stimulated the hope among the members of Sonora Lodge that they may this year win again the award of the San Joaquin Valley Elks Association. At the end of the Lodge's first year of life, the Association gave to No. 1587, to hold for a year, the Rollin Laird Memorial Trophy, emblematic of the large percentage of increase of the Lodges within the East Central District of California. Past Exalted Ruler Harry B. Hoffman, during whose term of office the honor was won, accepted the trophy for the Lodge.

Past Exalted Rulers of Canal Zone Form Association

Ten of the thirteen Past Exalted Rulers of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal, C. Z., Lodge, No. 1542, recently organized a Past Exalted Rulers Association of the Panama Canal Zone. Formation of the body took place at a luncheon at the Century Club. Officers chosen were Richard M. Davies, Panama Canal Zone Lodge, President; Arthur W. Goulet, of Cristobal Lodge, Vice-President;

Thomas A. Leathley, of Cristobal Lodge, Secretary; and Charles F. Magee, of Panama Canal Zone Lodge, Treasurer. Under the provisions of the Association's constitution, it may elect to honorary membership Past Exalted Rulers of Lodges outside the Zone. At its first meeting, the organization conferred honorary membership upon Past Grand Exalted Rulers William M. Abbott, who granted the dispensation for No. 1414; Joseph T. Fanning, John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, W. W. Mountain and Murray Hulbert; Past Grand Treasurers Charles A. White and Lloyd Maxwell; and Charles S. Hart, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

Providence, R. I., Elks Mourn Loss of Secretary Callender

Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14, suffered a severe loss a short time ago when Harry Walton Callender, the oldest member in point of affiliation with the Lodge, and its Secretary for the last thirty-five years, died. Mr. Callender was initiated in 1888, and was chosen Secretary in 1897. His body lay in state in the Lodge room for an entire day after his death; and the funeral ceremonies of the Order were conducted there before the family services were held. Committal rites were exemplified at the grave, at Rumford, by officers of the Lodge. Many members of No. 14 made up the funeral cortege from Providence to the place of burial.

"Railroaders' Night" Is Held at the Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge

Original in conception and enjoyable in fact was "Railroaders' Night," an event arranged a short time ago at the Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge, No. 1328. The occasion was in honor of Elks employed by the several railroad systems in California. By means of a special

stage setting, the officers of the Lodge arrived upon the replica of a moving train; and during the session Exalted Ruler Bryson D. McGill presided from the observation platform. Two hundred attended.

Portland, Me., Elks' Plans Point To Active Winter Season

Among the social projects of Portland, Me., Lodge, No. 188, for the coming winter is a weekly event comprising a dinner and entertainment. Interest in the establishment of these regular affairs points to their pronounced success. Other plans of the Lodge for the immediate future include a charity performance at a theatre in Portland, to which admission fees will be in the form of foodstuffs, for distribution among the needy; and an Elks Show for the public, to earn money for Christmas relief.

Ilion, N. Y., Lodge Is the First Visited by District Deputy

Fifty Elks from neighboring Lodges joined with 250 members of Ilion, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1444, when it received a short time ago District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Samuel D. Matthews, making the first official visit of his term. The gathering, hearing through Mr. Matthews an inspiring message from Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, included many Elks of unusual prominence. Of particular note were Grand Tiler Henry Schocke, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Grover C. Ingersoll, E. B. Manion and C. T. Lanigan; and Vice-President William Maxon, of the New York State Elks Association. The assemblage, after attending a dinner in honor of the District Deputy, witnessed the initiation of a class of eight candidates at the session of the Lodge. A feature of this event was a splendid exhibition by the Drill Team of Saratoga Lodge, No. 161. A delegation of thirty other members accompanied the team to Ilion Lodge.

Old-Timers' Night at Tucson, Ariz., Lodge Draws Many

Seventeen States, comprising forty-four Lodges elsewhere than in Arizona, as well as many within its boundaries, were represented recently at the annual Old Timers' Night of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge, No. 385. This celebration is observed yearly by the Lodge in honor of its Charter Members. These are Past Exalted Rulers E. J. Trippell, senior in rank; and Vic E. Hanney; and Mose Drachman, Judge Charles Blenman, and Charles T. Carnell. Festivities began with a reception in the afternoon. Early in the evening a dinner was held at the Woman's Club. At this the Honorable



The unique setting for "Railroaders' Night," an event of unusual interest held not long ago at the Home of Alhambra, Calif., Lodge. Two hundred Elks took part in the festivities which marked the occasion.

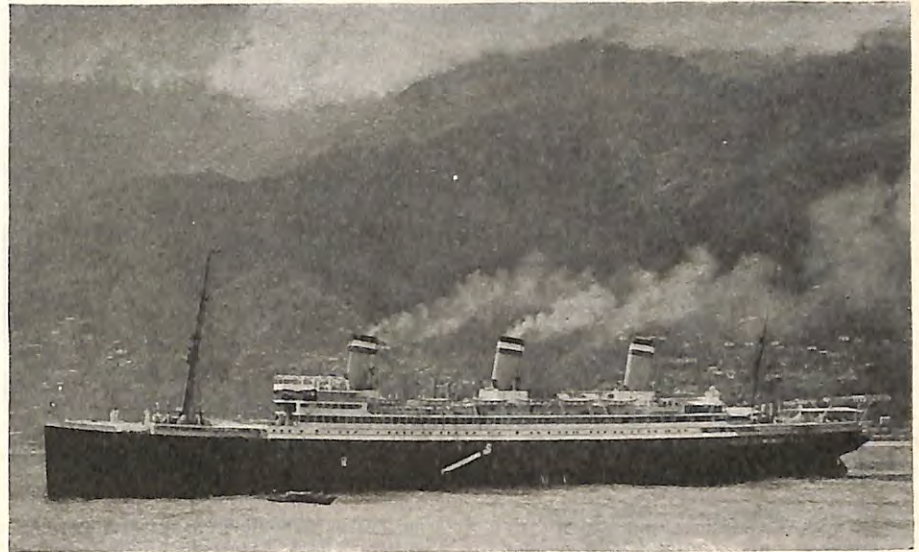
John D. Wright, former United States District Attorney for Arizona, whose father was a Charter Member of No. 385, acted as Toastmaster. Speeches by each of the Charter Members present; and a lavish program of entertainment added to the pleasure of the occasion. At the conclusion of the banquet, the gathering repaired to the Lodge Home, where further diversion awaited it. Past Exalted Ruler Jacob Gunst was Chairman of the Committee in charge of the entire affair.

4,000 at Charity Ball Given By Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge

Attracted by a number of stars of the radio and the musical comedy stage, 4,000 persons recently attended the annual charity ball of Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, presented in the State Armory. With the receipts from this affair Exalted Ruler David F. Condon and James Herald, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, estimated that the Lodge would be able to purchase clothing for 2,000 persons in want. Celebrities who contributed their abilities to the entertainment included Bill Robinson, Cab Calloway and his orchestra, Hal LeRoy, Jack White, and the Keller Sisters and Lynch.

Elks Cruise to the West Indies Presents Enticing Prospects

Saturday, January 28th, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, together with many other eminent members of the Order, will embark at New York for a seventeen-day cruise to the Caribbean and nearby Central American ports on board the S.S. *Reliance*, crack vessel of the Hamburg-American Line. This is an Elk party and as such provides many distinctive features unknown on the average cruise, among which will be official visits to Panama Canal Zone Lodge, No. 1414, and Cristobal Lodge, No. 1542, and a special stop-over at Puerto Rico for the purpose of dedicating the new Home of San Juan Lodge, No. 072. In this five-thousand-mile journey, practically every port of interest adjacent to these waters will be visited. Here Elks will see the haunts of the historic Captain Kidd, Blackbeard, Teach and Morgan, for this is the Spanish Main which for centuries was the battle-ground of the buccaneers; an area of blood and gold over which the faint perfume of cannon smoke still seems to linger. On shore, at ports scheduled to be visited, are many remaining relics of those storied times. The first stop of the cruise is at Puerto Rico, Wednesday morning, February 1st. Here, the travelers will be greeted by members of San



The ship that will carry Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson and many other Elks to the West Indies in February; the swift and palatial Hamburg-American liner "Reliance" as she appears against the mountains surrounding one of the Caribbean harbors. The trip, beginning and ending in New York, will be one of seventeen days

Juan Lodge, who are planning an elaborate entertainment to commemorate the dedication of their new Home. The *Reliance* will remain here for a full day and then proceed to Venezuela, arriving at La Guayra, the main port of entry to Caracas, capital of that country, Friday, February 3rd. Another full day of sight-seeing is calendared. From here, the Elks cruise ship goes on to Curacao, an important port of the Dutch West Indies. Curious customs, many of which are hold-overs from historic times, are still to be seen, in this, one of the very few possessions of the Dutch in the Western Hemisphere. The *Reliance* sails from this port the afternoon of Saturday, February 4th, and will arrive at Colon, Panama, the morning of Monday, February 6th. Ample opportunity will be afforded to inspect the Canal and to visit the many interesting places of Old Panama. In addition, the Elks of the cruise will be welcomed by a united delegation of officers and members of the two Canal Zone Lodges. A pleasant sail to Kingston, Jamaica; and then on to Havana, arriving there the afternoon of Friday, February 10th. By a fortunate arrangement of schedule, the Elks party visits Havana at the height of the festive season. The *Reliance* will remain here for two days, sailing on Sunday, the 12th, to reach New

York, Wednesday, February 15th. Experienced travelers know the difference between boats designed for northern cruising and those which are built for sailing tropic seas. The S.S. *Reliance* is a southern-seas boat and as such provides the necessary high-ceilinged staterooms and other important features conducive to comfort when the thermometer runs high. A program of entertainment is scheduled throughout the cruise, and the many features such as an open-air tiled swimming pool, game-deck, card-rooms and library assure a most pleasant seventeen days for the Elks. The cuisine is in accordance with the high standard which prevails for all Hamburg-American boats. Information in detail, illustrated folders with price lists together with reservations for accommodations may be obtained by writing to the Travel Department of THE ELKS MAGAZINE at No. 50 East Forty-second Street, New York, N. Y.

Red Bluff, Calif., Elks Hosts To Visitors at Buck Feed

Two hundred Elks, including members of Red Bluff, Calif., Lodge, No. 1250, and guests from many other Lodges, gathered a short time ago at the annual Buck Feed at the Lodge Home. Exalted Ruler George A. Wilkins extended welcome to the visitors and Fred A. Ellenwood acted as Toastmaster at the dinner. Represented among the members of the Order present, besides Red Bluff Lodge, were Ashland Lodge, No. 944, and Roseburg Lodge, No. 326, of Oregon; Douglas Lodge, No. 955, of Arizona; Skagway Lodge, No. 431, of Alaska; and San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, Chico Lodge, No. 423, Oroville Lodge, No. 1484, and Redding Lodge, No. 1073, of California. Special guests at the affair were the Arizona Wranglers.

Member of El Paso, Tex., Lodge, Blind, Invents Useful Device

One of the most inspiring examples of fortitude and resource in adversity that recently has come to notice is that of Ralph D. Carson, a member of El Paso, Texas, Lodge, No. 187, who a few years ago, in the prime of life and at the outset of a career with every promise of success, was blinded. An engineer by profession, having been graduated from Purdue University in 1909, Mr. Carson, after service in the Army during the war, lost his sight through an accident nearly three years ago. Although he was ready to face the unknown future with resolution, he was for a long while at a loss as to what to do to earn his livelihood. But not long ago his learning of the Braille



The Degree Team of Union City, Ind., pronounced State Champions at the recent convention of the Indiana State Elks Association, and awarded the trophy donated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph T. Fanning, in token of their victory



The float that won first prize in the spectacular street parade at the Pennsylvania State Elks Association convention this year. It was the entry of Mt. Pleasant Lodge

system suggested an invention: the marking of laundry and outer clothing for the blind by means of rubber tabs with raised Braille characters upon them. These, washable, flexible, easily attached, enable any person without sight to identify the color and nature of any garment by touch. So successfully has the device been received that Mr. Carson now is contemplating plans to extend the use of rubber to the binding of books for the blind and even to pages for them, for the substance affords a more permanent basis than does paper.

Veterans Give Oak Park, Ill., Lodge Portrait of Pershing

At a gathering at the Lodge Home marked by unusual patriotic enthusiasm, the Colonel H. R. Brinkerhoff Post, No. 105, of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, presented recently to Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, a splendid portrait of General John J. Pershing. The event followed a street parade of spectacular and stirring character. Assembling at the G. A. R. Hall, the veterans early in the evening formed in ranks and, with torches of red fire and to the music of the Illinois Naval Reserve Band, and of the Boy Scout Drum and Bugle Corps sponsored by Western Suburban Post, No. 1485, of Cicero, marched to the Lodge Home. Ceremonies of unveiling the portrait and of presentation followed. Henry A. Coen, Past Department Commander of the State of Illinois, made the address of presentation. An informal social period, during which a buffet supper was served, ensued.

Cumberland, Md., Lodge Christmas Fund Committee Makes Appeal

To emphasize the appeal of Cumberland, Md., Lodge, No. 63, to its members for contributions to the Christmas fund, the committee in charge has affixed to each circular a new penny. At the top of the four-page printed leaflet is the title, "The Great American Penny" and below this is the bright coin itself. Upon the main body of the page is a paragraph which reads, in part: "The return of this penny, with your contribution will not only feed at least one hungry American family on Christmas Day, but also bring to you more real joy and happiness than all the pennies that were ever coined could purchase." An envelope, addressed to the Chairman of the committee, Past Exalted Ruler B. J. Shelton, is included.

San Bernardino, Calif., Elks Act to Devise Plan for Winter Relief

San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836, assumed a leading part recently in the efforts of municipal and civic authorities to unify activities for the relief of the distressed during the present winter. Upon the invitation of Exalted Ruler Ed. P. Doyle, heads of the several fraternal, welfare and charitable organizations of San Bernardino met at the Lodge Home to

consider a plan, devised by Mr. Doyle and Secretary Jack Hosfield, whereby they all might contribute a fixed sum monthly to the city's emergency relief fund. This arrangement followed a plea for practical and concerted support by R. H. Mack, Secretary of the San Bernardino Chamber of Commerce.

Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge Life Member Reports Loss of Card

H. P. Wendt, of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99, has reported to the Magazine the loss of his life membership card, No. 647, and requested that it ask any reader who may find the card to return it to its owner. Mr. Wendt's present address is in care of Mrs. Ida Doom, 1964 Grand Concourse, Bronx, New York City. At the time he lost the card he was living at 315 Beach 149th Street, Neponsit, Long Island, N. Y.

Seattle, Wash., Lodge Holds Its Ninth Annual Shut-in Party

Between one hundred and fifty and two hundred helpless cripples, from private homes and from hospitals, were the guests, not long ago, of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, at its ninth annual shut-in party. Brought to the Lodge Home by members of No. 92, the unfortunates were escorted to places in the Lodge room by

the Honor Guard and, after a half-hour concert by the band and orchestra, enjoyed a splendid vaudeville show. Refreshments, including ice cream and cake and candy, were served later; and to each guest a small bouquet of flowers was presented. Arrangements for the affair were made by the Shut-In Committee of the Lodge, under the chairmanship of Quent Williams.

Pekin, Ill., Lodge Bowler Sets Elks Mark Thought to Be a Record

What his fellow members in Pekin, Ill., Lodge, No. 1271, believe to be a new bowling record for an Elk was set a short time ago by James H. White, who bowled three games in tournament with a total of 804 pins, or an average of 268 pins to a game. He made 27 strikes and 6 spares, bowling upon alleys sanctioned by the American Bowling Congress. In the event that any other Lodge has a member with a better record, made under like conditions, to his credit than Mr. White's, the Secretary of No. 1271, Roy S. Preston, urges that he be informed.

Lodge Secretaries Bring About Arrest of Ingenious Impostor

The Secretaries of three widely separated Lodges succeeded recently in causing the arrest of an impostor who, in an unusually ingenious manner, had obtained money from them by fraud. Although the man at present is in custody of the law, facing a Grand Jury indictment for larceny and forgery, and it is unlikely that he will be able soon to repeat his effective deception, Secretary Jesse H. Rubert, of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, No. 395, one of the Lodge officers responsible for the man's capture, has asked that an outline of the procedure be given in the Magazine for the forwarding of other Lodge Secretaries. Essentials to the dishonest scheme are, first, the acquisition, in some manner, of a genuine Elk's card; and second, the striking up of acquaintance with some member of the Order away from his home Lodge. With a card in his possession, the impostor then frequents hotels and, upon seeing anyone wearing the emblem of the Order, introduces himself, displaying the card as identification. This, of course is an act so frequently encountered as to be quite unlikely to arouse the least suspicion. Almost invariably, the man whom the impostor ap-



Seattle, Wash., Lodge's party for shut-ins, given in the Lodge room of the Home. Concerts and vaudeville performances were included in the entertainment. The inset shows one of the audience watching the show by means of a mirror

proaches customarily shows his own; and it is this which gives the impostor the information he seeks: the Elk's name, the name of his Lodge, and his membership card number. The circumstances leading up to his recent arrest disclose the later steps taken. One Thursday, in the Pennsylvania Hotel in New York City, the man approached Gilbert S. Belford, a member of Phillipsburg, N. J., Lodge, introducing himself as E. E. Hines, life member of San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge, No. 836. He was not, of course, Mr. Hines, but he had a card bearing his name. Mr. Hines at the time was in Nebraska. But, during the conversation the man saw Mr. Belford's card and later in the day telegraphed to the Secretary of Mr. Belford's Lodge this message: "Please send Elks Card 596 Elks Club Syracuse, N. Y." Presuming that the card had been lost, Secretary Rubert complied. Four days later, in Phillipsburg, the Secretary received this second telegram: "Jess: Have lost my wallet. Will you OK my check with Secretary Elks Syracuse. Very urgent." To both messages Mr. Belford's name was signed. Of the affair, however, Secretary Rubert was some what suspicious. Investigation was made to determine Mr. Belford's whereabouts; and it was discovered that at the time the telegram purporting to have been sent by him from Syracuse, he was not there, but had already returned to his home. In cooperation with Secretary Miles S. Hencle, of Syracuse Lodge, No. 31, and the police, a trap was set. The impostor signed and presented a check bearing Mr. Belford's name, and was arrested. Upon questioning, he maintained for a while that he was Mr. Hines, but later admitted that he was not. In the course of Mr. Rubert's investigation, Secretary Jack Hosfield, of San Bernardino Lodge, informed him that Mr. Hines was at the time in Nebraska.

"Stray Elks' Night" at Denver, Colo., Lodge Is a Success

Pronounced success rewarded the efforts recently of the members of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, under the energetic leadership of Exalted Ruler Albert E. Sherlock, in behalf of an occasion designed as "Stray Elks' Night." This event was one designed to stimulate the fraternal interest of any members of the Order, regardless of what Lodge they might belong to, who might be in Denver at the time of the celebration. More than a hundred visiting Elks responded to the invitation to enjoy the program of entertainment and the barbecue at the Home of No. 17; and the evening proved memorable for its manifestations of hearty interest in the Order and the pleasure in the features of diversion. Of note among these was the singing of the "Hard Rock Miners' Quartette," of Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316.

Nutley, N. J., Lodge Celebrates Its Twentieth Anniversary

Thirteen of the seventeen Past Exalted Rulers of Nutley, N. J., Lodge, No. 1290, were among the 150 members present recently at the celebration of the Lodge's twentieth anniversary of its institution. Two of the former heads of the Lodge, John M. Mackay, senior Past Exalted Ruler; and Joseph Blum, both of whom are charter members, made addresses of an inspiring character. Notable among the guests upon the memorable occasion were District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Aloysius J. Kaiser, attending unofficially; and Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Frank Strasburger.

Lodge of Antlers, Sponsored by Price, Utah, Lodge, Instituted

By authority of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, a Lodge of Antlers, or junior Elks, was instituted recently under the sponsorship of Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550. This is the second Antlers Lodge to be established in the State. The officers of the Antlers Lodge of

Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85, conducted the ceremonies of institution and of the initiation of forty-four members. Elks of No. 1550 and of No. 85 made short addresses, after the exercises, upon subjects concerning the Antlers and the Elks. After adjournment of the meeting, a buffet supper was served.

Knoxville, Pa., Elks Mourn Loss Of Past Exalted Ruler Heckman

Knoxville, Pa., Lodge, No. 1196, suffered a severe loss recently through the death of Past Exalted Ruler H. J. C. Heckman, one of its most devoted and respected members. This is the first such bereavement to occur among the twenty-three Past Exalted Rulers of the Lodge since the institution of No. 1196, in April, 1910.

Yonkers, N. Y., Elks Arrange Wrestling Bouts for Charity

More than \$500 was earned for charity a short time ago by Yonkers, N. Y., Lodge, No. 707, by means of its arrangement of a program of wrestling bouts. Approximately one thousand persons witnessed the matches. Announcement of these results was made recently by Edward J. Murray, Chairman of the Lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, which had charge of the affair.

Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge Holds "Canned Goods Charity Ball"

For distribution later among the needy of the community, Martinsburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 778, recently accumulated a store of canned foods comprising more than five hundred articles. This was accomplished by the holding of a dance, designated as The Elks' Canned Goods Charity Ball. Admission to this was one or more cans of edibles, and for every one supplied by a guest, the Entertainment Committee, of which Charles V. Sullivan was Chairman, contributed one like it, thus doubling the receipts.

450 Attend Initiation Held by Lancaster, Ohio, Lodge

One of the most prominent of recent fraternal events to take place within the South Central District of Ohio was the initiation celebration held a short time ago by Lancaster Lodge, No. 570. Twenty candidates were inducted at the session which followed a splendid dinner at the Home. The Degree Team of Columbus Lodge, No. 37, conducted the ceremonies of initiation; and the uniformed Patrol of the same Lodge marched at the head of the striking street parade which preceded the meeting. Unusual interest was given the events of the evening by the excellent performance of the Elks Band of Newark Lodge, No. 391. The attendance at the celebration was placed at 450.

District Deputy Cook Visits Osawatomie, Kans., Lodge

Upon the occasion of his official visit to Osawatomie, Kans., Lodge, No. 921, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler H. D. Cook delivered an inspiring address, before the large gathering of members assembled to welcome him, upon the spirit and objectives of the Order. After the termination of the Lodge meeting, a buffet supper was given in the rathskeller of the Home. More than fifty members of No. 921 were present to greet Mr. Cook.

Past District Deputy J. K. Kent, Of Arizona, Is Dead

Through the death of their senior Past Exalted Ruler, John Knox Kent, the members of Miami, Ariz., Lodge, No. 1410, as well as those of other Lodges of the State, and their fellow citizens outside the Order, recently suffered a severe bereavement. In the fraternal and civic life of Miami, and in official circles of Arizona, Mr. Kent was extensively and

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.

affectionately known for many years. Besides his record of activity as an Elk, comprising not only the leadership of his Lodge but also occupancy of the office of District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler for Arizona, South, Mr. Kent was prominent in the enterprises of the Rotary Club and served as a member of the State Legislature for two years, in 1924 and 1925. To Mrs. Kent, when he heard of her husband's death, Governor George Wiley Paul sent this message of tribute: "His record in our Legislature was very commendable, and his was a useful life; and our State suffers a distinct loss in his untimely passing." Mr. Kent, born in Nova Scotia, was fifty-six years old when he died. At both the church services and those at the grave, the officers of Miami Lodge conducted ceremonies according to the ritual of the Order. Members of Pinal Mountain Lodge, No. 11, of the Knights of Pythias, to which Mr. Kent belonged, acted as pallbearers. Dr. Harvey Taylor, of Gila College, delivered the address of eulogy. Burial was in the Elks plot in Pinal Cemetery, on the Globe-Miami highway.

Past District Deputy Newton's Wife Is Chosen Emblem Club Head

Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Carlton A. Newton was among those present recently at a reception given in honor of his wife, Mrs. Henry Newton, at Dover, N. H., after her election to the office of Supreme President of the Emblem Club. Hosts upon the occasion were the members of the Emblem Club associated with Dover Lodge, No. 184. One of the representatives of the Lodge at the affair was Exalted Ruler Leo Carroll.

Lodges of South Carolina Hold "Old Clothes Weeks"

Acting upon the suggestion of J. Randolph Little, President of the South Carolina State Elks Association, the Lodges of that State recently set aside three weeks of a month as "Old Clothes Weeks." Upon certain one of the seven days of each of these periods, members of the several South Carolinian Lodges were asked to bring any garments they could afford to give away, to the Lodge Homes. Other times were set aside for the distribution of the wearing apparel to the needy.

Boy Scouts, Sea Scouts of Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, Again Honored

Recently and for the second consecutive year, Boy Scout Troop No. 5 and Sea Scout Troop No. 105, both of which are sponsored by Hibbing, Minn., Lodge, No. 1022, were given the honor of leading the marching units of Boy

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California

THE presence of Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, together with several other present and former Grand Lodge officers and committeemen, and delegations from virtually every subordinate Lodge in the State was a feature of the recent eighteenth annual convention of the California State Elks Association. The event took place at San José, with Lodge No. 522 of that city acting as host to the visitors. Submission and approval of committee reports and the conduct of memorial services under the direction of Past President Howard B. Kirtland, occupied the greater measure of attention at the opening session, called to order by President F. E. Dayton on the first day of the gathering. Upon its adjournment, official business gave way for the day to a round of entertainment for the delegates and the ladies of their families. This, as well as an informal dance at the Lodge Home in the evening, was arranged by the membership of the host Lodge. The second formal meeting, held the following morning, was devoted extensively to consideration of the Big Brother movement among Elks; and the activities of Lodges of Antlers, or junior Elks. In connection with this subject, C. Fenton Nichols, Antlers Counsellor of the Grand Lodge, reported upon the progress of the Antlers in California. Subsequently the Lodge of Antlers sponsored by Mr. Nichols's Lodge, San Francisco Lodge, No. 3, presented an exemplification of their ritual before the assemblage of Elks. This included the holding of a meeting and the initiation of a candidate. After luncheon, the ladies attending the convention had the pleasure of a motor trip through San José and the country nearby, and later of attending a reception in their honor at the San José Country Club. A second entertainment of note was the annual "High Jinks" of the State Glee Clubs. This preceded the annual Grand Ball of the convention, an affair which Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson arrived in time to attend. Judge Thompson had been met by a distinguished delegation of Elks in San Francisco earlier in the day and driven by motor to San José by Amos O. Williams, of No. 522. Among those to welcome the chief executive of the Order in the northern Californian metropolis were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott, Justice Michael F. Shannon, of the Grand Forum; John J. Lermen, member of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee; Dr. Ralph Hagan, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees; and David E. Thompson, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, a brother of the Grand Exalted Ruler's. The convention welcomed Judge Thompson officially at the morning session upon the third day. At this meeting he addressed a gathering of five hundred members of the Order. A second stimulating speech given at this meeting was that of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott. The election of officers followed. Horace H. Quinby, of Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328, was chosen President; Harry W. Horton, of El Centro Lodge, No. 1325, Vice-President for the Southern District; R. W. Burson, of Ventura Lodge, No. 1430, Vice-President for the South Central District; J. Thomas Crowe, of Tulare Lodge, No. 1424, Vice-President for the East Central District;



The Drum and Bugle Corps of Long Beach Lodge, winners of first place in the contest held recently at the convention of the California State Elks Association

News of the State Associations

Lloyd A. Foster, of Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 824, Vice-President for the West Central District; Edgar W. Dale, of Richmond Lodge, No. 1251, Vice-President for the Bay District; W. K. Palmer, of Oroville Lodge, No. 1484, Vice-President for the Northern District; Richard C. Benbough, of San Diego Lodge, No. 168, Secretary; C. W. Haub, of Sacramento Lodge, No. 6, Treasurer; the Reverend H. H. Powell, of Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002, Chaplain; Thomas Abbott, of Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99, Tiler; C. P. Hebenstreit, of Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415, Sergeant-at-arms; and, as Trustees, C. C. DeMarius, of Chico Lodge, No. 423, for the Northern District; Harry Bartell, of Alameda Lodge, No. 1015, for the Bay District; J. Emmett McNamara, of Merced Lodge, No. 1240, for the East Central District; George M. Smith, of San Jose Lodge, for the West Central District; Clarence A. Kaighin, of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, for the South Central District; and M. R. Standish (Chairman), of San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836, for the Southern District. Long Beach was chosen as the place of the 1933 convention. All officers of the Association, together with the District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers of both California and Nevada, were among those to attend the regional conference called in the afternoon by Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson for representatives of those two States. Speakers during this meeting, in addition to Judge Thompson, were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott, Justice of the Grand Forum Shannon, Antlers Counsellor Nichols, Mr. Lermen and Clarence A. Kaighin, member of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee. The list of those present comprised Past Grand Esquire John J. Doyle, Dr. Hagan, Albert D. Pearce, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee; District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Hugh H. Donovan, Elmer Dowdy, Hal E. Willis, Newton M. Todd, Thomas L. McFadden, and Bellwood C. Hawkins, of California; and Charles Goodrich, of Nevada; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Fred H. Heiken, E. C. Nieme, C. P. Wright and Albert S. Reedy; and both retiring and newly elected officers of the California State Elks Association. By their officers, there were represented the following Lodges of California: Ventura Lodge, No. 1430; Inglewood Lodge, No. 1492; Burbank Lodge, No. 1497; San Fernando Lodge, No. 1539; Compton Lodge, No. 1570; Fresno Lodge, No. 439; Merced Lodge, No. 1240;

Hanford Lodge, No. 1259; Modesto Lodge, No. 1282; Tulare Lodge, No. 1424; Taft Lodge, No. 1527; Sonora Lodge, No. 1587; Gilroy Lodge, No. 1567; San Luis Obispo Lodge, No. 322; Hollister Lodge, No. 1436; Palo Alto Lodge, No. 1471; San Francisco Lodge, No. 3; Oakland Lodge, No. 171; Vallejo Lodge, No. 559; Santa Rosa Lodge, No. 646; Eureka Lodge No. 652; Petaluma Lodge, No. 901; Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002; Alameda Lodge, No. 1015; San Rafael Lodge, No. 1108; San Mateo Lodge, No. 1112; Richmond Lodge, No. 1251; Pittsburg Lodge, No. 1474; San Diego Lodge, No. 168; Santa Ana Lodge, No. 794; San Bernardino Lodge, No. 836; El Centro Lodge, No. 1325; Anaheim Lodge, No. 1345; Sacramento Lodge, No. 6; Stockton Lodge, No. 218; Redding Lodge, No. 1073; Red Bluff Lodge, No. 1250; Woodland Lodge, No. 1299; Oroville Lodge, No. 1484; Los Angeles Lodge, No. 99; Santa Barbara Lodge, 613; San José Lodge, No. 522; Salinas Lodge, No. 614; Santa Cruz Lodge, No. 824; Monterey Lodge, No. 1285; Watsonville Lodge, No. 1300; Pasadena Lodge, No. 672; Long Beach Lodge, No. 888; San Pedro Lodge, No. 966; Whittier Lodge, No. 1258; Glendale Lodge, No. 1289; Alhambra Lodge, No. 1328; Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; and Monrovia Lodge, No. 1427. Past Presidents of the Association attending, with the exception of those already mentioned as active or former Grand Lodge officers or committee members, were James M. Shanly, Richard C. Benbough, Howard B. Kirtland, Mifflin G. Potts and Fred B. Mellmann. Activities at the convention, besides the official concerns of the Association's sessions and Judge Thompson's regional conference, comprised a number of fraternal and other contests. These resulted as follows: Ritualistic Contest—El Centro Lodge, No. 1325, first, with a score of 98.915; San Pedro Lodge, No. 966, second, with a score of 98.723; and Berkeley Lodge, No. 1002, third, with a score of 97.554; Bowling—won by Salinas Lodge, No. 614; Baseball—won by Alameda Lodge, No. 1015; Drill Team—won by Huntington Park Lodge, No. 1415; Drum and Bugle Corps—won by Long Beach Lodge, No. 888; Golf—won by San José Lodge, No. 522; Parade—won by Long Beach Lodge, No. 888; and Trapshoot, five-man team, won by San José Lodge, No. 522; two-man team, won by Monterey Lodge, No. 1285.

West Virginia

WITH one exception, the West Virginia State Elks Association, at its annual convention, recently reelected all its officers for the term of a year. The exception was Second Vice-President, North, S. B. Haffner, who asked that he not be chosen to serve again because of the possibility that his duties as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, an office to which he was appointed this year, might impair his ability to give due attention to the affairs of the Association. In his stead, the delegates to the convention named Colonel Charles C. Robison, of Morgantown Lodge, No. 411. The other officers elected were Judge John F. Brown, of Elkins Lodge, No. 1135, President; Patrick J. McGuire, of Wellsburg Lodge, No. 1553, First Vice-President, (Continued on page 46)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

OCTOBER saw the completion by Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson of a series of fourteen regional conferences. These gave opportunity for his discussion of the affairs of the Order with present and former Grand Lodge officers, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers, and officers of State Elks Associations and of subordinate Lodges. One evidence of how extensive was the establishment of contact between Judge Thompson and the authorities of the fraternity is found in the fact that through these conferences he was able to meet personally every District Deputy and more than two thousand officers of subordinate Lodges. Summarizing the impression he had gained from participation in the gatherings, the Grand Exalted Ruler said, "I find the Order in a healthy condition and the morale of its members high."

Wherever circumstance permitted, Judge Thompson added to his attendance of regional meetings, official visitations to individual Lodges. First of these calls during October was one upon the membership of Denver, Colo., Lodge, No. 17, upon the eighth of the month. When he arrived in the city at noon a delegation of distinguished Elks greeted him at the station, with a band and a display of banners to add spirit and color to the occasion. Of note among those to welcome him were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, Justice of the Grand Forum Wilbur M. Alter, T. F. Morrissey, President of the Colorado State Elks Association; Exalted Ruler Albert E. Sherlock, of Denver Lodge; Mayor G. D. Begole, Chief of Police A. T. Clark, Fire Chief J. F. Healy, District Attorney Earl Wettangel; and a special committee comprising Past Exalted Ruler J. P. O'Connell, George McLachlan, J. T. Doyle, Z. D. Havens, Charles M. Armstrong, Raymond Riede, Felix O'Neill, Joseph T. Russell, Ira L. Quiat, Albert E. Clark, H. R. Williams, and Carl Milliken. These, together with many members of No. 17, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler to the Lodge Home for a reception. In the afternoon he had the pleasure drive to Mount Lookout, to visit the grave of Buffalo Bill. In the evening Judge Thompson addressed an assemblage of four hundred Elks in the Lodge room of No. 17. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen presided at the meeting.

The following day, October 9, a regional conference took place at the Home of Denver Lodge. The gathering included representative

Judge Thompson Ends His Series of Regional Conferences



During the Oklahoma State Elks Association convention, Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson was adopted by the Osage Indian tribe, and given the name of Opah-tun-kah, or Big Elk. The photograph shows Judge Thompson in the regalia presented to him upon the occasion

Elks of Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona. With them the Grand Exalted Ruler considered plans for the rehabilitation of Lodges requiring the application of special effort. An additional topic was that of steps to strengthen inter-Lodge relationships, through the medium of a more frequent exchange of fraternal visits. The conference included both morning and afternoon sessions. Among those present at the forenoon meeting were Grand Inner Guard Edward G. Hadley, Grand Justice Alter, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler A. R. Kleindienst and

R. M. Cousar, of Arizona; J. W. Bonem, of New Mexico; F. J. Busch, O. J. Fisher, B. Malcolm Erickson and J. H. McDevitt, of Colorado; D. T. Lane, of Utah; and E. L. Knight, of Wyoming; and President Morrissey, Vice-President Robert O. Haywood, Secretary Pat Hurley and Treasurer W. R. Patterson, of the Colorado State Elks Association. When the gathering reassembled after luncheon, the attendance was augmented by the presence of Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Byron Albert, Milton L. Anfenger, Fred W. Merriam, Chester B. Horn, George G. Bromley, Henry J. Stahl, L. J. Rachofsky and R. C. Todd, together with one hundred representatives of Rawlins Lodge, No. 609, Cheyenne Lodge, No. 660, and Greybull Lodge, No. 1431; of Wyoming; Ogden Lodge, No. 719, of Utah, Phoenix Lodge, No. 335, and Tucson Lodge, No. 385, of Arizona; Las Vegas Lodge, No. 408, of New Mexico; and Denver Lodge, No. 17; Colorado Springs Lodge, No. 309; Cripple Creek Lodge, No. 316; Victor Lodge, No. 367; Central City Lodge, No. 557; Idaho Springs Lodge, No. 607; Canon City Lodge, No. 610; Florence Lodge, No. 611; Craig Lodge, No. 1577; Leadville Lodge, No. 236; Pueblo Lodge, No. 90; Trinidad Lodge, No. 181; Salida Lodge, No. 808; Walsenburg Lodge, No. 1086; Rocky Ford Lodge, No. 1147; Alamosa Lodge, No. 1297; Lamar Lodge, No. 1319; Boulder Lodge, No. 566; Fort Collins Lodge, No. 804; Greeley Lodge, No. 809; Loveland Lodge, No. 1051; Longmont Lodge, No. 1055; Sterling Lodge, No. 1336, and Brighton Lodge, No. 1586. Speakers at this session were Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Coen, Grand Justice Alter and Grand Inner Guard Hadley.

Journeying into Montana, October 10, Judge Thompson found opportunity between trains to call upon the membership of Billings Lodge, No. 394, in that State. When he arrived in the evening, he was welcomed at the station by a delegation including Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers Charles T. Trott, Charles J. Carroll, J. Henry Nibbe and George S. Smith; and Exalted Ruler Everett M. Baker, Past Exalted Ruler R. G. Wickstrom and Esteemed Leading Knight R. G. Griffin, of No. 394. At a dinner in his honor, at the Persian Gardens, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a group of one hundred Elks. At this Exalted

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Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson and Elks of Washington and Oregon (below) at the regional conference held not long ago at Longview, under the auspices of Lodge No. 1514. The event was of such proportions as to attract State-wide notice



The banquet in honor of Judge Thompson in Richmond, Virginia, in the course of his regional conference with the members of the Order of that State and of West Virginia, Delaware, North Carolina and the District of Columbia



Lodge	Members Gained	Percentage Gained	Lodge	Members Gained	Percentage Gained	Lodge	Members Gained	Percentage Gained
Concord, Mass.	8	6	Fort Wayne, Ind.	37	4	Schenectady, N. Y.	34	3
Dallas, Tex.	53	6	Greenville, Ohio	9	4	Sedalia, Mo.	8	3
Gloversville, N. Y.	42	6	Hartford, Vt.	6	4	Tacoma, Wash.	58	3
Goshen, Ind.	12	6	Hempstead, N. Y.	43	4	Twin Falls, Ida.	17	3
Hyannis, Mass.	10	5	Klamath Falls, Ore.	22	4	Wenatchee, Wash.	25	3
Ilion, N. Y.	23	6	Logansport, Ind.	27	4	Atlanta, Ga.	20	2
Lawrenceville, Ill.	10	6	Long Beach, Calif.	101	4	Bradford, Pa.	10	2
Liberty, N. Y.	15	6	Memphis, Tenn.	50	4	Brattleboro, Vt.	5	2
Marion, O.	28	6	Meriden, Conn.	22	4	Buffalo, N. Y.	50	2
McKees Rocks, Pa.	10	6	Miami, Fla.	22	4	Canton, Ohio	13	2
Miles City, Mont.	18	6	McAlester, Okla.	6	3	Cheyenne, Wyo.	14	2
New Kensington, Pa.	26	6	New York, N. Y.	189	4	Columbia, Tenn.	3	2
Ogdensburg, N. Y.	31	6	Niagara Falls, N. Y.	36	4	Eau Claire, Wis.	4	2
Oriando, Fla.	17	6	Oscalooza, Ia.	10	4	Fairbanks, Alaska	5	2
Philadelphia, Pa.	228	6	Pittsburg, Kans.	18	4	Fort Collins, Colo.	9	2
Revere, Mass.	58	6	Portage, Wis.	11	4	Galena, Ill.	4	2
Rhineland, Wis.	16	6	Redondo Beach, Calif.	23	4	Frankfort, Ky.	4	2
San Juan, P. R.	16	6	Richmond, Va.	27	4	Gardner, Mass.	3	2
Saranac Lake, N. Y.	27	6	San Pedro, Calif.	49	4	Goodland, Kans.	5	2
Tucson, Ariz.	42	6	Sharon, Pa.	17	4	Hartford City, Ind.	4	2
Wellsville, O.	9	6	Sheboygan, Wis.	13	4	Hoboken, N. J.	35	2
West Haven, Conn.	29	6	Sidney, O.	10	4	Hollister, Calif.	6	2
Williamson, W. Va.	10	6	Three Rivers, Mich.	7	4	Hoosick Falls, N. Y.	9	2
Akron, O.	25	5	Toledo, Ohio	76	4	Houlton, Me.	4	2
Asbury Park, N. J.	54	5	Troy, N. Y.	36	4	Inglewood, Calif.	8	2
Bay City, Mich.	50	5	Wabash, Ind.	9	4	Jersey City, N. J.	91	2
Brooklyn, N. Y.	728	5	Wellsville, N. Y.	14	4	Johnsonburg, Pa.	3	2
Brawley, Calif.	15	5	Wilksburg, Pa.	19	4	Kalispell, Mont.	8	2
Catskill, N. Y.	24	5	Woonsocket, R. I.	23	4	Kittanning, Pa.	8	2
Charleston, S. C.	30	5	Yazoo City, Miss.	4	4	Lakewood, N. J.	10	2
Cocoa, Fla.	9	5	Bakersfield, Calif.	31	3	Laramie, Wyo.	8	2
CConnellsville, Pa.	16	5	Altoona, Pa.	17	3	La Porte, Ind.	8	2
De Land, Fla.	14	5	Biloxi, Miss.	5	3	Lawrence, Kans.	7	2
De Soto, Mo.	6	5	Carbondale, Ill.	6	3	Leadville, Colo.	7	2
El Paso, Tex.	37	5	Chambersburg, Pa.	5	3	Middleboro, Mass.	13	2
Estherville, Ia.	11	5	Champaign, Ill.	14	3	Monrovia, Calif.	6	2
Grand Rapids, Mich.	101	5	Chattanooga, Tenn.	15	3	Napoleon, Ohio	5	2
Greenville, Pa.	12	5	Cynthiana, Ky.	4	3	Ogden, Utah	16	2
Greybull, Wyo.	15	5	De Land, Fla.	7	3	Patchogue, N. Y.	22	2
Hibbing, Minn.	20	5	Dover, N. J.	17	3	Port Jervis, N. Y.	13	2
Jonesboro, Ark.	8	5	Elizabeth, N. J.	69	3	Providence, R. I.	54	2
Lancaster, Pa.	38	5	Elmhurst, Ill.	8	3	Rochester, N. Y.	92	2
Malone, N. Y.	31	5	Evansville, Ind.	13	3	Rochester, Pa.	6	2
Martins Ferry, O.	10	5	Fall River, Mass.	35	3	St. Albans, Vt.	1	2
Newburgh, N. Y.	40	5	Galveston, Tex.	13	3	Salinas, Calif.	9	2
Phoenix, Ariz.	45	5	Geneva, N. Y.	12	3	Sapulpa, Okla.	4	2
Portland, Ind.	7	5	Glendale, Calif.	37	3	Syracuse, N. Y.	34	2
Pulaski, Va.	16	5	Glen Falls, N. Y.	33	3	Temple, Tex.	3	2
St. Mary's, Pa.	18	5	Harrisburg, Pa.	36	3	Trinidad, Colo.	7	2
Shenandoah, Pa.	15	5	Houston, Tex.	63	3	Waltham, Mass.	7	2
Sheridan, Wyo.	20	5	Jacksonville, Fla.	7	3	Washington, N. J.	5	2
Sioux City, Iowa	40	5	Janesville, Wis.	8	3	Watertown, Mass.	7	2
Trenton, Tenn.	3	5	Kearny, N. J.	20	3	Albany, N. Y.	24	1
Union City, Ind.	8	5	Madison, Wis.	15	3	Astoria, Ore.	11	1
Waynesboro, Pa.	10	5	Marshalltown, Ia.	10	3	Barre, Vt.	2	1
Whiting, Ind.	15	5	Medford, Mass.	19	3	Bridgeport, Conn.	18	1
Williamsport, Pa.	42	5	Moline, Ill.	19	3	Butler, Pa.	3	1
			Montpelier, Vt.	5	3	Butte, Mont.	13	1
			Muscatine, Ia.	19	3	Caldwell, Ida.	9	1
			New Brunswick, N. J.	35	3	Canon City, Colo.	8	1
			New Philadelphia, O.	9	3	Jackson, Tenn.	7	1
			Newport, R. I.	21	3	Lake City, Fla.	1	1
			Oak Park, Ill.	35	3	Leominster, Mass.	4	1
			Pensacola, Fla.	70	3	Mitchell, S. Dak.	5	1
			Phillipsburg, N. J.	21	3	Oakland, Calif.	27	1
			Port Chester, N. Y.	22	3	Paterson, N. J.	28	1
			Pueblo, Colo.	34	3	Pawtucket, R. I.	15	1
			Quincy, Fla.	4	3	Peekskill, N. Y.	6	1
			Sacramento, Calif.	62	3	Port Townsend, Wash.	5	1
			St. Johnsbury, Vt.	14	3	Queens Borough, N. Y.	74	1
			Salt Lake City, Utah	72	3	Rawlins, Wyo.	5	1
			San Rafael, Calif.	17	3			

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Lodges Gaining Less than Five per cent

Aberdeen, Wash.	38	4
Alamosa, Colo.	16	4
Berkeley, Calif.	30	4
Centralia, Wash.	10	4
Charleston, W. Va.	15	4
Columbus, Miss.	3	4
Columbus, O.	66	4
Corpus Christi, Tex.	14	4
East Orange, N. J.	33	4
Fort Madison, Ia.	18	4
Fort Pierce, Fla.	6	4



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

The Trout Angler's Dream

By C. Winn Jackson

THE early summer time and trout time seem to match and blend into one glamorous season of real sport up in the North regions that many seek for the sport of trout angling. Michigan has many waterways suited to trout fishing and well adapted to the fisher with flies or bait. Once the State was largely a timbered region and the wilder parts of her streams still bear the signs of use as travel ways for the great stands of Michigan pine that were carried to market. We see many of the best and most noted trout waters crowded in places by the log jams which have formed in high-water time and still remain as hiding spots for thousands of large trout. The man of the early day lumbering process never realized that he created a trout named in his honor, the lumberjack trout. Michigan still retains her share of these big boys that any angler of the finny beauty would be proud to take.

Trouting in the northern waters has come to be recognized as a king sport every year by thousands of fishermen from every part of the country. A man's heart is gay and light when fishing. He seems to be concerned with nothing but the flow of the stream, the lure of fish and the old briar pipe that he constantly lights and cherishes. I believe from my connection with the Michigan out-of-doors and with other fishermen that fly-fishing the streams has brought more real spirit of conservation into man's mind than any other one sport. The man who has never cast the early summer fly into a glorious God-given stream or snubbed his fish in the fast waters below his booted foot, has something to live for. There's more in the fishing than just the catch. There are the wilds, the calls of wild birds, the pungent smell of burning pine at the night campfire and the glory of God all about you. As the old

trout fishermen repeat, "God gave us the trout to share in sport."

I would like to take you for a trip up into the wilds of the northern Manistee River or the Boardman in the northern part of Michigan for one of the most exciting trout trips you have ever experienced. Those lumberjack trout are a real bet when it comes to sport. They are sometimes known as Log Jammers, from their habit of frequenting the jams on the rivers.

Come along sometime into the wilds and see what the big boys are doing up in the North woods of Michigan. They are there, and you will feel yourself the thrill of taking three or four of the big boys that wage such splendid battle. Michigan is the home of the big trout and the clear, spring-fed streams that make the real paradise for trout.



At the left is a famous pool on a Michigan trout stream



To the right is the author, all ready to go places

Bridgeport Wins at Connecticut Golf

THE Bridgeport Elks and the Wallingford Elks met on the golf course of the Racebrook Country club, New Haven, last month in the finals for the state championship with Bridgeport the victor. The Bridgeport Elks, with Frank J. Brennan as captain, have gone through the season without losing a match. They defeated Greenwich, Stamford, Norwalk and Milford to meet Naugatuck in the semi-finals and then Wallingford for the championship.

The scores for Bridgeport: F. J. Brennan, captain, 89; C. E. Johnson 81; F. W. Harrison 90; R. M.

Sperry 96; C. E. Wakeman 96; A. J. Pascone 100.

The scores for Wallingford: R. J. Russo, captain, 85; M. T. Downes 91; M. R. Burghoff 93; M. T. Sheehan 93; C. W. Wrinn 95; J. E. McGaughey 103.

Immediately following the match a banquet was held in the dining room of the Racebrook Country club with Roy E. Powers, State President of the Connecticut Elks, as master of ceremonies.

The trophy for the winners was the gift of Charles S. Hart, Business Manager of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, and was presented to the Bridgeport Elks by J. H. Hamilton of Elkdom Outdoors.

Among the honored guests at the banquet were Stephen McDonough, Exalted Ruler of the Bridgeport Lodge of Elks; John F. Downey, Exalted Ruler of the Wallingford Lodge of Elks; Joseph Ivers, Past Exalted Ruler of the Bridgeport Lodge of Elks, who installed the Wallingford Lodge of Elks, and all were heard in talks urging on the friendly competition in sports between the different Lodges.

At a date to be announced later the trophy will be officially presented to the Bridgeport Lodge when it will be placed among the prizes won by Bridgeport.



H. PAGE RANDALL of 242 So. Grand Ave., Pasadena, California, member of Pasadena Lodge, No. 672, has a true fish story now to tell, after his prize catch of a 300-pound Marlin Swordfish on light-weight tackle at Avalon, Catalina Island. Mr. Randall took one hour and fifty minutes to bring the big fellow, pictured above, to gaff, using a nine-thread line with a six-ounce tip. Records show that this fish is the third largest Marlin ever caught in American waters with this type of tackle.

After making this catch, Mr. Randall announced that he will attempt to enter the 3-6 Class at Catalina. This latter classification stipulates a line which breaks at not to exceed 16 lbs.; light tackle specifications allowing a maximum of 26 lbs.

Mr. Randall captured many trophies for his record haul, among them being the Hillman trophy, Adams Medal, Richmond trophy, Streeter memorial button, and the Tuna Club golf medallion.

Mr. Randall is a member of the Tuna Club, having qualified for it in 1930. He has been fishing for about five years and is an enthusiastic sportsman.



W. F. GRIFFITH, member of Clarksburg, W. Va., Lodge, No. 482, won the class C trophy in the World Olympic Games Trapshoot and was the third high man in this shoot, competing with shooters from many parts of the world. Mr. Griffith broke 593 targets out of 600, which certainly is a record for a man over sixty years of age. The trophy that Mr. Griffith won will eventually become the property of Clarksburg Lodge.



LITTLE Kanawha River in West Virginia breaks into Elkdom Outdoors through the good fortune of George O. Albany of Marietta, Ohio, Lodge, No. 477. Mr. Albany caught the string of Black Bass shown above at Dam No. 5, so we will say "More power to you, George."



DR. J. C. SAWYER, Past State President of Indiana, and member of Michigan City, Indiana, Lodge, No. 432, makes a yearly pilgrimage to Hackensack, Minnesota, to fish for musky in Deep Lake. That he knows his musky fishing is shown in the accompanying photograph—the fish being 46 inches in length and weighing 28 lbs.

BELOW is a week-end catch made by Dr. H. B. Frampton and Berrie S. Bell of Fort Dodge, Iowa, Lodge, No. 306, on one of their trips to Big Cut Foot Sioux Lake in Minnesota. The fish are wall-eyed pike and afforded plenty of fun, according to Mr. Bell.



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Cross-Word Puzzle

By William White, Jeffersonville, Ind.

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: Mary M. Hallinan, Campello, Mass.; Louise A. Hein, Elcho, Wis.; Lillian G. Linnehan, Cambridge, Mass.; G. S. Matusz, East Chicago, Ind.; and Alvar T. Noren, Brooklyn, N. Y.

climbs that high—if he ever does—he's gwine resign sudden an' complete."

"But Martial Slade will be up there with him, an' Martial hates him."

"It'd take mo' than hate to make any ordinary man jump fum that high. I know."

"An' you ain't mad that Johnny should git you in bad thisaway?"

"I coul'n't git mad at nothin' Johnny done—an' besides, this wasn't his fault. He was broke an' hongry an' he just got caught—tha's all."

"We's headed fo' the park," announced Grenadine. "What is we gwine do when us gits there?"

"Hmm. . . . I reckon the best thing would be to 'splain that it was all a mistake, an' Johnny was just tryin' to he'p things out. Then I'll give 'em back the money they gave him, an' ev' thing will be all right."

"You is a noble man, Mistuh Dante. I on'y hope us ain't too late."

"I hope so. Step on it, Sister—but don't worry. We could git there ten hours fum now, an' Johnny woul'n't be reflectin' 'bout no dive. Tha's somethin' no amachure coul'n't do less'n somebody knocked him subconscious."

IX

NERVOUS and frightened, quivering with an agony of apprehension, and very weak in the knees Johnny Nack was yet conscious of the gorgeous pageantry of his march from dressing-room to swimming pool.

Crowds lined the route, and they cheered vociferously. The name "Inferno Dante" was on every lip; comely damsels threw kisses; muscular gentlemen waved greetings and wished him luck. One or two laughed at the ill-fitting costume which flapped and dragged behind Johnny's unwilling feet—but their merriment was silenced by impressed brethren.

This was the last glorious moment of public acclaim and popular triumph before the inevitable and awful climax. Johnny fancied that he detected gleams of ghouliness in the eyes of the onlookers, and then he saw a beam of light paw the heavens, outlining the stark shape of the ladder against a star-studded sky. That ladder seemed to stretch endlessly, and Mr. Nack felt an almost uncontrollable impulse to sit down.

"Oh Lawdy!" he told himself—"I never felt so unnecessary in my life."

Martial and Simeon held his arms, propelling him forward. He stood in a daze while Lawyer Evans Chew made an oration to the crowd, spewing forth a flood of laudatory adjectives. Johnny heard the cheers, and found himself nodding. Then he saw Simeon move away to prepare the surface of the pool for his plunge. Martial's grasp was like iron and Mr. Slade's voice filled with mock kindness.

"Now, Mistuh Dante," said the big man—"All you got to do is make yo' dive."

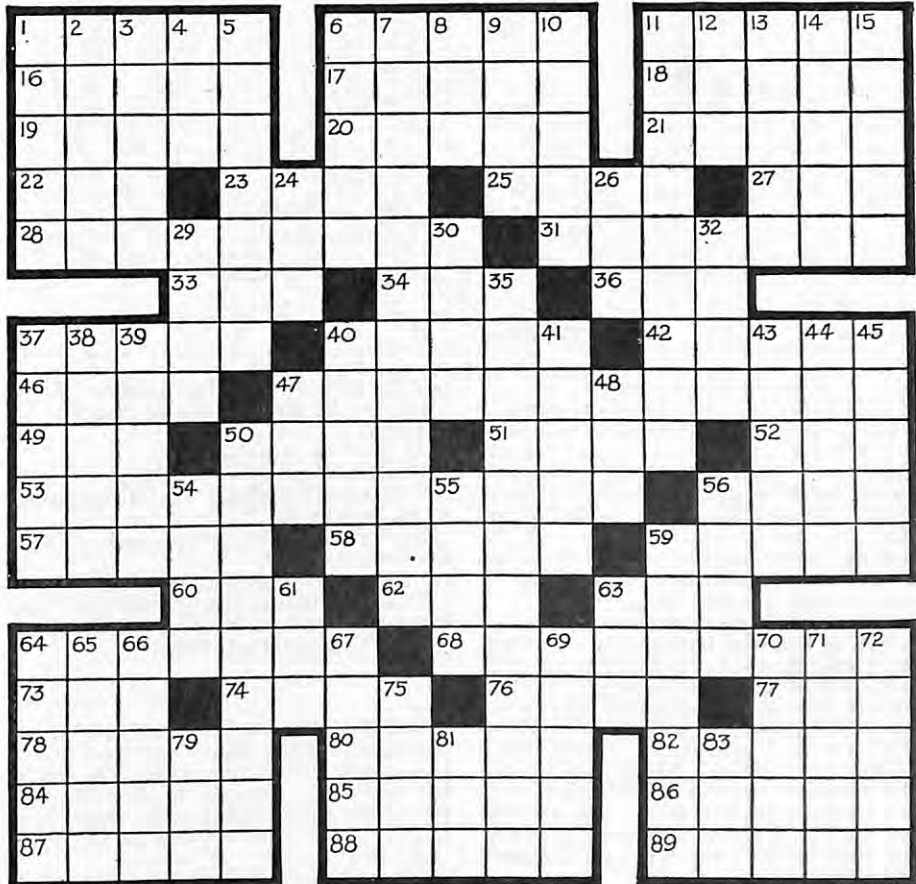
Mr. Nack was trembling. Ill fortune had pursued him relentlessly. Johnny was in a state of coma; he had long since ceased to react. He only knew that he could not and would not jump. He told himself that he would—but knew that he lied. His last ounce of resolve had vanished at the moment of Martial Slade's refusal to let him don the life preserver.

He envisioned the immediate future: his climb up the ladder, the breathless interest of the throng . . . and then the sequel of a bitter and ignominious descent. Then indeed Martial Slade would be revenged, for Johnny would be a ruined man—a hero shorn of his laurels and entirely discredited—a person to be mocked and sneered at . . . and, in all likelihood, a prisoner on charges of fraud and deception.

The ladder was high—horribly high. Straining his eyes upward, Johnny saw something attached to the topmost rung, and he inquired of Martial what it was.

"Just a lily," said Mr. Slade—"Just one lily I bought special fo' this occasion."

(Continued on page 34)



Across

- 1—Executed by single instruments
- 6—Skin on top of the skull
- 11—One who bales
- 16—Asunder
- 17—House for travelers
- 18—Scene of contest
- 19—Embankment to prevent overflow
- 20—A Greek letter
- 21—Utters aloud from print
- 22—Before
- 23—Passionate
- 25—One who vulgarly affects gentility
- 27—Beg
- 28—Taunting
- 31—Accomplished
- 33—Chest containing tables of the law
- 34—Mournful
- 36—Epoch
- 37—Incline
- 40—A species of willow
- 42—Silly
- 46—Anoints
- 47—Liberation from bondage

- 49—Past
- 50—High Turkish official
- 51—Part of the body between rib and hip-bone
- 52—Turf
- 53—Delude
- 56—Besides
- 57—Walk
- 58—Cracks open
- 59—Extricated
- 60—Substance resulting from electrolytic decomposition
- 62—Mineral spring
- 63—Ear
- 64—Came forth
- 68—Helmsman
- 73—A Greek god
- 74—Harvest
- 76—A metal
- 77—A poem anciently intended to be sung
- 78—The great artery
- 80—Interdicted
- 82—Without feet
- 84—A disease of the throat
- 85—Moose
- 86—Flayed
- 87—Cultivation
- 88—Import

- 89—Water pitchers with wide mouths

Down

- 1—Auctions
- 2—Musical drama
- 3—Large wash basin
- 4—Substance containing metal
- 5—Purveyor
- 6—Curt
- 7—Representatives of higher authorities
- 8—Consumed
- 9—Things that support
- 10—A carpenter's tool
- 11—Uncivilized
- 12—Exist
- 13—Smallest
- 14—Clothe
- 15—Destroyed
- 24—Solicit
- 26—Single
- 29—Vessels for holding liquids
- 30—Fratricide
- 32—Insincere talk
- 35—Recitations of selected speeches
- 37—Belle
- 38—Sternness
- 39—Abscond
- 40—Overlooks

- 41—Uproars
- 43—Passageway
- 44—Slip-knot
- 45—Terminated
- 47—Measures of type
- 48—A form of pastry
- 50—Instrument for copying drawings
- 54—Minute measure of degree
- 55—Crowns
- 56—Units of work
- 59—Apparatus for heating
- 61—Born
- 63—A sign of the Zodiac
- 64—Excess of the solar year over the lunar
- 65—An aborigine of New Zealand
- 66—Enlist in a society
- 67—Periods of time
- 69—Eat away
- 70—An American form of elk
- 71—A snake
- 72—Requirements
- 75—Wan
- 79—An exclamation to check rashness
- 81—Prohibitory edict
- 83—The foot of an animal

After you have done the puzzle, check your answers with the solution on page 38

that had you been hurt doin' yo' act, they wouldn't of been libel, but bein' hurt on account of Martial interferin'—the park owes you somethin'. So when they come heah late las' night—I an' Brother Dante explained that you had been injured so bad you woul'n't be able to make no mo' appearances in Bummingham, an' Lawyer Chew wanted to know how much you would assept not to sue them fo' damages."

"Mc take money fum them fo' not divin' no mo'?"

"Tha's it. He brung one hund'ed dollars cash money, an' I tol' him you'd sign the release soon as you got well."

Mr. Nack smiled broadly—"Tha's honey-moon money, Sugar Gal."

"I allowed such. An' us can move away somewhere an' git jobs . . ."

Johnny touched a particularly sore spot on his head.

"Where at did I git this bump, Grenadine? No water woul'n' gimme that."

She held his hand and leaned close. "I knowed that, Johnny. An' I knowed also

somethin' had to be done to keep you fum makin' any mo' leaps. So when I paddled out in the boat to rescue you, I sort of tapped you with the oar."

"You hit me yo'se'ff?"

"Yeh. I hated to, but you had to git injured."

Mr. Nack smiled happily.

"Golla! Sweetness—you think of ev' thing, don't you?"

XIII

MR. MARTIAL SLADE slumped mournfully in a chair near his deserted roller coaster. Everything had gone wrong. Instead of being discredited, Johnny Nack today stood forth as a hero, and there was now no chance of proving that the little man was an impostor, for the park had agreed that he was to give no more exhibitions.

In addition, Martial knew that he had aroused the ill-will of his colored brethren—and, what was more unbearable, a friend had brought him word that Johnny Nack and

Grenadine Brill were about to commit matrimony with each other.

Martial was stunned by the thoroughness of his defeat. He shook his head sadly—

"I ain't got but one satisfaction," he told himself—"There ain't nothin' mo' can happen to me."

But at that moment two large gentlemen appeared. The faces of Joshua Pruneu and Lawyer Evans Chew were stern and disapproving. Mr. Pruneu did the talking:

"Martial Slade," he said—"You is a disgrace to this park, an' it's a miracle you didn't also murder somebody. Now, I has come heah to tell you this: we has seen Mistuh Inferno Dante an' cancelled his contract, on account of how he got hurt last night. Also he has signed a writin' that he won't sue us fo' damages.

"But, Mistuh Slade—we had to pay him one hund'ed dollars cash money fo' releasin' us fum liability, an' because what happened las' night was all yo' fault—we have charged you up with that amount, an' will deduct it from the money we are holding for you."

(THE END)

Stamp Collecting and Collectors

(Continued from page 10)

some airmail stamps. When he looked at the sheet in the clerk's hands he decided to take the entire bunch and quickly put down \$24 to pay for it.

"Got any more like those?" he asked, after he had the sheet safely in his hands. The man behind the window looked at him. Then he looked at the stamps. Then he gasped. Then he grabbed for the sheet.

"Give 'em back," he ordered.

The customer shook his head. He even refused when asked to do so by postoffice officials. He was right, too, for the sale had been transacted. Those stamps, a tiny fraction of a large issue, had been wrongly printed upside down. They were the only ones of the kind. Costing \$24, they were later sold for over \$12,000 in the open market.

When Colonel—later General—Baden-Powell, who afterward founded the Boy Scouts (and stamp collecting today is a merit badge qualification for all Scouts), was cooped up in the town of Mafeking, during the Boer War, in the year 1900, he issued a special stamp with his own face upon it. Queen Victoria became annoyed at this because her picture was on all stamps of Great Britain and the colonies, consequently when the siege was raised no more were issued. Today, however, King George himself pays \$15 for an unused specimen of the Baden-Powell head under its campaign hat.

Most beginners lack funds to purchase stamps, and the best way to increase a collection is by trading. Get your friends to give you all possible foreign and domestic stamps, and then trade. The easiest way to trade, and one of the finest methods of increasing your knowledge of stamps is to join a stamp club. There are organizations of this kind in every town and city of the United States, in many colleges, in almost all Y. M. C. A.'s and high schools. The oldest stamp organization in the country is the Chicago Philatelic Society, founded in 1886 and outranked in years only by the Royal Philatelic Society of London of which King George is a patron. For stamp collecting is even more popular abroad than here. In France interest is so great that an open air market is held throughout the year at regular intervals in the Champs Elysées where stamps are duly auctioned off and trading is carried on. It was a group of French collectors who made recently an offer of a million francs for the first envelope carried by airmail. This airmail was sent by a balloon manned by a Frenchman named Jean-Pierre Blanchard on January 9, 1793 from the courtyard of a prison in Philadelphia. He carried a letter bearing the

signature of Washington and after a flight of forty-five minutes landed in Woodbury, New Jersey where the letter was duly delivered to the Mayor. If you happen to live in New Jersey and have an attic there's a chance to find a million francs.

Stamp collections are of two kinds, general collections and specialized collections. Mr. Kimble calls general collections, "the backbone of Philately." They embrace, or at least attempt to embrace all stamps of all countries whenever issued. Whereas specialized collections are limited along certain definite lines. Thus you may choose to collect only airmail stamps, or stamps of the United States, or of Great Britain and her colonies. Some want stamps with pictures of engines and trains, others seek only stamps of the nineteenth century. There are collections devoted to music, to art, to literature, to economics, there are those concerned with a single nation which tell its entire history. Whatever you happen to be interested in can be found displayed pictorially in philately.

Possibly that is one of the fascinations of collecting, the impossibility of ever reaching our goal. We are always trying, always striving for the unattainable. Most of us, that is. One man, Mr. Arthur Hinds, a retired merchant of Utica, New York, has the most valuable collection in existence. Just who the pioneer of all stamp collectors was has never been determined. No doubt he started within a few months after the issuance of the first stamp of all. At any rate one of the earliest was an Austrian subject, Count Phillippe la Renotiere von Ferrari, who began to assemble a collection in 1864, twenty-four years after the one penny black of Queen Victoria made its appearance. Count von Ferrari had leisure and money. It is said that he averaged about \$10,000 a week in completing his collection, with two secretaries at work upon it constantly. He died in Switzerland in 1917, and the collection, which was in Paris, was seized by the French Government and sold for the tidy sum of over \$2,000,000. It was at this auction that the agent for Mr. Hinds bought that famous British Guiana stamp. To-day this stamp, which cost him \$32,500, is worth \$50,000 or any sum he might ask. Mr. Hinds, who started with a tiny collection to amuse himself evenings, now spends most of his time working upon his stamps.

Naturally, collecting stamps is a pursuit of royalty and who indeed is in a better position to ask a buddy for his spare stamps than King George of England? The King's assortment of British and colonial stamps in which he specializes

is said to be the finest in the world. The Prince of Wales, Prince Humberto of Italy, King Albert and Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians, Crown Prince Gustav of Sweden, and former King Alfonso of Spain, who has been an ardent collector since the age of eight, as well as King Fuad of Egypt and Suzanne Lenglen are all dyed in the wool stamp fans. A list of persons who are collectors in the United States reads like an American Who's Who. Beginning with President-elect Roosevelt, a member of the American Philatelic Society and the Society of Philatelic Americans, there are leaders in every walk of life including Bill Tilden the tennis star, Colonel E. H. R. Green of Philadelphia whose stamps are valued at over a million, Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey, Jackie Coogan, Clara Bow and Adolph Menjou in the movie world, and many others. The United States Government has a fine collection in Washington, and one of the best in this country is that formerly belonging to Mr. Benjamin K. Miller who bequeathed it to the New York Public Library, where it is now on exhibition. Go up to that third floor any day at any hour after school is out, and you will find those glass cases with their precious bits of paper surrounded by kids—from seven to seventy—uttering such mysterious and cabalistic remarks as these:

"That's the six-cent . . . see . . . you say you got that in green? You have? . . . gee . . . there . . . he's gone in for the cancellations . . . no . . . not that one, that's watermarked. And besides its wove paper I think . . . at least the catalogue said so . . . that two-cent red imperforate is much harder to get . . . yes the five is fairly common . . ." The thing to remember is that these enthusiasts are only a handful of the two million collectors who are represented in every State of the Union.

ONE of the most famous of all collections is the celebrated Taplow collection, on exhibition now at the British Museum just as the Miller collection is to be seen in New York. Taplow was a Member of Parliament who died leaving his valuable stamps to the British Museum. At the time of his death some thirty years ago they were worth something like half a million dollars; to-day they are considered to be worth over two and a half millions. He specialized in the first fifty years of the postage stamp from 1840-1890. Contemporary with his was the famous Beckton collection. W. Dornier Beckton was the President for many years of

(Continued on page 36)

(Continued from page 35)

the Royal Philatelic Society of London, and he also specialized in the first fifty years of the stamp, having a collection especially rich in issues of Greece, Rumania, the old Italian States and Straits Settlements. He died in March, 1930 and the collection was bought last summer by Stanley Gibbons, Ltd., from the executors, for a sum not disclosed but certainly totaling many thousands of pounds.

As a rule stamp collectors can be divided into three classes. No. Let's start by saying that collectors of stamps like radio fans and salesmen and autograph hunters are all to be classified as just plain nuts. That's what we are, every one of us who are stamp collectors. Then we can be subdivided into separate groups, related only in degrees of nutship. The first group consists of men like Mr. Hinds and Colonel Green who even to-day have money to spend and leisure in which to spend it. They collect only the rarest of stamps for the good reason that they have all the others. That is their fun. Second, there are the stamp dealers who make a living by selling and buying stamps, some fifteen hundred of them scattered about the United States alone. Last of all come the rabbits among whom I beg to be placed. We are the great mass of stamp collectors. Lacking the bankroll of Colonel Green, we have little spare cash to spend on philately; but we have a small or a medium-sized collection which nevertheless gives us a great kick. Without much money to buy stamps, we get our fun through trading duplicates of those we have for those we need. Your regular collector seldom pays vast sums of money for his bargains.

The real collector also uses his ingenuity. When the recent Washington Bicentennial issue was put out, Mr. I. S. Seidman of Brooklyn, N. Y., did some research in the United States Postal Guide. There he discovered twenty-seven cities and towns bearing the name of Washington, one Cherry Tree, three Independences, two Libertys, seventeen Mount Vernons, one Freedom, one Washington Depot, also East, West and South Washington, as well as two Port Washingtons, three Mount Washingtons, Washington Park, Washington Height, Washington Hollow, Washington Mills, one Washington Court and twenty-nine Washington counties. He addressed envelopes to postmasters in all these places. Within the envelopes he placed self-addressed envelopes stamped with the Washington issue. To-day he has besides a valuable collection of stamps, a fine collection of Americana and a set of Washingtons posted in towns and cities all over the country connected with our first President.

WHAT is the lowest priced current stamp in the United States? The one-half cent brown. The most expensive costs five dollars. The latter stamp is usually obtained by banks to mail coin in heavy bags; those banks that have any coin to mail these days. The only women to appear on American stamps so far have been Pocahontas and Martha Washington. Nearly every President has been so honored. Famous statesmen who have never reached the presidency but yet had their portraits on stamps include Stanton, Webster, Alexander Hamilton, General Winfield Scott, Commodore Perry, General Sherman, Admiral Farragut and Columbus. Rochambeau,

De Grasse, General Pulaski, and General Von Steuben are among the foreigners whose faces have been placed on our stamps, while Washington appeared on a Brazilian stamp and on a French one and is at present portrayed on a Polish issue commemorating the 200th anniversary of his birth.

Thanks to Mr. Irving Glover the United States Government went into the profitable business of stamp dealing back in 1921. He deserves the credit for organizing the Philatelic Agency of the United States with the sole purpose of selling stamps to collectors. This was a smart step because that branch of the Post Office under the charge of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General has done a regularly increasing business over the past twelve years. Current series in unused condition are always available at face value and after remainders have long since disappeared from local post-offices they are frequently obtainable at the Philatelic Agency in Washington. Indeed the present circular lists issues put out as long ago as 1923. The first fiscal year the bureau had sales amounting to \$20,000. Mr. H. S. Chamberlain, the Philatelic Agent of the Post Office, tells me that the total sum taken in for the past fiscal year ending June 30, 1932, was \$337,237.20. In its existence the bureau has taken in over \$2,000,000 and most of this is pure velvet as many of the stamps were never put to work at all.

Layman imagine that all stamps are the same size as our present issue. Certainly not. Stamps are of all sizes and shapes from the tiny one-half penny stamp of Great Britain put out in 1870 to the famous stamp of the Republic of San Marino, within the borders of Italy. Curiously enough this little Republic which is the smallest sovereign state in the world, has the largest stamp in existence, covering an entire envelope. Some nations, Liberia, and the Cape of Good Hope among others, have issued triangular stamps, while oblong stamps are common especially for airmail issues. All sorts of colors and color combinations have been used, all sorts of persons, places, events, scenes, incidents and monuments have been pictured, sometimes on strange stamps. As for instance the Fordson tractor on a Russian stamp, the British liner on an American stamp, the lariat throwers on a Hungarian issue and King Albert of Belgium on a stamp put forth by Brazil. See if you can find these, you stamp fans.

The carrying of letters has not always been a problem for the Government to solve. Originally it was a private business like the telegraph and telephone to-day. You paid then when the letter was delivered and not when it was posted, and rates were high, often a shilling or more. In 1837 Mr. (afterward Sir) Rowland Hill suggested a reform in Parliament which revolutionized the whole postal service. Postage was to be taken over by the Government, rates were to be as low as a penny, and a stamp was to be issued to be affixed to every letter. It was a revolutionary idea but it finally passed and on the sixth of May, 1840, the first of all stamps appeared. Sir Rowland Hill must therefore be considered not only the father of the postage stamp but also of stamp collecting.

But stamps, remember, were designed from the first to do more than merely collect postage for their government. They were and are intended to tell the world wherever they go about the nation from whence they came;

about its people, its life, its history, its great men, its leading statesmen, athletes and scientists. Stamps take us into the existence of other peoples, they carry us across leagues and leagues of ocean, and across miles of land. Stamp collecting trains as do few other hobbies, in accuracy, observation, analytical reasoning and in current values. It is more than a hobby, indeed most collectors dislike this word in that connection, for stamp collecting is a study, a pastime, and best of all an investment. Would you be surprised to learn that during the recent slump stamps have suffered almost less than anything else that is collected? Including stocks and bonds? It is so. And your insurance man will tell you that a good stamp collection has lost far less of its 1928 value than, for instance, antiques, because whereas families the world over have saved copies of a Chippendale chair, there are few copies of the one cent magenta of British Guiana.

STAMP collectors like collectors of all kinds are a queer race. They will beg, borrow, steal, trade and even buy stamps when necessary to complete a set. But many of them, will refuse to sell their collections during their lives. Several years ago in the south of France I met a former colonel of cavalry of the Imperial Russian Army who was acting as a hall porter in a big hotel at Cannes. Escaping from Russia after the revolution he had earned a living for years by working in hotels, starting by washing bottles in the café. Even as a hall porter his salary was something less than munificent. One day at a stamp exhibition in Nice, I was astonished to discover a collection on display in his name, a collection certainly worth thousands of dollars. Yes, that belonged to him. It was the only thing he had brought out of Russia. It was his treasure, a treasure cherished and guarded, even during the time when he was washing bottles in the back room of the restaurant for a few francs a day, barely enough to live on.

On the other hand in cases of adversity, stamps and collections have proven a godsend to men in trouble. During the revolution in Russia a young Czarist went quietly about St. Petersburg buying up his friend's stamp collections. He was interested in stamps for he had a small collection of his own, and he managed to pick up some bargains for little money because at that particular time people were not thinking about stamps, they were thinking about eating. The young Russian took the cream of these collections with the best stamps from his own, put them in envelopes about his body and departed. You can carry a lot of stamp values in one envelope if they happen to be the right stamps. He worked his way to Odessa, got out as a sailor on a boat to Constantinople, and spent some time there, selling a few valuable stamps to buy his passage to this country. Once here his stamps had become greatly increased in value and he sold enough to put himself through college and law school. To-day that Russian is a prominent member of one of the oldest law firms in lower Manhattan.

So look through your grandmother's attic carefully. There may be a college education tucked away in some old trunk or cardboard box. Many stranger things have happened in recent years.

Squaw Man

(Continued from page 18)

sharply to her right, she left the snowy floor of the valley, and guided by the first faint gray of dawn, made slow way over the wind-swept rim rock so as to leave no trail.

Bonney's huge bulk wrenched her arms, the overburdened horse was less than sure of foot, and with the coming of the sun she knew a fresh anxiety, and turned her head continually,

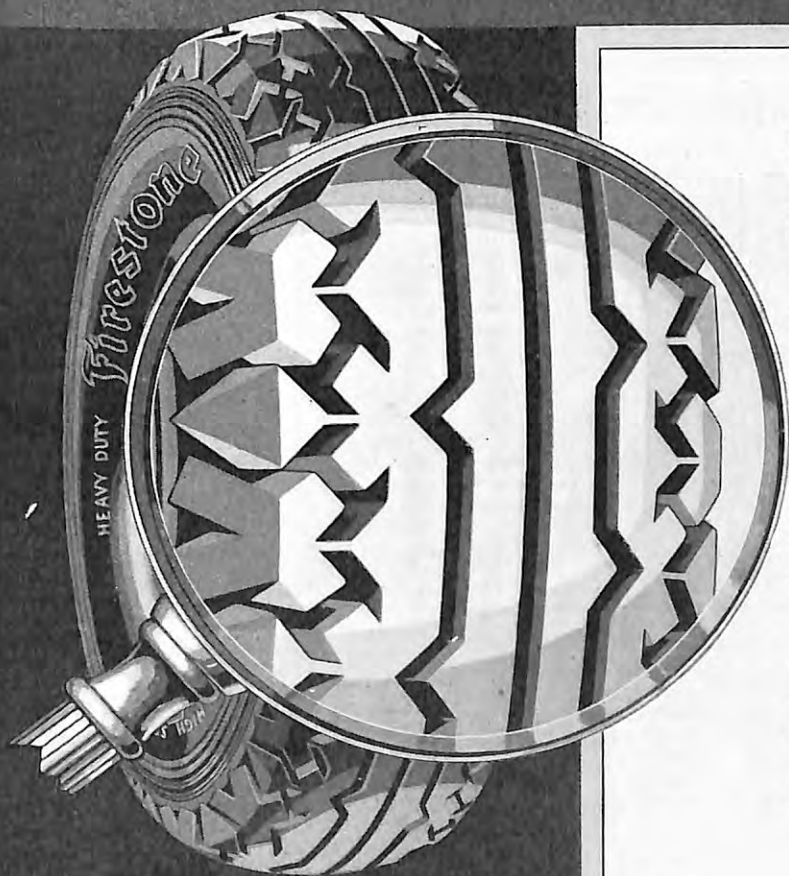
dreading to hear the war shout of the Black-foot. At the valley's head the stream burst from a forbidding cleft in the solid rock, but entering boldly, the girl pulled into a path that was scarce more than a jut in the cliffside. Encouraging the horse with soft cries, she climbed higher and higher, skirting corners so sheer that a fault of balance would have

meant death, and came at last to a cavern she remembered from a sheep hunt some months before.

Deep in its recess she bedded Bonney down, and then hurried out again, knife in hand. It was her first thought to kill the horse as an addition to her food supply, but deciding

(Continued on page 38)

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TIRES • TUBES • BATTERIES • BRAKE LINING • SPARK PLUGS • RIMS • ACCESSORIES

(Continued from page 36)

against the risk of it, led the trembling animal back to the gorge's mouth. From behind a rock she searched the valley with anxious eyes, and satisfied that the pursuers had not yet arrived, removed the hackamore and slapped the sweating flank. Watching until the horse was well away, she climbed again to the canyon, stooping here and there to erase what might have proved a "sign."

The chill of the cavern alarmed her, but a fire was not to be thought of. Bonney seemed to be sleeping normally by now, and Singing Little Bird, picking up the rifle, bullet pouch and powder flask, crept forth and climbed cautiously until she found a safe look-out that commanded the valley below. Moving specks in the distance told her that the Blackfeet were swarming about the cabin, and as she watched, they came upon the horse's trail, and followed like hounds.

Baffled at the rim rock, they swung wide, beating every thicket, and by noon had worked to the valley's head. Four or five Indians entered the gorge, and Singing Little Bird, stiffening, quietly brought the rifle into position. The absence of signs, however, together with the danger of the path, convinced the Blackfeet that they were on a false scent, and at the third sharp twist, all turned back and went away. That afternoon they burned the cabin, and as the mountain peaks cut off the sun, rode out of the valley with their booty.

Even before they were out of sight, Singing Little Bird gathered dead aspen branches, and when the kettle of soup began to simmer, held Bonney in her strong young arms, and fed him as a mother feeds her child. He ate with relish and his head was cool to the touch, a blessing that brought relief, for she had the true Indian dread of fever and delirium. At the end of a week, thanks to the trapper's iron constitution, his wounds began to heal, but the broken leg remained swollen and inflamed, a thing that made him fret and curse.

"If you could make me some sort of crutch," he pleaded, "we could get out of this hole. Luggin' water an' wood up here every day's enough to kill a horse."

"It is nothing," she reassured him. "And it is not yet good to go down into the valley. Blackfeet stay behind maybe, or come again."

DAY by day, however, the supply of provisions fell lower and lower, and this lack of proper food, together with loss of blood, kept the trapper weak. Blackfeet or no Blackfeet, the sight of his haggard face drove Singing Little Bird to run the risk. Choosing a time just before dawn, she crawled down the break-neck path on her knees, tearing her hands against the canyon wall, and made slow and toilsome way to the neighborhood of the cabin. Not an item of their stores remained, for the loot had been thorough, and the only thing she found was a beaver skin, either dropped or overlooked.

"Any luck?" Bonney looked up hopefully on her return, and for answer she held up the pelt, her white teeth gleaming in an encouraging smile.

The trapper groaned in sheer despair of spirit, but with unabated cheerfulness the Cheyenne girl boiled the skin and fed him the nourishing, if unsavory, mixture.

"What's yours?" He shot the question suddenly.

"No hungry," declared the girl. "The hell you ain't!" Bonney's face went red. "So that's what you been doin'. My God!" He dropped his head in his hands. "Starvin' yourself for me."

"Not starve," she protested. "I take rifle this afternoon. Maybe kill elk. Maybe kill deer."

She came back at dark, weary and empty-handed and under Bonney's sharp questioning, admitted that the game had disappeared. The only living thing she had seen was a huge grizzly or a "white bear" as it was called by the mountain men.

"Keep away from them critters," Bonney

warned her. "They're bad medicine, an' you can't kill 'em 'cept right through the eye."

The next morning, after another mess of beaver skin soup, Singing Little Bird took the rifle again, and was seen no more until late afternoon, when she returned shining-eyed and triumphant, loaded down with thick bear steaks.

"Gosh Almighty!" Bonney exploded in a roar of mingled rage and amazement. "What you been doin', anyway?"

"Now you have fine supper." The Indian girl, still glowing, knelt to fix the fire, but the trapper refused to be put off.

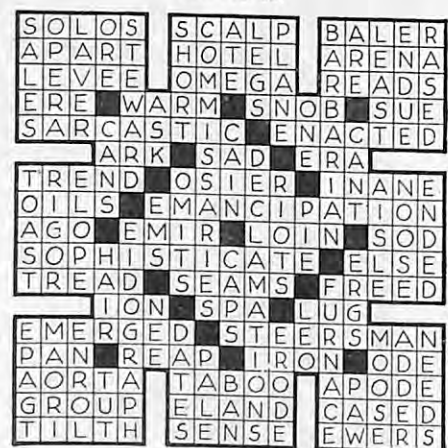
"How'd you happen to let 'im corner you?" he demanded.

"I corner him," she answered happily. "I shoot him through eye like you say."

"You cornered him?" Bonney repeated the words as though unable to believe his ears.

Solution to Cross-Word Puzzle

(See page 33)



"An' you shot him through the eye. Of all the lucky accidents! Through the eye!"

"Me very close," Singing Little Bird hastened to explain. "Ten feet away."

"He jumped you then?"

"No." She shook her head. "I wait for him."

As she cooked, Bonney lay back on his robe, and made the scene come clear before him. As though he had been there he saw Singing Little Bird walk out into the open, inviting the charge of the grizzly, saw her sink on her knees, rifle leveled, and went sick as he watched her hold fire until the furious beast was almost at her throat.

"Good Lord!" he whispered to himself.

"You want something?" In a flash Singing Little Bird was at his side, but he made no answer, only held out his hands. As she took them the happy tears swam in her eyes.

PIECE by piece the tireless girl brought the entire carcass to the cavern, and both waxed strong on a daily diet of bear fat. By mid-March Bonney was able to hobble, and straightway Singing Little Bird decided that he must have the sun for a full recovery. Down in a little grove of aspens she made a lean-to, and when she had moved everything to the new abode, stood before the trapper with a rope woven of buckskin thongs.

"What's that fer?" he asked suspiciously.

"We tie together," she explained.

"Not if I know it," he declared grimly.

"If I fall I'm a-goin' to fall by myself."

Her entreaties failed to move him, and as he crawled down the declivitous way, she hovered behind, nor drew an easy breath until he reached the level. The open air was the tonic that Bonney needed, for the giant frame filled out, and the broken leg improved to a point where he could walk unaided. Before the last of the

bear meat was eaten, the trapper brought down an elk at two hundred yards, a circumstance that had all the value of medicine.

"Reckon I'm good for somethin' yet," he grinned. "Cain't be lettin' you bring in all the meat."

May came, and although the trapper insisted that the broken leg was as good as new, a trial trip forced the confession that he was not yet ready for hard travel.

"Ef we could ketch ourselves a hoss," he groaned. "Afore we know it, them Blackfeet will be comin' back, an' whar air we?"

Singing Little Bird not only agreed with him, but proposed a plan for catching the very necessary horse. The Snake, she explained, was a great thoroughfare for the Indians, many tribes journeying its banks, and what more simple than for her to slip down and steal a couple of ponies. In the dark her eyes were those of the cat, she could crawl as swiftly and noiselessly as a serpent, and in the tribe no brave had ever been able to outride her.

SO the girl recited the accomplishments that fitted her for the task, and held to them stubbornly against Bonney's strenuous objections. In the end she had her way, for the trapper realized that the lives of both hung on the capture of a horse. As Singing Little Bird started off in the rose dawn of a May morning, he hobbled with her for a way, and stood irresolute.

"I—I—," he began, and then redfaced and embarrassed, waved his hand in a gesture of farewell. "Goodbye, gal, an'—an' well, I shore want you to git back."

Evidently there was that in his eyes that made up for the lack of words, and the Cheyenne girl smiled happily as she hurried down the valley. At the end of the third day the Kentuckian developed a bad case of fidgets, and the morning of the fourth saw him trimming a stout aspen to serve him as a staff. Rifle in one hand and aspen in the other, he set forth, the prey of his fears. Near the valley's mouth, windblown sounds sent him hobbling to cover, where he burrowed like a fox. Horses! Seven or eight of 'em! Too many for Singing Little Bird. Blackfeet, most likely. Well, by jinks, he'd show 'em.

Strangely enough, it was Singing Little Bird, riding with a company of buckskinned, bearded men, many of whom he knew. Joe Meek, John Coleman, Breck Lawlor, Dick Wootton and—his eyes bulged out of his head—'Raphoe Stoner! Why, he'd seen him lyin' dead! Not at all convinced that he wasn't dreaming, Bonney left cover and raised his voice in a shout.

"You darned coyote!" Arapahoe, leaving his saddle on the fly, caught the Kentuckian in a bear hug.

"But—"
"Kinda surprised, hain't you?" The old trapper chuckled gleefully. "Shucks, boy, it takes more'n a bunch of Blackfeet to kill me. They lifted my ha'r," and he flipped a careless finger at the bandages, "but I come to jes' as good as ever."

"Where did you find Singin' Little Bird?" Bonney was still dazed.

"She found us, the derned little coot." Arapahoe gave her an affectionate slap on the back. "Smarter'n greased lightning, that's what she is. Well, Dave," he continued briskly. "I reckon you know all these boys. Quite a passel of us, but we can scatter out an' ef the beaver air thick like las' year, we oughta move down to the Green with a bunch of pews. Still goin' back to Kaintucky?" he asked, the shrewd old face puckered in a half grin.

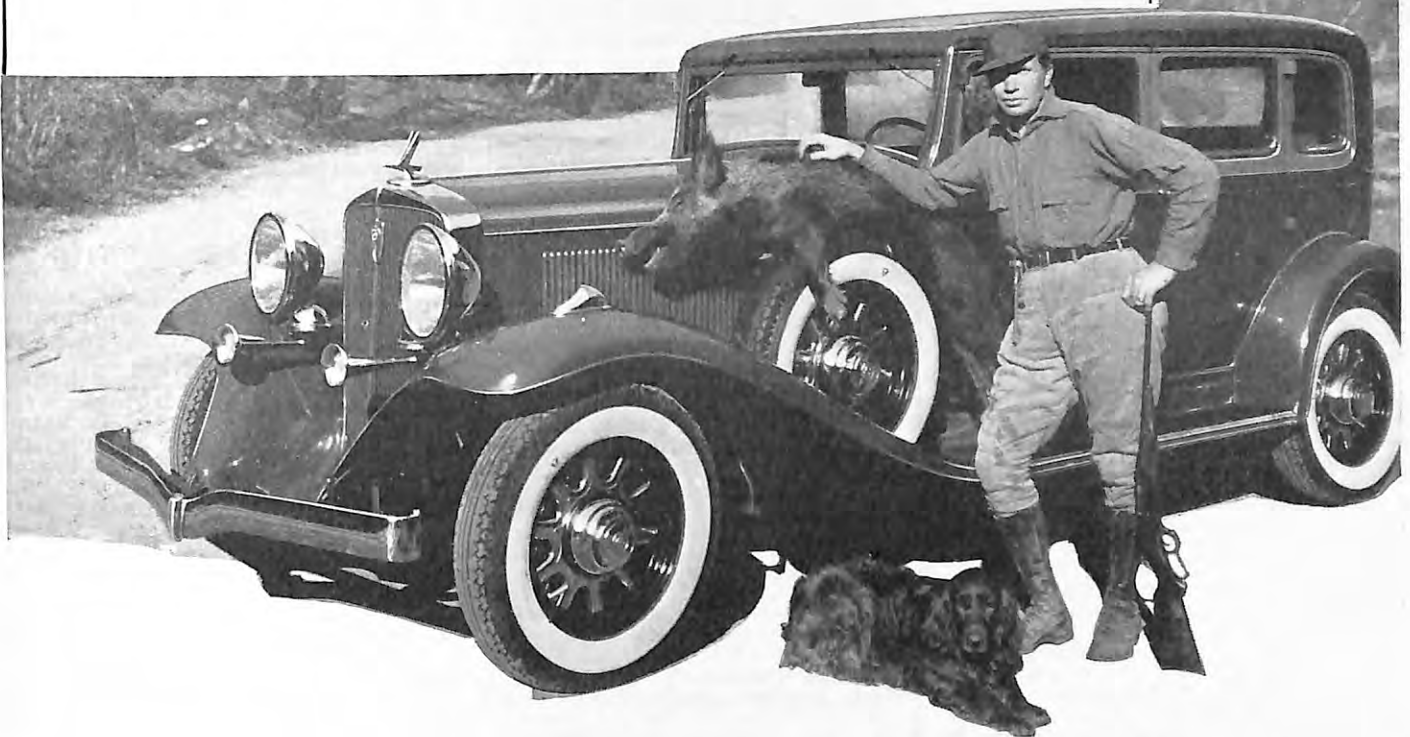
"No." Bonney, standing close to Singing Little Bird, reached down from his height for her hand. "I aim to stay right out here."

"Pshaw now!" Arapahoe cackled delightedly. "Ain't goin' to be a squaw man, air you?"

"Yassir!" declared the young Kentuckian. "An' darned proud of it."

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Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, President, Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters and the personality responsible for the standardization of bidding among all Bridge authorities. Contributing Editor of The Bridge Magazine and member of the Executive Committee of the United States Bridge Association and Lecturer on Contract Bridge.

Contract Bridge For Elks

By F. Dudley Courtenay

It is with pleasure that we announce that Mr. F. Dudley Courtenay, president of the Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters, has consented to become Bridge Editor of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. His articles will be devoted to constructive suggestions for popularizing Contract Bridge throughout the Order. Mr. Courtenay's articles will contain hints on social activities, tournament activities and articles on bidding and play, as well as a problem hand in each issue which all Elks may try their teeth on. The first of Mr. Courtenay's articles appears herewith.

THE EDITORS.

I AM very happy to have the opportunity to discuss the various aspects of Contract Bridge in the columns of THE ELKS MAGAZINE. I had no idea there were so many Elks in the country, and when I learned that where there were Elks there were also Elks Lodges, and that these Elks Lodges had rarely engaged in any regular Bridge activities—well, something really had to be done about it.

It will be my endeavor to interest you in Contract Bridge. If I do that, I can then interest you in activities which will make your Lodge a more popular social rendezvous, and the opportunities afforded by this wonderful game will no longer be an unopened book.

First I am going to tell you something about the game and its possibilities for various social activities, particularly that new and fascinating event, the weekly Duplicate tournament.

A great number of my readers are still playing Auction Bridge, and I want to have a little private conversation with them. The average Auction player is afraid to tackle Contract Bridge, and this fear is totally unjustified. An Auction player can play Contract by simply learning the difference in the scoring, and he will find that his interest in the game is tripled. Later on he will also find that it might be advisable to really learn a system of bidding, but the game itself is no harder to play than Auction Bridge. If you are playing Auction Bridge, decide to take the fatal plunge, get four people together and try Contract. You will never willingly play Auction again.

It might not be out of place to explain just what the difference is between Auction and Contract. Contract Bridge has brought to the game of Auction nothing new except a provision of the score which requires a player to bid for game or slam in order to score game or slam.

To meet this exacting condition of the amended score requires precise, specific bidding; and precise, specific bidding requires exact assay of the worth of a hand in terms of playing tricks, together with the coordination of the twenty-six cards of two partners. Hence, Contract Bridge in its final analysis may be defined as nothing more or less than precise Auction Bridge.

Contract Bridge is a partnership game, first, last and all the time; for both partners, by informative bidding and counter-bidding, must reveal their strength and weakness each to the other, and finally through a series of take-outs, assists and rebids, reach their final objective intelligently. Therein lies the charm of Contract Bridge.

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tract, for few other games produce the thrill of a difficult commitment undertaken and successfully acquitted.

Auction Bridge is equally a partnership game, but the partnership equation is not emphasized to the same degree as in Contract.

Bidding systems and methods of valuation, which among average players seem to be met for the first time at Contract, are as old as the game of Auction, being merely the Valuation Tables and Conventions of Auction applied to Contract, with certain additional Conventions provided in Contract to keep the bidding open. The latter are known as forcing bids, or game-demand bids.

There is no denying the fact that Contract Bridge has caught the popular fancy of the world to an extent unprecedented in the history of amusements and sports, and it is equally indisputable that the most engaging and popular form of entertainment in a great many social and fraternal clubs throughout the country is the weekly Duplicate Contract Bridge contest participated in by the club's members, their families and their friends. There must be literally hundreds of Duplicate games played nightly in the clubs of America.

The chief contributing factor in the development of the wide-spread popularity of Duplicate Bridge is the fact that a large percentage of the members of every club play Auction or

Contract Bridge and are interested in these games, and they find that Duplicate play is not only a much more interesting method of play than Rubber Bridge, but Duplicate presents no difficulties, being equally as simple a method of play as ordinary Rubber Bridge.

If you have never played Duplicate Bridge, you will probably be interested in a brief description of the method of play. The game derives its name Duplicate from the fact that each deal is played successively by all of the players participating in the event. This requires that each hand of thirteen cards as dealt be preserved intact, in order that the deal may be played by all the other players. The hands as dealt are bid and played in the usual manner of ordinary Rubber Bridge, except that each player plays his cards immediately in front of him and not to the center of the board. Each hand of thirteen cards is thus preserved as a separate unit, and at the completion of the play, the cards are not shuffled, but each hand is placed in a receptacle (or pocket) of what is called a Duplicate Board.

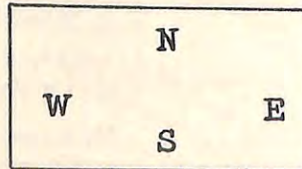
These pockets are labelled, North, South, East, West, with one pocket being designated as Dealer for that board. The players at the various tables are also designated North, South, East and West, and when the board is passed to the next table, the deal is replayed at that table. To insure that the North and South

TRY YOUR SKILL ON THIS BRIDGE HAND

This hand was recently bid and played by a pair of experts in a New York tournament. It offers a pretty test of card reading in order to make the contract.

- ♠ A-K-10
- ♥ K-7-4
- ♦ A-K-J-2
- ♣ 9-6-2

- ♠ 5-4
- ♥ A-Q-J-6-5
- ♦ 9-7-4
- ♣ K-J-10



- ♠ Q-8-7-6-2
- ♥ 10-3
- ♦ 10-6-5
- ♣ 8-5-4

- ♠ J-9-3
- ♥ 9-8-2
- ♦ Q-8-3
- ♣ A-Q-7-3

PRIZES

Give the best bid and explain how the contract can be made by careful card reading. A cloth-covered copy of "Winning Leads at Contract Bridge" will be given free to all those sending in the correct solution. It is not a trick hand; merely a good everyday hand with good play. South is the Dealer, and North ultimately gets the contract. Address your solution to Bridge Editor, THE ELKS MAGAZINE. The correct solution will appear with the next article.

players and the East and West players receive the proper cards as played by the preceding players in the same relative positions, every board has on it an arrow pointing North, and when the board is played at each successive table, the arrow must always point North. North, of course, is a purely arbitrary direction.

The question naturally arises—if the cards are not played to the center of the board, and losing and winning tricks segregated in the usual way, how do the players determine who wins or loses the tricks? By a very simple method which has been devised: each player, in playing to a trick, places the card face up directly in front of him. As soon as the ownership of the trick has been decided, each player retrieves his own card and places it face down in front of him. If his side has won the trick, it will be turned lengthwise pointing in the opposite direction or toward the adversaries. When the play of the hand is finished, each player will have thirteen cards face down in front of him, arranged in the order in which they were won or lost. Since all of the players, including Dummy, have kept count of the tricks won and lost, it is an easy matter to determine the result of the hand. Each player now counts his hand to see that he still has thirteen cards which he returns to the proper pocket in the Duplicate Board from which it was taken.

The weekly Duplicate can be built up to astonishing size. Many of these events started with four tables, jumped to six or eight, and then, as the idea caught on and became popular, to as many as forty or fifty tables, necessitating three or four different sections. To demonstrate the sustained interest in this form of entertainment, one weekly Duplicate tournament has been running for two years and now averages thirty-five tables a week.

These events are supervised by a tournament

director, and such directors are available in every city and town in the country through the Bridge Headquarters' organization of certified teachers. The director relieves the entertainment committee of all responsibility and arranges the technical details of scoring. Where clubs have a membership unfamiliar with Contract Bridge, the director, who is also a teacher, sometimes combines a short lecture on bidding and play with the weekly Duplicate, or arranges such instruction on another night.

Each player participating in the tournament pays a small entry fee and a number of cups or trophies are offered from the proceeds.

When interest in these events is thoroughly stimulated, additional tournaments are planned, such as stag tournaments, team of four tournaments, husbands versus wives, etc.

Duplicate tournaments are comparatively new, and many clubs have been afraid to institute them because of lack of knowledge on the technical end. If any particular Lodge is interested, I will be only too happy to answer any questions or put them in touch with a local Bridge teacher who understands the technique.

In the case of Elks Lodges, a very interesting phase of this activity is inter-club matches, and the intense spirit of competition which can be built up is amazing. It is not unusual for a club team to travel fifty miles in order to compete with a team which has built up a reputation. Friendships are thus formed and fraternal interest created between different towns.

In conclusion, let me state that I will be very happy to answer any Bridge questions relating to bidding, play or tournament activities. It is usual to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope, which ensures a prompt reply. I would also be very interested to hear from Lodges as to the extent of the Bridge interest on the part of their members, and the proportion which plays Contract.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

Ruler Baker presided. The invocation was asked by Chaplain the Reverend George Sloan. Besides Judge Thompson, the guests included Exalted Ruler Aloysius Moore, of Glendive Lodge, No. 1324; and Exalted Ruler Henry Albert, Past Exalted Ruler S. L. Braida, Secretary Gus B. Foltz and Chaplain the Reverend Frank Durant, of Red Lodge, "Beartooth" Lodge, No. 534.

Elks of Montana and Idaho joined with the Grand Exalted Ruler in a regional conference at Butte, Montana, October 11. Notable among those to attend the meeting in the afternoon were Past Grand Tiler R. W. Jones, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers J. H. Christ and O. P. Duvall, of Idaho; H. C. Karow and W. S. Devine, of Montana; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers William Wallin, H. E. Deiss, Frank D. Parke, W. T. Pettinger, Charles E. Johnson, C. M. Holbert and F. R. Venable; President Art J. Baker, Vice-Presidents John F. Abel, E. F. Wigal, Charles J. Carroll and Owen H. Perry, Secretary Arthur Trennery, Treasurer S. Arthur Parry; Past Treasurer L. E. Choquette; and Trustees D. C. Warren, and J. W. Walker, of the Montana State Elks Association; President Nicholas Ney, Secretary William Schlick and Chaplain the Reverend I. Q. Wood—who also is National Chaplain of the American Legion—of the Idaho State Elks Association; State Senator Harry Gallway and Mayor Archie McTaggart, of Butte. In addition there were in attendance fifty representatives of Helena Lodge, No. 193, Butte Lodge, No. 240; Hellgate (Missoula) Lodge, No. 383; Oro 'y Plata (Virginia City) Lodge, No. 390; Bozeman Lodge, No. 463; Kalispell Lodge, No. 725; Dillon Lodge, No. 1554; Livingston Lodge, No. 246; Billings Lodge, No. 394; Lewistown Lodge, No. 456; and Glendive Lodge, No. 1324, of Montana and Boise Lodge, No. 310; Pocatello Lodge, No. 674; Idaho Falls Lodge, No. 1087; Twin

Falls Lodge, No. 1183; Burley Lodge, No. 1384; Blackfoot Lodge, No. 1416, and Caldwell Lodge, No. 1448. After adjournment of the session, the Grand Exalted Ruler was conducted upon a sightseeing tour in and about Butte. A feature of this pleasant and interesting round was a trip down the Leonard mine. Early in the evening the present officers and Past Exalted Rulers of Butte Lodge entertained Judge Thompson at a dinner, at Meaderville. Subsequent to this affair was the Lodge meeting at the Home of No. 240. On the way to this the Drum and Bugle Corps of Butte Lodge served as an escort of honor to the Grand Exalted Ruler. At the session, with Exalted Ruler Hilary F. Corrigan presiding, Judge Thompson addressed a gathering of five hundred members of the Order. A feature of the meeting was the discussion of plans for a Round-up of Rocky Mountain Elks, to take place next June at Yellowstone National Park; and the appointment of Past Grand Tiler Jones as the head of a committee to make arrangements for the event.

Upon the morning of October 13, the Grand Exalted Ruler arrived in Vancouver, Wash., and there was greeted by a distinguished delegation. The group was headed by Walter F. Meier, Past Chief Justice of the Grand Forum; and it included Charles C. Bradley, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee; Emmett T. Anderson, member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge; Exalted Ruler A. C. Wagner and other officers of Vancouver Lodge, No. 823; and a number of Past Exalted Rulers of Longview Lodge, No. 1514, and of Kelso Lodge, No. 1482. From the station, Judge Thompson was escorted to the Evergreen Hotel and there was entertained, as the guest of honor, by one hundred members of the Order. At this affair, Past Exalted Ruler Robert W. Schulz, of

(Continued on page 42)

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See Important Notice to All Elks—Page 25

(Continued from page 41)

Vancouver Lodge, presided as toastmaster. Past Chief Grand Justice Meier introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, who made an impressive address. To this speech, Superior Court Justice George B. Simpson responded.

From Vancouver Judge Thompson, under the conduct of a special detail of State Highway police, motored to Longview for a regional conference later in the day with Elks of Washington and Oregon. The officers and a number of members of Longview Lodge, as well as a number of other members of the Order who had been the Grand Exalted Ruler's hosts at breakfast, composed his suite upon the trip. Notable among the escort were President A. W. Tenney, of the Washington State Elks Association, President T. E. J. Duffy, of the Oregon State Elks Association, Esteemed Leading Knight R. M. Anderson, of No. 1514, Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements for the welcome to the Grand Exalted Ruler; and his chief assistant, Secretary George E. Secord, of Kelso, Wash., Lodge, No. 1482. At Longview Judge Thompson went into conference immediately with District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers and other Elks of note. Among those to take part in the morning session were Mr. Meier, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Tenney, Mr. Duffy, District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers F. M. Franciscovich and William M. Briggs, of Oregon; and Elmer J. Nelson, Harry Ballinger and W. C. Nikolaus, of Washington; and Secretary A. W. Jones, of the Oregon State Elks Association. Between the forenoon and afternoon meetings, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal guest at a luncheon, attended by two hundred and fifty Elks, at the Hotel Monticello. Resuming the conference in the afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler had opportunity to meet, besides those who had attended the morning gathering, representatives of Seattle Lodge, No. 92, Bellingham Lodge, No. 104, Port Townsend Lodge, No. 317, Port Angeles, "Naval," Lodge, No. 353, Everett Lodge, No. 479, Ballard Lodge, No. 827, Bremerton Lodge, No. 1181, Anacortes Lodge, No. 1204, Tacoma Lodge, No. 174, Olympia Lodge, No. 186, Aberdeen Lodge, No. 593, Vancouver Lodge, No. 823, Hoquiam Lodge, No. 1082, Centralia Lodge, No. 1083, Raymond Lodge, No. 1292, Chehalis Lodge, No. 1374, Puyallup Lodge, No. 1450, Kelso Lodge, No. 1482, Longview

Lodge, No. 1514, Walla Walla Lodge, No. 287, Yakima Lodge, No. 318, Ellensburg Lodge, No. 1102, and Wenatchee Lodge, No. 1186, of Washington; and Portland Lodge, No. 142, Astoria Lodge, No. 180, Pendleton Lodge, No. 288, Heppner Lodge, No. 358, McMinnville Lodge, No. 1283, Tillamook Lodge, No. 1437, Hood River Lodge, No. 1507, Bend Lodge, No. 1371, Salem Lodge, No. 336, Ashland Lodge, No. 944, Marshfield Lodge, No. 1160, Oregon City Lodge, No. 1189, Klamath Falls Lodge, No. 1247, Corvallis Lodge, No. 1413, and Lakeview Lodge, No. 1536, of Oregon. Speakers at this meeting were Judge Thompson, Mr. Meier, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Duffy and Mr. Tenney. The evening of the Grand Exalted Ruler's stay in Longview was unusually eventful, for in honor of his presence, Longview Lodge had arranged a celebration of memorable proportions. First among the list of activities was a dinner in Judge Thompson's honor at the Lodge Home. At this many other notable members of the Order were present. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the Grand Exalted Ruler returned to his headquarters at the Hotel Monticello and from the verandah made a public address. This was preliminary to the formation of the spectacular street parade which later was to escort him to the Columbia Theatre to witness the initiation of a large class of candidates. Four hundred marchers took part in the brilliant procession, in addition to several bands and floats of striking character. Especially notable among the musical units in the long line were the fifty-piece Antlers Band of Portland Lodge; the Tacoma Lodge Band of thirty pieces; the Drum Corps of Vancouver Lodge, of twenty pieces; and the Drum Corps of Chehalis Lodge, of twenty pieces. As a token of esteem for the Elks, a number of other fraternal and civic organizations took part in the parade. At the initiation, officers chosen from among the Lodges of Washington and Oregon conducted the ceremonies. Immediately upon the conclusion of the formal exercises, a splendid program of entertainment was given at the theatre; and concurrently two Purple Bubble Balls were held. To one of these, taking place at both the Elks Home and the Moose Temple, the public was invited. To the other only Elks were eligible to attend, the place being the Crystal room of the Monticello Hotel. For this dance the orchestra of



CHARLES PHILIPS CUSHING

Columbus, Kentucky, in the days when this crossing of the Mississippi was one of the great railway transfer-points for freight and passengers to the West. Nothing remains now but a single small ferry-boat transporting farm wagons loaded with cotton

Kelso Lodge provided excellent music. In addition to these affairs, a bridge party was given for the ladies, in the Gold Room of the Hotel, during the interval between dinner and the beginning of dancing.

The next regional conference upon the Grand Exalted Ruler's schedule was held during, and in conjunction with, the annual convention of the California State Elks Association, at San José, October 14 and 15. A report of this event including the part taken by Judge Thompson in the activities, appears elsewhere in this issue, in "News of the State Associations."

Met in San Francisco by District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Goodrich, of Nevada, the Grand Exalted Ruler journeyed to Reno, where, the morning of October 17, a delegation greeted him at the station. Among the group to welcome Judge Thompson were Past Grand Esquire Harry H. Atkinson, President H. J. Gazin, of the Nevada State Elks Association; and Esteemed Loyal Knight Harry Heidtman, of Reno Lodge, No. 597. The arrival of the Grand Exalted Ruler was arranged to coincide with the sessions of the annual convention of the Nevada State Elks Association; and during his stay in Reno he found opportunity to hold a regional conference in which present and former officers of the Grand Lodge and the Association, and representatives of subordinate Lodges participated. In the intervals between meetings, Judge Thompson had the pleasure of a motor trip to Lake Tahoe, Carson and Virginia City, a tour arranged by Esteemed Loyal Knight Heidtman; of a luncheon given by the officers of Nevada Lodges; and of attending, as guest of honor, a banquet in the evening. At a meeting later in the Lodge room of No. 597, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed a gathering of two hundred Elks. His audience included H. J. Gosse, Charter Member of Nevada City, Calif., Lodge, No. 518, the first Elk to be initiated in Nevada, the first Exalted Ruler of Reno Lodge; and the State's first District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler; Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler G. C. Steinmiller, the first President of the Nevada State Elks

Association; and representatives of Reno Lodge, Tonopah Lodge, No. 1062, Goldfield Lodge, No. 1072, Las Vegas Lodge, No. 1468, Ely Lodge, No. 1469, and Elko Lodge, No. 1472, of Nevada; and Susanville Lodge, No. 1487, of California.

In concluding his far-Western tour, Judge Thompson made an official call upon Ogden, Utah, Lodge, No. 719. Upon his arrival in the city, he was welcomed by a delegation which included Past Grand Tiler E. W. Kelly, O. R. Dibblee, former member of the Grand Lodge Good of the Order Committee, District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler D. T. Lane, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler W. D. W. Zeller, Mayor Ora Bundy, City Commissioner Fred E. Williams; and the Reverend J. E. Carver, Father P. J. Kennedy and the Reverend John Hyslop, of Ogden Lodge. After a motor trip in the afternoon through Ogden Canyon, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the honored guest in the evening at a dinner at the Hotel Bigelow, at which one hundred Elks were present. Judge W. H. Howell, Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler, was toastmaster upon the occasion. The event was enlivened by a program of entertainment by students of Weber College. Judge Thompson, after the banquet, attended a meeting of the Lodge, where three hundred Elks were gathered to hear his address. Included in this number were Past District Deputy Grand Exalted Rulers David L. Stine, who introduced Judge Thompson; W. H. Howell and W. F. Jensen; President Frank Matthews, First Vice-President J. Alan Pike and Secretary B. F. Spry, of the Utah State Elks Association; and Exalted Rulers W. V. Wiegand, of Salt Lake City Lodge, No. 85; George Ramsay of Provo Lodge, No. 849; A. J. Gibbons, of Park City Lodge, No. 734; A. A. Firmage, of Logan Lodge, No. 1453; Roy G. Woodhead, of Price Lodge, No. 1550; Maeser Dalley, of Cedar City Lodge, No. 1556; and D. G. Henriod, of Eureka "Tintic" Lodge, No. 711; as well as other members of these Lodges, some of whom had traveled more than four hundred miles in order to be present to greet the chief executive of the Order.

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

(See page 34)

1. You don't rake leaves with a hoe.
2. The boy carrying the basket has no crown to his hat.
3. The boy picking up leaves has no hair.
4. You don't set piles of leaves on fire against a house.
5. The doorsteps don't lead to the door.
6. The shirt is not attached to the clothesline.
7. The boy on the wagon has no head in his hat.
8. The wagon has only three wheels.
9. One wheel has only five spokes.
10. The wheels are not connected to the wagon.
11. The last child on the right lacks one finger on each hand.
12. The ground is strewn with leaves but there are no trees.

Why College?—Two Rejoinders

(Continued from page 19)

solemn enough warning that we need people not only to work, but to think. What are the implications of the situation in which we find ourselves, and what can we do to guard against future repetitions? The political muddle in the midst of which the voter is seemingly helpless; the complicated international situation, of which, willing or not, we are an intimate part; the moral and spiritual barrenness of much of the life of to-day; these call for both knowledge and intelligence of a high order. The college may give no more than the fundamentals in each field, but it can give those fundamentals. It can make a working chart of the ground to be covered, give the student some idea of where he can go for more facts, and teach him how to relate and to make use of those facts.

America cannot be successful as just a nation of specialists—doctors, lawyers, engineers, merchants, mechanics, laborers, who are ignor-

ant of any field but their own. Our common problems require common understanding, and as life grows more complex that common understanding must be of an increasingly high order. It can come only through general education on an increasingly higher level. Without it a complex civilization cannot survive.

ARTHUR E. MORGAN,
President, Antioch College,
Yellow Springs, Ohio.

Rejoinder Number Two

It is needless to say that I am not the "Visitor from Another Planet"; in fact, Albert Payson Terhune described me so well that in reading his article I had a faint suspicion that he was eavesdropping while my wife and I were conversing on ways and means of cutting our

(Continued on page 44)

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Also bowling; squash courts and cafeteria. Reasonable prices.

See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 25



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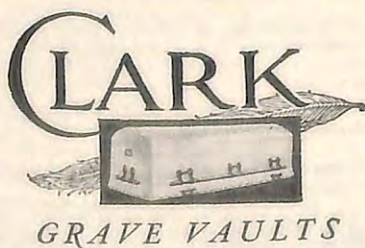
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The Monthly Dozen

How many of these twelve questions can you answer offhand?

1. Of what country is Einstein, the scientist, a citizen?
2. What is the professional name of "The Street Singer," of radio fame?
3. At what degree, Fahrenheit, does water turn into steam?
4. Who is the American amateur golf champion?
5. Is Mocha, famous for its coffee, near to Java, likewise and usually jointly celebrated?
6. To whom is John Gilbert now married?
7. What is a Doberman Pinscher?
8. Who is the most recent appointee to the United States Supreme Court bench?
9. What is a cygnet?
10. How old is Mussolini?
11. Who said, "All mankind loves a lover"?
12. What is a female fox called?



The answers appear on page 48

(Continued from page 43)

budget to meet a very much reduced income. Yes, we have tightened our belts more than a few notches. We no longer keep a maid; we did not buy a new car; we visit the theatre very seldom; the old suit will have to do service for another season or two; the furniture is good enough for a time and, strictly between friends, we found it necessary to borrow on our life-insurance policy. All these and more for the simple reason that we must provide funds to enable our children to continue their college work.

Mr. Terhune, undoubtedly, is sincere when he makes me, and the likes of me, appear a bit ridiculous, if not pathetic, in our efforts to give our children a classical education. And it is because of that manifest sincerity, and because of the array of arguments advanced by him to prove his contention that classical education is a failure, that I believe, honestly and sincerely, a reply must be made; not merely to justify our conduct to ourselves but also to point out the fallacies and errors Mr. Terhune seems to have fallen into.

May one speak in his own defense?

First, Mr. Terhune is guilty of failing to differentiate between Higher Education and the System of Higher Education.

Second, Mr. Terhune is very much at sea when he speaks of "values."

I shall elaborate briefly:

If the object of Mr. Terhune were to call to our attention the antiquated methods existing in colleges and thereby create an enlightened public opinion, then no one could find fault with him. He is quite right when he denounces the System of Higher Education; when he cites facts to prove that in this twentieth century we still cling to a sixteenth-century pattern. He is quite right in denouncing the fads of college students. He is unquestionably right when he charges that many college students waste four years in semi-loading; that the enclosures of the college are used as a refuge by a lot of lazy snobs, young men and women. But what weight, if any, have all these arguments against the value of higher education!

I cannot do any better than to quote Mr. Terhune when he speaks of the aspirations and hopes of parents who keep their children at college. Says he: "I think mothers, still more than fathers, yearn to secure for their children everything that is best and highest in life. I believe mothers, still more than fathers, grieve keenly when they cannot give these children all that is best and highest in life."

Are not these principles prerequisite for decent citizenship? Do we not owe it to our children? The fact that some colleges do not fulfil their mission, the fact that most of the students fail to take opportunity of grasping at the mystic key to cosmic wisdom has nothing to do with the parents' desire to implant in our children the understanding and appreciation of the value of higher education. Every parent in sending his boy or girl to college is under the impression that he is giving his child an opportunity to learn the art and science of life.

The trouble with Mr. Terhune is that he does not tell his readers that at least three-quarters of students in all our colleges should have never been allowed even to matriculate. They have not the capacity for work; they have not the desire to learn; they have not the yearning for knowledge; they go to college because it is stylish, they join all kinds of extramural activities and manage to waste four years of time, unfitting themselves for any useful work. With parents of such college students I have no quarrel; they have my heartfelt sympathy. What Mr. Terhune fails to tell his readers is the fact that there are thousands of potential scholars, scientists and artists who, because of a lack of economic support, are deprived of a chance of making good at something that they are suited for and thereby depriving society of their would-be services. There are innumerable instances of maladjustments, of a topsy-turvy system in our society. Thousands of college men should be driving trucks; hundreds of truck drivers should be engineers, architects, etc. The wholesale indictment of higher education by Mr. Terhune is unfortunate and is regrettable. Now, as to "values."

THROUGHOUT the article Mr. Terhune stresses the point that college education does not give the graduate the "practical life-benefit" that one expects from such an education. "What earthly use," says Mr. Terhune, "would they (the acquaintance with languages) be to him in hammering a success out of the business world he is to enter?" Well, that is a point of view. What do we mean by a success in business? I always had a notion that this so-called success is a snare and a delusion. I have heard it said that success is only a state of mind and not a hard and fast proposition. What appears on the surface as a success might be a colossal failure. If the materialistic mind ever needed a lesson in "values," this last depression certainly gave it and in full measure. We had all kinds of "successes." Men with education and men without education, mostly the latter. They felt secure. They had their businesses, their lucrative jobs, their trades, their position. They were well entrenched. But they were sitting on a gilded throne with quicksand at its base. They did not know it. They precipitately fell into an abyss. They lost faith, lost courage, confidence in themselves and their fellow men. Men of wealth became paupers; men accustomed to certain standards have had to adapt themselves to different forms and conditions. They could not face it; they did not have the moral strength; they had not had a proper training in the philosophy of life; they had false concepts of social "values." Material success was their religion, their standard, their only yardstick of value. They saw it vanish into thin air and decided to vanish with it. They forgot to turn off the engine in the garage; they accidentally fell out of a window; they took the wrong medicine; they took the only way out. Tragic, yet true. They were men of wealth, men of power, men on the pinnacle of society. For every case that Mr. Terhune cites of suicide among college men we probably could cite a dozen suicides among those who have already reached the coveted portals of success, but from which they were ejected by this catastrophe of economic chaos. Not that we mean to imply that these suicides were committed because of a lack of higher education.

(Continued on page 46)

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See Important Notice to all Elks—Page 25

(Continued from page 45)

This would be extremely foolish and would be pointless. By the very same token Mr. Terhune's argument about suicide in colleges is far from being logical or even true. Instead of appealing for some volunteer to place a fat stick of dynamite at the door of higher education, he should be appealing for some brave soul willing to show the futility of "success" as at present accepted.

In my very humble way I would describe a life to be "successful" if one is fortunate enough to be engaged in congenial work and is given an opportunity to serve one's fellow men to the best of one's ability. Service to

mankind should be the measure, and the only measure, of "success."

And lastly I shall conclude, like Mr. Terhune, with an advice to parents.

Dear friends, if your boy or girl shows an aptitude for study, if your child has a genuine desire to get acquainted with the great lights in the march of human progress, if the Almighty has endowed him with a heavenly spark, then send him to college even if you have to deprive yourselves of things necessary for your comfort and convenience. You will be repaid a hundredfold.

S. PHILIP RATNER,
Long Island City, N. Y.

Christmas Day with James Whitcomb Riley

(Continued from page 7)

door, he paused long enough to send greetings to his personal friends. Mine read: "With best greetings and cheer of your joyous friend." There you have Mr. Riley—"with cheer, your joyous friend."

We found our places at the table. It was a Christmas picture—the big gilt wicker basket of holly with its perky bow of scarlet was flanked by quaint, massive candelabra holding red candles. And, a Hoosier Christmas dinner built around King Turkey, honors all the luscious fruits of garden and orchard. Hoosier hospitality keeps one's plate filled.

The conversation, as course replaced course, was of intimate personal matters and news of close friends. Mr. Riley never indulged in long or formal dissertations but was genuinely "folksey"—interested in the homely happenings of everyday friends. Of himself, he seldom spoke. Generally, since his illness, he was excused from long, tiring sitting at table. Upon this happy Christmas day, he honored us by remaining with us until we adjourned to the long drawing-room, flooded with sunshine, embowered with flowers.

Mr. Riley sat by the window enjoying the flood of sunshine. "If he would but recite to us, it would crown the day" was my unspoken thought. Suddenly, Mr. Riley, without making any pre-remark, began to recite "Little Orphan Annie." But his voice seemed to come from the hall beyond him. I looked at him and there he was in the chair, smiling at me and nodding his head. And, there was his voice, by itself, out in the hall! I tried to conceal my feeling that here was something uncanny going on, and to smile a brave smile. Just as I was about to say something to relieve the odd situation, the Mr. Riley in the chair spoke: "They made me say that last verse so fast in order to get it all on one record. I'm afraid you couldn't understand me." Riley records on the gramophone, of course! Mr. Riley chuckled with boyish glee when I

told him I thought the "gobble-uns had got me" that time, sure. We had several Riley records, then, delightful ones. He described the process of talking by measure so one's voice "would just fill a disk and not spill off." He talked of the wonder of hearing himself recite his own poems and tried to imagine what men would invent before they got through. A pity he could not have remained with us until this era of broadcasting—that the world might have heard him give his poems as no imitator, however talented, can give them.

As the afternoon waned, the Lockerbie Street home grew quiet in a sweet Christmas peace, and I found myself alone with the Hoosier poet in that library which seemed a fitting shrine for him. Handsome books lined the walls in company with oil portraits of loved ones. A fire burned in the grate under the white marble fireplace, a fire which neither sputtered nor smoked but burned quietly with radiant glow and died into snow-white ashes. I had my golden hour with Mr. Riley, as he sat in his own corner in the mingled glow of the firelight and the sunset. Every word that fell from his lips was that of a sincere Hoosier friend—words of encouragement, words of praise, little deserved but sweet to hear. He was very modest about himself. "Do you know," he said, with his characteristic quizzical look, "that I can exchange my thoughts for real money is a continual source of wonder to me. I never receive a check that I do not wonder how they happened to send it to me and that, perhaps, I ought to send it back. Just to think of your Klondike's being under your hat!"

The crowning joy of that Christmas day with Riley was when, in parting, he recited his "After all, old friends are best, haldest and heartiest."

Brightest among my Christmas stars shines this one of memories of a day shared with an immortal.

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 26)

North; Walter M. Keister, Bluefield Lodge, No. 269, First Vice-President, South; R. E. Turner, of Beckley Lodge, No. 1452, Second Vice-President, South; Walter B. Wilson, of Clarksburg Lodge, No. 482, Secretary; Jesse L. Cramer, of Parkersburg Lodge, No. 198, Treasurer; the Reverend P. A. Mullally, of Clarksburg Lodge, Chaplain; I. C. Klein, of Grafton Lodge, No. 308, Sergeant-at-Arms; Karl Loudin, of Moundsville Lodge, No. 282, Inner Guard; Denzil Underwood, of Mannington Lodge, No. 388, Tiler; and Lynn S. Hornor, of Clarksburg Lodge; James A. Dyson, of Wheeling Lodge, No. 28; Max G. Witten, of Bluefield Lodge, No. 269; Paul A. Dechan, of Moundsville Lodge; and Arch F. Dawson, of Morgantown Lodge, Trustees. The convention was held at Elkins, under the auspices of Lodge No. 1135; and it was confined to a single day. The time and place of next year's meeting will be decided later by the Trustees.

Vermont

NEW attendance records were set this year by the Vermont State Elks Association at its fifth annual convention, held recently at Brattleboro, with Lodge No. 1499 acting as host. Every Lodge in the State was represented, and every officer of the Association was present. The initial feature of the gathering was the ritualistic contest, in which Brattleboro Lodge gained the championship of the State. In token of its victory, Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers, presented to Exalted Ruler Martin Austin, for the Lodge, a handsome silver cup, to become the permanent property of No. 1499. At the business session of the Lodge, officers for the year to come were chosen. Arthur E. Sherwin, of Burlington Lodge, No. 916, was elected President; John J. Cocklin, of Rutland Lodge, No. 345, First Vice-President; L. F. Edger-

ton, of Springfield Lodge, No. 1560, Second Vice-President; Arthur L. Graves, of St. Johnsbury Lodge, No. 1343, Third Vice-President; Harry T. Bacon, of Burlington Lodge, Secretary; and Whitney Parker, of Hartford Lodge, No. 1541, Treasurer.

Under the Spreading Antlers

(Continued from page 25)

Scouts and Sea Scouts, comprising between five and six thousand boys, upon the opening day of the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul. An additional distinction which the Troop of Boy Scouts enjoys is that it is the only unit of its kind within Region 10, Boy Scouts of America, to have a Drum and Bugle Corps recruited entirely from a single Troop.

Rochester, N. Y., Lodge Makes Large Charity Expenditure

Within the period of six months which began last April, Rochester, N. Y., Lodge, No. 24, has expended more than \$5,500 directly for charity. This was disclosed not long ago by Julius Friedrich, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee. At the time he made the announcement, Mr. Friedrich revealed also that he himself had purchased a motor bus, with a seating capacity of twenty, which will be used, under the auspices of the Lodge, to carry children to and from institutions and schools during the winter.

Columbia, S. C., Lodge Honors "Old Timers" at Meeting

Eleven of the twenty-two surviving charter members of Columbia, S. C., Lodge, No. 1190, were the guests of the Lodge a short time ago at an occasion designated as "Old Timers' Night." The event included a session of the Lodge and a social period thereafter, during which a buffet supper was served. Features of the formal session were the initiation of the "William H. Harth Class," in honor of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Harth; and the presentation of a flag by Roy H. Hilton, State Commander of the American Legion of South Carolina. The total attendance was about one hundred and twenty-five.

Lancaster, Pa., Elks Active in Social and Charitable Affairs

Social and charitable activities among the members of Lancaster, Pa., Lodge, No. 134, have recently been pronounced. Among the events to take place have been a stag gathering, at which four hundred Lancaster Elks were present; and the organization of a glee club. In addition, plans have been formulated for broadcasts by the Lodge Band over Station WGAL every Sunday; and for a series of weekly concerts at the Lodge in behalf of No. 134's charity fund.

Greencastle, Ind., Elks Hosts At District Gathering

Greencastle, Ind., Lodge, No. 1077, recently entertained more than two hundred and fifty members of Lodges in the South Central District of the State. The occasion was a district meeting, one of the regular assemblages of Elks prompted by the recommendation of such events, some time ago, by the Indiana State Elks Association. Represented at Greencastle were the Lodges of Indianapolis, Shelbyville, Rushville, Terre Haute, Bloomington, Martinsville, Columbus and Brazil. At a formal session in the afternoon the Degree Team of Terre Haute Lodge, No. 86, initiated candidates into the Order. To No. 86 also went the honor, the award of the Thomas L. Hughes prize for having the largest delegation at the meeting. A dinner later was held at the Home. Prominent among those to attend this affair were District

(Continued on page 48)

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